# Homestuck

**13/04/09**

SBURB BETA

A young man stands in his bedroom. It just so happens that today, the 13th of April, 2009, is this young man's birthday. Though it was thirteen years ago he was given life, it is only today he will be given a name!

What will the name of this young man be?

## Enter name.

**13/04/09**

**ZOOSMELL POOPLORD** **TRY AGAIN, SMARTASS**

## Try again.

**13/04/09**

✓ **JOHN EGBERT**

## Examine room.

**13/04/09**

Your name is JOHN. As was previously mentioned it is your BIRTHDAY. A number of CAKES are scattered about your room. You have a variety of INTERESTS. You have a passion for REALLY TERRIBLE MOVIES. You like to program computers but you are NOT VERY GOOD AT IT. You have a fondness for PARANORMAL LORE, and are an aspiring AMATEUR MAGICIAN. You also like to play GAMES sometimes.

What will you do?

## John: Quickly retrieve arms from drawer.

**13/04/09**

Your ARMS are in your MAGIC CHEST, pooplord!

## Remove CAKE from MAGIC CHEST.

**13/04/09**

Out of sympathy for John's perceived lack of arms, you pick up the CAKE for him and put it on his BED.

## John: Quickly retrieve arms from MAGIC CHEST.

**13/04/09**

captchalogue x2

You retrieve your FAKE ARMS from the chest. You use these for HILARIOUS ANTICS.

You CAPTCHALOGUE them in your SYLLADEX. You have no idea what that actually means though.

There are other items in the chest.

## John: Examine contents of chest.

**13/04/09**

captchalogue x2

```
Colonel Sassacre's DAUNTING TEXT OF MAGICAL FRIVOLITY AND PRACTICAL JAPERY

Harry Anderson's WISE GUY
```

In here you keep an array of humorous and mystical ARTIFACTS, each one a devastating weapon in the hands of a SKILLED MAGICIAN or a CUNNING PRANKSTER.

You are neither of these things.

Among the ARTIFACTS are: TWO (2) FAKE ARMS [CURRENTLY CAPTCHALOGUED IN YOUR SYLLADEX], ONE (1) PAIR OF TRICK HANDCUFFS, ONE (1) STUNT SWORD, ONE (1) MAGICIAN'S HAT, ONE (1) PAIR OF BEAGLE PUSS GLASSES, SEVERAL (~) SMOKE PELLETS, SEVERAL (~) BLOOD CAPSULES, and ONE (1) COPY OF COLONEL SASSACRE'S DAUNTING TEXT OF MAGICAL FRIVOLITY AND PRACTICAL JAPERY, and ONE (1) COPY OF HARRY ANDERSON'S "WISE GUY", BY MIKE CAVENEY.

Some of this stuff may come in handy at some point. For now, you decide to just take the SMOKE PELLETS.

## John: Captchalogue smoke pellets.

**13/04/09**

```
sylladex::captchalogue deck
```

You stow the SMOKE PELLETS on one of your CAPTCHALOGUE CARDS in your SYLLADEX.

You still aren't totally sure what that means, but you are starting to get the hang of the vernacular at least.

You have two empty CAPTCHALOGUE CARDS remaining.

## John: Equip fake arms.

**13/04/09**

You aren't totally sure if "EQUIP" is a verb copasetic with the abstract behavioral medium in which you dwell, but you give it a try anyway.

Unfortunately, you cannot access the FAKE ARMS! Their card is underneath the one you just used to captchalogue the SMOKE PELLETS. You will have to use the pellets first in order to access the arms. But this is probably unadvisable, since you'd just make your room lousy with smoke!

Your SYLLADEX'S FETCH MODUS is currently dictated by the logic of a STACK DATA STRUCTURE. You were never all that great with data structures and you find the concept puzzling and mildly irritating.

But with any hope, perhaps you will advance new, more practical FETCH MODI for your SYLLADEX with a little more experience.

## John: Examine Problem Sleuth Poster.

**13/04/09**

Is it even possible to get any more hard boiled than that? You really doubt it. This poster was one of your wisest purchases.

There is a nice spot on the wall next to it. You've been meaning to hang another poster there soon.

## John: Read note on drawer.

**13/04/09**

```
HAPPY BIRTHDAY SON. I AM SO PROUD OF YOU.
```

This note is rich with the aromas of FATHERLY AFTERSHAVES AND COLOGNES.

Beside the note is a ROLLED UP POSTER.

## John: Take poster.

**13/04/09**

Another BIRTHDAY ARTIFACT. You wonder what is printed on the poster.

You'll need some way to hang it on your wall.

## John: Acquire hammer and nails. They will come in handy.

**13/04/09**

You first place the HAMMER into your SYLLADEX.

But now all of your CAPTCHALOGUE CARDS are full. You wonder what will happen if you try to take the NAILS?

You guess it doesn't hurt to try.

## John: Take nails.

**13/04/09**

You captchalogue FOUR (4) NAILS into the top card, and push all the ARTIFACTS down a card.

The FAKE ARMS are pushed entirely out of the deck!!!

Oh well. They're probably completely useless anyway. But you probably don't want to do that again, unless you want to drop the SMOKE PELLETS and suffer the consequences.

In any case, you now feel like you have gathered enough things to get down to business and do some really important stuff. The next thing you do will probably be exceptionally meaningful.

## John: Squawk like an imbecile and shit on your desk.

**13/04/09**

This is the dumbest idea you've had in weeks!!!

STUPID STUPID STUPID.

And yet the polished surface of your desk...

It beckons.

## John: Combine the nails and hammer.

**14/04/09**

You MERGE the top two cards.

The HAMMER and NAILS are now captchalogued on the same card and can be used together.

## John: Use hammer/nails on poster.

**14/04/09**

You use the HAMMER and NAILS card IN CONJUNCTION with the card beneath it.

## John: Nail poster to wall.

**14/04/09**

```
FRED SAVAGE  HOWIE MANDEL

little
monsters
```

You use the HAMMER, NAILS, and POSTER on the blank space on the wall.

It's glorious. Exactly what you wanted. The old man really came through this time.

## John: Examine Con Air poster.

**14/04/09**

```
CAGE  CUSACK

A JERRY BRUCKHEIMER PRODUCTION

    The most dangerous criminals in the
        world are about to take flight.
            Only one man can stop them.

CON AIR
```

PUT THE BUNNY BACK IN THE BOX.

I SAID, PUT THE BUNNY BACK IN THE BOX.

WHY COULDN'T YOU PUT THE BUNNY BACK IN THE BOX?

## John: Examine Deep Impact poster.

**14/04/09**

```
DEEP IMPACT
```

Morgan Freeman's genteel, homespun mannerisms were perfect qualities for a president residing over a crisis.

OCEANS RISE. CITIES FALL. HOPE SURVIVES.

WOW.

Films about impending apocalypse fascinate you. Plus, a black president??? Now you've seen everything!

## John: Examine calendar.

**14/04/09**

```
APRIL

10: BETA! [x]
13: ☺
```

You've marked your birthday, the 13th of April. Another day you marked was supposed to be the arrival date for the highly touted SBURB BETA LAUNCH.

It's been three days already. It's starting to become a sore subject with you.

## John: Eat cake.

**14/04/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

You are sick to death of cake!!! You've been eating it all day. And you have no intention of clogging your SYLLADEX with it either. The CAKE stays put for now.

You hear a notice from your COMPUTER. Someone is messaging you.

## John: Examine incoming message.

**15/04/09**

```
[SYSTEM]

[TYPHEUS]

[PESTERCHUM]

[pff.^CAKE]

[FUCK FUCK FUCK.^CAKE]

[AAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGH.~ATH ]

[ACTUATE] [PESTERCHUM] | 04/13 16:13
```

You pull up to your COMPUTER. This is where you spend most of your time. You decorated your desktop with some rather handsome WALLPAPER which you made yourself. You are really proud of it.

Your desktop is also littered with various PROGRAMMING PROJECT FILES. You are so bad at programming sometimes you wonder why you even bother with it.

Your PESTERCHUM application is flashing. Someone is trying to get in touch with you.

## John: Open Pesterchum.

**15/04/09**

```
PESTERCHUM 6.0

CHAT CLIENT
```

```
CHUMROLL :
☺ turntechGodhead
- tentacleTherapist
- gardenGnostic
[PESTER!]

MYCHUMHANDLE :
☺ ectoBiologist

MOOD :
☺ CHUMMY ✓
☺ BULLY
☺ PALSY
☺ PEPPY
☺ CHIPPER
☹ RANCOROUS
```

Only one of your CHUMS is logged in. He's sent you a message.

## John: Open message.

**15/04/09**

```
:: turntechGodhead ::

PESTERLOG :

-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 16:13 --

TG: hey so what sort of insane loot did you rake in today

[PESTER!]
```

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 16:13 --

TG: hey so what sort of insane loot did you rake in today
EB: i got a little monsters poster, it's so awesome. i'm going to watch it again today, the applejuice scene was so funny.
TG: oh hell that is such a coincidence i just found an unopened container of apple juice in my closet it is like fucking christmas up in here
EB: ok thats fine, but i just have one question and then a word of caution. have you ever seen a movie called little monsters starring howie mandel and fred savage?
TG: but
TG: the seal on the bottle is unbroken
TG: are you suggesting someone put piss in my apple juice at the factory
EB: all im saying is don't you think monster howie mandel has the power to do something as simple as reseal a bottle?
EB: try using your brain numbnuts.
TG: why did the fat kid or whoever drank it know what piss tasted like
TG: i mean his reaction was nigh instantaneous
EB: it was the 15th day in a row howie mandel peed in his juice.
TG: ok i can accept that
TG: monster B-list celebrity douchebags are cunning and persistent pranksters
TG: also fred savage has a really punchable face
TG: but who cares about this lets stop talking about it

TG: did you get the beta yet
EB: no.
EB: did you?
TG: man i got two copies already
TG: but i dont care im not going to play it or anything the game sounds boring
TG: did you see how it got slammed in game bro????
EB: game bro is a joke and we both know it.
TG: yeah
TG: why dont you go check your mail maybe its there now
EB: alright.

## John: Look out window.

**15/04/09**

You see the view of your yard from your window.

Hanging from the tree is your TIRE SWING. In a kid's yard, a tree without a tire swing is like a proper gentleman without a monocle. That is to say, HE CAN HARDLY BE CONSIDERED A TERRIBLY PROPER GENTLEMAN AT ALL.

And there beside your driveway is the mailbox.

## John: Examine mailbox.

**15/04/09**

The little red arm-swingy-dealy thing or whatever it is called is flipped up!

What the hell is that thing called anyway. You do not have time for these semantics. The red flippy-lever thing means you have new mail. And that means the beta might be here!

## John: Go outside and check mailbox.

**15/04/09**

You are about to hurry down stairs when you hear a car pull into the driveway. It looks like your DAD has returned from the grocery store.

Oh great. He is beating you to the mail.

## John: Forget it. Check mail later.

**15/04/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

If you go down stairs to get it, he will likely monopolize hours of your time. You decide to chill out up here for a while until the dust settles.

Sometimes you feel like you are trapped in this room. Stuck, if you will, in a sense which possibly borders on the titular.

And now your chum is pestering you again. The clockwork of friendship turns ceaselessly, operating the swing-lever dealies of harassment in perpetuity!

Whatever. The dude can just hold his damn horses.

## John: Examine games on CD rack.

**16/04/09**

```
BARD
QUEST

THE CAPER HAVERS

PROBLEM
SLEUTH

AND
IT
DON'T
STOP

?

GHOSTBUSTERS II
MMORPG

KONAMI
little
monsters
(Original
 Nintendo
 Seal of
 Quality)

HARRY ANDERSON
CALL
MY
BLUFF
```

You've put countless manhours into this assortment of quality titles.

## John: Read COLONEL SASSACRE'S DAUNTING TEXT.

**16/04/09**

```
Colonel
Sassacre's

DAUNTING TEXT
OF
MAGICAL FRIVOLITY
AND
PRACTICAL JAPERY
```

You decide to consult with the Colonel's bottomless wisdom. Good grief this thing is huge. It could kill a cat if you dropped it.

But to really dig into this hefty book, you will have to captchalogue it. You are not sure you are ready to logjam your other ARTIFACTS beneath it just yet.

## John: Captchalogue fake arms again.

**16/04/09**

What did you just say?? You don't want to clog up your...

Oh, Jesus. In a momentary lapse of concentration, you accidentally captchalogue the arms again.

## John: Set Pesterchum status to "bully".

**16/04/09**

```
☺ turntechGodhead
```

You don't think the situation is quite dire enough to go all the way to "RANCOROUS", but you still feel the PESTERCHUM client should reflect your mood change in some way.

"BULLY" will have to do. You guess.

This unsurprisingly does nothing whatsoever.

Oh, right, you forgot your chum is still pestering you.

## John: Answer chum.

**16/04/09**

```
:: turntechGodhead ::
PESTERLOG :

TG: is it there
TG: plz say yes
```

pesterlogTG: is it there
TG: plz say yes
TG: maybe you can play with TT shes been pestering me all day about it
TG: shes mackin on me so hard all the time i start to feel embarrassed for her
TG: i mean not that i can blame her or anything
EB: yes, it is understandable because you are really attractive. i am attracted to you.
TG: thank you
EB: jk haha.
EB: no, i don't have it yet.
EB: my dad has the mail and i guess i have to go get it from him and see if it's there.
EB: and i've been busy spending all afternoon shitting around with my stupid sylladex.
EB: it's so frustrating.
TG: whats your modus
EB: what?
TG: how do you retrieve artifacts from it
EB: oh. like one at a time i guess. and if i put too much in, something falls out.
TG: stack?? hahahahahaha
EB: what is yours?
TG: hash map
TG: my bro taught me a few tricks he basically knows everything and is awesome
EB: what the hell is that?
TG: you should probably brush up on your data structures
EB: i guess.
TG: did you at least allocate your strife specibus
EB: no.
TG: it could free up a card for you
TG: plus let you attack stuff whenever things get too hot to handle

TG: which is never
TG: what have you got
EB: well, i've got a hammer but it's trapped under some arms.
TG: wow you really suck at this dont you
TG: just get rid of the arms and then allocate the hammer to the specibus
EB: how?
TG: i dont know just use the arms on any old thing and see if it works

## John: Combine fake arms with cake.

**16/04/09**

You stick the FAKE ARMS in the CAKE on your bed.

This definitely makes the CAKE at least 300% more hilarious. You're sure COLONEL SASSACRE would know the precise index of elevated hilarity.

## John: Allocate hammer to strife specibus.

**16/04/09**

```
kind abstrata

pizzactrkind
batkind
rollpinkind
plungerkind
yoyokind
scissorkind
peprsprykind
chainsawkind
crowbarkind
broomkind
pokerkind
icepickkind
golfclubkind
[hammerkind]
jumpropekind
shovelkind
hatchetkind
spoonkind
statuekind
spatulakind
scrwdrvrkind
bladekind
pistolkind
lampkind
stungunkind
ballkind
rakekind
plankkind
glovekind

forkkind
canekind
curlironkind
chainkind
knifekind
tablelegkind
shotgunkind
needlekind
peprmillkind
dumbbellkind
```

```
hckystckkind
vacuumkind
mopkind
trophykind
fncysntakind
ladlekind
cordkind
ironkind
sawkind
cleaverkind
iceskatekind
wrenchkind
umbrellakind
plungerkind
hosekind
bookkind
bustkind
spadekind
pipekind

nailgunkind
hairdyrkind
lcrsstckkind
thrwstarkind
tongskind
razorkind
fireextkind
branchkind
bowlgpinkind
bombkind
woodwindkind
staplerkind
riflekind
sandlstkkind
paddlekind
bowkind
barbwirekind
dartkind
marblekind
plierkind
fireworkkind
chiselkind
aerosolkind
shoekind
pippetkind
fankind
brasskind
rockkind
scythekind
```

You check the back of your STRIFE SPECIBUS for the KIND ABSTRATUS you have in mind for it.

## John: Select "HAMMER".

**16/04/09**

```
captchalogue x1

strife specibus

sylladex::strife deck
hammerkind
```

Your STRIFE SPECIBUS has been ALLOCATED with the HAMMERKIND ABSTRATUS.

The HAMMER has been moved from your CAPTCHALOGUE DECK to your STRIFE DECK.

## John: Report progress to TG.

**16/04/09**

pesterlogEB: ok, i did it.
TG: hammerkind?
EB: yeah.
TG: ok that will be the permanent allocation for your specibus
TG: i guess i should have mentioned that
EB: uh...
TG: hope you like hammers dude!
EB: yeah, that's fine i guess. i can't imagine it's going to be all that relevant.

## John: Captchalogue Colonel's big book.

**17/04/09**

Now that you've got some space in your SYLLADEX to work with, you figure you might as well start squandering it immediately.

Ordinarily this ridiculous book would be way too heavy to carry around in any practical way. You guess maybe this is one respect in which the cards present some convenience.

## John: Examine GameBro Magazine.

**17/04/09**

```
GAME
BRO

                      SBURB

     Why the "Game of
the Year" or whatever
isn't as good as some
   other stuff I like
       that's better.
```

## John: Read article.

**17/04/09**

```
GAME
BRO
FEATURE

SBURB

So ok.

SBURB is this game that
a lot of cats seem hella
pumped of. And this beta
is sitting on my desk for
review, so I'm like, yeah
man I'll write something.

But I don't know. I'm like,
so this is about houses or
```

```
some noise? That's fine, I'm sure that's
like fucking dynamite in a handbag for
some brosephs. But all I'm saying is,
when do you get to *thrash* anything?
While you're playing house or some shit,
are you ever in jeopardy of getting mud
on your doll's dress or whatever from
busting out, and I quote, "the mad
stunts all wicked up-ins"?

Know what I'm saying, Bro-Yo Ma? I
didn't actually play this game, but I gave
it 1.5 hats out of 5 hats to keep it real.

At this point I'd like to give a shout out
to my boy Dennis who was over the
other day. We were going to chill in front
of The Dark Knight and he was so
psyched of it y'all.

So this one time he was
leaning against the screen
door and the shit popped
open, and the back deck
was wet and he slipped
down the steps and broke
his thumb on the lawn. It
wasn't a long fall, but hey I
guess a thumb bone wasn't
made for supporting the
brunt of a huge useless tool
against wet grass. We never did watch
Dark Knight on account of Ron truck-
ing his bawling candy-ass girth to the
hospital.

But it's cool, I still got another watch
in me, Brotel Rwanda.

BRO-NOTES :
Dennis  was  so
wasted, ha ha. I
mean damn.

Rating for : SBURB
[**] [* ] [  ] [  ] [  ]
```

## John: Captchalogue GameBro.

**17/04/09**

It might come in handy if you ever need something that burns easily.

## John: Captchalogue magician's hat.

**18/04/09**

You expend your final card on the MAGICIAN'S HAT.

## John: Get funny glasses too.

**18/04/09**

You don't have a free card in your SYLLADEX!

However, you are able to MERGE the BEAGLE PUSS with the MAGICIAN'S HAT to create a CLEVER DISGUISE.

## John: Wear disguise to fool dad.

**18/04/09**

John? Who is this "John" you speak of? You are quite certain there has never been, nor ever will be...

Yeah, this is a really shitty disguise.

While you are wearing the items, they remain on the card, but it is temporarily removed from the deck, thus freeing up the cards beneath it.

## John: Leave room.

**18/04/09**

You exit into the HALLWAY.

On one wall hangs a picture of a fella who sure knows how to have a laugh, a man after your own heart. You always thought he looked a lot like Michael Cera. But your DAD swears on the many HALLOWED TOMBS of Egypt that it is not. You're not sure about that though.

On the other wall is one of your DAD'S stupid clowns. Or HARLEQUINS, as he is quick to correct anyone who would venture such brazen assumption.

## John: Go downstairs.

**18/04/09**

The accursed odor of fresh baking wafts into your newfound nostrils. Something is brewing in the KITCHEN. It must be the connivings of your arch nemesis, BETTY CROCKER, and the rich, buttery aroma of her plot stinks to high heaven.

This mission is going to be more difficult than you imagined.

## John: Admire harlequins.

**18/04/09**

You check out the shelves of FANCIFUL HARLEQUINS.

Look at this fucking garbage. You hate this stuff. Funny is funny, but your DAD sure can be a real cornball.

Sometimes at night you pray for burglars.

## John: Examine fireplace.

**18/04/09**

A bright orange flame flickers in the FIREPLACE. It doesn't matter that it's April and not terribly chilly outside. In a home, a FIREPLACE needs a fire, because that's what FIREPLACE is for. A fire BELONGS in a FIREPLACE, dammit, cata(ptcha)gorically, at all times, without exception.

As domestic myth of unaccountable origin holds, a home borrows the spirit of the flame for as long as it makes a guest of it, much as the moon takes liberty with the sun's rays.

"The moon's an arrant thief, and her pale fire she snatches from the sun." -Mark Twain

You are almost certain Mark Twain said that.

## John: Toss GameBro into fire.

**18/04/09**

It doesn't burn as quickly as you hoped.

Each GAMEBRO MAGAZINE is guaranteed to be printed on 40% recycled asbestos. For big ups to Mother Earth, yo.

## John: Fondly regard cremation.

**18/04/09**

You examine the SACRED URN containing your departed NANNA'S ASHES.

When your father gives her portrait a wistful glance now and then, you can tell it brings back painful memories. A tall bookshelf. A ladder. An unabridged COLONEL SASSACRE'S.

He never wants to talk about it.

## John: Topple urn.

**18/04/09**

You clumsily mishandle the SACRED URN. Ash is everywhere.

In retrospect, upon mulling cinematic tropes regarding ash-filled urns, this outcome was a virtual certainty.

You'd probably better clean it up before DAD finds it.

## John: Combine father's pipe with clever disguise.

**18/04/09**

You think now would be a good time to beef up your CLEVER DISGUISE.

## John: Examine oversized gift.

**18/04/09**

```
CHAMP.

YOU CAN DO
ANYTHING IF YOU PUT
YOUR MIND TO IT.

I BELIEVE IN YOU.
```

Contemplating what could be inside this package is sort of exciting, but it makes you a little nervous at the same time.

## John: Open large present.

**18/04/09**

Oh hell no.

## John: Captchalogue ashes.

**19/04/09**

First you prop the HARLEQUIN DOLL up on the couch. Having it in the middle of the floor sprawled out all akimbo like that struck you as unseemly.

You captchalogue the ASHES to your available card.

## John: Combine ashes with urn.

**19/04/09**

You merge the SACRED URN with the ASHES.

Most of the ASH is back in the URN, but it's a total mess. Really it probably would have been tidier if you just used a broom and dustpan.

## John: Put urn back.

**19/04/09**

No one will be the wiser.

Except maybe for people with eyes.

## John: Go get fake arms again.

**19/04/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

You just got another BRILLIANT idea for something to do with those pointless arms. You pry them out of the CAKE and captchalogue them.

Looks like PESTERCHUM is acting up again.

## John: Examine 3rd and 4th walls of room.

**19/04/09**

## John: Check Pesterchum.

**19/04/09**

```
☺ tentacleTh...
```

Another one of your chums is messaging you.

## John: Check message.

**19/04/09**

```
:: tentacleTherapist ::
PESTERLOG :
-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering
ectoBiologist [EB] at 16:26 --

TT: I understand you have recently come
into possession of the beta release of
"The Game of the Year", as featured in
respectable periodicals such as GameBro
Magazine.
```

pesterlogTT: I understand you have recently come into possession of the beta release of "The Game of the Year", as featured in respectable periodicals such as GameBro Magazine.
EB: that's an ugly rumor.
EB: whoever told you that is a filthy liar.
EB: and you should probably stop hitting on him all the time or whatever.
TT: I can't control myself.
TT: I must have a weakness for insufferable pricks.

EB: anyway i still haven't checked the mail, my dad has it.
EB: i'm trying to go get it from him, so brb
TT: John.
EB: what?
TT: You're wearing one of your disguises now, aren't you?
TT: You are typing to me right now while wearing something ridiculous.
EB: no, why would you even think that??
EB: that's so stupid.
TT: Ok.
TT: Why don't you go get the game from your father?
EB: alright, wish me luck.
EB: oh, btw...
EB: jk I was wearing a funny disguise this whole time.
EB: gotcha! hehehehe
TT: I know, John.

## John: Go back downstairs.

**19/04/09**

You can now execute that brilliant idea you had.

There should be just enough FROSTING on the FAKE ARMS to serve as an adequate adhesive.

## John: Attach arms to doll.

**19/04/09**

Hehehehe

```
GEO SOULEGEL(?)

3? & 40 CENTRE ST, NEW YORK  No 2078 INS. $20.00 per 1000 net
   5? 5th AVE. CHICAGO, ILL      No 2079 OUTS.  0.00

ALSO BLANK

THE CREEPY-CRAWLIES!

Hell's bells, we are having a mighty
sporting time of it!

Hold fast my intrepid fellow prank-
smiths! We've merely nicked the mahogany
of our japing chests.

If I may direct the incisive ogle of your
beagle puss to the wriggling regency of
rubber bugs, plastic parasites, squirming
serpents, pliable pests, and every such
order and phyla of creepy-crawlie!

Land sakes alive, we are cooking with
petrol now!

In further exhibits we shall dwell on
artifice useful to your exploits. Is your
pappy's rod and reel handy? What about a
bit of iron cord; it shouldn't prove
elusive. Bring those wriggling rascals to
life, and set the nerves of some old maid
to the wreck of Hesperus!

Do you have a bothersome aunt who never
seems troubled to find ways with your
sunny afternoon hours? A board, splintery
fence - a bucket of whitewash perhaps?

By gum you'll fix her wagon!

And what of that tawny gent who puts his
lackadaisical lean near the sarsaparilla
font? You'll have that listless octoroon
find the spring in his step just yet!
```

You thought about consulting the text to determine exactly how hilarious the doll is now.

But this text is way too big to navigate in a timely fashion. You decide to forget it.

## John: Find dad and retrieve mail.

**20/04/09**

The door on the left leads to the KITCHEN, from which the smell of baking wafts -- a powerful aroma which could lift an especially portly hobo off his feet.

The door on the right leads to the STUDY, where your DAD spends a lot of time.

He could be in either room. Where will you go?

## John: Go in the study.

**21/04/09**

It doesn't look like he's in here right now.

## John: Examine father's desk.

**21/04/09**

```
THE SERIOUS JESTER
```

On the desk is a DECK OF PLAYING CARDS, one of your DAD'S PIPES, the April issue of THE SERIOUS JESTER magazine, and a stray CAPTCHALOGUE CARD.

There is also a CAN OF PEANUTS on the desk. Ha ha, oh DAD. You won't be falling for THAT one again any time soon.

A severe peanut allergy is a terrible affliction to cope with.

## John: Upgrade costume with hat from hat rack.

**21/04/09**

You swap the MAGICIAN'S HAT with the BOWLER HAT.

This disguise is somewhat less funny, but A LOT more distinguished looking.

## John: Combine second pipe with clever disguise.

**21/04/09**

Your DAD maintains numerous pipes around the household. A father without a pipe is like a strapping roughneck without a toothpick. That is to say, HE IS A RATHER PISS-POOR EXCUSE FOR A ROUGHNECK IF YOU ASK ME.

You'd rather not take the PIPE, though. The first one tastes bad enough as it is.

How you suffer for your comedy.

## John: Examine captchalogue card.

**21/04/09**

```
THE
SERIOUS
JESTER
```

Yes!!! This will be perfect for expanding the space in your SYLLA...

## John: Captchalogue captchalogue card.

**21/04/09**

ARGH!!!

## [S] John: Play haunting piano refrain.

**21/04/09**

(Pages including sound will be preceded by [S] in the command.)

## John: Play 52 Pick-Up.

**22/04/09**

You play the prankster's favorite card game, even though you are alone in the room, thus rendering it an especially foolish version of Solitaire.

SO STUPID. Look at this mess.

The peanut gallery over there sure is getting a kick out of it. You are allergic to their scorn.

## John: Attempt to leave the house.

**22/04/09**

```
Hi-C ECTO COOLER
```

You go back into the LIVING ROOM and contemplate checking the mailbox outside. You think perhaps you should exhaust all possibilities before plunging headlong into a DAD encounter.

Your TELEVISION is currently airing a COMMERCIAL.

## John: Exit.

**23/04/09**

You exit the house.

## John: Check mail.

**23/04/09**

Predictably, the mailbox is empty. You have already been scooped by your father.

## [S] ==>

**24/04/09**

```
HOMESTUCK
```

The streets are empty. Wind skims the voids keeping neighbors apart, as if grazing the hollow of a cut reed, or say, a plundered mailbox. A familiar note is produced. It's the one Desolation plays to keep its instrument in tune.

It is your thirteenth birthday, and as with all twelve preceding it, something feels missing from your life. The game presently eluding you is only the latest sleight of hand in the repertoire of an unseen riddler, one to engender a sense not of mirth, but of lack. His coarse schemes are those less of a prankster than a common pickpocket. His riddle is Absence itself. It is a mystery dispersing altogether, like the moon's faint reflection, with even one pebble of inquiry dropped in its black well. It is the most diabolical riddle of all.

"Absence diminishes little passions and increases great ones, as wind extinguishes candles and fans a fire." -Walt Whitman

Yes, you are certain Walt Whitman said that. One hundred percent positive.

You have a feeling it's going to be a long day.

## ==>

**24/04/09**

## John: Leave a surprise for the mailman.

**24/04/09**

N...

No!

## John: See if your father left the mail in the car.

**24/04/09**

The door is locked and your DAD has the CAR KEYS. You peer in through the driver's side window.

You don't see any mail, but you do see a GREEN PACKAGE. There is also something underneath it that looks like a slip of paper.

Could these items have come in the mail? You don't see anything else that's usually in the mail, like bills and coupons. Maybe your DAD forgot to take this stuff inside.

## John: Spy in the kitchen.

**24/04/09**

You try to get a gander through the KITCHEN WINDOW, but you can't see a whole lot! It seems your DAD has been doing so much baking, the glass has steamed up.

God he is so weird.

But you can see what's on the table just beside the window. It looks like the mail is there! Included among it is a RED PACKAGE, some BILLS, your DAD'S PDA, and an envelope that appears to be suspiciously labeled with the SBURB LOGO. Could it be???

Unfortunately, the window is locked.

## John: Go back into the kitchen.

**24/04/09**

You have no other choice. You are going in.

CLEVER DISGUISE, it's time to work your magic.

## [S] John: Enter.

**27/04/09**

## ==>

**27/04/09**

```
JOHN: !
```

Your DAD sees right through your costume! You don't know what you were even thinking with this foolish ruse!!!

You unequip the CLEVER DISGUISE. Your DAD wields a dreaded ARTIFACT OF CONFECTION. He stands between you and the mail.

There is only one way to settle this.

## [S] STRIFE!

**28/04/09**

```
STRIFE!

> AGGRIEVE:
AUTO-PASTRY!
```

```
> ABJURE:
GUARDIAN RUBRIC: CODDLEBRAND
DOTESMITE!
```

## John: Retrieve the package and flee to your room!

**29/04/09**

```
> ABSCOND
```

You cannot ABSCOND! This pesky GUARDIAN is blocking your path! You will need to engineer some sort of distraction.

And now he brandishes yet another ARTIFACT OF CONFECTION! The man is ruthless.

You'd better brace for impact in the most comedically striking fashion possible.

## John: Equip disguise for defense.

**29/04/09**

```
BEAGLE AEGIS
```

The BEAGLE AEGIS absorbs the brunt of the treat. Looks like DAD will enjoy the prankster's gambit on that exchange, as is usually the case.

## John: Captachalogue pie tin.

**29/04/09**

You take PIE TIN and unequip the BEAGLE PUSS.

Everything in your SYLLADEX is pushed back a card. The SMOKE PELLETS are ejected from the deck.

Yes! This could be just the distraction you were...

## ==>

**29/04/09**

Nothing happens.

What a huge letdown.

## John: Take the cake!

**29/04/09**

```
 > AGGRIEVE
 > ABJURE
[> ACCEDE]
 > ABSCOND
```

"When two great forces oppose each other, the victory will go to the one that knows how to yield." -Oscar Wilde

Wise words by a man who likely could resist everything but temptation.

The CAKE forces COLONEL SASSACRE'S TEXT out of your SYLLADEX.

==>

**29/04/09**

Sassacre you beautiful bastard.

Now's your chance!!!

## John: Abscond.

**30/04/09**

Now that DAD is busy placating the SMOKE DETECTOR, you can safely sneak away.

## John: Take PDA.

**30/04/09**

You snag your DAD'S PDA. Maybe later you'll switch the background image to something hilarious as a prank. Besides, it may come in handy later.

Your spare CAPTCHALOGUE CARD is forced out of the SYLLADEX, and consequently integrated with the deck. You now have five cards to work with.

## John: Take package.

**30/04/09**

This RED PACKAGE is addressed to you.

## John: Take envelope.

**30/04/09**

You got the SBURB BETA!!!

## John: Exit kitchen.

**30/04/09**

## John: Get cake on couch.

**01/05/09**

You captchalogue the CAKE on the couch, expelling the PIE TIN from the bottom card.

## John: Combine the cakes to make a double decker cake.

**01/05/09**

You then merge the two CAKES across all five cards.

Everything in your SYLLADEX is smushed between the CAKES. Why don't you think these things through first??

## John: Retreat upstairs!

**02/05/09**

You pause at the juncture and head down the hall. You are going to need something to clean up the mess you are about to make by dissecting this CAKE.

To the left is the BATHROOM. To the right is your DAD'S ROOM. It is locked, and you are forbidden from ever entering. He has secrets.

## John: Go to bathroom and grab a towel.

**02/05/09**

You enter the BATHROOM. You can see your BACK YARD from the window. The jewel in its crown is the SWING SET which has provided you with years of joy. There is also a SPRING-MOUNTED POGO-RIDE, which has been responsible for more than one painful injury, and has

provided you with years of lament.

On the sink is your DAD'S RAZOR. On the rack to the side is a FRESH TOWEL.

## John: Remove PDA, envelope and package from cake.

**02/05/09**

You take the RAZOR and use it to perform surgery on the CAKE.

You take the TOWEL and clean off the extracted goods.

## John: Retrieve your items.

**02/05/09**

The items force the MANHANDLED CAKE into the TOILET.

And just like that, your SYLLADEX is full again. God this thing is annoying.

## John: Go to bedroom.

**02/05/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

## John: Admire "Failure to Launch" poster.

**03/05/09**

```
Jodie Fo...
Matthew McConaug...

A TIME TO KILL

matthew mcconaughey
sarah jessica parker
failure to launch
```

You're not usually into chick-flicks, but Matthew McConaughey's cool charisma could salvage any heap of smoldering wreckage.

This is your "McConaughey Wall", a casual shrine to an amazing actor. The film above that one is a lot better, you think.

CAN YOU SEE HER? I WANT YOU TO PICTURE THAT LITTLE GIRL. [chokes up] NOW IMAGINE SHE'S WHITE.

You got us Matthew! Your smooth talking exposed our latent racism! Damn you are good!

## [S] John: Check Pesterchum.

**03/05/09**

```
☺ gardenGno...
☺ turntechGo...
```

pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 16:34 --

GG: hi happy birthday john!!!!! <3
GG: hellooooo??

GG: ok i will talk to you later!!! :D

-- gardenGnostic [GG] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 16:56 --

-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 16:40 --

TG: hey GG is looking for you why are you even so popular all of a sudden
TG: is today some sort of special occasion or something
TG: did you do something to curry favor with ladies
TG: did you break your leg on a puppy or some shit
TG: dude what are you doing
-- turntechGodhead [TG] is now an idle chum! --
EB: i discovered a comet that is going to destroy the earth, and it was named after me.
EB: now i am famous, and everyone wants to talk to me a lot.
TG: no stop
TG: just no
TG: dont talk about your awful stupid movies or make references to them
TG: your gross man-bro crush on matt macconahay is an unsavory thing to behold
EB: mcconaughey.
TG: sounds like a noise a horse would make
TG: ie dumb
TG: equally dumb are all those pictures of that clown youve got hanging up
EB: those are my dad's.
TG: i was talking about nick cage
EB: oh, what?! no man, cage is sweet. so sweet.
TG: ha ha so lame
TG: you dont even like him ironically or anything this is like for real isnt it
TG: hahaha
EB: i do things ironically sometimes.
EB: what about what i sent you for your birthday?
TG: no those are awesome
EB: what? no, they're stupid, which was the joke. the IRONIC joke. get it?
EB: wait...
EB: you're actually wearing them, aren't you?
TG: im wearing them ironically
TG: because theyre awesome
TG: the fact that theyre ironic makes them awesome
TG: and vice versa
TG: are you taking notes on how to be cool?? jesus get a fucking pen
EB: you do realize they touched stiller's weird, sort of gaunt face at some point.
TG: ew yeah
TG: oh well
TG: anyway speaking of which
TG: did you get the mail
EB: yeah.

TG: did there happen to be a package there
EB: yeah, there's a big red one.
TG: you should probably open it
EB: i would, but it's trapped under the sburb beta, so i will probably open it after i install the beta.
TG: oh man the beta came
EB: yeah! wanna play it?
TG: haha no way
EB: why not!
TG: it sounds so HELLS of boring just get TT to play it she is all about that
EB: where'd she go.
TG: her internet is blinking in and out i guess
TG: probably be back online soon
TG: oh and christ in a sidecar are you still using the stack modus???
TG: seriously dude
TG: you need to BONE UP on your data structures that shit is just ridiculous
EB: ok, i will.

## John: Open browser and go to mspaintadventures.com

**04/05/09**

```
TYPHEUS
BOOKMARKS ►
ADDRESS : http://www.mspaintadventures.com
GO!

MS
MAP | LOG | SEARCH | FAQ || SAVE | LOAD || SHOP | EXTRAS || FORUMS | CONTACT |
ANDREW

MSPAINT ADVENTURES
```

You decide to space out on the computer for a while before doing anything important.

You open the TYPHEUS web browser and direct it to what is indisputably the most amazing website ever created.

==>

**04/05/09**

```
ADDRESS : http://www.mspaintadventures.com?s=3

MSPAINT ADVENTURES

Midnight Crew

You are members of a sinister gang called the Midnight Crew. Your nefarious
plots are serpentine in their complexity. Your schemes, convoluted. You are
planning a heist in your underground hideout.

What will you do?
```

The new adventure is ok, but you're not sure if you like it as much as the last one.

## John: Install the Sburb beta.

**05/05/09**

You decide it's time for less meta, and more beta.

You insert the CD and install the SBURB BETA.

## ==>

**05/05/09**

```
SBURB CLIENT

SBURB version 0.0.1

© SKAIANET SYSTEM INCORPORATED. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

SBURB client is running.

Waiting for server to establish connection...
```

What the fuck is this.

## John: Bone up on data structures.

**05/05/09**

```
- DATA STRUCTURES
- discrete mathematics
- ^CAKE
- ~ath
- DIS*
- AUTOMATA
```

You go to your CLOSET, where you keep a lot of clothes and an array of handy COMPUTER PROGRAMMING GUIDES.

## John: Read Data Structures book.

**05/05/09**

```
"I think my rage just crapped its pants" -FUNNYUNCLE

DATA STRUCTURES for ASSHOLES
By Buckminster Funnyuncle

Your ignorance just made me throw up a little. Get a clue, you computer-
illiterate piece of shit.

FREE FETCH MODUS IN BACK!!!
```

You're not sure you really want to dig into this huge tome. It looks really boring. And kind of ornery.

Maybe you'll just check out that free modus instead.

## John: Get free Fetch Modus.

**05/05/09**

```
fetch modus
FIFO
queue
```

You turn to the back inside cover, where a free FETCH MODUS is included in a plastic sleeve.

This one is dictated by the logic of a QUEUE DATA STRUCTURE, operating on a "First In, First Out" method, rather than a "First In, Last Out" method of a STACK.

## John: Apply Fetch Modus to Sylladex.

**05/05/09**

Items captchalogued in your SYLLADEX are no longer immediately accessible. You can only use the item on the bottom card, and must wait for items on upper cards to be pushed back to it.

For instance, the RED PACKAGE is now inaccessible. You can only use the RAZOR at the moment.

This modus doesn't strike you as a significant upgrade to your previous one. In fact, it almost seems more inconvenient. You figure you might as well give it a chance though.

## John: Switch back to Stack Modus.

**06/05/09**

```
? fetch modus ?
FILO
stack ?
```

You suddenly wonder if this is even possible. You don't even remember if you ever had a physical card for the STACK MODUS.

You find this all to be a little abstract and you'd prefer not to think about it too much.

## John: Put down razor.

**06/05/09**

Put it...

Down?

...

You're not quite sure you understand.

## John: Pick up two items.

**06/05/09**

You captchalogue one of the CAKES.

You've finally found a use for all these loitering pastries: DEAD WEIGHT.

## John: Get other cake.

**06/05/09**

```
matthew mcconaughey
sarah jessica parker
failure to launch
```

The second CAKE causes the RAZOR to launch out the front of your SYLLADEX.

Oh good lord.

THAT BEAUTIFUL FACE.

You wish the RAZOR would have failed to launch.

## John: Get more stuff.

**06/05/09**

You open your MAGIC CHEST and captchalogue one of your favorite books of all time, WISE GUY BY MIKE CAVENEY.

There goes the FRESH TOWEL.

## John: Might as well grab those cuffs.

**06/05/09**

You take the TRICK HANDCUFFS, expelling the PDA like a bullet.

## ==>

**06/05/09**

Oh God dammit.

## John: Open up that package!

**07/05/09**

```
TO : EB
FROM : TG
```

You examine the package. It is from one of your internet chums.

It's bound in packing tape though. You'll need something sharp to open it.

Ah, of course! The RAZOR! It's all so simple, you wonder why you didn't...

## John: Get razor.

**07/05/09**

```
BONK
```

## John: Pick up package again.

**07/05/09**

Let's take this from the top.

## John: Captchalogue glass shards.

**07/05/09**

```
CRASH
```

You take three GLASS SHARDS in quick succession and duck for cover.

Your SYLLADEX rains devastation on your room from above.

And now that your cards are packed with glass, you probably don't want to do that again any time soon.

## ==>

**07/05/09**

You should probably go get that stuff before you forget.

## John: Use the razor on the red package.

**08/05/09**

You open the package. There is something suspicious inside.

Something suspiciously dirty and smelly.

## ==>

**08/05/09**

It is a STUFFED BUNNY. Much like the one held hostage briefly by Malkovich's Cyrus "The Virus" while taunting hard-luck protagonist Cameron Poe. And strikingly similar to the one scooped up from the soot of a burning Vegas strip by Cage's Poe and offered to his daughter, a gesture symbolic of a tattered exterior surrounding a heart of gold. Poe wasn't much to look at. But he was a good man.

But no, it is not merely LIKE that bunny. According to this NOTE OF AUTHENTICITY, it is the VERY SAME BUNNY.

This is so awesome.

## John: Check status of Sburb beta.

**08/05/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
Alert : (Sburb-logo)
```

It looks like your computer is trying to get your attention.

## John: Look at monitor.

**09/05/09**

```
SBURB CLIENT

SBURB version 0.0.1

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SBURB client is running.

A SBURB host user is attempting to connect with you.

Client has established connection with host.

Press [ENTER] when ready.

> _

[☺ tentacleT...]
```

## John: Check Pesterchum window.

**09/05/09**

```
::tentacleTherapist::

PESTERLOG

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 17:08 --

TT: It looks like you managed to retrieve the beta. Excellent.
```

```
TT: I'm going to try to connect.
```

pesterlog-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 17:08 --

TT: It looks like you managed to retrieve the beta. Excellent.
TT: I'm going to try to connect.
EB: whoa ok but i just got the most awesome present.
TT: The rabbit?
EB: SO SWEET.
TT: I've heard tales of this wretched creature often. Its Homeric legend is practically ensconced in the fold of my personal mythology by now.
EB: ha ha, what?
TT: Why don't we focus on the matter at hand?
EB: oh the game, ok.
EB: i don't really know how this works. what am i even looking at here?
TT: You are running the client application. I am running the server, so I am the host user. I have established a connection with you. This is sufficient for us to play the game.
EB: oh, ok then.
TT: Why don't we get started?

## John: Press [ENTER]

**09/05/09**

## [S] ==>

**09/05/09**

```
* Derived from a transcript by ShadowOfFate
```

```
• Transforming Soffits
• Reorganizing Keys
• Formalizing Immersion Joints
• Justifying Kick Extractors
• Advising Aggregates
• Managing Elbows
• Recasting Connectors
• Achieving Aluminum Trowels
• Officiating Disks
• Exhibiting Absolute Spigots
• Progressing Coil Hydrants
• Jerry-building Reflectors
• Informing Casters
• Inventing Rubber Hoists
• Performing Wrenches
• Judging Chalk Adapters
• Upgrading Ignition Paths
```

- Regrowing Flashing
- Recommending Ratchets
- Approving Barriers
- Sweeping Impact Fillers
- Sewing Mirrors
- Detailing Collectors
- Enforcing Measures
- Distributing Systems
- Presenting Plugs
- Interwinding Registers
- Piloting Ash Diffusers
- Gathering Cranks
- Supplying Eave Pockets
- Undertaking Scroll Stops
- Accelerating Straps
- Designing Fittings
- Protecting Diamond Boilers
- Logging Downspouts
- Correlating Shingles
- Uniting Mallets
- Qualifying Electrostatic Lifts
- Sharing Clamps
- Obtaining Circular Fluids
- Ranking Foundation Gauges
- Sensing Miter Brackets
- Originating Space Networks
- Translating Drills
- Regulating Guards
- Selecting Gable Padding
- Utilizing Pellet Dowels
- Reconciling Artifacts
- Altering Pulleys
- Shedding Space Filters
- Determining Vents
- Representing Mortar
- Remaking Flash Rakers
- Supporting Funnels
- Typecasting Rotary Chocks

- Expressing Junctures
- Resetting Auxiliary Vises
- Professing Strip Treads
- Inlaying Matter Trowels
- Questioning Drivers
- Forming Edge Fittings
- Sketching Blanks
- Overshooting Spark Breakers
- Rewriting Controls
- Playing Tunnels
- Inventorying Buttons
- Enduring Joist Handles
- Effecting Ratchet Bibbs
- Unwinding Couplings
- Forsaking Vapor Conduits
- Defining Sockets
- Calculating Heaters
- Raising Grids
- Administering Tiles
- Measuring Resources
- Installing Ignition Remotes
- Extracting Corners
- Manufacturing Ventilators
- Delegating Consoles
- Treating Mounting Stones
- Enacting Jig Deflectors
- Intensifying Alleys
- Improvising Cargo
- Pinpointing Bobs
- Prescribing Arc Masonry
- Structuring Metal Chucks
- Symbolizing Lathes
- Activating Plumb Kits
- Adapting Coatings
- Fixing Channels
- Expediting Cordage
- Planning Compressors
- Enlisting Hangers

- Restructuring Keyhole Augers
- Shearing Ridge Hardware
- Collecting Reciprocating Bolts
- Maintaining Corrugated Dimmers
- Whetting Hole Collars
- Conducting Mandrels
- Comparing Assets
- Compiling Sealants
- Completing Paths
- Composing Equivocation Wheels
- Computing Dampers
- Conceiving Electrostatic Treatment
- Ordering Cotter Grates
- Organizing Ties
- Orienting Ladders
- Exceeding Materials
- Targeting Thermocouples
- Demonstrating Emery Stock
- Expanding Latch Bases
- Training Wardrobe Adhesives
- Overcomming Fasteners
- Streamlining Storm Anchors
- Navigating Springs
- Perfecting Turnbuckles
- Verifying Gate Pegs
- Arbitrating Arithmetic Lifts
- Negotiating Outlets
- Normalizing Strips
- Building Surface Foggers
- Checking Key Torches
- Knitting Grinders
- Mowing Planers
- Offsetting Stencils
- Acquiring Bulbs
- Adopting Rivets
- Observing Avenues
- Ascertaining Coaxial Grommets
- Slinging Wing Winches

- Instituting Circuit Generators
- Instructing Wicks
- Integrating Pry Shutters
- Interpreting Immersion Lumber
- Clarifying Coils
- Classifying Wood Bits
- Closing Cogs
- Cataloging Matter Strips
- Charting Holders
- Conceptualizing Push Terminals
- Stimulating Supports
- Overthrowing Shaft Spacers
- Quick-freezing Connectors
- Unbinding Ground Hooks
- Analyzing Eyes
- Anticipating Gateways
- Controlling Proposition Rollers
- Converting Power Angles
- Coordinating Staples
- Correcting Benders
- Counseling Joist Gaskets
- Recording Gutter Pipes
- Recruiting Drains
- Rehabilitating Rafter Tubes
- Reinforcing Washers
- Reporting Guard Valves
- Naming Freize Sprues
- Nominating Rings
- Noting Straps
- Doubling Nailers
- Drafting Circuit Hoses
- Dramatizing Flanges
- Splitting Framing Compounds
- Refitting Stems
- Interweaving Patch Unions
- Placing Sillcocks
- Sorting Slot Threads
- Securing Mode Cutters

- Diverting Catharsis Plates
- Procuring Load Thresholds
- Transferring Syllogism Twine
- Directing Switch Nuts
- Referring Time Spools
- Diagnosing Knobs
- Discovering Locks
- Dispensing Hinges
- Displaying Hasps
- Resending Arc Binders
- Retreading Grooves
- Retrofitting Aesthetics Portals
- Seeking Stocks
- Shrinking Wormholes
- Assembling Blocks
- Assessing Divets
- Attaining Lug Boxes
- Auditing Nescience Passages
- Conserving Strikes
- Constructing Braces
- Contracting Saw Catches
- Serving Instantiation Irons
- Recognizing Fluxes
- Consolidating Fuse Calipers
- Mapping Shims
- Reviewing Chop Groovers
- Scheduling Lag Drives
- Simplifying Hoists
- Engineering Levels
- Enhancing Tack Hollows
- Establishing Finishing Blocks
- Estimating Adhesives
- Evaluating Mortar
- Examining Auto Turnbuckles
- Processing Foggers
- Servicing Avenues
- Transcribing Existence Rivets
- Revising Consoles

- Separating Absolute Stencils
- Budgeting Sheet Grommets
- Preparing Kits
- Realigning Cartesian Mandrels
- Painting Fasteners
- Filing Grout Hangers
- Finalizing Atma Augers
- Formulating Couplings
- Identifying Sillcocks
- Imagining Materials
- Inducing Shutters
- Influencing Wheels
- Licensing Chocks
- Lifting Extrinsic Mallets
- Overdrawing Ratchets
- Overlaying Ventilators
- Overriding Cardinal Soffits
- Specifying Element Aggregates
- Systemizing Divets
- Shaping Pockets
- Publicizing Aether Remotes
- Reducing Slot Stops
- Governing Archetype Dimmers
- Monitoring Assets
- Launching Manifestation Systems

# SBURB

==>

**12/05/09**

```
Select
Revise
Deploy
Phernalia Registry
Grist Cache
Explore Atheneum
Alchemy Excursus
```

[Mouseover the interface buttons. -AH]

## TT: Select magic chest.

**12/05/09**

## TT: Zoom out.

**12/05/09**

## TT: Drop chest.

**12/05/09**

pesterlogEB: whoa, what are you doing??

TT: Sorry. I'm just getting a feel for the controls.

EB: is my magic chest on the roof now??

TT: Yes.

EB: :(

TT: I will try to be more careful next time.

## John: Get the card.

**12/05/09**

You find your missing STACK FETCH MODUS, and quickly reapply it to your SYLLADEX. You can now opt for either the STACK or QUEUE modus any time.

You toggle between your FETCH MODI with gleeful abandon.

## ==>

**12/05/09**

It looks like your DAD is leaving again for more baking supplies. You're relieved to have the house to yourself again, if only for a few minutes.

You just hope he doesn't notice the MAGIC CHEST on the roof. Or all the shit you threw out the window, for that matter.

## TT: Select stuff in yard and move it back into room.

**12/05/09**

pesterlogEB: hey, do you think you could do me a favor?

EB: can you grab all that stuff outside my broken window and bring it in for me?

TT: I'll give it a shot.

EB: thx!

TT: No luck.

TT: It appears to be out of range. I'm guessing it is too far away from you, the "player".

EB: :C

## TT: Select John.

**12/05/09**

You cannot select a PLAYER!

JOHN abjures the meddlesome cursor.

## TT: Select bunny.

**12/05/09**

## TT: Put the bunny back in the box.

**12/05/09**

## TT: Revise room.

**14/05/09**

## ==>

**14/05/09**

## TT: Open Phernalia Registry.

**14/05/09**

```
Cruxtruder
Totem Lathe
Alchemiter
```

## TT: Deploy Totem Lathe.

**14/05/09**

```
Totem Lathe
```

## John: Examine Totem Lathe.

**14/05/09**

```
JOHN: ?
```

You don't know what the heck this thing does, but it looks neat!

## TT: Open Grist Cache

**14/05/09**

```
Cache Limit: 20 → Build Grist: 16/20
```

pesterlogTT: It seems expanding the dimensions of your room cost us some "Build Grist".
TT: But deploying the lathe did not appear to incur any expense.
TT: It looks like certain objects are freebies, probably to help you set up the game.
EB: wow, ok.
EB: what do they do?
TT: I think it's up to you to find out.
TT: All I can do is drop stuff in your house, and move it around, apparently.
EB: how do i move stuff around? it sounds fun!
TT: I don't think you can as the client. You will need to install the server application.
TT: You should have received both in separate envelopes. I am running both on my computer right now.
EB: what??
TT: Did you get another envelope in the mail?
EB: no!
TT: Once you install the server and establish a connection, I'm sure you will be able to manipulate my environment in the same manner.
TT: Are you sure you didn't get it?
EB: oh man.
EB: i think i might know where it is.

==>

**14/05/09**

pesterlogTT: Now that your room is bigger, why don't you move to the far corner?
TT: It will extend the range of the cursor, and I can reach the items.
TT: Which... you threw out the window for some reason?
EB: good idea!
TT: What have you been doing in here all afternoon, anyway?
EB: ugh, i was fussing with my retarded sylladex.
EB: but i think i have it under control now.
EB: what modus do you use?
TT: I like to use trees.
EB: oh no, that sounds so awkward.
TT: It's not exceptionally practical.
TT: But I think they are elegant.

## John: Stand in corner.

**14/05/09**

## TT: Deploy Cruxtruder.

**15/05/09**

```
Pre-punched Card
Alchemiter
Cruxtruder
```

## TT: Deploy Alchemiter.

**15/05/09**

```
Punch Designix
Pre-punched Card
Alchemiter
```

pesterlogEB: why is the floor shaking?
EB: are you dropping more stuff in my house?
TT: Yes. Two more large gizmos.
EB: sweet!
EB: what is with all these big contraptions?
TT: If I had to guess, they appear to facilitate a sort of system involving punch card-based alchemy.
EB: huh.
EB: to what end?
EB: i mean what are we supposed to be doing in this game?
TT: That remains to be seen.
TT: Maybe you should go investigate?

## John: Get PDA.

**15/05/09**

```
SERIOUS BUSINESS

The following matters have been submitted in a frank and forthright
manner for pipefan413's judicious appraisal.

f grayslacks66 - 17:24
```

```
Decided to return home for fresh tie. Soiled tie will be laundered
immediately upon return

f wellPressedAttire - 17:23

Use ballpoint pen to roll up tip of cloth. Extract pen. Press rolled
cloth against ceramic surface, e.g. restroom sink. In future: consider
repositioning hat hook and/or coffee pot.

f officeurchin1280 - 17:23

Photographic documentation of incident?

f grayslacks66 - 17:22

Was posturing unevenly to reach for hat on wall hook. Tip of tie
slipped in open mouth of pot. Duration of "dunk": approx. 3 seconds.

f 2busy4this - 17:22

pl elab on 'incident'

f grayslacks66 - 17:21

Need counsel on removing coffee from necktie. Incident occurred 45
seconds ago. Beverage essences rapidly settling into fabric.

[SYSTEM]
```

You grab the PDA, switching back to STACK MODUS so it is readily accessible.

The interface is oddly sterile. No hilarious clown wallpapers or anything like that. (Oops, you mean harlequin wallpapers.)

The SERIOUS BUSINESS application is open. It seems your DAD uses it to keep tabs on various acquaintances... his fellow street performers, maybe?

You guess the performing arts must be pretty serious business after all.

## John: Install Pesterchum.

**15/05/09**

```
PESTERCHUM 6.0

CHAT CLIENT

CHUMROLL :
- turntableGodhead
☺ tentacleTherapist
- gardenGnostic

[PESTER!]

MYCHUMHANDLE :
☺ ectoBiologist

MOOD :
[☺ CHUMMY     ] [☺ BULLY ✓    ]
[☺ PALSY      ] [☺ PEPPY      ]
```

```
[☺ CHIPPER   ] [☹ RANCOROUS ]

[PESTERCHUM]
[SB]
[SYSTEM]
```

This should be useful. Now you can keep tabs on your chums while you wander around the house.

## John: Go out to balcony.

**15/05/09**

pesterlogEB: hey, i'm out on the balcony now.
EB: i am messaging from my dad's pda.
TT: The one you threw into the yard?
EB: no, i am telling you.
EB: it jumped out of my sylladex like a frightened weasel.
TT: What were you doing with it in the first place?
TT: I am not sensing a lot of regard for the personal property of others.
TT: Is this how your pent-up frustration with your father manifests itself?
EB: what? no.
EB: those were all accidents.
EB: please take your psycho-babblery elsewhere, miss!
TT: Your bathroom is a mess.
TT: Did you do that too?
EB: oh man, see this isn't cool.
EB: all this snooping nonsense!
TT: There's a cake in the toilet.
EB: yes. there is.
TT: I'm tempted to clean it up for you.
EB: ok, if that will satisfy your weird ocd complex then go ahead.
TT: My Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder complex?
TT: Can a disorder also be a complex?
EB: in your case, probably!
TT: Sounds complicated.
EB: anyway...
EB: i am going to have a look at this enormous platformy thing you put on the balcony.

## John: Examine Alchemiter in a cautious manner.

**15/05/09**

You have no idea what to do with this thing. You can't find any controls for it.

Having exhausted all other possibilities, you just decide to stand on it.

This isn't very cautious of you, actually.

## John: Look through telescope.

**16/05/09**

It is a clear, sunny day. Nothing out of the ordinary to report. At least, not beyond the walls of your own home.

## TT: Grab the soiled toilet.

**16/05/09**

```
16/20 → 14
```

pesterlogTT: Whoops.
EB: whoops what?

## ==>

**16/05/09**

pesterlogEB: what was that noise?
EB: is this something i should go investigate?
TT: No, I have it under control.
TT: You can keep playing with your telescope.

## John: Investigate.

**16/05/09**

pesterlogEB: augh!
TT: I think I can patch it up.
TT: Just give me a little space.
TT: Why don't you go have a look at the Cruxtruder?
EB: the what?
TT: The thing I put in your living room.

## John: Hop down the hole.

**17/05/09**

You jump down to the UTILITY ROOM.

## John: Get sledgehammer and card.

**17/05/09**

```
strife specibus

sylladex : strife deck

hammerkind
```

You take the SLEDGEHAMMER and the CAPTCHALOGUE CARD, combine the two, and quickly apply it to your STRIFE SPECIBUS.

You think it's cool that things don't always have to be a federal fucking issue.

## ==>

**17/05/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

It looks like another one of your chums is pestering you on your PDA.

## John: Answer chum.

**17/05/09**

pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 17:25 --

GG: john did you get my package??

EB: oh hey!
EB: no, not yet.
GG: darn! are you sure? it was in a green box.....
EB: oh!
EB: yes, but it is in my dad's car and he is still out at the store.
EB: he should be back soon.
GG: great!!! so what are you up to today?
EB: i am up to my neck in this sburb stuff.
EB: TT is making a royal mess of my house.
GG: lol!
GG: whats sburb??
EB: oh, it is this game.
EB: it's ok i guess. i'm still figuring it out.
GG: whoa what was that?????
EB: what was what?
GG: there was a loud noise outside my house!!
GG: it sounded like an explosion!!!!
EB: wow, really?
GG: i will go outside and look....
EB: oh man, alright but be careful, ok?
GG: i will! :)

-- gardenGnostic [GG] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 17:28 --

## John: Might as well check out the Cruxtruder.

**17/05/09**

pesterlogEB: oh hell no, you put this thing in front of the door?
TT: There's a door there?
EB: um, YEAH???
TT: I didn't see it.
TT: I just thought it fit nicely into that groove.
EB: you mean you thought it was elegant?
EB: ok well what do i do with this thing.
EB: hello?
EB: what are you doing up there now?

## ==>

**17/05/09**

```
14/20 → 12
```

pesterlogTT: Oh fuck.

## John: Examine wheel on the Cruxtruder.

**18/05/09**

When you turn the wheel, something seems to be pushing up from underneath the lid.

But you aren't strong enough to make the lid come off!

## TT: Put bathtub in driveway.

**18/05/09**

```
CONNECTION LOST
```

On the tub's journey to the driveway, the connection is interrupted.

## John: Scold TT.

**18/05/09**

pesterlogEB: you can see me, right.
EB: tell me what is wrong with this picture.
TT: Sorry. I keep losing the wireless signal.
TT: Must be the weather.
TT: I would look for a stronger signal in another part of the house, but I'd rather not risk an encounter with my mother.
TT: I battled through her cloud of gin and derision once already this evening.
EB: haha, yeah I hear you.
TT: Yes. Cake, jesters, unfaltering love and support.
TT: Quite a road to hoe there.
TT: Though I suppose I'm complicit for not informing Social Services about your situation.
EB: i know!
EB: what about going outside?
EB: maybe you could catch a neighbor's signal.
TT: That presents the same problem.
TT: Also, it's raining, remember?
TT: And dark.
EB: It's dark already?
TT: Yes, the sun has already had its way with us here on the east coast.
TT: Its lurid glare has moved on to younger timezones.
EB: haha, um, ok.

## John: Hit Cruxtruder with sledgehammer.

**18/05/09**

pesterlogTT: Need some help?

## TT: Pick up sledgehammer.

**19/05/09**

## ==>

**19/05/09**

```
4:13
```

## ==>

**19/05/09**

```
4:13 → :12 → :11 → :10
```

pesterlogEB: what is this thing?
EB: and what is that clock counting down to?
TT: I've been looking at the GameFAQ walkthroughs to figure some of this stuff out.
TT: Hold while I read further.

EB: ok.
TT: All of these walkthroughs are extremely short.
TT: None progress much further than this point.
EB: weird.
EB: well, i mean it is a new game.
TT: True.
TT: Now that the lid is off, you will need to extrude some "Cruxite".

## John: Turn wheel again.

**19/05/09**

```
4:03 → 4:02 → 4:01
```

You extrude ONE (1) CRUXITE DOWEL.

## John: Get cruxite.

**19/05/09**

pesterlogTT: I feel like we should be hurrying. That countdown is making me nervous.
TT: John?
TT: Oh. Your PDA is trapped under the cruxite now, isn't it.
TT: Anyway, it looks like you are going to need this card too.

## TT: Deploy Pre-punched Card.

**19/05/09**

```
Pre-punched Card
```

## John: Get card.

**19/05/09**

A SHARD OF GLASS is expelled from the deck and maims the HARLEQUIN DOLL.

## John: Captchalogue fanciful harlequins.

**19/05/09**

You take TWO (2) FANCIFUL HARLEQUINS.

The additional useless freight pushes your PDA to the last card. You then switch to the QUEUE MODUS so you can access the PDA.

More glass shrapnel flies from the deck.

## ==>

**19/05/09**

```
SPRITE: (textures)
```

pesterlogEB: this thing keeps following me around.
EB: i think it's trying to talk to me or something.
TT: That is probably the "Kernelsprite".
TT: It apparently needs to be "prototyped".
TT: Twice, actually.
TT: Whatever the hell that means.
TT: These walkthroughs are horrendously written.
EB: hmm, ok.

EB: well, you are the one with the cursor so just do whatever you think is the right thing to do!
EB: also, fix my bathroom.

## TT: Drop maimed harlequin into Kernelsprite.

**20/05/09**

## [S] ==>

**21/05/09**

The KERNELSPRITE has been prototyped with the HARLEQUIN DOLL.

## ==>

**21/05/09**

```
SPRITE: (spriteglyphs)
```

pesterlogEB: i still can't understand this thing's gobbledygook.
TT: That was only "Tier One Prototyping".
TT: There is still another tier to the prototyping process.
TT: Which for all we know merely advances this entity through increasingly esoteric states of linguistics.
EB: the clock is ticking.
EB: we don't have time for this asinine tomfoolery.
TT: This unmitigated poppycock?
EB: extravagant hogwash!
EB: ok stop
EB: stop typing whatever silly thing you're typing.
EB: i'm going upstairs to the big platformy thing.
TT: The alchemiter?
EB: ??
TT: Try to learn the lingo.

## John: Use pre-punched card with the alchemiter.

**21/05/09**

There is no slot for a card anywhere to be found on the ALCHEMITER!

The KERNELSPRITE followed you upstairs.

## TT: Explore Atheneum.

**21/05/09**

```
Perfectly Generic Object
2
```

Acquiring a CRUXITE DOWEL seems to have populated the ATHENEUM with one item: a PERFECTLY GENERIC OBJECT.

## John: Captchalogue telescope.

**21/05/09**

You snatch the TELESCOPE from its TRIPOD. Who knows, it might be useful. But more importantly, it pushes the CRUXITE to the last card making it available for tinkering.

The PDA is predictably jettisoned into the yard, over the neighbor's fence.

## John: Put cruxite on weird pattern on alchemiter.

**21/05/09**

You place the CRUXITE DOWEL on the ALCHEMITER'S small pedestal.

Something is happening...

==>

**21/05/09**

==>

**21/05/09**

```
1 → 2 → 3
-2 → -4 → -6

12/20 → 6
```

You set the ALCHEMITER to cast THREE (3) PERFECTLY GENERIC OBJECTS for some reason, expending a total of 6 units of BUILD GRIST.

These things look completely useless. What a waste!

Out of the corner of your eye, you notice there's something in the sky.

## John: Switch modus and use telescope to inspect sky.

**22/05/09**

You switch back to STACK MODUS and get a closer look with your TELESCOPE.

Whatever it is, the KERNELSPRITE seems particularly agitated about it.

==>

**22/05/09**

==>

**22/05/09**

```
3:10 → :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01 → :00
```

==>

**22/05/09**

You're no astronomer, but its trajectory looks suspiciously head-on with your current perspective.

This is a troubling development.

## John: High-five Kernelsprite.

**22/05/09**

You figure you've left him hanging long enough.

## John: Attempt to ingest a unit of build grist.

**23/05/09**

```
Made With Real Fruit
EXCELLENT SOURCE
OF VITAMIN C

RE-DO YOUR RO-
SWEEPSTAKES
```

```
YOU COULD WIN $10,000

Betty Crocker

Fruit
Gushers

Rockin' Blue Raspberry
```

It is tempting because they strongly resemble Rockin' Blue Raspberry Gushers. However, units of BUILD GRIST are a gaming abstraction and do not seem to exist on the physical plane!

There is apparently no crisis so imminent that will deter you from contemplating idiotic and frivolous actions.

## ==>

**23/05/09**

pesterlogTT: Your dad is getting home.
TT: John?
TT: What did you do with your PDA this time?
TT: I'm working on the bathroom.
TT: But we are running low on Build Grist.

## TT: Revise bathroom.

**23/05/09**

```
6/20 → 2
```

## ==>

**23/05/09**

```
DAD: ?

DAD: ?
```

## John: Run to your room and contact TT through Pesterchum.

**23/05/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

Two chums have been trying to message you.

## John: Answer chums.

**23/05/09**

pesterlogTT: I'm working on the bathroom.
TT: But we are running low on Build Grist.
EB: oh man who cares about the bathroom, now there's a meteor heading for my house!!!
TT: I see.
TT: Do you suppose it has anything to do with the game?
EB: i don't know, maybe! what do i do!
TT: I think it's very likely.
TT: The walkthroughs vaguely suggest an impending threat before they end.
TT: The already poorly constructed sentences become even more curt and ambiguous.

TT: As if written hastily and with a sense of alarm.
TT: Actually, their dedication to updating the walkthrough under such circumstances is admirable.
EB: wow, FASCINATING.
EB: ??????
TT: If the meteor is a game construct, I think the only thing to do is to proceed, and try to solve the dilemma on the game's terms.
TT: Try using the lathe.
TT: It says you can use the card on it, but isn't more specific than that.
EB: ok i'll do that.
TT: Really, it is a labor to read this drivel.
TT: If I read any more my brain will need to be spoon-fed from a jar.
TT: While it blows spit bubbles in a highchair.
TT: I think I will write my own walkthrough.
TT: That is, after we make sure you don't die.

-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 17:34 --

TG: i heard you got the box
TG: i hope you appreciate my heroic fatherly perseverance in getting it to you
TG: in my rough and tumble dirty wifebeaterly sort of way
TG: also i hope you appreciate how many no-talent douches had their mitts on that bunny before you
TG: its like a grubby baton in some huge douchebag marathon
TG: hey where are you
EB: oh man, the bunny was awesome, but i don't have time to talk, i'm playing sburb and it's kind of a nightmare.
EB: TT is breaking everything in my house.
TG: dude i told you to steer clear of that game
TG: and for that matter you should probably wash your hands of flighty broads and their snarky horseshit altogether
EB: and now there's a meteor coming, and i'm not even joking about that!!!
EB: it's like a big asteroid or comet or something.
EB: in the sky.
EB: heading right for my house!!!!!!!!
TG: oh man
TG: how big is it
EB: i dunno.
EB: big, i guess.
EB: i gotta go!
EB: we'll talk later if i am still alive and the earth isn't blown up.
TG: like the size of texas
TG: or just rhode island
TG: theyre always throwing around these geographical comparisons to give us a sense of scale like it really means anything to us
TG: but its like it doesnt matter its always just like: WOW THATS PRETTY FUCKING BIG
TG: like mr president theres a meteor coming sir. oh yeah, how big is it? its the size of texas sir

TG: OH SHIT
TG: or, how big is it? its the size of new york city sir
TG: OH SHIT
TG: sir im afraid the comet is the size of your moms dick
TG: OH SNAP
TG: sir are you familiar with jupiter
TG: you mean like the planet?
TG: yeah
TG: well its that big sir
TG: hmm that sounds pretty big
TG: i have a question
TG: is it jupiter?
TG: yes sir, earth is literally under seige by planet fucking jupiter
TG: OH SHIT
TG: anyway later

## John: Use pre-punched card on totem lathe.

**25/05/09**

You slip the PRE-PUNCHED CARD into a slot on the TOTEM LATHE. Above, the TOOL ARM deploys a configuration of chisels.

Now you just need something to lathe.

## John: Take cruxite to totem lathe.

**25/05/09**

Cursing your lack of foresight, you return to the BALCONY for the CRUXITE DOWEL you left on the pedestal.

You navigate the hallway leery of your DAD, who is presently puzzling over the new fixture in his hallway.

==>

**25/05/09**

The perfect crime.

==>

**25/05/09**

You retrieved the CRUXITE DOWEL.

DAD just shrugs and heads back downstairs, presumably to do some more baking.

If only he knew you were hard at work saving his ass.

## John: Use cruxite dowel on totem lathe.

**25/05/09**

You clamp the CRUXITE in the lathe.

## John: Activate lathe.

**25/05/09**

The lathe carves ONE (1) TOTEM.

You take the TOTEM.

==>

**25/05/09**

pesterlogEB: alright, i used the lathe to make this blue shapey thing.
EB: now i guess i take it back to the alchemixer again?
EB: hello???????
-- tentacleTherapist [TT] is no longer connected! --
EB: uh...

==>

**25/05/09**

```
CONNECTION LOST
```

==>

**25/05/09**

```
2:10 → :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01 → :00
```

==>

**26/05/09**

A young lady stands in her bedroom. Due to a violent storm, her house has just lost power, along with her wireless internet connection. This has severed her link to a popular video game she was playing with a young man at a critical moment. That young man is relying on this young lady to reestablish a connection somehow. This young lady named...

Named...

It's on the tip of your tongue. What was the name of this young lady again?

## Enter name.

**28/05/09**

```
FLIGHTY BROAD
```

No, that wasn't it!

## One more time.

**28/05/09**

```
✓ ROSE LALONDE
```

## Examine room.

**28/05/09**

Your name is ROSE. As was previously mentioned you are without ELECTRICITY, although your LAPTOP COMPUTER still functions on BATTERY POWER. You have a variety of INTERESTS. You have a passion for RATHER OBSCURE LITERATURE. You enjoy creative writing and are SOMEWHAT SECRETIVE ABOUT IT. You have a fondness for the BESTIALLY STRANGE AND FICTITIOUS, and sometimes dabble in PSYCHOANALYSIS. You also like to KNIT, and your room is a BIT OF A MESS. And on occasion, if just the right one strikes your fancy, you like

to play VIDEO GAMES with your friends.

What will you do?

## Rose: Retrieve arms from the purple box.

**28/05/09**

The PURPLE PACKAGE'S contents are private! No one is allowed to look inside.

## Rose: Writhe like a flagellum and puke on your bed.

**28/05/09**

Ugh, what a terrible idea! The thought alone makes you sick to your stomach.

## Rose: Stroke writing journal and mutter, 'My precious...'

**28/05/09**

You would only resort to such an embarrassing activity while no one was watching!!!

These journals are for your eyes only.

## Rose: Get violin.

**28/05/09**

You captchalogue the VIOLIN, storing it the ROOT CARD of your SYLLADEX.

## [S] Rose: Play a haunting refrain on the violin.

**28/05/09**

You waste approximately 40 seconds playing the violin while your friend is in peril.

Nice time management skills there, sweetheart!

## John: Tell Liv Tyler you love her before impact.

**30/05/09**

Since your good for nothing friend is obviously not going to bail you out in time, you issue words of parting fondness to dear, sweet Liv. Oh, if only Affleck could have been the one to make the final sacrifice instead of her stubborn, blue collar, salt-of-the-earth father. Then she would fall into your arms for consolation, and YOU would be the one to make the deceased Bruce Willis proud.

## Rose: Captchalogue knitting supply bag.

**30/05/09**

You get the KNITTING BAG. It occupies the LEFT LEAF CARD under the VIOLIN, per the TREE MODUS'S alphabetical sorting method.

K < V.

## Rose: Look out window.

**30/05/09**

Your panoramic window offers a view of your yard below, and the mausoleum housing your dead cat, JASPERS, who died when you were young. Your MOM had the structure erected with a spirit of scornful IRONY in response to your youthfully innocent request to hold a funeral for the animal. At least, that is how you have come to interpret the gesture in retrospect.

You can also make out a silhouette of the LABORATORY next door, a facility which likely broadcasts a strong WIRELESS INTERNET SIGNAL. You may be able to connect to the signal from a different part of the house. Perhaps if you seek higher ground?

## Rose: Get laptop.

**30/05/09**

You take your LAPTOP and prepare to make the journey through the house.

L < V. L > K.

This causes the tree to be unbalanced, so your SYLLADEX auto-balances itself. Now the LAPTOP occupies the ROOT CARD, while the other two items comprise the LEAVES.

K < L. V > L.

## Rose: Examine book on desk.

**31/05/09**

```
GRIMOIRE
FOR SUMMONING THE
ZOOLOGICALLY
DUBIOUS
```

This book is absolutely indispensable for enthusiasts of your ilk. Of which there are very few.

## Rose: Take book.

**31/05/09**

You take the GRIMOIRE.

G < L, G < K.

## Rose: Go explore the house.

**01/06/09**

You leave your BEDROOM.

Hanging just next to your door in the hallway is a painting of an EXQUISITE WIZARD. Your mother collects these awful things IRONICALLY. She must know how much you detest them, and there is no doubt in your mind she stores these dreadful things in the house to bother you.

Down the hall to the right is the way to the OBSERVATORY. Perhaps you will be able to connect from up there?

Your mother's room is also in that direction. You will have to watch your step.

## Rose: Tiptoe to observatory.

**01/06/09**

You approach a juncture in the hallway. Beyond the juncture is the OBSERVATORY.

## ==>

**01/06/09**

## Rose: Sneak by.

**01/06/09**

## ==>

**01/06/09**

This door leads up to the OBSERVATORY. You haven't ventured up there in quite some time.

## Rose: Go through door.

**02/06/09**

The door opens to an exterior walkway, leading to the observatory entrance.

You've seen less inclement weather before. Oh the things you'll do to help out a friend.

## Rose: Hurry up to that observatory.

**02/06/09**

## Rose: Try to connect!

**03/06/09**

You first put your LAPTOP down on the floor to get it situated.

But removing it from the ROOT CARD causes all the branches and leaves to be severed! Your items are dumped unceremoniously on the floor.

## Rose: See what you can observe.

**04/06/09**

You're in a hurry, sure, but that doesn't mean you can't take moment to peek through the HUGE TELESCOPE.

You find a gap in the clouds. It seems a flurry of smaller METEOROIDS is streaking steadily overhead. You're not sure what this means, but it is somewhat disconcerting.

## Rose: Stack laptop on Grimoire to maximize elevation.

**04/06/09**

```
GRIMOIRE
```

You'll need every advantage you can get.

## Rose: Access laboratory wifi network.

**04/06/09**

```
CETUS

http://www.gamefaqs.com/doswin/home/927614.html

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SBURB SERVER

Lost connection with client.

RECONNECTING...

> _


AVAILABLE WIRELESS NETWORKS

SN_LAB0413      UNSECURED
SN_LAB9687        SECURED
SN_LAB1802        SECURED
SN_LAB5565        SECURED


SBURB SERVER

Lost connection with client.

RECONNECTING...

Server has established connection with client.

> _



[HD]
[scraps]
[leavings]
[detritus]
```

There are several signals being broadcasted from the LABORATORY, each of relatively decent strength.

One of them is mysteriously and quite conveniently UNSECURED, requiring no password.

You select the signal, and reconnect to the game with John.

==>

**04/06/09**

```
0:41 → :40 → :39 → :38 → :37 → :36 → :35 → :34 → :33 → :32 → :31
```

pesterlogTT: I'm back.
EB: hurry up and open my door!!!!!!
EB: not that it even matters, i think i'm probably dead no matter what!!!!!!
TT: Patience. You still haven't used the new totem.

EB: ???
TT: I believe it will create the item on the punch card.
EB: so what is it, like an apple or something?
EB: what good will that even do?
TT: We'll see.
TT: I've found no evidence that anyone has successfully created the item.
TT: And the content of the card appears to be variable from session to session.
TT: In one instance it was described as an "eggy loking thign" [sic].
EB: do we have enough of those building jewels to make it?
TT: According to the Atheneum, it is a free item.
TT: This speaks to its importance, in my view.
TT: Now off you go.

## Rose: Remove door from hinges.

**04/06/09**

```
2/20 → 0
```

There goes the rest of your BUILD GRIST.

## Rose: Put bathtub back.

**05/06/09**

You probably should have just done this in the first place.

## John: Take totem to alchemiter.

**05/06/09**

Got to get those stupid blocks out of the way first!

The KERNELSPRITE is getting awfully worked up about all this!

## Rose: Remove blocks.

**05/06/09**

You store the PERFECTLY GENERIC OBJECTS in your PHERNALIA REGISTRY, potentially to be deployed at a later time.

## ==>

**05/06/09**

## [S] John: Take bite of apple.

**07/06/09**

```
0:30 → :29 → :28 → :27 → :26 → :25 → :24 → :23 → :22 → :21
→ :20 → :19 → :18 → :17 → :16 → :15 → :14 → :13 → :12 → :11
→ :10 → :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01
```

## END OF ACT 1

**07/06/09**

## Years in the future, but not many...

**09/06/09**

A WAYWARD VAGABOND records a stuttering step in the sun-bleached dust.

```
WV: ?
```

# ACT 2 ==>

**10/06/09**

```
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○ FAQ/Walkthrough        04/11/09        ChaosDemon
```

```
* Derived from MSPA Wiki
```

**Sburb Beta FAQ/Walkthrough** by tentacleTherapist **Hosted by** GameFAQs
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punch card alchemy [Z001] C. Appendix 3 -- Screen Captures, pt.
1............... [Z301] ?. Rose:
Egress..................................... [ZZZZ]
=====================================================================
================ [0000] Caveats and Condolences
=====================================================================
================ I'd be inclined to dispense with the trite even
```

```
under less pressing circumstances. Needless to say I'll forego the
inscrutable ASCII banner which typically heralds the striking
freefall of these documents. I'll also resist the urge to brandish
any copyright marks, or the particular neurosis that concerns
itself with the theft of the utterly mundane -- I'll allow other
deranged prospectors to stake claims on their worthless plots as
the woods burn around them. My introduction will be sparse. There
will be no majestic prose blustering into the sails of a galleon
as we embark on this voyage together. Nor will there be any
hamfisted prose whipping its limbs under a bedsheet like a
retarded ghost, for that matter. I won't set the stage, or dim the
lights. The mood, you will see, will be set soon enough. Since you
are reading this, chances are you have installed this game on your
computer already. If this is true, like many others, you have just
participated in bringing about the end of the world. But don't
beat yourself up about it. There was never anything you could have
done to prevent it. The end is happening right now, as I type, and
as you read. I have come to understand that we were always doomed
through our collective ignorance, and now further doomed by those
few who know, and struggle to flee. If you're lucky, you'll be
among the smaller subset of the latter who are successful. What I
mean is, while that game you installed is just one more grinding
slab of rock sealing our planet's crypt, it is also your only hope
to live. I'm presently faced with the same conundrum as you, and
though I speak with more experience, my own outcome is far from
assured. I will "play the game", as much of it as there is to
play, and record my findings here. If you want to live, you will
do as I instruct. My condolences. ~TT
```

**[S] ==>**

**11/06/09**

**==>**

**12/06/09**

The KERNEL divides. The two halves go their separate ways, leaving behind the SPRITE portion.

**BOY.**

**12/06/09**

What is left of the SPRITE undergoes a mysterious transformation.

For a moment you thought you heard someone say "BOY", as if whispered in the periphery of your awareness.

It was probably just your imagination though.

## [S] YOU THERE. BOY.

**13/06/09**

* Derived in part from a transcript by ShadowOfFate

CLICK THIS

**** click it!***

To walk around, use the mouse, arrow keys, or WASD keys. Click on various objects to open command menus for them! Outstanding Flash programming by Alexis 'Gankro' Beingessner.

**** click jestersprite***

> WHAT'S THAT

It looks different now. After you bit that APPLE, your whole house seemed to be trasported somewhere. Then the APPLE disappeared and the KERNELSPRITE underwent a transformation. Aside from the change in appearance, the transformation doesn't seem to have any relevant ramifications. You still can't understand a word this idiot says.

> THE GHOST CLOWN. DO SOMETHING WITH IT.

The 'GHOST CLOWN' is called the KERNELSPRITE! Or, rather just the SPRITE now, I suppose. You can't 'DO SOMETHING' with it at the moment! The only thing you can theoretically do with it is TIER 2 PROTOTYPE IT, assuming that's still possible...

> TIER PROTO TYPE THE SPRITE, OR THE THING YOU SAID. DO IT.

You are not the one who is supposed to prototype it! The SBURB SERVER USER is supposed to do that.

**** click John***

> YOU THERE. BOY.

... What?

> BOY. LISTEN TO ME, BOY.

His name is John, you nincompoop.

> BOY WHO IS JOHN. DO AS I SAY.

What would you like 'BOY WHO IS JOHN' to do?

> OBEY MY COMMANDS, JOHN BOY.

And those commands would be...?

> I WOULD LIKE THE BOY TO INTERACT WITH HIS ENVIRONMENT IN A CONSTRUCTIVE MANNER.

Maybe you should be a little more specific?

> HAVE THE BOY ASSESS HIS CURRENT SITUATION.

I'm afraid I can't 'HAVE THE BOY' do that. Tell him to do it yourself!

> VERY WELL.

... Ok.

> ==>

That instruction does not do anything at the moment!!!

> ==>

Sigh. Could you please turn the controls over to a more competent user?

> ASLFSAKLADAK

Increasingly sophomoric. Also, you almost spelled 'SALAD' in there.

**** click the balcony railings***

> PEEK OVER THE RAILING.

Getting close to the railing makes you a little nervous. It's a long way down.

**** click the large Alchemiter platform***

> THIS LARGE PLATFORM. GOOD GRIEF, WHAT IS IT BOY?

The ALCHEMITER created the APPLE, or the tree that sprouted it rather, right on time to save you from destruction. You're not sure if you can say the same for your neighborhood though. You wonder what happened to your DAD?

**** click the Cruxite dowel that stands on a plinth to the left of the Alchemiter***

> EXAMINE THE STRANGE BLUE VASE.

It is the piece of CRUXITE you carved with the TOTEM LATHE. When its contours were scanned, the ALCHEMITER was able to produce that tree. How odd!

**** click the door at the left of the balcony room***

> BOY, OPEN THIS DOOR AND WALK THROUGH IT.

**** You are now on the landing above the living room***

**** no need to click the far left to ever return to the balcony...***

> WAIT GO BACK OUT HERE BOY.

**** click the diagonally facing door to your upper left***

> BOY, GO IN HERE.

**** You are now in your bedroom***

**** click the Little Monsters poster on the wall to the left of the door***

> INSPECT THIS GHASTLY MAN AND HIS BOY.

'Fred Savage has a punchable face' your ass! More like a talented young actor's face who you would want to hang out with if you got

the chance, and also if he were not a fully grown man now. Anyway, the thought of monsters lurking in your house scares the shit out of you, which is why this movie is so awesome. But the fact that those monsters could also be your BEST FRIEND is what makes it DOUBLY AWESOME.

**** click the Con Air poster that is partially obscured by the door on the bed***

> IS THAT JOHN CUSACK?

Yeah, you guess so, but damn that door be coverin' up your man Cage something serious. That ain't cool!

**** click the door itself***

> THIS DOOR. EXPLAIN THIS.

Rose sure did a number on your house. But you guess she did manage to save your life. YOU GUESS.

**** click the red box on the bed***

> OBSERVE THIS BOX.

THE BUNNY IS NOT IN THE BOX. I SAID, THE BUNNY IS NOT IN THE BOX. WHY COULDN'T THE BUNNY BE IN THE BOX?

**** click the Ghostbusters poster***

> ARMED FOES OF THE DECEASED?

Most people say the second one was not as great as the first, but you feel just the opposite. It was really cool and sort of gross how they hosed each other down with slime that made people angry. TG refers to the film as 'nasty manbro bukkake theater', whatever the hell that means.

**** click the Mac'n'Me poster***

> MARVEL AT THIS ADVENTURE IN OUTER SPACE.

This movie is... Ok, this movie is really bad. Not even you can defend it. You've been meaning to take this poster down, actually.

**** click the window***

> BOY, LOOK THROUGH THIS WINDOW.

**** click anywhere on the scene***

At least your TIRE SWING remains unmolested. A tree without a tire swing is like... Like a house without a surrounding neighborhood, you guess.),

**** click the towel on the floor***

> ACQUIRE THIS SMALL PERSIAN RUG.

It's a towel, dumbass! It will probably come in handy for cleaning up this weird mess in your room. Not that it's a huge priority, though.

**** click the Totem Lathe against the wall to the right of the room***

> THIS HUGE SEWING MACHINE. OF WHAT USE IS IT.

The PUNCH CARD seemed to contain the instructions for carving a TOTEM of a certain shape. You guess maybe other PUNCH CARDS will produce different shapes? It bears further exploration.

**** click the book on the floor***

> THIS FUNNYMAN TEXT. YOU SHOULD IGNORE IT.

Just looking at the cover cracks you up! What a great book. Harry Anderson is your hero, and Mike Caveney's glowing treatment of the man does him every bit of justice. You'll have to give this another read soon.

**** back to the left, click the computer***

> INVESTIGATE THIS DEVICE.

It seems you are still connected to the internet. Rose is trying to get in touch with you. You will reply in a moment, once you have fully assessed your situation.

**** click the black splat on the floor***

> EXAMINE THIS UNPLEASANT FLUID.

What is this stuff?

**** head back left and click the door you came in***

> GO OUT OF THE DOOR THAT IS NOT HERE.

**** You are now back on the landing***

**** click the poster of the Beaglepussed man on the wall to the left of the opening***

> THAT MAN WITH THE HUMOROUS SPECTACLES. ADMIRE HIM.

Oh, Michael Cera. Your warm smile is a shining beacon in these dark times.

**** click the opening***

> WHAT IS DOWN HERE. PROCEED, BOY.

**** You are now in the corridor***

**** click the poster on the wall at the end of the corridor***

> I AM NOT FOND OF THIS SMUG FELLOW.

THE MAN. THE MYTH. THE LEGEND. What do you have up your sleeve there, Anderson? Look at that poker face. He's not telling a soul!

**** click the door on the left-hand wall of the corridor***

> GO IN THERE NOW.

**** You are now in the bathroom***

**** click the bath or the toilet***

> YOUR PLUMBING APPEARS FAULTY.

Man, Rose did such a piss-poor job of fixing the bathroom. It would almost certainly be a mistake to try to use the toilet! You guess you could just go pee over the edge of the cliff...

**** click the window***

> PEER THROUGH THAT WINDOW.

**** click anywhere on the scene***

At least your back yard was salvaged too. Sort of.

**** click the arrow to your lower right***

> LEAVE AT ONCE.

**** You are now back in the corridor***

**** click the door on the right-hand wall of the corridor***

> OPEN THIS.

Your DAD'S room is still locked!!!

**** go down and click the arrow at bottom of the screen***

> NO GO BACK.

**** You are now back on the landing; proceed to the right***

**** click the first painting on the wall***

> I DETEST THIS! DISREGARD IT?

The HARLEQUIN PAINTING? You have the sentiment in common with John then, I suppose.

**** go right, down the stairs***

**** click the painting below you***

> VILE. PAY NO MIND TO THIS FILTH.

What is he even doing there? Playing with a ball or something? Clowns are stupid.

**** and the one on the wall that you pass***

> NO NO NO NO NO. KEEP MOVING.

Believe me, you have no intention of turning your head to observe this dreadful thing.

**** proceed down the stairs into the living room***

**** click the figure on the stand at the base of the staircase***

> WHY DOES THIS SMALL MAN STAND HERE?

This HARLEQUIN is always ready to serve you with illumination, whether you're reading a book, or just enjoying a nice pipe.

**** click the object on the sofa***

> A SMALL DESSERT TRAY? USELESS.

In retrospect, it was pretty funny when your DAD pied you like that. Gotcha'd again by the old man!

**** right and down into the room, click the head on the floor***

> WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS RUBBISH.

Ok, even YOU have to admit. This one's pretty funny! hehehehe!

**** go left and click the circular Sburb logo on the stand***

> USE THIS TO RESEAL THAT OPENING THERE.

If only putting the lid back on the CRUXTRUDER would undo all it's done. Alas, Pandora's Tube has been opened.

**** click the Cruxtruder that blocks the door***

> MOVE THIS ABSURD EDIFICE AND EXIT YOUR HOUSE, BOY.

This thing weighs a ton! You'd honestly be surprised if the game cursor could lift it, or at least not without a significant expense of GRIST. Of all the places for Rose to drop the infernal thing. More than ever you feel... what's the word you're looking for? Of course. Housetrapped.

**** walk round all the way to the far left of the room***

**** click the statues on the shelving***

> DESTROY THESE DIMINUTIVE SOLDIERS OF MERRIMENT.

It hardly seems worth it to go to the bother. You doubt you could get much for them at a garage sale even. Maybe a grubby palm of pennies and a kick in the nuts for the whole lot of 'em.

**** click the pokers to the side of the fireplace***

> WIELD THESE INSTRUMENTS OF COMBAT.

Any one of these things would make a fine weapon. If only your STRIFE SPECIBUS wasn't already allocated. Oh well.

**** click the painting on the wall above the pokers***

> UGH, NO.

So coy. So mysterious.

**** click the urn above the fireplace***

> TOPPLE THIS URN IMMEDIATELY.

That would be disrespectful to your NANNA! You just won't do it!! Or not intentionally at least!!! You consider that it is fortunate she is no longer around to witness this sorrow. On the other hand, you would probably benefit from her elderly wisdom now...

**** click the coals in the fireplace***

> STOW LUMP OF SOOT FOR FUTURE USE, BOY.

That stuff is really dirty and you don't want it! Besides, you have it on good authority that a significant portion of it is comprised of asbestos.

**** walk up and right to the right-hand opening, click it***

> HERE BOY. IN HERE.

**** You are now in the study***

**** click the very large mural***

> INSPECT THIS MERRY BAND OF PERFORMERS.

Cirque du Soleil once filed a restraining order against your father. You were never so embarrassed in your life.

**** click the cards on the floor***

> THIS IS A MESS, BOY.

You're so glad your DAD wasn't watching when you did this. He never would have let you hear the end of it.

**** click the tube/can on the desk***

> CONSUME NUT.

You would, but you're not sure if this dark realm has any hospitals.

**** heading right, click the magazine on the desk***

> READ UNPLEASANT LITERATURE. THE SERIOUS JESTER

**** click anywhere on it***

SERIOUS JESTER MAGAZINE. FOR THOSE FOR WHOM CLOWNING AROUND IS SERIOUS BUSINESS.

**** click the hat rack***

> DISREGARD THIS NONSENSE.

Your DAD used this stuff sometimes to dazzle you with his silly vaudevillian escapades. Really, you couldn't roll your eyes hard enough at his corny act.

**** up and click the piano***

> OPERATE THIS INSTRUMENT. Showtime Haunting Piano Refrain Malcolm Brown Kevin Reganey Piano

**** click anywhere, the music will continue playing***

You play your favorite haunting refrain.

**** click the pipe to the left on top of the piano***

> IS THIS TOBACCO BURNING APPARATUS?

Yuck. You still have pipe-taste in your mouth.

**** click the statue in the middle on top of the piano***

> THROW THIS UGLY THING OUT THE WINDOW.

You will not do that intentionally! You only resort to throwing stuff out the window via SYLLADEX mismanagement.

**** click the statuen to the right on top of the piano***

> IT HAS A KNIFE. BE ALARMED BY THIS.

R.I.P. Ledger.

**** click the painting on the wall to the right of the piano***

> THIS MAN IS AN IMBECILE. IGNORE HIM.

He's alright. Looks like he doesn't take himself to seriously, and knows how to have a good time. You can only assume your DAD hung it crooked to make it look more 'whimsical'.

**** head right, click the window***

> LOOK HERE.

**** click anywhere***

It's dark out there. Can't see anything for miles.

**** further right, click the safe***

> OPEN THIS IRON VAULT, BOY.

You don't know the combination!!!

**** click the statue on top of the safe***

> SEEK THE RICHES HE GUARDS BELOW.

This one offers a friendly wave. But yeah, this is really just another stupid piece of shit.

**** click the painting above the safe***

> I SEE TREACHERY IN HIS EYES.

Oh, he doesn't look so bad.

**** head all the way back around to the left, and click the lower opening***

> RETURN TO THE LARGE ROOM WITH THE GROSS PAINTINGS.

**** You are now back in the living room***

**** click the diagonal doors to the left***

> THIS WAY. THROUGH THE DOORS LIKE YOU SEE IN A COWBOY SALOON.

**** You are now in the kitchen***

**** no need to click the lower left arrow to ever return to the living room...***

> RETURN TO THE ROOM WITH THE DEAD HAG'S REMAINS.

**** to your left, click the plant***

> SNIFF VEGETABLE.

Doesn't smell like anything.

**** click the book on the table***

> THIS BOOK IS TOO BIG FOR A YOUNG STUPID BOY.

COLONEL SASSACRE'S is your favorite book! Almost as favorite as WISE GUY! They are both your favoritest of all time!

**** go to the far left, click the red box on the counter***

> SAMPLE POWDERED UNCOOKED DESSERT.

Back ye miserable wench! Stay thy choking airborne particulates of temptation!!!

**** click the drawing stuck to the fridge door***

> EXAMINE THIS ARTWORK.

**** click anywhere***

Your DAD was so proud when you drew this. He hung it up immediately and it's stayed there ever since. That was one week ago.

**** click the bowl on the floor***

> PEEK IN BOWL OF GOO.

Wherever your DAD went, he seems to have left in a hurry. For all his absurdities you have to put up with, you sure wish he were

here right now.

**** click the telephone on the wall***

> THIS IS A TELEPHONE, BOY. USE IT.

The phone doesn't work!

**** heading back right, click the black splat on the floor***

> EXAMINE THIS SMEARED SUBSTANCE.

**** John examines his finger, click anywhere***

Is this... Oil? You wonder what happened in here. Where's your DAD?

**** click the large furniture at the right of the kitchen***

> PLUNDER CHEST.

Would you like to play a game?

**** click the door***

> OPEN THIS DOOR NOW.

**** You are now in the utility room***

**** no need to click the lower left arrow to ever return to the kitchen...***

> GO BACK INTO THE LUNCHEON PARLOR.

**** click the machines to your left***

> THIS IS NO TIME FOR LAUNDRY.

You're right. Thank you for being sensible about it.

**** click the cabinets to your right***

> OPEN THESE AND RIFLE THROUGH THEM FOR GOODS.

You don't give a shit about what's in there! Probably nothing you'd be inclined to use now anyway.

**** click the door to the upper right***

> EXIT, BOY.

**** You are now outside***

**** no need to click the front door to ever return inside...***

> BACK INTO THE HOUSE WITH YOU.

**** head up and left, click the box on the wall***

> ADMIRE THIS WALL-MOUNTED GADGET.

Through some mysterious force, your house still seems to be powered, even though the wires are severed. Quite bizarre.

**** click the sparking wires***

> FIDDLE WITH THE BRIGHT SPARKLY THINGS.

That sounds incredibly dangerous! John sensibly disregards your awful advice.

**** down and click the slimer ride***

> PONDER LAWN AMUSEMENT.

Your childhood nemesis, the SPRING-MOUNTED POGO-RIDE, sadly was not swallowed by the void. It will have to wait another day for its comeuppance.

**** click the busted swing***

> BOY, ENGAGE THIS MANGLED TRAPESE-DISPLAY.

Looks like your SWING SET is toast. You relive fond memories in a moment of sorrow.

**** head as far to the right as you can, click the handcuffs***

> CLAIM THE DANGLING TREE-BAUBLE.

The TRICK HANDCUFFS are still there! THANK GOD. And no, you are not about to try to 'claim' them just now.

**** head back left***

**** OK, now we're going to activate Trickster mode. Press CTRL + T.***

**** now you can walk through any scenery!***

**** stand by the front door and head upwards, climbing up to the chimney***

**this is not *SAFE***

**** click the top of the chimney***

> SHENANIGANS

**** You are now in Problem Sleuth's secret room***

**** click the desk***

> Make desk into fort and visit IMAGINATION LAND!

Wow... ...So like... Where can I get some of YOUR drugs?

**** click the window***

> Unplug window

...It's a window...

> Pick up window

That is so infeasable it hurts me.

**** click the pumpkin on the upper left of the wall***

> WOAH, WHAT? THIS IS THE PUMPKIN? HOLYSHITHOLYSHITHOLYSHIT!!!!!!1111

No it's pumpkin shaped graffiti... GAME DEV FACTS: All Elements (but the pumpkin) drawn by Andrew Hussie in Photoshop, imported and subsequently vectorized, organized, named, and scripted by Alexis 'Gankro' Beingessner... Who is a guy...148 Objects, 538 lines, 140 bitmaps, 9 souls, 2 pumpkins, This line of code is 16732 characters...

**** click the safe on the wall***

> Retrieve arms from safe.

You already HAVE arms stupid!

> Shoot safe

With what?

> Open safe

** ...returns you to outside the house.*

** there are some more little secrets:*

** in the top-right corner of the outside area*

**Gankro Was Not Here**

** head left from the front door to the far wall, which has a pumpkin painted on it*

** in the grass is cut the pattern*

----- ..--- ....- ----. .---- ...--

** which is morse code for*

024913

## BOY, QUIT ALL THIS SCURRYING AROUND.

**15/06/09**

For the last time, this boy's name is John!!!

## FINE. JOHN. RETURN TO YOUR QUARTERS.

**15/06/09**

Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪

You go back up to your bedroom, tiptoeing around this weird petroleum-based sludge.

## NOW JOHN. RESPOND TO YOUR FRIEND UNIT.

**15/06/09**

pesterlogTT: John?

TT: Are you there?

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] is now an idle chum! --

EB: hey, yeah i'm here!

EB: and not dead i think.

TT: I know.

TT: I've been watching you scramble through the house like a lunatic.

TT: You should have answered me sooner.

EB: oh man, sorry, i was looking around for my dad and i can't find him anywhere!

EB: have you seen him?

TT: No. I'm sure he'll turn up.

TT: We have more important things to address right now.

EB: yeah, like where am i??

TT: I don't know that either. But I've determined your neighborhood was destroyed by the meteor. Wherever you were transported, it saved you from the impact.

TT: I've been reading reports in the news. Over the last few days, there have been many smaller meteor collisions with people's homes around the world.

TT: And they seem to be getting bigger. Yours was the biggest they've identified so far.

EB: wow, ok.

EB: so then i guess if this is all the game's doing, then the point is for us to save the world?

TT: Perhaps.

EB: then we'd better get moving and figure this game out!!!

TT: Yes, but wait.

TT: We should retrieve your PDA. Yet again.
TT: It will help to keep tabs on each other while you investigate.
TT: I think I can get you closer to it, if I can replenish our grist supply somewhat.
TT: There may be a way to recycle some that we already used.
EB: ok.
TT: I'll meet you out on the balcony.
EB: wait, rose! one thing...
TT: What?
EB: you never even wished me a happy birthday!
EB: um... hello?
TT: I was working on something to send you, but I was running late with it.
TT: I didn't want you to think I believed meager well wishes alone would suffice for the occasion.
TT: That said, happy birthday, John.
EB: haha, oh jeez, that is silly!
EB: anyway, thanks!

## FIRST, TAKE THE FABRIC ITEM ON THE FLOOR THERE.

**16/06/09**

The TOWEL? Why?

Oh well, you're the boss. You captchalogue the TOWEL. What now?

## DO AS THE PURPLE TEXT SAYS. TO THE BALCONY.

**16/06/09**

John makes his way to the balcony per your awkwardly-worded request.

## WAIT. TAKE THAT. THE BLUE WOBBLY THING.

**16/06/09**

You whimsically decide to captchalogue the TOTEM which was used to create the APPLE TREE earlier.

## JOHN. RECYCLE THE GRIST AS WAS DICTATED BY YOUR COHORT.

**16/06/09**

```
JOHN: ?

0/20
```

John cannot do anything with the GRIST as of this moment! That is up to the Sburb player.

## I SEE. ==>?

**16/06/09**

```
0/20 → 6
```

Yes, that will suffice.

Rose deletes the PERFECTLY GENERIC OBJECTS. 6 units of BUILD GRIST are restored to your GRIST CACHE.

==>

**16/06/09**

```
6/20 → 0
```

Rose expends the GRIST to drag a new plank from the balcony in the direction of the PDA.

## JOHN RUN ACROSS PRECARIOUS PLATFORM SWIFTLY.

**16/06/09**

John isn't sure about that. It's a long way down.

## BOY I SAID MAKE HASTE ON THE NARROW CATWALK!

**16/06/09**

John is very nervous about the idea, and the strident tone of your commands is starting to make him a little upset!

## FINE. PROCEED AS YOUR LEVEL OF COMFORT DICTATES.

**16/06/09**

You cautiously walk within range of the PDA. Rose retrieves it.

## NOW TAKE IT.

**16/06/09**

You grab the PDA, launching one of the HARLEQUIN FIGURINES into the night.

You can kiss that one goodbye.

==>==>

**16/06/09**

```
SERIOUS BUSINESS

The following matters have been submitted in a frank and forthright manner for
pipefan413's judicious appraisal.

fedorafreak - ??:??
ty all. report: most hats removed from danger. ties next.

wellPressedAttire - ??:??
fedorafreak, you are in our thoughts, along with pipefan413 and his enviable
collection of pipes.

officeurchin1280 - ??:??
gl fedorafreak. salvage as many hats as is practical.

fedorafreak - ??:??
neighboring house struck by flaming projectile. in light of fire hazard,
evacuating house of all expensive garements.

grayslacks66 - ??:??
@pipefan413: status of health/wardrobe?

wellPressedAttire - ??:??
Submitting inquiry of concern over cataclysmic event. pipefan413 reply.

[SYSTEM]
```

Just one ==> command will suffice. Thanks.

It looks like you're not the only one trying to locate your father after the disaster.

## THESE BORING MEN ARE UNINTERESTING.

**16/06/09**

pesterlogTT: John, are you ok?

TT: You seem a bit tentative.

EB: i'm fine i guess.

EB: since i got here i feel compelled to do these weird things i don't really want to do.

EB: by some kind of voice that i can't really even hear. i don't know, it is hard to explain.

TT: Perhaps the early symptoms of an anxiety disorder, like post-traumatic stress?

EB: yeah, maybe. who knows!

TT: Well, if you can pull yourself together, there are a few more things we should try.

TT: Like prototyping the Kernelsprite again, if possible.

TT: We should hurry. My laptop battery won't last forever.

EB: Ok. I will go back inside.

## NO DON'T DO THAT. HOP OFF THIS LEDGE ON TO THAT CAR.

**16/06/09**

What? No! That sounds incredibly dangerous!

## ==>==>==>==>==>

**16/06/09**

Now you're just being a pest.

Which turnip truck did you just tumble out of, anyway?

Who are you?

## Years in the future, but not many...

**17/06/09**

An unsealed tunnel welcomes hot desert air into its stagnant depths.

```
> BOY._

==>

> YOU THERE. BOY._
```

## ==>

**18/06/09**

```
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General FAQs

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* Derived from MSPA Wiki

==========

========== [A000] An Examination of the Basics

==========

========== Upon connecting with the client user, you, the server user, will be met with a control panel allowing you to manipulate your co-player's environment. You will find that you are allowed to deploy four items at no expense. Three of these are rather large machines, and one is a punch card. It's quite possible that you have already deployed some of these items before reading this. If this is the case, and you have activated the machine called the "cruxtruder" such that it displays a countdown, YOU MUST PROCEED TO SECTION [A100] OF THIS WALKTHROUGH IMMEDIATELY. The life of the client user depends on it, and if your co-player has activated this device in your environment too, then yours does as well. But if not, please refrain from doing anything with the cruxtruder, aside from merely deploying it. This will buy us some time to think things through properly, and to go over the basics of the game before you find your soft, easily-punctured head in the jaws of the lion. As mentioned, there are four items to consider, each playing a role in a process which appears to have a singular purpose: to manufacture objects out of thin air. The designers of the game, judging by the language used, regard this process as a sort of alchemy. This may allude to complexities in the production process yet to present themselves. But for now, the variety of objects you are able to create remains quite limited. The items in question are the CRUXTRUDER (again, tread lightly with this one), the TOTEM LATHE, the ALCHEMITER, and the PRE-PUNCHED CARD. I will describe how these devices work in conjunction with each other, and I will use the analogy of having

a key made at a hardware store to help you understand. First, deploy all of these objects in convenient proximity to each other. Be sure not to block doors or pathways with them. You can always "revise" the dimensions of rooms to make space for them, but I'd advise against this, or even experimenting with the function. Doing so comes at the expense of "build grist", a commodity which appears to be at a premium at the onset, and one you'd best be advised to save for later. -- THE CRUXTRUDER -- Removing the lid signals the moment your life becomes a great whirling batshit pandemonium, somewhat resembling the chaos of an especially ethnic wedding. Somewhere, a soused uncle deliberately shatters china on the floor. Muddy livestock is decorated, and then lost track of. The question "Who's mule is this?" at times can be heard over the din. This is now your reality. But aside from that, it marks the beginning of the process I am about to describe. The countdown begins, yes. Also, an entity called the "Kernelsprite" is released. But neither of these things are all that relevant to this process, to my knowledge. More on these things later. What is relevant is the un-lidded cruxtruder's ability to dispense "cruxite dowels". It will dispense at least one, though I suspect it is capable of producing more, given parameters I'm not yet familiar with. In my key-making analogy, these dowels represent the uncarved pieces of metal which the hardware store employee retrieves from a drawer or a rack, and sets about carving into a key. The two following items are needed to do the carving. -- THE PRE-PUNCHED CARD -- It is a simple sylladex card containing an item. There is evidence to suggest the specific item it contains is variable from session-to-session. The card I deployed contained a blue apple. Yours may be different. It shouldn't matter, hopefully. Additionally, the card as you may guess is "punched", like one used with antique computing systems. The pattern of holes comprises data, which I believe corresponds to the instructions for creating the item the card contains. That it is "pre-punched" suggests there is a way to punch an un-punched card, possibly imprinting it with the data for the item it contains, though no mechanism for this has presented itself yet. But the data on the card cannot be used to create the item directly. There is a middleman. That middleman is the totem lathe. -- THE TOTEM LATHE

-- This is essentially the key carving machine. It will carve into your cruxite dowel a pattern of grooves and contours, the sort which makes a key unique. The instructions for this pattern are supplied by the punch card, which is inserted into the lathe pre-activation to configure its chisels. Once the dowel is carved, you have a totem serving as your "key", which can then be used to "unlock" the card item through the alchemiter. But at this point, I will diverge from my key-making analogy and switch to a bar code analogy. Which is not a terribly strenuous leap to make, since the concepts of a key and a bar code are essentially the same - one being a unique pattern of grooves; the other, of varying black lines. -- THE ALCHEMITER -- If you place a cruxite dowel, carved or uncarved, on the alchemiter's small pedestal, its robotic arm will scan the contours with a laser. Hence the bar code analogy. This is the machine's way of reading the data originally imprinted from the card, and transforming that data into a physical object. Though typically, this is not done without expense, I believe. An uncarved dowel results in the creation of a "perfectly generic object", which is a seemingly useless green cube. It costs two units of build grist to make, and I do not advise you to waste resources on it. There appears to be many other varieties of grist, ostensibly used in combinations to create different sorts of items, which possibly offers some insight into the game's use of the term "alchemy". But quite conveniently, there is an exception to this. Creating the item on the pre-punched card costs nothing. This is good, because creating this item turns out to be essential. Now that you know this, you can in your own time begin the process. Once you initiate it, naturally there is no going back, so best to be prepared. But you probably shouldn't drag your feet too long. As I mentioned earlier, this is your only means of escape. When you're ready, be prepared to follow the steps in the next section swiftly.

==========

========== [A100] So your cruxtruder is ticking. Do this to live.

==========

## ==>

**19/06/09**

In the distance, meteorites fall with greater frequency. The fire in the forest burns so hot, not even the rain is putting it out!

## Rose: Check status of battery.

**19/06/09**

Your LAPTOP BATTERY is alright for now, but it won't be for long.

If the power in the house doesn't come back on, you can think of one last resort: the small BACKUP GENERATOR stored behind the MAUSOLEUM.

## Rose: Prototype sprite with Betty Crocker box.

**20/06/09**

pesterlogEB: what? oh man, you're going to use that?
EB: that sucks, what a stupid idea!
TT: We have to hurry along. I'm running low on battery power.
EB: but the cake mix... ugh, that's so dumb.
TT: I doubt it matters.
TT: We might as well just use any old crap lying around.
EB: fine.
EB: i GUESS.

## ==>

**20/06/09**

The SPRITE is playing hard to get! You guess that's what you get for originally prototyping it with something that engenders mischief and pranksterism!

## DO THE POTTED VEGETABLE INSTEAD. IT LOOKS DELICIOUS.

**20/06/09**

Pipe down, you. This is Rose's decision, not yours!

## Rose: Prototype sprite with Sassacre text.

**20/06/09**

pesterlogEB: OH YES, SWEET!!
EB: now we're talking!
TT: See if you can distract it.
TT: I'll try to sneak up on it.

## JOHN FLAIL ABOUT IN A DISTRACTING MANNER.

**20/06/09**

The SPRITE finds the DISTRACTING MANNER in which you FLAIL ABOUT to be rather DISTRACTING.

## ==>

**20/06/09**

The pesky SPRITE eludes you again! Not even the great Colonel himself can outfox it!!!

In narrowly missing with your attempt to create the COLONELSPRITE, you drop the massive tome. The entire house rattles under the astonishing girth of the book.

## ==>

**20/06/09**

In the other room, NANNA'S ASHES dump onto the SPRITE, which is caught unawares by the dousing.

## INSPECT HAG ASH INCIDENT.

**20/06/09**

You find the SACRED URN toppled again. This time you're quite sure it wasn't your fault!

The SPRITE is nowhere to be found.

## Rose: Remove cruxtruder from doorway.

**20/06/09**

```
⬡ 100

0/20
```

pesterlogEB: aw man, where'd it go?
TT: I can't find it anywhere in the house.
TT: No time to worry about it.
TT: The next thing we should do is get your server copy of the game from the car.
TT: You need to connect to my client, so I can repeat your steps and presumably join you, wherever you are.
TT: We should do this quickly, before my house burns down.
EB: what, there's a fire??
TT: There will be soon.
EB: oh jeez!
EB: so move this thing already!
TT: It looks like it requires a lot of grist to move.
TT: I don't have enough to relocate the door, either.
EB: how much do you have?
TT: Zero.
EB: oh.
EB: hmm.
EB: i thought about jumping to the car from the ledge earlier but that sounds really dangerous!
TT: I have a better idea.
TT: Meet me upstairs.

## DO AGAIN AS PURPLE WORDS SAY.

**20/06/09**

You are about to head upstairs, but you thought you heard something behind you.

It was faint, but you could swear it was a small, lighthearted chuckle. Along the lines of a spirited "Hoo-hoo-hoo!"

==>

**20/06/09**

## IGNORE THIS WOMAN'S ANTICS.

**22/06/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

You're not sure you even saw a woman, let alone any of her hypothetical antics. But whatever it was you might have caught a glimpse of, it sure gave you the willies.

You head upstairs on your way to the balcony. Your PDA is acting up again.

## INDULGE THE DEVICE. BUT BE CURT WITH IT.

**22/06/09**

pesterlogTG: hey bro check it out im working on some new rhymes
EB: dude, i don't have time for your nerdy raps!
TG: come on this is hells of ill just listen
EB: it sounds like you don't even believe me that i was about to get blown up!
EB: but i really was, but now im in some weird dimension that sburb sent me to or something.
EB: and now on top of that i think i'm being haunted by my dead grandma!
TG: huh
TG: for real
EB: yeah, it's true but i'll talk to you later about it!
TG: i think i could drop some sick rhymes about all this
EB: man, see i just don't think all the rapping stuff is really as cool as you think it is.
TG: no thisll be dope check it
EB: no, i have to go! bye!
TG: wait wait
TG: armageddon's gettin waged on us
TG: but im-a gettin armed and dangerous
TG: sending men in space for savin us
TG: see which playa's more couragerous
TG: ben or bruce? dudes reach a truce
TG: put their blowchutes to use and up-suck it
TG: afflecks saclifice, i mean -crifice, would have to sufflice. aw fluck it
TG: bro be a stained-glass saint, up on a cross gettin hella christ-plagiarous
TG: bruce's like offa that cruciflix, nuff a this fuckin savior-fuss
TG: restrained his ass per mclane-redux while buscemi remained derangerous
TG: when a plan gone astray pays off a wasted craterous
TG: ash tray caterin to layers of matt maconnaheys vague remainder-dust
TG: wait
TG: uh
TG: macconahey wasnt even in any of those meteor movies was he
TG: ill have to make a rap about
TG: i dont know
TG: morgan freeman or something
TG: being the president

TG: itll be called
TG: "obama made it so that no one gives a shit about black presidents in movies anymore"
TG: see youve got to fill me in on whats going on
TG: so i have something to rap about besides all your dumbshit movies

## ENOUGH STRANGE POETRY FROM THE RED TEXT.

**22/06/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

You head out to the balcony to find out what Rose has in mind. She is messaging you again.

## THE PURPLE TEXT IS LESS IRRATIONAL THAN THE RED TEXT.

**22/06/09**

pesterlogTT: I'm lifting the car up to the balcony.
EB: whoa, ok.
TT: Once it is up, retrieve the game. Then I'll put it back down on the driveway.
EB: but the door is locked!
TT: Then break a window.
EB: but it's my dad's car :(
TT: It's just a window, and this is sort of an emergency.
TT: Otherwise I promise I'll handle the car with velvet gloves.
EB: alright.

## Rose: Pick up car.

**22/06/09**

```
CONNECTION LOST
```

## ==>

**22/06/09**

## RIDICULOUS FOLLY. INEXCUSABLE.

**23/06/09**

```
☺  turntechGodhead
☺  gardenGnostic
```

You're inclined to agree, but hey, accidents happen. You double check your PDA to make sure if Rose is really gone. Indeed this seems to be the case.

TG is still pestering you of course. But another chum is now logged in as well.

## WHAT COLOR ARE THE WORDS THAT THIS CHUM SAYS?

**23/06/09**

pesterlogGG: im back!
EB: oh hi!
GG: i went to investigate the explosion i heard
EB: was it by any chance a meteor?
GG: yes!!!!!
GG: how did you know??
EB: oh man, it's kind of a long story!

EB: anyway, are you ok? did it blow up your yard or start a fire or anything?
GG: no i am fine!
GG: it landed a pretty good ways from my house and i went to look at it
GG: and its pretty big!
GG: but bec doesnt want me to go near it
GG: so i came home
GG: he seems to think its dangerous!
EB: well gosh, he's probably right!
GG: anyway what have you been up to john?
GG: oh!!!! did you get my package yet? :O
EB: er...
EB: yeah, i was trying to get it, but rose dropped my car into a weird spooky bottomless pit and the package was in the car and im really sorry about that.
GG: oh no!
EB: wow, ok, i guess i should start at the beginning.
EB: see, a meteor blew up my neighborhood.
GG: thats terrible john! im so sorry!
EB: but i'm ok! and my house is too, sort of.
EB: that game i was telling you about, sburb which i was playing with rose, sort of transported me somewhere at the last minute.
EB: but now i'm trapped here and it's weird and dark and i can't find my dad and i just lost the car and my copy of the game in the pit and i think i have to save the world from the apocalypse!!!
GG: O_O
GG: well.....
GG: it sounds really crazy and kind of scary but.....
GG: it also sounds kind of exciting!
GG: i dont know john maybe this is your destiny
GG: if anyone can save the world i think it is probably you!
EB: wow, you think so?
GG: yes!
EB: well ok, BUT.
EB: it's not even that simple!
EB: i was about to connect to rose to help transport her and save her from meteors and fire and stuff.
EB: but she lost battery power and i lost the game disc!
EB: so i think i have to get TG to use his copy to save her!
EB: but that jackass won't shut up and stop rapping and stuff.
GG: hahaha
GG: he is so silly!
EB: yeah. anyway i should talk to him about it, so brb.

## THE GREEN TEXT WAS ATTRACTIVE. NOW VIEW THE RED TEXT AGAIN.

**23/06/09**

pesterlogTG: when the film crew zooms where the presidents at
TG: im like if that dudes black ill eat my hat

TG: turns out he is, so we're all "damn, director's got gumption"
TG: like we'll all flip our shit he aint shining shoes or somethin
TG: its called freemancipation. if its not pres-election its god-ascension
TG: in bruce almighty. whoops, different bruce from the one i just mentioned
EB: aaaaaarrrgh!
TG: cant explain to me why this aint condescension to think ill shit a brick
TG: not even he can convey the intention with his quickspun wit
TG: rather defray all this tension, sit on his lap while he whittles a splint
TG: and some guy eyes what he does and patronizes: i guess negrocity's the mother of invention
EB: stop rapping for a second you horse's ass!
EB: i have something important to talk about.
TG: whats up
EB: rose is in trouble and she needs help. i was going to connect to her with sburb but i lost my copy!
TG: ok
EB: also she lost battery power. if she can get back up and running, she'll need someone with the game to get her out of there before her house burns down.
EB: so i think you should use your copy of the game to help her!
TG: my copy?
TG: thats going to be tough
EB: why?
TG: i lost it
TG: its a stupid story and id rather not talk about it
TG: shit be embarrassing yo
EB: i thought you said you had two?
TG: well yeah
TG: one is my brothers copy
EB: ok, well get his then!
TG: alright
TG: but hes not gonna be happy about that
EB: whatever.
EB: also you might want to read rose's walkthrough to get up to speed on this.
TG: oh man
EB: what?
TG: nothing really
TG: look all im saying is the girl tends to lay it on kinda thick you know?
EB: /ROLLS EYES

==>

**23/06/09**

Your LAPTOP is out of BATTERY POWER. There's only one thing left to do. Time to make your way to that BACKUP GENERATOR.

## Rose: Knit laptop cozy to shield your laptop from the rain.

**24/06/09**

That would be such a waste of time!

Besides, you already knitted one a while ago. You retrieve it from your KNITTING BAG and apply it to your LAPTOP.

You captchalogue the LAPTOP PLUS COZY.

## Rose: Equip grimoire to strife specibus.

**24/06/09**

That would be incredibly ill-advised!

There are some dark forces you just don't want to mess around with. You understand this better than most.

You put the book down.

## Rose: Recaptchalogue your items!

**24/06/09**

You grab the KNITTING BAG and the GRIMOIRE, in that order. It's always a logistical puzzle with your TREE MODUS.

The tree AUTO-BALANCES, leaving the KNITTING BAG accesible in the ROOT CARD.

## Rose: Allocate knitting needles to strife specibus.

**24/06/09**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

needlekind
```

You feel a lot more comfortable with this as a weapon. You're so handy with those needles, you feel like you could probably use them to filet a sword fish.

## ==>

**24/06/09**

You lose the ROOT CARD in the process, severing the tree.

Hey, careful with all that stuff!

## Rose: Knit plush cuddle-cthulhu to soothe nerves.

**25/06/09**

```
GRIMOIRE FOR SUMMONING THE ZOOLOGICALLY DUBIOUS
```

That would also be a preposterous waste of time!!!

Besides, you're quite sure you've never heard of this creature called "Cthulhu" before. There are however many other specimens of the ZOOLOGICALLY DUBIOUS you're familiar with.

Such as...

## Rose: Consult the grimoire.

**25/06/09**

```
FLUTHLU
```

FLUTHLU, FOUL PATRICIAN OF MISERY. To hear his mammoth belly gurgle is to know the Epoch of Joy has come to an abrupt end.

==>

**25/06/09**

```
NRUB'yiglith
```

And NRUB'YIGLITH, SHAMEBEAST KING OF GROTESQUERY, WRITHE-LORD OF THE MOIST BEYONDHOOD. Hearing his melodious chirps and tongue-clicks causes one's bones to explode.

==>

**25/06/09**

```
OGLOGOTH
```

And of course there's OGLOGOTH, THE DEEP ONE. Whenever he grinds his teeth, all the children of a random galaxy somewhere will frown continuously for a nine thousand year span. He is the first and smallest of the SMALLER GODS, appointed in servitude of a vile, unfathomable pantheon of MIDDLING GODS which caters to the whims of the NOBLE CIRCLE OF HORRORTERRORS, an omniscient, omnipotent order of the elite few, forever cloaked in the darkness of the FURTHEST RING.

==>

**25/06/09**

And then there's this strange page containing some rather mysterious notes on summoning procedures. You've never been quite sure what these diagrams are getting at.

## Rose: Take items and proceed downstairs.

**25/06/09**

You re-captchalogue everything the way you want it to appear in the tree, and head downstairs.

You figure that's enough dilly-dallying. Time to get a move on!

## [S] ==>

**26/06/09**

You wonder if this rain will ever let up. It's driven since the month began, perhaps long enough to forget its purpose. It no longer even knows to assuage fire. Somewhere a zealous god threads these strings between the clouds and the earth, preparing for a symphony it fears impossible to play. And so it threads on, and on, delaying the raise of the conductor's baton.

How you hate this season.

"April is the cruelest month, breeding lilacs out of the dead land, mixing memory and desire, stirring dull roots with spring rain." -American sports legend, Charles Barkley

## Rose: Confront mother in hall.

**29/06/09**

```
OH PSYCHE
```

Surely your mother is lurking nearby. You should be prepared for an unpleasant confron...

## What??

**29/06/09**

There's this really cool dude, ok? He's standing around being all chill, like cool dudes are known to do sometimes. A cool dude like this probably has a real cool name. But he probably wouldn't just tell you what it was if you asked. He'd be way too busy for that. Busy being totally sweet.

But you could always try to guess his name. And if you were right, he might nod ever so slightly. That's a cool dude's way of letting you know there might just be hope for you yet.

## Enter name.

**29/06/09**

```
INSUFFERABLE PRI-
```

This guy doesn't have time for this sort of bullshit.

## Try again.

**29/06/09**

```
✔ DAVE STRIDER
```

## Examine room.

**29/06/09**

Your name is DAVE. It is an UNSEASONABLY WARM April day. Your BEDROOM WINDOW is open to let some air in, and your FAN is cranked. Arguably even more cranked would be your FLY BEATS, which brings us to your variety of INTERESTS. A cool dude like you is sure to have plenty. You have a penchant for spinning out UNBELIEVABLY ILL JAMS with your TURNTABLES AND MIXING GEAR. You like to rave about BANDS NO ONE'S EVER HEARD OF BUT YOU. You collect WEIRD DEAD THINGS PRESERVED IN VARIOUS WAYS. You are an AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER and operate your own MAKESHIFT DARKROOM. You maintain a number of IRONICALLY HUMOROUS BLOGS, WEBSITES, AND SOCIAL NETWORKING PROFILES. And if the inspiration strikes, you won't hesitate to drop some PHAT RHYMES on a mofo and REPRESENT.

What will you do?

## Dave: Quickly retrieve arms from cinderblocks.

**30/06/09**

```
DAVE
```

Nah.

## Dave: Get the damn beta and save your friend's life!

**30/06/09**

This notion strikes you as nonsensical. You can't imagine how a video game could save someone's life, and in any case, you're quite sure no one you know is in any danger.

Anyway, these are your copies of the beta you received in the mail recently. You've labeled them with your name in BOLD RED PRINT to distinguish them from your BRO's copies, who labeled his in kind. Neither of you really gives a shit about this game or has any intention of playing it, but you'll be damned if you'll let that get in the way of your campaign of one-upmanship.

## Dave: Bleat like a goat and piss on your turntable.

**30/06/09**

You would never consider allowing any fluid even remotely resembling urine to touch your beloved TURNTABLES. That would risk breaking them, and a world without the gift of your godly science just doesn't sound like a place you want any part of. While you're at it, you might as well wipe out human civilization with a meteor or something ridiculous like that which will probably never happen.

That sort of thing only happens in stupid idiot movies for stupid idiots.

## ==>

**30/06/09**

You will however contemplate bleating like a goat for IRONICALLY HUMOROUS purposes at a later date.

## Dave: Examine closet.

**30/06/09**

This is your closet. This is where you keep a lot of your crap.

Like that BOX. And that bottle of... what is that?

Is that...?

## Dave: Check the blue box.

**30/06/09**

```
Ben Stiller
```

This is the package that your friend John Egbert sent you for your 13th birthday a little while ago. It now contains nothing except a NOTE and a CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY vouching for the genuine Hollywood memorabilia which the box originally contained, and which you are now wearing to be IRONIC but also to be INCREDIBLY COOL IN A WAY SOMEHOW INTANGIBLY RELATED TO THE IRONIC NATURE OF THE ACCESSORY. You find it sort of exasperating to explain these subtleties to people.

The BOX also included a signed photo of BEN STILLER which now proudly hangs above your closet. Proudly and IRONICALLY.

## Dave: Take box.

**30/06/09**

```
hash function

    B O X
    2 1 2

2 + 1 + 2 = 5
     %10 = 5
```

You captchalogue the BOX through your HASH MAP FETCH MODUS.

Your modus's current HASH FUNCTION resolves the index by valuing each consonant at 2, and each vowel at 1. The total is divided by your number of cards, and the remainder is the index.

BOX = 2 + 1 + 2 = 5

5 % 10 = 5

The BOX is captchalogued in card 5.

## Dave: Examine jar of unknown yellow substance in the closet.

**01/07/09**

Oh hell yes. It is an unopened container of APPLE JUICE. You thought you were all out. It is like fucking christmas up in here.

This is so great. You've got to tell John about this immediately. He'll be so excited.

## Dave: Take juice.

**01/07/09**

You captchalogue the JUICE into card 7.

2+1+1+2+1 %10 = 7.

## Dave: Access Pesterchum and pester John.

**02/07/09**

In addition to letting your buddy know about this outstanding juice windfall, you figure you'll wish him a happy birthday while you're at it. In your own cool, sort of roundabout way of course. Good thing you looked at that box he sent you, or you might have forgotten.

You also might as well ask him about that beta. The kid's been harping about it for weeks. It would be cool if it came on his birthday. He'd be one happy camper.

==>

**02/07/09**

```
[ILL BEATS]
[PESTERCHUM]
[COMPLETE BULLSHIT]
[DOPE RHYMES. SO DOPE]
[HEPHAESTUS]


PESTERCHUM 7.0

[!]

☺  ectoBiologist
 - tentacleTherapist
 - gardenGnostic

CHUMHANDLE : ☺  turntechGodhead

☺ Chummy     ☺ Insolent   ☺ Smooth
☺ Mystified  ☺ Bemused    ☺ Pleasant
☺ Amazed     ☺ Pranky     ☹ Rancorous
```

==>

**02/07/09**

```
:: ectoBiologist ::
```

```
-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 18:13 --

TG: hey so what sort of insane loot did you rake in today
```

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 18:13 --

TG: hey so what sort of insane loot did you rake in today
EB: i got a little monsters poster, it's so awesome. i'm going to watch it again today, the applejuice scene was so funny.
TG: oh hell that is such a coincidence i just found an unopened container of apple juice in my closet it is like fucking christmas up in here
EB: ok thats fine, but i just have one question and then a word of caution. have you ever seen a movie called little monsters starring howie mandel and fred savage?
TG: but
TG: the seal on the bottle is unbroken
TG: are you suggesting someone put piss in my apple juice at the factory
EB: all im saying is don't you think monster howie mandel has the power to do something as simple as reseal a bottle?
EB: try using your brain numbnuts.
TG: why did the fat kid or whoever drank it know what piss tasted like
TG: i mean his reaction was nigh instantaneous
EB: it was the 15th day in a row howie mandel peed in his juice.
TG: ok i can accept that
TG: monster B-list celebrity douchebags are cunning and persistent pranksters
TG: also fred savage has a really punchable face
TG: but who cares about this lets stop talking about it
TG: did you get the beta yet
EB: no.
EB: did you?
TG: man i got two copies already
TG: but i dont care im not going to play it or anything the game sounds boring
TG: did you see how it got slammed in game bro????
EB: game bro is a joke and we both know it.
TG: yeah
TG: why dont you go check your mail maybe its there now
EB: alright.

## Dave: Go online and view sites indicative of your interests.

**03/07/09**

```
HEPHAESTUS

http://sweetbroshellablog.blogspot.com/

hellablog

sweet bro's hella blog

blog archive
```

```
- 2009 (12)
 - March (5)
 - February (4)
 - January (1)
- 2008 (2)

[Follow]


review of gamebro's march issue - March 13, 2009

oh man

when this heady volume of unabridged
awesome hit my doorstep it made a sort
of thunderclap, like the kind im sure
moses heard when god dropped stone
tablets containing a review of a game
involving the ambiguous marriage of
insane stunts and extreme hunger
management solutions for dudes on the
go. it's like you see that little bag of chips
there? you just grab it and go bro, and
keep thrashing shit up.

i am so "hella pumped of" this. there are
some obvious questions. like just HOW
outrageous are these snacks? will
popular beverages play a role, and how
critical will they be in your quest to attain
absolute sweetness? Will this game land
in the coveted but elusive 5 hats out of 5
hats?
```

You open the HEPHAESTUS web browser and direct it to your ironically maintained blog where you post monthly satirical reviews of GAMEBRO MAGAZINE. Your latest post is a review of the MARCH ISSUE.

You've been meaning to write a review for the latest issue too, but you've been sort of dogging it. Something about the game they're reviewing just doesn't strike you as ripe for satirical purposes.

```
GAME BRO


FritoLay

grand snack fuckyeah

GULL WING

RIZLA CRAVERS

Doritos Spicy Sweet Chili

Pringles
```

==>

**03/07/09**

```
SBAHJ
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF
```

```
FIRST COMIC
NEXT COMIC ←BACKWARDS
NEXT COMIC
NEWEST COMIC

SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

I can't wait to be a useless piece of shit all day and play all these games

FUCK, I'M FALLING DOWN ALL THESE STAIRS.......................
```

In a new tab you open another one of your sites, a webcomic ironically maintained through a satirical cipher vaguely similar to that of your blog. It's called SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF.

You have legions of devoted fans, most of whom are totally convinced of your creative persona's sincerity. Which is just how you like it.

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

I can't wait to be a useless piece of shit all day and play all these games

FUCK, I'M FALLING DOWN ALL THESE STAIRS.......................

I WARNED YOU ABOUT STAIRS BRO!!!!
I TOLD YOU DOG!

IT KEEPS HAPPENING

I TOLD YOU MAN
I TOLD YOU ABOUT STAIRS!
```

## Dave: Check the latest page of the Midnight Crew.

**03/07/09**

```
MSPA

MAP | LOG | SEARCH | FAQ  ||  SAVE | LOAD  ||  SHOP | EXTRAS  ||  FORUMS |
CONTACT | ANDREW

MSPAINT ADVENTURES

Midnight Crew
```

You figure as long as you're chilling at your computer you might as well see how that new MSPA story is going. You haven't looked at it in a while.

## Midnight Crew.

**03/07/09**

```
♥  EXIT ♠  ♦
```

"You are members of a sinister gang called the Midnight Crew. Your nefarious plots are serpentine in complexity. Your schemes, convoluted. You are planning a heist in your underground hideout.

What will you do?"

## Use Occam's Razor on plans and schemes.

**03/07/09**

```
WEAPONS

ITEM
```

"Spades Slick uses OCCAM'S RAZOR to carve a circular hole into the HEIST PLANS, freeing it from the knife.

You wonder what moron would jam the knife so hard into the table in the first place."

## SS: Climb ladder and exit hideout. Implement nefarious plots

**03/07/09**

"You push against the MANHOLE COVER, but it seems some unbelievable jackass has parked your GETAWAY VAN on top of it.

A familiar feeling stirs. That feeling is overwhelming, soul-blackening rage.

It's the sort of rage that'll make a man feel totally justified in sporting an unnecessarily elaborate assortment of fancy blades."

## Dave: Skip ahead a hundred pages or so.

**03/07/09**

You don't remember where you last left off, so you jump way ahead. You always forget to save your place in the story.

It looks like tempers have become short in this pressure cooker already. You speculate that the tipping point may have been an ill-advised motion for a game of 52 PICKUP.

## Dave: Save your place, read it later.

**03/07/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

Even though the adventure began recently, it's already over 3000 pages long. You just don't have time for this bullshit. You'll catch up later.

Besides, it looks like someone's pestering you. You're pretty sure you know who it is.

## Dave: Answer chum.

**03/07/09**

pesterlogTT: In some cultures the persistent refusal of a lady's invitation to play a game with her would be a sign wanton disrespect.
TT: Either that, or flagrant homosexuality.
TG: what oh no
TG: no look
TG: im busy ok
TG: ive got a lot of shit on my plate
TG: i am sort of a big deal ok?
TT: I know.
TT: Sometimes I wonder how you are ever allowed to pay for meals in restaurants.

TT: It must be hard to keep a low profile when you're always overhearing awed voices whisper, "It's that guy who has a blog."
TG: seriously
TG: dudes be worshipping me left and right
TG: i cant hardly walk down the street without stepping over torsos of the prostrate
TT: Navigating the urban landscape I'm sure is difficult enough without an obstacle course of deferential flesh and skyward asses.
TT: Perhaps adapting the art of parkour to your unique environment would help?
TG: yeah!
TG: i mean damn
TG: like theres this scruffy little shit at my feet
TG: an orphan or something i dont know
TG: face flush on the pavement
TG: im like dude you listening for a stampede of buffalo or something?
TG: he braves a look at me then gives my shoe a little kiss and scurries the fuck off
TT: Heavy is the crown.
TG: yeah
TG: not kicking oliver twist in the fucking face every day is my gift to the world i guess
TT: Breathtaking magnanimity!
TG: among other things
TG: i just give and fucking give
TT: Indeed, nary a jewel tumbles from your wishbox of daily exploits which I imagine does not sparkle.
TG: oh for fucks sake
TG: youre just lobbying for me to play that dumb game
TT: Baseless accusation!
TG: look i am telling you
TG: egbert is ALL ABOUT that game
TG: he will play it with you and probably be tickled retarded about it
TT: I know this very well.
TT: I cannot hasten his mail's delivery, however.
TG: yeah yeah
TG: ill hassle him some more about it
TG: and look how about this
TG: if you ever find yourself in the position where your life depends on me playing that piece of shit game, then ill play
TG: will that make you happy
TT: More than you know.
TT: It perfectly mollifies my grief over the demise of chivalry.

## JOHN WHAT ARE YOU DOING. STOP DOING NOTHING.

**03/07/09**

| |
|---|
| BUMP |

Meanwhile in the present, in a place where the present may be a concept of dubious merit, John is spacing out.

But a vague and forceful thought jolts him to attention.

Or maybe it is that bumping sound coming from the other side of the door. What is that?

## ==> ??

**03/07/09**

A thick, unpleasant fluid pools from beneath the door.

## TROUBLING. INVESTIGATE THIS.

**03/07/09**

There is a trail of this fluid in the hall leading to your room.

## Dave: Play some hauntingly sick beats.

**03/07/09**

You've had enough of the computer for a while. You feel like you've been messing around on it all week. It's time to get your jam on.

You pull up to your trusty AKAI MPC-1000 SAMPLER and prepare to get sicknasty.

## [S] ==>

**03/07/09**

```
MAC 1000

Before?
? Link
After


         Music Production Center

  F1      F2      F3      F4      F5      F6

??????    ?????        ???????       Play All


   Neg Gain    Main Volume

---------??? Bank---------
  A       B       C       D

Full?     ??     Next   Track
Level   Levels   ???    ??/??


Data   ????


?? ?????
??? Repeat?

Resume?

Merge?
????    Window?    Up?    ????? ???


------Locate------    Play
                    Start
```

```
  Rec    Over   Stop    Play
         Dub


Programflag?

AKAI

64
```

Left knob: volume for current sample.
Right knob: master volume.
Store patterns in F1, F2, F3... buttons.

## Dave: Take sip of the apple juice, despite what John said.

**05/07/09**

Those beats were so fresh they belong in the produce aisle, is what you're talkin' about. Soccer moms be thumpin' that shit for ripeness like melons. Know what I'm sayin'?

After beats that fresh, it would be a crime not to reward yourself with a celebratory SWIG.

2+2+1+2 %10 = 7.

## ==>

**05/07/09**

You can't do it!

John's got you all twisted up inside now. All you can think about is Mandel's gross monster piss.

Damn you, Egbert!

## ==>

**05/07/09**

You re-captchalogue the JUICE.

## Dave: Allocate sword to strife specibus.

**05/07/09**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

bladekind
```

Your STRIFE SPECIBUS is already allocated with the BLADEKIND ABSTRATUS! There is no need to allocate it.

You can wield your sweet NINJA SWORD as a weapon once it is in your STRIFE DECK. But you will have to captchalogue it first before moving it there.

## Dave: Captchalogue sword.

**05/07/09**

The NINJA SWORD (2+1+2+2+1 + 2+2+1+2+2 = 17 % 10 = 7) occupies the same card as the JUICE (2+1+1+2+1 = 7 % 10 = 7), expelling the JUICE from your SYLLADEX.

It splashes all over your TURNTABLES and your copies of the BETA.

Argh!

## Dave: Get a towel or something!

**06/07/09**

You head out to get a TOWEL from the bathroom across the hall.

You glance at one of the many RADICAL PUPPETS in your BRO'S collection and nod in approval.

Is there anything not awesome about your BRO? No, you think not.

==>

**06/07/09**

You enter the bathroom. There's a damp towel on the floor you can probably use for this crisis.

You stop to pay a little respect to one of your BRO'S boys up there. Hey lil' man. How's it hangin'?

## Dave: Captchalogue damp towel.

**07/07/09**

You take the DAMP TOWEL (2+1+2+2 + 2+1+2+1+2 = 15 % 10 = 5), expelling the BOX (2+1+2 = 5 % 10 = 5).

## Dave: Search the bathroom for something slightly less damp.

**07/07/09**

Nah, you just decide to wring this towel out into the toilet to make it less damp.

It is now just a TOWEL (2+1+2+1+2 = 8 % 10 = 8).

## Dave: Take towel.

**07/07/09**

You take the TOWEL, and grab the BOX again while you're at it.

## Dave: Clean up the juice.

**07/07/09**

You CLEAN (2+2+1+1+2 = 8) up the juice with the TOWEL and hang the damp BETA ENVELOPES on your line to dry off.

==>

**07/07/09**

In the breeze of the FAN, the betas jostle near the OPEN WINDOW.

This arrangement is a little disconcerting. If they fell out, it sure would be a stupid way to lose them.

## Dave: Turn off the fan.

**08/07/09**

```
CLICK
```

The crisis is easily averted. You can't imagine it will ever resurface later in any way, shape, or form. That beta is as good as yours, forever.

==>

**08/07/09**

You should probably go pester Egbert again. You wonder if he found the beta yet. You also might chat about your respective SYLLADICES and FETCH MODI, if the topic happens to come up. You wonder if he is anywhere near as smooth with his sylladex as you are. Probably not. It's probably not even humanly possi...

==>

**08/07/09**

```
CAW CAW

DAVE: !
```

Suddenly a RAMBUNCTIOUS CROW flies in the open window and snatches the beta, possibly to make a nest with, or maybe just for the sake of being a brainless feathery asshole.

You yell at the bird.

==>

**08/07/09**

```
S T O P !
2+2+1+2
 = 7
```

==>

**08/07/09**

You accidentally launch your NINJA SWORD. Everything goes flying out the window, dead bird and all.

==>

**08/07/09**

No one can ever know about this.

## Dave: Look out window.

**09/07/09**

```
OH SNAP
```

Yeah, you can kiss all that stuff goodbye. You feel sorry for the bird, but at least you never planned on ever using that beta, ever.

Anyway, now that that bit of ugliness is behind you, you guess you can look forward to several more hours of messing around in your room WHOA WAIT WHAT???

==>

**09/07/09**

You prepare to descend the stairs to your living room. You are standing eye-to-eye with a familiar foe, a 20-foot tall granite statue of the mighty wizard, ZAZZERPAN THE LEARNED. Your mother had him installed through a hole in the roof with a heavy-duty crane.

Just look at that mystical gaze. To peer into those aloof, glassen eyes is to arrest the curiosity of any mortal. To behold the wisdom concealed in the furrows of that venerable face is to know the ceaseless joys of bewonderment itself. Any man so fortunate as to catch askance his merry twinkle or twitch of whisker shall surely have all his dreams fulfilled.

==>

**09/07/09**

You find this grisly abomination utterly detestable.

## Rose: Psychoanalyze mother's love of wizards.

**11/07/09**

There is nothing to psychoanalyze. Your mother clearly has no real affinity for these damnable things. She only collects them to spite you.

If anything, she finds them even more repellent than you do. She's just a committed woman.

## Rose: Go downstairs to the kitchen back door.

**11/07/09**

You descend to the living room area of your home's expansive open layout. There is the sound of rushing water beneath the floor. It tends to strike guests as a strange presence in a living space, but it's become hardly audible to you through familiarity.

There's the front door. But hopefully there's no need to make the long trek around the house in the rain. You might as well see if you can slip through the kitchen and out the back unnoticed.

## Rose: View Mother's solid copper vacuum statue.

**11/07/09**

Ok, but it's bronze, not copper!

But it wasn't always. A while ago you gave this as an ironic gift to your MOM for mother's day. You even customized it with a drink holder to support one of her ubiquitous ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

She "liked" the gift so much, she had it bronzed and put on this pedestal. She even left it plugged in so it can still be turned on now and then. But never to do any cleaning. It never leaves this display.

Sometimes at night when you are in your room, you can hear it wailing from downstairs. She MUST know you can hear it. She's completely deranged.

## Rose: Grab the Eldritch Princess.

**11/07/09**

It's too big to captchalogue!

Not that you would want to move it anyway. The PRETTY PRINCESS DOLL has been sitting there for months, ever since your mother got this abomination for your birthday as a totally PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE gesture.

You decided to make it much less abominable by knitting Her Majesty a new head and new arms. Now it brings a mischievous smile to your face whenever you walk by. Your mother hasn't removed the doll yet, and probably never will. She would never be the one to blink first.

## Rose: Acquire umbrella for protection from elements.

**11/07/09**

U > L. U < V.

You're going to have a hell of a time accessing that card when you need it. You guess you'll just cross that bridge later.

## Rose: Peek inside kitchen.

**12/07/09**

The LIQUOR BOTTLES are out in full force. MOM is surely nearby.

## Rose: Investigate richly colored object in middle of screen.

**12/07/09**

That would be your REFRIGERATOR, whose surfaces have customarily served as the battlefield for a chilly siege of PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE one-upmanship.

This was a drawing you did of your cat JASPERS when you were younger, along with a poem about him. Your mother bought this ostentatious $15,000 frame for it, and had it welded to the door.

==>

**12/07/09**

```
shrevv
```

Using the colorful MAGNET LETTERS, you recently left a succinct message, which may or may not have been directed toward anyone in particular. But you couldn't find the letter W, so you just stuck two V's together.

==>

**12/07/09**

```
www
www
www
www
```

Your mother then purchased a fresh pack of W's and left them there for your convenience.

Appreciative of the thoughtful gesture, you left her a sincere THANK YOU NOTE, which you had legally notarized, and then marked with a drop of blood.

==>

**12/07/09**

But part of it was touching the floor, so your mother was kind enough to lift the lower portion of the document with a VELVET PILLOW.

## Rose: Attach a W to face as a fake moustache.

**13/07/09**

```
w
```

This is incredibly silly, and you're not sure how it fits into your campaign against your mother, OR getting your computer back online to escape your doom!

But it's hard to resist getting a little silly sometimes. Especially when you are absolutely positive no one is watching.

## Rose: Captchalogue W.

**13/07/09**

W > L. W > V.

==>

**13/07/09**

But that unsightly void in the W pack won't do, nor will the gash in the plastic.

You deposit 12 CENTS in its place, which is your approximation of the letter's value. You also make a vow to return later and neatly sew the plastic shut.

## Rose: Think of ways to one-up mother.

**13/07/09**

You now wonder how to address the pillow situation. It seems the woman has you at a clear disadvantage.

Perhaps slipping a fresh doily under the pillow will do the trick? Or maybe spilling a bit of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE on it, and then having it dry-cleaned and returned along with a laboriously ingratiating apology note? No, there's no time for anything like that. Or maybe (just thinking out loud here) you could use the entire pack of W's as M's? Oh yes, that would burn.

But you've already done something with that W pack, and there's no need to go back and gild that lily. This is delicate business. And that pillow is screaming for rebuttal.

## Rose: Captchalogue velvet pillow.

**13/07/09**

You decide to take the VELVET PILLOW and lovingly embroider a poem in praise of MOTHERHOOD on it. Hopefully you can pull this off before she notices it's gone.

Ve > L. Ve < Vi. Ve > U.

But it causes your tree to be pretty badly unbalanced. It surely will AUTO-BALANCE itself in a moment.

==>

**13/07/09**

And just like that, the UMBRELLA becomes accessible in the ROOT CARD. That's one of the things you love about the TREE MODUS. The happy surprises.

## Rose: Head out the back door.

**13/07/09**

Ok, enough's enough. Time to get goiAUGH

==>

**13/07/09**

You don't know how she does that. You're never safe in this house.

And of all things to be doing during a power outage. She's up to her IRONIC HOUSEWIFE routine again. That mop bucket doesn't even have any water in it! What an absolute madwoman.

## Rose: Hop over counter, landing in a roll.

**15/07/09**

This bird's gotta fly!

## ==>

**15/07/09**

```
YOUTH ROLL
```

## ==>

**15/07/09**

Lousy goddamn stupid wizards.

## Meanwhile, in the past again.

**16/07/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

You're almost done patching up the hole in your window with the GAFFER TAPE.

But it's sort of hard to get any work done when people keep pestering you all day. You guess you better get that.

## Dave: Answer chum.

**16/07/09**

pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] at 18:36 --

GG: hi dave!!
TG: hey sup
GG: not much sup with you!!
GG: bro! hehehe
TG: haha
TG: good one
TG: s'alright being chill i guess you know how it goes
GG: great! feeling cool today?
GG: mr cool guy?
TG: oh man you know it
GG: sooooo cooooooool!!!
TG: you know shit is ice cold up in here
TG: shit is wicked bananas i am telling you
GG: :D
GG: so have you talked to john today???
TG: yeah we were just talking a while ago about how he sucks at his sylladex
TG: can you believe he uses stack that kid is ridiculous
GG: lol
GG: well that doesnt sound like much fun!
TG: what was it you use again...
TG: wait nm
TG: i forgot whenever we talk about your goofy modusses i get a migrane. what do you want with john
GG: :)
GG: i want to tell him happy birthday and ask him about his birthday package!
TG: oh yeah
TG: i was being sort of cagey and told him to check the mail cause i was wondering if mine came

yet
GG: i think it did!
TG: yeah?
GG: and i think mine came too
TG: so uh
TG: i guess you want to know if he likes it or something?
GG: no!!!!!!!
GG: he will not open it
GG: he will lose it!!!
TG: oh
TG: uh
TG: wow sorry to hear that i guess?
GG: no its good actually!
GG: because he will find it again later when he really needs it
GG: which of course is why i sent it in the first place!
TG: see like
TG: i never get how you know these things
GG: i dont know
GG: i just know that i know!
TG: hmm alright
GG: anyway i have to go!
GG: i have to feed bec which is always a bit of an undertaking
TG: man
TG: if i were you i would just take that fucking devilbeast out behind the woodshed and blow its head off
GG: heheheh!
GG: i dont think i could if i tried!!!
TG: yeah
TG: say hi to your grand dad for me too ok
GG: ._.
GG: yes i guess an encounter with him is almost certain
GG: it is usually.....
GG: intense!!!
TG: well yeah isnt it always with family
TG: but he sounds like a total badass
GG: yeah he totally is!!!
GG: anyway gotta go!
TG: see ya
GG: <3

## Dave: Get phone.

**16/07/09**

It will be handy to have your PHONE (2+2+1+2+1 = 8%10 = 8) on standby so you won't always have to go back to your computer whenever someone pesters you. This way you can TEXT MESSAGE (2+1+2+2 + 2+1+2+2+1+2+1 = 18%10 = 8) people no matter where you are or what outrageously cool thing you're up to.

==>

**16/07/09**

SO.

COOL.

## JOHN, PURSUE ADVERSARY INTO THAT ROOM.

**16/07/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

And even meanerwhile, in the present. Sort of.

Once again, the slippery antagonist eludes you. You only find more of these unpleasant oily smears.

Someone is pestering you. Both your PDA and computer register the message.

## THIS CHUM WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

**16/07/09**

pesterlogTG: alright
TG: im out of my room now looking for my bros game
EB: oh, good!
EB: yeah, there is no sign of rose yet, i hope she is ok
TG: well if she comes back ill be ready
TG: you better know what youre talking about cause this could get ugly
TG: brought my phone and i also took my awesome katana with me in case things get too hot to handle
TG: and they always do
EB: you mean that cheap piece of shit you have on your wall?
TG: FU
TG: its sharp and its awesome and its a sword
TG: end of story
EB: ok i don't really care.
EB: i'm in my room again, i really think there's someone else in this house.
EB: like monsters or something.
TG: howie???
EB: haha I WISH.
TG: dude monsters arent real
TG: thats stupid kids stuff for stupid babies
EB: maybe. yeah you're right.
TG: what are you an idiot
TG: of course there are monsters in your house
TG: youre in some weird evil monster dimension come on
TG: skepticism is the crutch of cinematic troglodytes
TG: like hey mom dad theres a dinosaur or a ghost or whatever in my room. "yeah right junior go back to bed"
TG: fuck you mom and dad how many times are we going to watch this trope unfold it wasnt goddamn funny the first time i saw it

TG: just once id like to see dad crap his pants when a kid says theres a vampire in his closet
TG: "OH SHIT EVERYONE IN THE MINIVAN"
TG: be fuckin dad of the year right there
EB: ok ok stop!
EB: what do i do?
TG: what do you have a hammer
TG: man so lame
TG: ok whatever
TG: you should look into weaponizing your sylladex
TG: my bro is always getting on my case about it but man its not as easy as it sounds
TG: but if youre fighting monsters left and right you dont have much choice
EB: hmm...
EB: ok, i guess i can read up on data structures some more.
EB: how's it going there?
TG: im out in the living room hes usually here
TG: but i dont see him
TG: might be playing his mind games hes always pulling this ninja shit
TG: all i see is lil cal over there so i guess he cant be far
EB: hahaha.
EB: oh god.
EB: SO LAME.
TG: what
EB: see...
EB: i just don't know why you think it's cool.
EB: his ventriloquist rapping thing.
TG: oh lil cal? no man
TG: lil cal is the shit
EB: that's fine, you are entitled to your opinion, i am just saying that being a white guy who is a rapper with a ventriloquist doll is not cool by any stretch of the imagination or by any definition of word cool, ironic or otherwise. that's all i'm saying.
TG: yeah bullshit
TG: cal is dope
TG: puppets are awesome
TG: john egbert blows
TG: the end
EB: yeah, more like the opposite of all those things is the thing that is true!
EB: i'm going to read.
EB: good luck with your bro.

## READ YOUR BOOK. STAY WARY OF THESE FOES.

**16/07/09**

Pff. Monsters.

Only retarded babies who poop in their diapers believe in that stuff.

## [S] Rose: Youth roll right out the front door.

**19/07/09**

```
STRIFE!

>AGGRIEVE
BLOTTO-PARRY!

>AGGRESS (PASSIVE)
EMPTY SUICIDE THREAT!

>ABJURE
GUARDIAN RUBRIC: IRONIC INDULGENCE
A BEAUTIFUL PONY

>ABSTAIN
GUARDIAN RUBRIC: IRONIC NEGLIGENCE
AUTO-perrier!
```

## ==>

**20/07/09**

It looks like MOM has satisfied her [S] STRIFE! quota for the day. She simply returns to her housework.

No point in going out the front door anymore. Might as well head out the back, like you originally planned.

## Rose: First, be the pony. Second, trample Mom.

**20/07/09**

You can't be this stupid pony, and frankly you can't imagine why anyone would want to!

But you give the pony a begrudging pat on the snout anyway.

Her name is MAPLEHOOF.

## JOHN TURN AROUND!!!!!

**20/07/09**

```
DATA STRUCTURES for ASSHOLES

Chapter 7

God Damn It, Why Do I Even Bother?

The good news: finally your revolting incompetence can be put to use. Instead
of accidentally firing a sylladex full of steak knives into a priceless oil
painting or your beloved great aunt, you can turn that fumbling fury toward one
of your foes, such as the ability to grasp painfully simple concepts. The bad
news: I'm tired of explaining myself hoarse to you jibbering fuckwads. In this
chapter I will be phoning it in with the liberal use of diagrams and shitty
clip art. What are you going to do about it? You are going to wriggle in your
own viscous secretions like the worms you are. That's what.

Here. Learn something for a change:


asshole notes!
```

```
Purse your lips together to form a stiff pucker. Apply them firmly to my rear
end. I now pronounce you man and wife.

Now get in the kitchen and make my ass some dinner, bitch.
```

You're TRYING to read, ok? This book is already unpleasant enough as it is without weird voices in your head nagging you to do things.

Besides, I thought we already agreed there's no such thing as monsters.

## ==>!!!

**22/07/09**

Fine, you'll interrupt your reading and turn around, but you don't see what could possibly be so oh my god it's a monster.

## [S] ==>==>==>!!!!!!!!!

**22/07/09**

```
SHALE IMP

STRIFE!

DON'T MOVE
OR THE BUNNY
GETS IT

>AGGRIEVE

PUT THE BUNNY
BACK IN THE BOX
```

## Rose: Exit.

**23/07/09**

You leave through the back door.

Nearby is the TRANSFORMER which distributes electricity from the UNDERGROUND GENERATOR powered by the river flowing beneath your house.

The transformer was struck by lightning though, and no longer works. You wonder if your mother has any plans to have it fixed. You guess she'd rather just play her mind games in a dark house like a weirdo.

You can see the MAUSOLEUM and the PORTABLE GENERATOR across your back yard. You're almost there.

## Rose: Use umbrella.

**23/07/09**

## ==>

**23/07/09**

You regather your items and begin the soggy trek mausoleum-ward.

## [S] GET UP JOHN, THIS IS NO TIME FOR SLUMBER.

**23/07/09**

```
STRIFE!
```

```
+ Arrow keys (WASD) to walk.

Spacebar to attack.

Programming by Alexis 'Gankro' Beingessner.

HEALTH VIAL


* Press CTRL + T for trickster mode!

Please insert trickster code:

* Type figures written in morse code in the grass hidden within "YOU THERE.
BOY." : 024913, and click GO.
```

## Rose: Forget the W and make haste to the mausoleum.

**24/07/09**

Retrieving the W never even crossed your mind. It's just a stupid magnet.

## ==>

**24/07/09**

## [S] JOHN, SALVAGE YOUR WEAPON AND FIGHT ON!

**25/07/09**

```
STRIFE!
AGAIN!!

PICK UP! x 5

SWEET
CATCH!

PICK UP!
PICK UP! +6 Build Grist
PICK UP! +2 Shale
PICK UP! +2 Shale
PICK UP! +6 Build Grist
PICK UP! +6 Shale
PICK UP! +20 Build Grist
```

## YOU SAID

**26/07/09**

## PUT THE BUNNY

**26/07/09**

## BACK IN

**26/07/09**

## THE BOX!!!!!!

**26/07/09**

Now why couldn't he put the bunny back in the box?

## NOW EXULT. VICTORY, SPOILS ARE YOURS.

**27/07/09**

```
ECHELADDER


CLIMBED TO RUNG: JUVESQUIRT!
```

```
CLIMBED TO RUNG: PLUCKY TOT!

GEL VISCOSITY: +5! +10!
CACHE LIMIT: +10! +20!


LODESTAR YOUTH
RUMPUS BUSTER
BOY-SKYLARK
GADABOUT PIPSQUEAK
MOPPET OF DESTINY
KNEEHIGH PILGRIM
COOL BUCKAROO
BRAVESPROUT
NIPPER CADET
PESKY URCHIN
CHAMP-FRY
ANKLEBITER
FIDGETY BOPPER
[PLUCKY TOT]
[JUVESQUIRT]
GREENTIKE


B$ = 0
```

The amazing victory allows you to scale the first two ACHIEVEMENT RUNGS on your ECHELADDER. You are now a PLUCKY TOT, with a new feather in your cap to show for it.

The ECHELADDER rewards your bold ascent with 125 BOONDOLLARS. You waste little time in storing them in your CERAMIC PORKHOLLOW.

Additionally, climbing the rungs has boosted your GEL VISCOSITY and CACHE LIMIT.

**==>**

**27/07/09**

```
Cache limit : 50

⬡ 32/50
⬡ 10/50
□  0/50
▲ 0/50
⬡ 0/50
```

By expanding your CACHE LIMIT, you've made room for all that nice grist you just collected. You now have 32 fragments of BUILD GRIST, and 10 fragments of SHALE.

## WHAT ABOUT THAT CARD.

**27/07/09**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

bunnykind
```

It seems the SHALE IMP had allocated the BUNNY to its STRIFE SPECIBUS.

Sort of a stupid thing to use for a weapon, but you might as well grab it, and stick the BUNNY in your STRIFE DECK while you're at it. It will at the very least be safer there.

## OK.

**27/07/09**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

handlekind

strife portfolio
```

You group the two SPECIBI in your STRIFE PORTFOLIO.

No self-respecting strifer would be caught dead without one.

## GATHER THE SCATTERED BITS OF YOUR LARGE HAMMER.

**28/07/09**

Oddly enough, it seems breaking the SLEDGEHAMMER altered the ABSTRATUS from HAMMERKIND to HANDLEKIND, even going as far as expelling the head of your smaller HAMMER from your deck to force compliance. You didn't even notice in the heat of the battle.

You grab the SLEDGEHAMMER HANDLE, expelling the useless HARLEQUIN FIGURINE.

## NOW REPAIR THE HAMMER.

**28/07/09**

You merge the SLEDGEHAMMER HEAD with its HANDLE, and return it to your STRIFE DECK, repairing the HAMMERKIND ABSTRATUS in the process.

The smaller HAMMER HANDLE is ejected from the deck, since of course handles of any sort no longer belong in there. Obviously.

## FINE. NOW WHAT

**28/07/09**

```
Alert : Dave
```

Dave is pestering you. But you don't have time to deal with his nonsense right now.

Something is amiss in your room. You can't quite put your finger on it...

## ==>

**28/07/09**

## Rose: Hurry and activate the generator!

**28/07/09**

You fire up the GENERATOR and drag a cord into the MAUSOLEUM.

It of course would be foolish to run the GENERATOR inside a confined space. GENERATOR SAFETY is everyone's business.

## Rose: Defile tomb.

**28/07/09**

Sorry, Jaspers. Have to make space for the LAPTOP.

Besides, your final resting place is already a mockery. You should have decomposed years ago under a bed of petunias like a normal cat. Not given to a taxidermist and fitted with a tiny, custom-tailored suit, and then stuffed in a coffin built for infants.

## Rose: Plug in your laptop.

**29/07/09**

```
Alert : Dave
Alert : Sburb
```

You plug in your LAPTOP and connect to the internet signal again.

Everything predictably falls out of your SYLLADEX, but you're not about to get bent out of shape about it. You have bigger fish to fry.

Looks like Dave noticed you're back online. He pesters you like clockwork.

And there's John. What on earth is he up to now?

## THE DOOR, JOHN. LOOK AT THE DOOR.

**29/07/09**

You're right. Didn't Rose yank the door off its hinges and prop it on your bed?

Someone or something has put it back and left it slightly ajar.

## INCREDIBLY ALARMING. INVESTIGATE.

**29/07/09**

HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!

## [S] WHAT THIS IS SO OUTRAGEOUS

**29/07/09**

## Rose: Pester John.

**30/07/09**

```
:: turntechGodhead ::

PESTERLOG :

TG: oh there you are
TG: john said your house was burning down are you on fire yet or what

[PESTER!]
```

pesterlogTG: oh there you are
TG: john said your house was burning down are you on fire yet or what
TT: No. For now I have retired to the safety of a smaller building which is much closer to the forest fire threatening my residence.
TG: oh well thats a relief
TG: john told me to get the game to help get you out of there so im working on that now
TT: Working on it?
TG: yeah my bros copy long story
TG: hey

TG: dont tell john this but i think he might have been right about the puppets
TG: theyre sort of starting to freak me out a little
TT: You're referring to your brother's collection?
TG: i mean dont get me wrong i think its cool and all
TG: the semi-ironic puppet thing or whatever
TG: or semi-semi ironic
TG: man i dont even know
TG: im just starting to think some of this shit is going a little far and its kind of fucked up
TT: I've seen his websites.
TT: I like them.
TG: haha yeah well YOU WOULD
TG: oh man i wish lil cal wouldnt look at me like that
TG: with those dead eyes jesus
TG: sometimes i dream that hes real and hes talking to me and i wake up in a cold sweat and basically flip the fuck out
TT: Interesting...
TG: oh god why did i just tell you my dream
TG: youre going to have a field day with that
TT: I am currently scrawling notes furiously into one of the many psychoanalysis journals I maintain for you. Published papers forthcoming.
TT: Because, you know, it's not like either of us have anything better to do at the moment than to evaluate each other's radically debilitating pathologies.
TG: yeah im gonna get moving
TG: oh have you heard from john
TG: hes not answering me
TT: He won't answer me either.
TT: But I am watching him.
TT: I suspect he is preoccupied with the fact that he just had a bucket of water dumped on his head by the ghost of his dead grandmother, who also happens to be dressed like a clown.
TG: hahahahaha
TG: alright im out
TG: later

## INTERROGATE THIS MADWOMAN.

**31/07/09**

spritelogJOHN: um... nanna?
NANNASPRITE: Yes, dear!
JOHN: wow, you scared the living daylights out of me!
NANNASPRITE: Hoo hoo hoo!
JOHN: well, i guess it was a really great prank. good one nanna.
JOHN: anyway, are you REALLY my dead nanna?
NANNASPRITE: Of course, John! I have come back to help you on your journey through The Medium and beyond! I am delighted to see what a fine young man you have turned out to be. Just like your father!
JOHN: ok, i guess i will take your word for it. i don't remember you at all! my dad said i was really

young when you died.
JOHN: hey speaking of which, do you know where he is??? i looked everywhere for him!

==>

**31/07/09**

spritelogNANNASPRITE: Your father was kidnapped!
JOHN: oh no!
NANNASPRITE: When you crossed over to The Medium, he was apprehended by the very forces of darkness which your presence here has awakened.
JOHN: what? ok, so what is the medium you are talking about?
NANNASPRITE: It is where we are now! A realm that is a ring of pure void, dividing light and darkness. It turns in the thick of The Incipisphere, a place untouched by the flow of time in your universe.
JOHN: you mean because we are inside a computer, or in the game software or something?
NANNASPRITE: A computer? Why, what is that, dear? Some new fangled contraption, like the horseless auto-boxcar?
JOHN: well, uh, it's like this machine that, uh...
NANNASPRITE: Hoo hoo hoo! Of course I know what a computer is, John! I was just pulling your leg! Hoo hoo hoo!
JOHN: oh, ok.
NANNASPRITE: No, John. You are not inside a computer or software or anything like that! Try not to be so linear, dear. The software that brought you here was merely a mechanism that served as a gateway! Its routines in a way served to invoke this realm's instance, yet it stands independently of any physical machine, and somewhat paradoxically, always has!
JOHN: i'm not sure i get it, but alright.
JOHN: so what do i actually need to be doing here?
NANNASPRITE: I think it would be best if we started with the big picture!

## [S] GO ON. ==>

**01/08/09**

spritelogNANNASPRITE: Above The Medium, beyond The Seven Gates, residing at the core of The Incipisphere is a place known as Skaia.

NANNASPRITE: Legend holds that Skaia exists as a dormant crucible of unlimited creative potential. What does this mean, you ask? I'm afraid my lips are sealed about that, dear! Hoo hoo!

NANNASPRITE: But needless to say, where a realm of such profound importance is concerned, forces of light will forever be charged with its defense, while forces of darkness will just as persistently covet its destruction!

==>

**01/08/09**

spritelogNANNASPRITE: And as it so happens, at the center of this realm whose fate is in question, these very forces duel on a stage, stuck in eternal stalemate.

NANNASPRITE: Yes, they have dueled in this manner forever... that is, until you showed up!

## ME?? ==>

**02/08/09**

spritelogJOHN: ME??

NANNASPRITE: Yes, you, John!

NANNASPRITE: Before your mishap with my ashes, you may recall the Sprite's previous incarnation, which resulted from its Kernel's "hatching".

NANNASPRITE: You see, this hatching occurs automatically in response to your arrival! The result is a pair of Kernels, one dark, one light, each carrying the information they were prototyped with before the hatch!

NANNASPRITE: One goes down, to a kingdom entrenched in darkness. The other, up, to a kingdom basking in light! Each comes to rest in an Orb atop a Spire, of which there are three others in kind. The Four Spires are situated above a throne, and these two thrones preside over the two respective Sovereign Powers!

NANNASPRITE: And once the Kernels are situated, that is when the game is afoot. The true war begins, light versus dark, good versus evil.

NANNASPRITE: This is a war that the forces of light are always destined to lose, without exception!

## A QUEST OF FUTILITY THEN. ==>

**02/08/09**

spritelogJOHN: wow, really? then what's the point?

NANNASPRITE: That remains for you to find out, dear! For you see, the journey you are about to take is The Ultimate Riddle!

JOHN: whoa!!!

NANNASPRITE: For now, your objective is to proceed towards Skaia, and pass through The First Gate situated directly above your house, not even terribly far! The Gates will become progressively more difficult to reach, so you had better be prepared to sharpen your adventuring skills!

JOHN: how am i supposed to get up there?

NANNASPRITE: You build!

## ==>!

**02/08/09**

spritelogJOHN: ok, i think i get it now!
JOHN: so i guess the battle against good and evil is sort of irrelevant? well, i don't know, that all sounds kind of weird, but in any case, we build the house to get to these gates, and then i can save

my dad!
NANNASPRITE: Yes, John!
JOHN: and then after that, we solve this ultimate riddle thing and save earth from destruction!!!
NANNASPRITE: Oh no, I'm afraid not!

## ==>?

**02/08/09**

spritelogNANNASPRITE: Your planet is done for, dear! There is nothing you can do about that!
JOHN: oh...
NANNASPRITE: Your purpose is so much more important than saving that silly old planet, though!
JOHN: and that is?
NANNASPRITE: HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!

## YES I WILL HAVE TO AGREE WITH THE FLOAT HAG ABOUT THAT.

**02/08/09**

spritelogNANNASPRITE: John, you are such a good boy! I know you will succeed.
JOHN: thanks, nanna.
NANNASPRITE: You are a good boy, and good boys deserve treats!
JOHN: hooray!
NANNASPRITE: I am going to go bake you some cookies.
JOHN: ...

## THE HAG MENTIONED COOKIES. PURSUE HER.

**02/08/09**

```
Betty Crocker
```

Oh God dammit, that's just what you need. More baked goods.

## JOHN YOU DO NOT SAY NO TO COOKIES. I COMMAND YOU TO GET THEM

**02/08/09**

```
Alert : Rose
```

You totally abjure the hell out of that idea.

You're so busy abjuring, you don't even notice Rose has been trying to pester you this whole time.

## Rose: Hit John in the head with box to get his attention.

**03/08/09**

You give John a swift drubbing in the noggin, but he is undeterred!

That is some fit he is throwing.

## ==>

**03/08/09**

Perhaps you will take this spare moment to contemplate the Nannasprite's strange tale. It may also behoove you to record your thoughts on these developments in your GameFaqs

walkthrough/journal. It can be hard finding time to update it. In fact, you're not even sure where you found the time to write what's already there!

## ==>

**03/08/09**

Oh is that so, Jaspers? And just who do you think you're looking at with that smug grin???

The last thing you need is sass from a dead cat. It's pretty much all his fault you're in this mess in the first place, so he can just button it.

## JOHN. COOKIES. NOW.

**04/08/09**

You refuse outright!

## THIS IMPUDENCE IS INSUFFERABLE. GO GET THE COOKIES!!!!!!

**04/08/09**

Well when you put it so politely, how can John decline??

## JOHN YOU ARE STUPID.

**04/08/09**

You really need to work on your manners.

## STUPID STUPID DUMB

**04/08/09**

That's not a command. It's nothing.

It's stupid.

You're stupid.

## FOR THE LAST TIME I COMMAnd you to get the cookies boy

**04/08/09**

```
JOHN: !
```

It's just not going to happen buddy!

## Years in the future...

**04/08/09**

```
> FOR THE LAST TIME I COMMAnd you
```

But really not enough to write home about.

An agitated finger slips mid-keystroke.

```
WV: ?

HUMAN ETIQUETTE
```

## ==>

**04/08/09**

```
GAMESPOT
GameFAQs TM
Email
```

* Derived from MSPA Wiki

==========

========== [B100] The Long and Short. The Medium too.

==========

========== I may have been a bit hasty in advising you not to bother with the prototyping process. If I spared any detail, it was only to optimize your chances of survival. And if you find yourself begrudging the absence of certain instructions, which if followed would have resulted in your demise, then I guess that makes two of us. Otherwise, you're welcome. But the fact appears to be that prototyping the Kernelsprite before making your getaway may offer the only opportunity to exercise control over your new environment, a place known as The Medium. Also, if prototyped with one (or two) sufficiently - albeit loosely - humanoid and/or sentient element/s (living or otherwise), it offers the chance to have all this explained to you by an apparitional guide through whatever sort of cryptic, sketchy doublespeak your choice of prototyping element/s engender/s. In lieu of this, you may be forced to settle for my clear, thorough explanations and assiduous dissection of raw data. Again, don't mention it. If you have made it to The Medium with an unmolested Vanillasprite, well, I've already covered the bad news about this "missed opportunity", and

I will go into this further soon. Though to what extent this actually is bad news, I'm not sure. I know only the result of my co-player's current configuration, wherein the sprite was prototyped once before the departure, and once after. Which brings us to the good news, which is that you can still prototype after your departure, and salvage the massively rewarding experience of haggling with an exposition-slinging phantom guide, so long as you avoid prototyping with terribly inert items, such as a brass doorknocker and your father's pornography collection. Actually, that might be interesting. If you are struck by the spirit of such experimentation, please don't hesitate to contact me about it. So, yes, you can enhance your sprite in this way, but doing so after your departure will no longer induce this "effect" on The Medium I alluded to. That can only be accomplished with one or more pre-departure prototypings. In fact, we can extrapolate there are only so many ways to prototype a sprite. Tiers of prototyping in relation to departure: - Both before - One before, one after - Both after - Only one, either before or after - None Those occurring before will affect the Medium through the kernel's "hatching" process, and your guide, i.e. the sprite. Those occurring after will only affect the sprite. The effects this process has on The Medium, or more globally, The Incipisphere, are still vague to me. They have to do with flavoring the forces you will struggle against, and generally, all forces at odds with each other in this realm. It has given me some insight into the nature of the game, which again I derive through extrapolation. We appear to be engaging an instance of a dimension with a highly flexible set parameters, and a series of objectives surrounding an equally flexible mythological framework. This framework seems to begin as a sort of blank template, and evolves with the players' actions, and likely further evolves with the addition of more host/client connections, and thus more prototyped kernels. I regret to say I can't be much more specific than that, without loosely extrapolating further. There are plenty of questions that have occurred to me, however. Questions concerning the Kernelsprite, which I've raised implicitly already, such as what is the effect of an un-prototyped kernel on The Medium? Or a doubly-prototyped kernel, for that matter? And even more salient are questions about

this dimension itself. Do all players world-wide make it to this dimension if they successfully complete their departure? Or is a unique "blank" instance of the dimension created for each new player? I have no evidence, but instinct tells me it is closer to the latter situation. There is no indication of any other players present in this realm. Alterations in the realm seem singularly centered on the actions of my co-player and myself. If I had to stake anything on it, I would guess every separate client/server pair activates its own fresh copy of an Incipisphere, or a unique "session", if you will. But the quantity of players is a further complication which invites more questions. It seems the game was designed to suit two players most naturally, the server and the client. But through a mishap, my co-player and I have slipped out of the obvious tandem arrangement, and the only logical course of action to continue playing is to string a daisy-chain of server/client connections together, until presumably the chain is complete. Theoretically, we could complete this chain with only one other player, functioning as a server to my client, and the client to my current co-player's server (assuming he can recover it). The strange thing is though, in our instance of this dimension, there are four receptacles for divided kernels, not three. Does this mean we are "destined" to have a four player chain? How could the game "know" such a thing? Perhaps it does, and if this proves to be the case, I trust I will be sufficiently numbed to the realization. ~~I can consider nothing about this game surprising at this point, and in fact from the first moments of play, it managed to deviate so far from my expectations that I completely forgot what my original purpose with it was. I had chances to test some information I obtained on good authority during the prototyping phases, but it completely slipped my mind. Instead, the game's catacombs securing the dark twisting paths to necromancy were blundered into rather on accident. But perhaps you don't need to know any of this.~~ [rethink organization? lead may be waist deep logorrheic sludge. trim down. bleh]

She's not finished with this yet! Jeez, cut her some slack.

Maybe you could go bug someone somewhere else for a while? Or at the very least, somewhen else.

## Months in the past, but not many...

**05/08/09**

**==>**

**05/08/09**

pesterlogGG: hi happy birthday rose!!! <3
TT: Hello, and thanks.
GG: did you get johns present yet?
TT: I just opened it this very moment. What a stunning coincidence you would ask about it now. I am stunned.
GG: yeah i know!!
GG: what will you make with it?
TT: And who said it was something from which something else could be made?
GG: well john did tell me what it was duh.....
TT: I suppose I'll take a stab at learning the craft.
TT: It's the least I can do in response to the subtle dig concealed in his gesture.
TT: He often tells me I "need a new hobby" when I make perfectly reasonable analytical remarks.
GG: oh but rose i dont think he meant anything like that by it!!
GG: you see not everybody always means the opposite of what they say the way you and dave always do
TT: Maybe.
TT: His birthday is in a few months, isn't it?
GG: yep!
GG: i finally finished a present for him
GG: ive been working on it for years!!!!
TT: Years?
TT: It's so hard to tell when you're joking.
TT: Or if you're even capable of it.
GG: heheheh.... :)
GG: i just mailed it too so it is sure to get there on time
GG: mail takes a while to get anywhere from here!!!
TT: I'll probably craft something with strong sentimental value.
TT: That should burn him.
GG: i dont think you really mean that!
TT: I guess not.
TT: So, shall I expect a green package dropped to my house via airmail from whatever screwball cranny of the globe you're tucked into?
GG: err.....
GG: no :(
GG: sorry but you are sort of hard shop for <_<
GG: besides i have something for you today that i think you will like better than some thing in a box!
TT: Oh?
GG: it is a tip!!!!
TT: This is already intriguing enough to compensate for the grave scarcity of lavish gifts parachuting from the sky. Please go on.

GG: did you have a pet a long time ago that died?
TT: Yes.
GG: ok well how did you feel about your cat, did you love him a lot?
TT: "ok well", I didn't mention it was a cat, or that it was a male. Let's pretend I'm surprised and you're embarrassed and move on.
TT: To answer your question, I would describe my feelings toward the animal as lukewarm.
GG: ummmmm ok....
GG: thats fine!!!
GG: it doesnt really matter i think, just.....
GG: what if someone told you you could play a game that would bring him back to life?
TT: If someone told me that, I would regard the remark with a great deal of skepticism.
TT: If that someone was you, on the other hand, then I would have to ask preemptively:
TT: Is that someone you?
GG: yes that someone is me!!!!!!!!
GG: i just thought you might find it interesting
TT: So what is this game?
GG: oh i dont know
GG: im just saying is all
GG: i think youll hear about it later and maybe you can talk to john and dave about it
GG: they are way more into all that stuff than i am!!!!
TT: I'll see what the word on the street is about it. In due time.
TT: For now I should probably order a copy of Knitting for Assholes. It would be a shame if I ran late with John's present.

## Dave: Get katana.

**07/08/09**

You captchalogue your KATANA (2+1+2+1+2+1 = 9%10 = 9) and prepare to venture out into the apartment to retrieve your BRO's copy of the game.

But first, maybe...

Just maybe...

## [S] Dave: Retrieve dead bird.

**07/08/09**

Dude, that bird is long gone. It probably won't last long in this heat anyway.

You don't even know what's up with this sick heat. The sun threatens to set but won't step off. It's staring you down, like the big red eye of a hot needle skipping on a groove its tracing 'round the earth. While lingering in midair its heat seems to suspend time itself, stretching it like warped vinyl. It's meant to rain this season but there ain't been a drop in sight. Even a little drizzle would help. Might help to fizzle this sizzle a little bizzle, set the record straight on this global turn-tizzle.

"So don't change the dizzle, turn it up a little
I got a living room full of fine dime brizzles
Waiting on the Pizzle, the Dizzle and the Shizzle
G's to the bizzack, now ladies here we gizzo

When the pimp's in the crib ma
Drop it like it's hot
Drop it like it's hot
Drop it like it's hot..."

-English Romantic poet, John Keats

## Dave: Exit your room, and go into the living room.

**07/08/09**

Sorry little dude, coming through. Gotta put you down for a bit.

You figure you've left him hanging long enough.

## Dave: Hastily enter the room with wild abandon.

**09/08/09**

You barge in and see a familiar face. A friendly face.

## ==>

**09/08/09**

You stand in the living room. Your BRO spends most of his days in here. At night he crashes on the FUTON over there. You don't see him anywhere though.

There's the PUPPET CHEST he stores LIL' CAL in when he takes him out on gigs. But when he's home he usually leaves CAL on display somewhere. And with good reason cause CAL is totally sweet.

So sweet.

Man.

## Dave: Pity da fool.

**09/08/09**

It's your brother's MR. T PUPPET, which of course is kept in the apartment with a sense of profound humorous irony. But as usual with your BRO's exploits, this is no ordinary irony, or anything close to a pedestrian TIER 1 IRONIC GESTURE which is a meager single step removed from sincerity. This is like ten levels of irony removed from the original joke. It might have been funny like eight years ago to joke about Mr. T and how he was sort of lame, but that was the very thing that made him awesome and badass, and that his awesomeness was also sort of the joke. But in this case, the joke is the joke, and that degree of irony itself is ALSO the joke, and so on.

Only highly adept satirical ninjas like you and your BRO can appreciate stuff like this. It's cool taking stuff that other people think is funny but you know really isn't, and making it funny again by adding subtle strata of irony which are utterly undetectable to the untrained eye.

Also, for good measure, Mr. T is wearing a LEATHER THONG and handcuffed to a pantsless CHUCK NORRIS PUPPET.

God you hope you can be as good as your BRO at this some day. You'd never tell him that though.

## Dave: Find Lil' Cal and give fistbumps.

**09/08/09**

CAL's nowhere in sight. All you see is a bunch of your BRO's weird nude puppets strewn around haphazardly.

You...

You guess these things are kinda cool.

Sort of...

## Dave: Play a game on the Xbox.

**09/08/09**

```
Doritos

Pringles

PIZZA CRAVERS
```

It looks like your BRO was playing. It's not like him to leave in the middle of some totally intense gaming.

Not like him to misplace CAL either... man you hope the little guy's alright.

## ==>

**09/08/09**

```
CAL
```

Oh there you are dude. Didn't see you there.

We be chill today, Cal? Yeah you better fuckin' believe we be chill.

Cal is the man.

## Dave: Resist great urge to play Bro's Xbox.

**09/08/09**

```
HUNGER
```

You fail to resist the urge.

You start thrashing up stunts something uncannybrutal on your quest for "MAD SNACKS YO" and get this way rude hunger under control. Shit is basically flying off the hook. It's like shit wants nothing to do with that hook. The hook is dead to that shit.

But you get stuck in some poorly modeled 3D fixture or something. Like a railing or a piece of the wall? You'll have to reset.

Fuck this shit.

## Dave: Give Lil' Cal a bro fistbump.

**09/08/09**

```
BUMP
```

Aw man you almost forgot. Gotta give the C-man some props.

## ==>

**09/08/09**

## Dave: Check out your BRO's sweet gear.

**09/08/09**

```
HUSTLIN' FUZZ
```

Your BRO has so much sweet gear it's hard to keep up with it all sometimes. Here's his computer setup. He's usually got a lot of stuff cooking on here at any given moment.

Since he's not around you might as well sneak a peep.

## Dave: Look at your brother's computer.

**10/08/09**

```
OH HELL NO.
```

Your BRO's computer is password protected of course to protect all the incredible top secret shit he's got on the burners.

Of course you know what the password is, and he knows you know it, and you're both cool with that because the password is the most awesome thing it can be.

## ==>

**10/08/09**

```
[NEW FOLDER]
[DELIRIOUS BIZNASTY]
[NEW FOLDER]
[COMPLETE BULLSHIT]
[NEW FOLDER]
[NEW FOLDER]
[NEW FOLDER]
[NEW FOLDER]
[NEW FOLDER]
```

You enter the password. On the desktop is a hodgepodge of unnamed folders to store all the stuff he's working on. No one can decipher his organization system but him.

He also tends to use the application COMPLETE BULLSHIT to keep up with the ludicrous amount of websites and news feeds he monitors to stay hip to the scene.

## Dave: Open Complete Bullshit.

**10/08/09**

```
COMPLETE BULLSHIT
content aggregator
v4.13


i told you man
ITOLDyouaboutstairs.com
```

pimpedoutpuppets.com
all puppets all pimp.
holla

You-Tube. Broadcast yourself.
silly puppet dance comments :
this is shit

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Bodytonic News : Puppet Porn
In a time where it seems acceptable for artists to smoke crack, gang-bang, shoot each other and parade every

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COMIC #5 : sweet bro comes thru.....AGAIN
COMIC #4 : not even BARACK obana can bail him out of

review of gamebro's march issue
oh man
when this heady volume of unabridged awesome hit my doorstep it made the sound of a thunderclap

Puppet
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plush rump
your online one stop goto for the plumpest plushiest bare rumps jim hensons most sordid fantasies

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IMDB
Puppetmaster (1989) (V)
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Photos (see all | slideshow)
Videos

Muppet Babies (1984)
Created by Jim Henson
```

This is COMPLETE BULLSHIT.

## Dave: Check if Sweet Bro and Hella Jeff has a sweet update.

**11/08/09**

Your BRO keeps up with your projects in his aggregator, just like you keep up with his. He's tuned into your various blogs, and of course SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF.

You navigate to the LATEST COMIC in one of the many BULLSHIT FEEDBANDS.

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

bro i got a ticket for the BIG GAME
its sports

dog........i AM SO JEALOUS you KNOW i love the big game.

oh yeah

and there he goes

the big man.... HASS the rock

he''s driving SO HARD threw the paint DOWN TOWN!

--ally-yoop--
--ally-oop--
"ahlly'yoop" for the SLAM-DUNK
```

## Dave: Mouse over the orange stripe containing PlushRump.

**12/08/09**

```
PLUSH RUMP
PUPPETS PUPPETS PUPPETS

GALLERY | LIVE VIDEO | MARIONETTE | BUNRAKU | PLUSH | FOAM
FELT | MAROTTE | SENOR WENCES | CHINFACE | FINGER PUPPET

PUPPET CAMS
```

```
GO ON THE FREE TOUR!!
For all the fuzzy, fluffy, frolicksome fun you can stomach and more...
PayPal
DISCOVER
VISA
MasterCard
American Express

LIVE PUPPET CHAT 24/7

 *** softass joined #plushrump
 foamfiend: hi softass /quivers foam proboscis @ softass
 1 implegsakimbo: bet theres a lot of give to that ass
 softass: bounce a coin off it. its not going anywhere
 foamfiend: yeah bet that coin'll take a good nap there
```

Another one of your BRO's many ironic websites. The difference here is he rakes in thousands of dollars a month through this enterprise.

SMUPPETS are a multi-billion dollar a year enterprise, and it's awfully hard to resist taking a firm squeeze from the plump udder of that cash cow.

## Dave: Stop wasting time and look for Bro's beta.

**12/08/09**

You guess you've messed around on his computer long enough. Better get a move on before it's too late for Rose, or worse yet, your BRO catches you.

But my God... the rumps. They are transfixing.

You know this is ironic and all, and your BRO reaches echelons of irony you could only dream of daring to fathom. But on rare occasions, when your guard is down, it all seems just a tad unsettling to you.

==>

**12/08/09**

==>

**12/08/09**

Oh. Uh...

Hey...

Hey there, Cal.

## Dave: Give Lil Cal a nervous fist bump.

**12/08/09**

==>

**12/08/09**

You are sort of starting to flip the fuck out.

Without losing your cool of course.

## Dave: Pester John to ease your nerves.

**13/08/09**

You get Egbert on the line again to give him the lowdown on your progress. You feel it's important to keep the wires hot.

But he's not answering. You wonder what that guy is up to.

==>

**13/08/09**

```
Alert : Dave
```

pesterlogTG: hey what is up
TG: what happened with the monster that is totally definitely in your room did you kill it
TG: where are you man
TG: anyway
TG: things are cool here
TG: totally cool
TG: puppets are still awesome
TG: no problems with them or anything
TG: like
TG: just
TG: really really awesome

==>

**13/08/09**

```
LEVEL 2

TG: puppets are still awesome
TG: no problems with them or anything
TG: like
TG: just
TG: really really awesome
```

Looks like Rose is finally logged in again.

Didn't John say her house was burning down? You wonder if she's on fire yet or what.

## Dave: Pester Rose.

**13/08/09**

pesterlogTG: oh there you are
TG: john said your house was burning down are you on fire yet or what
TT: No. For now I have retired to the safety of a smaller building which is much closer to the forest fire threatening my residence.
TG: oh well thats a relief
TG: john told me to get the game to help get you out of there so im working on that now
TT: Working on it?
TG: yeah my bros copy long story
TG: hey
TG: dont tell john this but i think he might have been right about the puppets
TG: theyre sort of starting to freak me out a little
TT: You're referring to your brother's collection?
TG: i mean dont get me wrong i think its cool and all

TG: the semi-ironic puppet thing or whatever
TG: or semi-semi ironic
TG: man i dont even know
TG: im just starting to think some of this shit is going a little far and its kind of fucked up
TT: I've seen his websites.
TT: I like them.
TG: haha yeah well YOU WOULD
TG: oh man i wish lil cal wouldnt look at me like that
TG: with those dead eyes jesus
TG: sometimes i dream that hes real and hes talking to me and i wake up in a cold sweat and basically flip the fuck out
TT: Interesting...
TG: oh god why did i just tell you my dream
TG: youre going to have a field day with that
TT: I am currently scrawling notes furiously into one of the many psychoanalysis journals I maintain for you. Published papers forthcoming.
TT: Because, you know, it's not like either of us have anything better to do at the moment than to evaluate each other's radically debilitating pathologies.
TG: yeah im gonna get moving
TG: oh have you heard from john
TG: hes not answering me
TT: He won't answer me either.
TT: But I am watching him.
TT: I suspect he is preoccupied with the fact that he just had a bucket of water dumped on his head by the ghost of his dead grandmother, who also happens to be dressed like a clown.
TG: hahahahaha
TG: alright im out
TG: later

## Seconds in the future, but not many...

**13/08/09**

```
:: ectoBiologist ::

PESTERLOG :
TT: John, what are you doing?
TT: Snap out of it.

[PESTER!]
```

pesterlogTT: John, what are you doing?
TT: Snap out of it.
TT: We ought to discuss what your grandmother told you, don't you think?
TT: Fine. Enjoy your stupor.
TT: I'll go about my business elsewhere.

## Rose: Deploy the Punch Designix.

**13/08/09**

```
Punch Designix
⬡ 4
```

```
10/50 → 6
```

pesterlogTT: John, whenever you read this, you should know I put the shale you collected to use and finally deployed the Punch Designix.
TT: It is in your study.
TT: I can only drop it though. You'll have to be the one to mess around with it and see what it does.
TT: When you're finished with your weird histrionics, maybe you could give it a try?
TT: I'm updating my walkthrough, and it would help to know what it does.

## ==>

**14/08/09**

pesterlogTT: Also, I should probably warn you that your house and yard are completely infested with monsters now. Try to be careful.

## ==>

**14/08/09**

pesterlogEB: so i can see.
EB: stupid lousy imps.
EB: they're mucking up all my cool stuff!
TT: Oh, there you are.
EB: oh, yeah.
EB: sorry!
EB: i'm not sure what came over me there, i was acting really crazy for some reason.
EB: but my head feels like it's clearing up, i think i'm alright now.

## John: Rebuild the claw hammer and return it to specibus.

**14/08/09**

You are getting way better at this sort of thing.

## John: Confront Pogo Ride to prepare yourself for Nanna.

**14/08/09**

Thank God your sanity has returned so you can entertain extremely rational, coherent thoughts like this one.

You examine the POGO RIDE from the bathroom window. You do not like what you see.

## [S] ==>

**15/08/09**

```
Giddy Up!

* Time counts down 29 → ... → 0

DAMN SON!
SICK
AWESOME
DELIRIOUS
OH NO HE DIDN'T
WHAAA!?
SHIT IS BANANAS
PRETTY ALRIGHT
UN-FUCKING-BELIEVABLE
NICE
```

```
COMBO!
OH SNAP

Your current high score is: {whatever}. Would you like to submit?
Name : Player
[Submit] [Skip]
```

Those sons of bitches. NO ONE risks painful injury on your GREEN SLIME GHOST POGO RIDE.

No one but YOU.

## Rose: Drop something heavy on one of those imps.

**15/08/09**

==>

**15/08/09**

pesterlogEB: rose my piano!!!
EB: :C
TT: Sorry.
TT: No nuance to these controls at all.
TT: I was hoping to bludgeon the imp without letting go of it. Guess I can't really do that.
TT: A broken piano isn't the end of the world though.
EB: i guess you're right.
TT: You'll need to pick up the spoils in person. I can't interact with the grist.
EB: so...
EB: that means i have to go out the back door?
TT: Yes. Is there a problem?
EB: well it may sound dumb, but i was hoping to avoid nanna and her spooky ghost cookies.
TT: You're right, that does sound dumb.
EB: can you see her in the kitchen?
TT: Yeah.
EB: what's she doing, is she baking?
TT: You could say that.
EB: are you SURE you can't get that grist up to me somehow?
TT: Maybe.

## Rose: Use pogo ride to fling grist through window.

**15/08/09**

Doesn't look like that GRIST is going anywhere.

You just never know with these gaming abstractions.

==>

**15/08/09**

## Rose: Drop pogo ride in John's bathroom.

**15/08/09**

## John: Get grist.

**15/08/09**

```
⬡ 32/50 → 38
```

```
⬡ 6/50 → 26
```

pesterlogTT: There you go.
TT: Now why don't you check out the Designix?
TT: You can do that while I get to work.
EB: on what?

## Piano: Level up for slaying the imp.

**15/08/09**

The piano in its valiant effort has unfortunately been slain.

But if it hadn't, it would have raked in so many BOONDOLLARS, you have no idea.

SO MANY.

## Rose: It's time to build.

**16/08/09**

```
⬡ 38/50 → 20
```

pesterlogTT: Nanna said to build, so that's what I'm doing.
EB: oh yeah. ok.
TT: But this sure is going to take a lot of grist.
TT: Looks like you're going to be busy, John.
EB: blargh!
EB: well, what are you building?
TT: Stairs.
TT: They are fairly expensive actually.
EB: oh man...
EB: i could have warned you about stairs, rose!

## ==>

**16/08/09**

```
⬡ 20/50 → 26

I TOLD YOU DOG!
```

pesterlogTT: I'll try recouping some of the grist from the catwalk I built earlier.
EB: IT KEEPS HAPENING
TT: Ah, good. Looks like I can get a refund for earlier allocations.
EB: i told you rose
EB: i TOLD you about stairs!
TT: Ok.
TT: Consider me fully briefed on the matter of stairs.
TT: Now if you don't mind, it's hard enough to concentrate on this without immersing ourselves in Strider's non sequitur.
EB: did you know he thinks puppets are cool?
TT: Does he?
EB: he's so dumb!!

## Rose: Use build grist to construct observation tower on roof

**16/08/09**

```
26/50 → 1
```

Ok, you obviously don't have enough grist yet for something that ambitious. But you can get started with something of a foundation for upward construction, at least.

## John: Check cabinets for imps or useful items.

**16/08/09**

No imps in here. Just a lot of SHAVING CREAM.

Dads love shaving. It's basically all they do. (When they're not baking, that is.)

## John: Bring 2 cans of shaving cream.

**16/08/09**

You captchalogue two cans of SHAVING CREAM just in case. You never know when you'll need to bust out a hilarious SHAVING CREAM SANTA BEARD to ratchet up your PRANKSTER'S GAMBIT.

Your TELESCOPE goes flying out the window.

## John: Ride pogo ride.

**16/08/09**

It's a little cramped in here for any sort of proper reckless pogoing. You'll just grab it and hang on to it until the right moment presents itself.

## ==>

**16/08/09**

The TOWEL floats back down to the rack.

The circle of stupidity is complete.

## Rose: Check up on Nannaquin, see what's cookin'!

**16/08/09**

## ==>

**16/08/09**

## John: Make your way to the study.

**17/08/09**

## ==>

**17/08/09**

It looks like the imps have taken a shining to the CRUXTRUDER.

Cruxite and black goo. Everywhere.

## John: Ride Slimer pogo and one-up that imp.

**17/08/09**

Well ok, it's not a Slimer pogo, but you mount it anyway and brandish your deadly armaments.

**John: Ride your steed to victory.**
**17/08/09**
**==>**
**17/08/09**
This is incredibly dangerous!
**John: Flip the fuck out.**
**18/08/09**
Let's see how they like the old doublebarrel latherblaster WHOOPS OH SHIT.
**==>**
**18/08/09**
**mister john, respectfully ask that you please stand up.**
**18/08/09**
DON'T MOVE OR THE POGO GETS IT
**now sir boy, flee from this boorish rabble post haste.**
**18/08/09**

```
NICE ABSCOND, DUDE!
```

**==>**
**18/08/09**
**Refrigerator: Level up for slaying the imp.**
**19/08/09**
The REFRIGERATOR skyrockets up the ECHELADDER to a new rung: FIVESTAR GENERAL ELECTRIC and earns 285 BOONDOLLARS.

Things are really looking up for this feisty appliance.
**well done, john. polite congratulations.**
**19/08/09**
For some reason you feel a sense of positive reinforcement. Wherever that feeling is coming from, it sure is a welcome change from your erratic moods earlier.
**now my civil fellow, i have a well mannered query to ask**
**19/08/09**

```
JOHN: ?
```

pesterlogTT: I blocked the entrance to the study to give you some space to work with the Designix.
TT: John, imps behind you.
TT: Should I take care of it?
TT: You trapped your PDA again, didn't you.
TT: Why did you have to pick up all that stupid shaving cream?
TT: So pointless.

**Rose: Drop something heavy on one of those imps.**
**19/08/09**
**john might i bother you for a can opener?**
**19/08/09**

Oblivious to the commotion behind you, suddenly you find yourself pondering the whereabouts of a CAN OPENER.

You think there is probably one in the kitchen, but the path is blocked by your REFRIGERATOR.

==>

**19/08/09**

John is completely unresponsive.

What the hell is that nincompoop doing???

## Years in the future...

**19/08/09**

But let's not get totally carried away here.

A studious eye darts about a page like a honeybee gathering the nectar of wisdom.

```
TYPICAL HUMAN

"PLEASE"
"THANK YOU"
"YOU ARE WELCOME"
"GOOD DAY"
"HOW DO YOU DO?"
"SPLENDID, AND YOU?"

GRATIFICATION

FAVOR IS MUTUALLY CURRIED

FURTHER COURTESY

RIP...

MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH CHEW BURP

ELIXIR KNOWN AS "TEA"

ABSURD VESTIGIAL FOURTH DIGIT IS CANTILEVERED

EVERYONE IS POLITE

RIP...

MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH CHEW BURP
```

==>

**20/08/09**

```
GAMESPOT
GameFAQs TM
Email
Sign Up

Search :
All Platforms
go
```

==========

========== [Z301] Appendix 3 -- Screen Captures, pt. 1

==========

========== I can't take as many as I'd like to for comprehensive documentation. For what it's worth, here's what I've managed to collect so far. More captures forthcoming.

http://tinyurl.com/0413sprite
http://tinyurl.com/0413power
http://tinyurl.com/0413internet
http://tinyurl.com/0413build
http://tinyurl.com/0413prototype
http://tinyurl.com/0413disconnect
http://tinyurl.com/0413nanna
http://tinyurl.com/0413weirdo
http://tinyurl.com/0413designix
http://tinyurl.com/0413grist
http://tinyurl.com/0413up
http://tinyurl.com/0413steed
http://tinyurl.com/0413barbasolbandit
http://tinyurl.com/0413really
http://tinyurl.com/0413hmm

Co-player John assesses environment after transition to Medium. Followed by Sprite, sans Kernel, prototyped once pre-hatch. Completely useless in this form

Severed from suburban grid, house remains mysteriously powered. Convenience presumably facilitated by game which perhaps deems navigating a powerless house to be a handicap less in keeping with spirit of game's principal statement of challenge.

Internet connection remains stable as well. Will likely remain stable until the Internet itself is compromised by some external threat. Something like, oh, let's say hackers.

Kill monsters, get grist, build on to house. That's the game. Didn't know what the point of this was at the time. Floundering trial and error on exhibit.

Unsuccessful attempt at tier 2 prototyping. Knowing what I know now, I might have avoided using a back-breaking vade mecum for practical jokesters rife with antiquated lexicon and racist aphorisms. Either that, or I might have tried harder to succeed.

Final screen capture before I lost my internet signal for a time. I don't know what happened thereafter, but when I returned, the car was nowhere to be found, and the driveway-plateau was in a state of disrepair. The mysteries -- will they ever cease?

Sprite prototyped once more with grandmother's remains. She treats John to some helpful exposition in a friendly and maternal (grandmaternal?) manner.

Co-player has displayed inexplicably capricious behavior since arrival. Stress-related? Contracted virus indigenous to realm? It should be noted he was kind of a weird guy anyway.

Designix deployed. Still no clue what this does. At mercy of co-player's foolish prioritization tendencies.

Grist payload from slain foe. Whether I deal the damage or co-player does, yield is same. Though I have a significant advantage in battle, taking measures into my own hands deprives John of hand-to-hand combat experience, which ostensibly will become more critical later.

Building; the point. Building upward; the point, sharpened and directed.

"Ah, steeds, steeds, what steeds! Has the whirlwind a home in your manes? Is there a sensitive ear, alert as a flame, in your every fiber? Hearing the familiar song from above, all in one accord you strain your bronze chests and, hooves barely touching the ground, turn into straight lines cleaving the air, and all inspired by God it rushes on!"

```
Yeah, I... I have no idea what the fuck he's doing here.
```

```
Another one of these things. Really, Egbert family? Really?
```

```
A view of the kidhapped father's room. I can't see in here for
some reason. Perhaps this is because John himself has never
entered the room? It is possible that I can see only, in a sense,
what John can see, or has seen already. I have not found the time
to discuss this with him yet. If he enters the room, the question
may answer itself.
```

## Rose: Construct loft above John's room.

**21/08/09**

```
80/80 → 70 → 60 → 50 → 40
```

## ==>

**21/08/09**

```
40/80 → 15
```

## ==>

**21/08/09**

```
15/80 → 5 → 0
```

pesterlogTT: Ladders seem to be a bit cheaper than stairs.

## fellow john, it appears we have reached an impasse

**21/08/09**

```
JOHN: ?
```

Yes, it seems so.

## the opener dilemma remains unsettled, most unfortunately

**21/08/09**

It is unfortunate.

I guess.

What are we talking about again?

## but it has been a pleasure nonetheless.

**21/08/09**

```
JOHN: please
JOHN: thank you
JOHN: ?
Alert : Dave
```

Thanks for the courtesy.

It's not really necessary, but thanks anyway.

## oh, but thank you

**21/08/09**

```
JOHN: PLEASE
JOHN: THANK YOU
Alert : Dave
Alert : Rose
```

Ok.

## thank you so very very much, dear favorable small primate

**21/08/09**

```
Alert : John
Alert : Dave
```

## i shall take my leave now john. until next time

**21/08/09**

Wait, where did all this sweet loot come from?

And why is there suddenly a crumpled hat on your head?

## John: Gather grist, examine designix.

**22/08/09**

Feeling especially economical with your behavior suddenly, you scoop up all the grist in the room, and turn your attention to the PUNCH DESIGNIX all in one fell swoop.

The device features a counter-top station design with a KEYBOARD SETUP, not unlike an old fashioned computer. There is a blinking red light, and a DIAGRAM etched into a panel.

## ==>

**22/08/09**

## Rose: Answer Dave.

**22/08/09**

pesterlogTG: ok wait hold on why am i getting this stupid game for you
TG: youre the one who should be wrist deep in puppet ass
TT: What is the specific problem?
TG: the problem is i am up to my goddamn neck in fucking puppet dong
TT: You know you like the mannequin dick. Accept it.
TG: i am enrobed in chafing, wriggling god fucking damned puppet pelvis
TG: an obscenely long, coarse kermit cock is being dragged across my anguished face
TT: Let's put this into perspective. You put up with the puppet prostate because you love it.
TT: Also, coarse is a good word.
TG: you dont seem to harbor any sympathy for the fact that ive burrowed fuck deep into lively, fluffy muppet buttock
TG: im whirling in the terrible cyclone at the epicenter of my own personal holocaust of twitching foam noses
TG: its like a fucking apocalypse of perky proboscis here
TG: like
TG: the proboscalypse i guess
TT: Are you going to start rapping about this?

TG: what no
TG: no listen
TT: Prong of flesh bereft of home
TT: Found solace 'twixt a cleft of foam.
TG: no oh jesus
TT: Of apocalypse your thoughts eclipse
TT: A painted pair of parted lips
TT: That dare through kiss to stir the air
TT: That teases tufts of orange hair.
TT: And though faces flush in lovers' fits,
TT: Hands snug in plush as gloves befit.
TG: ok dickinson if you can shut your perfumey trap for a half second
TG: this is serious
TG: i am just saying
TG: if i see one more soft bulbous bottom being like
TG: kind of jutting out and impudent or whatever
TG: im gonna fly off the handle
TG: im gonna do some sort of acrobatic fucking PIROUETTE off the handle and win like a medal or some shit
TT: Then let's hope there will be a squishy derriere somewhere below the handle to break your fall.

## John: Observe back of the first visible captchalogue card.

**22/08/09**

```
DQMmJLek
```

You flip over the top card containing your POGO RIDE. Any time you captchalogue something, a new code appears on the back of the card. You've always wondered what the code was for.

Damn these things are hard to read. But then, you've never really found any reason to decipher them.

Until now, perhaps?

## John: Examine reverse side of hammer card in strife specibus

**22/08/09**

```
nZ7Un6BI
```

Looks like cards from your STRIFE DECK have codes too.

## John: Enter captcha code as seen on back of pogo ride card.

**23/08/09**

You enter the code "DQMmJLeK" into the KEYBOARD. At least you think that's what the code is.

The red light switches off. A green light begins blinking.

## John: Insert card.

**23/08/09**

```
PUNCH
```

## John: Type in nZ7Un6BI

**23/08/09**

In the interest of due diligence, you enter the other code and repeat the process with that card too.

Both cards are now punched with different hole patterns.

## John: Attempt to retrieve pogo from card.

**23/08/09**

Oh, well that should just be a simple matter of...

Uh oh. It looks like it's trapped now. You don't see how you can access the item anymore, or store a new item there for that matter. These cards are pretty much useless now, and the items they contain are toast!

But maybe all is not lost. Recalling from your experience with the PRE-PUNCHED CARD, you may be able to use the cards to replicate the items in question.

Assuming you got the codes right, that is...

## John: Mash keys heedlessly.

**23/08/09**

Not quite through with your cowboy empiricism just yet, you mash at the KEYBOARD to generate a random code.

You enter "dskjhsdk". The DESIGNIX stops you after eight characters, which appears to be the maximum length for a code. The green light goes on, signaling its readiness for a card.

==>

**23/08/09**

You figure you might as well burn the SHAVING CREAM since the product is not exactly at a premium in your household. You also figure you might as well merge the two cans on to one card.

You're a little sad that your DAD isn't around for this. You have a feeling he would get a real kick out of the idea of duplicating more SHAVING CREAM.

==>

**23/08/09**

You punch the card with a pattern that is in no way related to the code for the item it contains. This should make for an interesting experiment.

Mad science is a lot of fun.

==>

**23/08/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

Unfortunately, you just burned another card in the process. Your deck is really dwindling now. Maybe you should have thought this through a little better.

On the plus side, you just freed up your PDA, which is overflowing with the pent-up chatter of anxious pesterers.

==>

**24/08/09**

==>

**24/08/09**

==>

**24/08/09**

==>

**24/08/09**

## John: Answer your chums.

**24/08/09**

pesterlogTG: PUPPETS

TG: AWESOME

TG: THATS REALLY ALL THERE IS TO SAY ON THE MATTER

-- turntechGodhead [TG] changed his mood to RANCOROUS --

TT: John, I'm about to throw a bath tub through your wall.

TT: Watch out.

==>

**25/08/09**

pesterlogEB: wow, that was so totally unnecessary!

TT: I made a shortcut upstairs. I thought it would be a good idea to get up there and try the cards as soon as possible.

TT: Also, you weren't being terribly responsive.

EB: you mean these stairs?

EB: man, look at these shitty stairs...

EB: they're so narrow! i'm supposed to climb those?

TT: They're perfectly navigable.

TT: I'm saving on grist for now.

TT: If you keep slaying foes, collecting grist, and expanding the cache limit, we may not need to be so economical with our resources in the future.

==>

**25/08/09**

pesterlogEB: so why didn't you just build a way up through that hole into my dad's room?

TT: Have you ever been in there?

EB: no.

TT: Exactly.

EB: huh?

TT: I'd rather not get sidetracked.

TT: I'm more interested in further exploring the mechanics of the game than watching you discover what sort outlandish harlequin decor your father keeps in his room.

EB: oh come on. what's the big deal, i'll just climb up and go right through!

TT: Will you?

EB: yeah, why not?
TT: Are you saying you've never wondered what's in there? Or why it's been kept a secret from you?
EB: well, i mean yeah...
TT: Then trust me. You won't be going "right on through."
EB: wait, are you saying there's something, like...
EB: troubling in there?
TT: I don't know.
EB: what do you mean? what do you see in there?
TT: I can't see in there.
EB: oh.
TT: But I don't have a very good feeling about it.
EB: pfff...
EB: whatever!
EB: i think i can handle a few more stupid clown paintings.

## Rose: Move punched cards to John's room.

**25/08/09**

## Rose: Drag some cruxite dowels up to John's room.

**25/08/09**

## John: Collect grist, examine safe.

**27/08/09**

You swoop up the bountiful supply of grist generated by your co-player's recent exploits. From now on it will probably go without saying that you'll nab any grist lying around without making a big fuss over it.

You check out the busted SAFE, which has made a noble sacrifice in battle. Some of your father's odds and ends have spilled out, including some old NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, and two rather hefty TOMES. It's a fair bet that these books comprised at least half the weight of the safe.

## John: Examine family tome of humour.

**27/08/09**

It's another copy of COLONEL SASSACRE'S DAUNTING TEXT OF MAGICAL FRIVOLITY AND PRACTICAL JAPERY. This one looks really old, perhaps an original printing. Could it be the same one involved with your grandmother's unfortunate accident on that fateful day? DAD would never speak a word about it, but maybe NANNA wouldn't be so tight-lipped?

You give it a cursory perusal. It appears to be similar to your reprinting, listing all the japes and chicanery you have come to know and love. You captchalogue it, thinking you may give it a closer look later.

## John: Examine contents of safe.

**27/08/09**

```
THE FATHERLY GENT'S
SHAVING
ALMANAC
```

You take a look at the other book. You're sure DAD thought this was a scintillating read, but it looks pretty boring to you. Maybe you'll crack into it some day when you're old enough to shave.

Everything in this safe was obviously very important to your father. You wonder why he kept it locked away from you?

Some things about him you will never understand.

==>

**27/08/09**

```
Monday, April 13, 19??

The Common Hornographer

Space Rocks Knock Local Burb's Block Off

Populace oblivious to broader significance of events, assuming them is any,
which there definitely isn't.

Shortly after 4 A.M. today, a downpour of meteors in a residential neighborhood
became yet another instance in a pattern of recent rocky cosmological
phenomena. The incidet, aside from property damage and loss of life, was
downplayed by authorities as "not all that big of a deal."
```

It seems he has been collecting scraps from the news over the years. These articles go back decades.

## John: Look at the piece of paper taped to the wall.

**27/08/09**

**SON. IF YOU ARE READING THIS, IT MEANS YOU ARE NOW STRONG ENOUGH TO LIFT THE SAFE. YOU ARE NOW A MAN. AS SUCH, YOU ARE ENTITLED TO WHAT IS INSIDE. I KNOW YOU WILL TAKE THIS RESPONSIBILITY SERIOUSLY. I AM SO PROUD OF YOU.**

## John: Turn the card over.

**27/08/09**

```
02-49-13
```

You guess this is the combination to the safe.

This is completely useless.

## John: Examine back of captchalogue card on floor.

**27/08/09**

```
00000000
```

You guess these are all zeros? Or are they capital O's? Zeros would probably make more sense for an empty card, you think.

## John: Captchalogue the card.

**27/08/09**

## John: Enter code on back of card into designix.

**27/08/09**

```
11111111
```

## John: Punch card.

**27/08/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

pesterlogTT: Wait, John, before you punch that.
TT: Oh.
TT: I was about to say.
TT: If you first took note of the code, then removed the card from the card, you could have punched the blank one.
TT: You would have only burned one card instead of two.
EB: oh yeah, you're right.
EB: dammit!

## John: Throw hat down in disgust.

**27/08/09**

## John: Captchalogue punched captchalogued captchalogue card.

**28/08/09**

```
SWEET CATCH!
```

What?

## John: Take PDA.

**28/08/09**

The two card sylladex: inventory of dumbasses.

## John: Level up!

**28/08/09**

```
CLIMBED TO RUNG: PESKY URCHIN!
GEL VISCOSITY: +15!
CACHE LIMIT: +40!
MAN GRIT: +5!

B$ 540 → 740
```

## Colonel Sassacre: Level up for slaying the imp.

**29/08/09**

The Colonel soars to new heights on his ECHELADDER, reaching the rung: ONE MAN JULEP VACUUM, and pockets 9550 BOONDOLLARS.

Chump change for the genteel, aristocratic southern colonel.

## Bathtub: Level up for slaying the imp.

**29/08/09**

The BATHTUB surges heroically and surpasses the rung: ARCHIMEDES' AQUACRADLE, proceeding directly to vaunted rung: TAFT-JAMMER. The tub makes off with a cool 490 BOONDOLLARS.

The tub's BASIN CAPACITY remains unaffected.

## Safe: Level up for slaying the imp.

**29/08/09**

The SAFE was slain in battle. A great flaming nautical pyre carries it off to VAULTHALLA.

## John: Make your way up those stairs, posthaste.

**29/08/09**

You're not sure. They look pretty precarious to you.

But you've been assured the stairs are perfectly navigable.

## ==>

**29/08/09**

```
LAD SCRAMBLE!
```

Lousy goddamn stupid stairs!

## ==>

**29/08/09**

## Dave: Ignore Lil Cal and find the beta.

**29/08/09**

You wander over to the place where your BRO keeps his sweet turntable gear. Man that setup is sweet. You feel pangs of jealousy whenever you walk by it. Really cool jealousy, though. Like the kind where instead of getting all worked up about it, you don't actually give a shit.

One of your brother's rad and extremely expensive NINJA SWORDS is missing though.

You know this drill all too well. Trouble's a brewin'.

## Dave: Take expensive ninja sword.

**31/08/09**

What sword?

## Dave: Exit your bro's room.

**31/08/09**

You approach the exit.

There's something on the door you haven't seen before. Looks like one of your BRO'S ironic comics he left for you to check out.

## ==>

**31/08/09**

```
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
ANIMAL, PLEASE START BREATHING, OH GOD, PLEASE BREATHE.
HAHA, OK, MAKE-BELIEVE TIME IS OVER!
OHGOD OHGODOHGODOHGOD...
WHAT WILL NANNY DO TO ME IF SHE FINDS OUT? NO ONE CAN EVER KNOW. I HAVE TO HIDE
THE BODY, BUT WHERE? THINK, IMAGINATION! ARGH, THE ONE TIME WHEN I REALLY NEED
YOU!!

click.

HELLO ROWLF.
I WANT TO PLAY A GAME.
I WANT TO PLAY A GAME.
    -T TO PLAY A-
```

==>

**31/08/09**

```
RIP
```

Ok, some of this stuff you KNOW he's just leaving around to get under your skin. This is obviously another ploy in his relentless siege of one-upsmanship to get your goat (the same goat you've been meaning to bleat like ironically, but that will still have to wait for a more appropriate time).

You think he knows that deep down you feel like you're still not ironic enough to get stuff like this, and this is probably some weird gauntlet he's throwing down to see if you will "GET IT".

But honestly you think this material is just a little TOO ironic. You just don't need to see this shit right now.

## Dave: Go into the kitchen.

**01/09/09**

No sign of BRO in here either.

Well, aside from the absurd quantity of awesome dangerous stuff he leaves lying around.

## Dave: Transfer katana to strife specibus.

**02/09/09**

With an escalating sense of threat, you think it's time you SHIFT (9) your KATANA (9) to your specibus.

You figure it's better to free up the card anyway, since you might need to grab some of this stuff.

## Dave: Set Blender to "Mix".

**02/09/09**

You guess BRO stuck some FAKE BLOOD CAPSULES in that puppet? Pretty gross.

==>

**02/09/09**

You spot one of your BRO'S many WEBCAMS nearby, recording the incident.

It seems you may have just been an unwitting accessory to some sort of grisly puppet snuff film. You're not totally sure how you feel about that.

==>

**02/09/09**

## Dave: Captchalogue Buster Sword from behind microwave.

**02/09/09**

This might be the only thing in the whole apartment that's a bigger piece of shit than your own sword.

You put it back behind the microwave where it belongs.

## Dave: Set blender to "Crush Ice".

**02/09/09**

It's just sort of bouncing around in there.

You're making a bit of a mess now.

## Dave: Hide evidence in microwave.

**02/09/09**

See, like, his hobbies are cool and all, and you guess he's got to put his shit SOMEWHERE. But what if you just wanted to heat up a burrito or something?

This kitchen is pretty much useless.

## Dave: Grab those fireworks.

**03/09/09**

You captchalogue all the FIREWORKS (2+1+2+1+2+1+2+2+2 = 15%10 = 5) the sink has to offer.

You just KNOW these are going to come in handy. Why would they be in the sink if they weren't?

Looks like one of them is still stuck in the GARBAGE DISPOSAL.

## Dave: Captchalogue Shurikens.

**03/09/09**

You grab the SHURIKENS (5) and...

Hey! Careful where you're putting stuff, especially if you're looking to turn your sylladex into a powder-keg full of sharp things.

==>

**03/09/09**

You put the BOX OF FIREWORKS (3) back into card 5 and prepare to start ov...

Or card 3, apparently. That settles that, you guess.

## Dave: Take nunchaku.

**03/09/09**

You take the NUNCHAKU (3), once again grabbing without thinking ahead.

==>

**03/09/09**

```
DUDE DODGE!
```

First you captchalogue the BOX (5) again, while adeptly avoiding the SHURIKEN trap, which you yourself set only moments ago.

==>

**03/09/09**

You again round up all the FIREWORKS. Time to regroup here.

## Dave: Captchalogue each shuriken individually.

**04/09/09**

You grab each SHURIKEN (3) one at a time, knocking out those NUNCHAKU.

But no worries. You've got a plan.

## Dave: Captchalogue nunchucks.

**04/09/09**

You take the NUNCHUCKS (6). Everything seems to be in order now.

It would have been badass to go with the authentic Japanese names for each weapon, but sometimes you've just got to compromise with this modus.

## Dave: Examine fetch modus.

**04/09/09**

```
fetch modus

#>


[EJECT]

hash functions.
C=2; V=1;
C=1; V=2;
A=1; B=2; C=3; ...

[ADD]

[ ] detect collisions
```

You flip over your FETCH MODUS and check out the back.

You're not really sure where it is you're keeping this thing. Oh well, who cares.

## Dave: Press EJECT button.

**04/09/09**

```
[EJECT]

EJECT ALL ITEMS FROM SYLLADEX?

[Y] [N]
```

Oh hell no. Not after all that trouble you went through to get that stuff situated.

This is potentially a very dangerous button.

## Dave: Change to Scrabble Points Hash Modus.

**04/09/09**

```
A=1; B=2; C=3; D=2

!

CHANGING HASH FUNCTION WILL EJECT SYLLADEX. ARE YOU SURE?

[Y] [N]
```

First you program your modus with a SCRABBLE POINTS HASH FUNCTION, adding it to the list.

A=1; B=3; C=3; D=2; E=1; F=4; G=2; H=4; I=1; J=8; K=5; L=1; M=3; N=1; O=1; P=3; Q=10; R=

1; S=1; T=1; U=1; V=4; W=4; X=8; Y=4; Z=10;

This might be a cool function to use, but it looks like you'll have to empty your sylladex to select it. You're just not gonna do that yet. No way.

## Dave: Check the box "detect collisions".

**04/09/09**

```
[x] detect collisions
```

Ok.

## Dave: Take the skateboard.

**05/09/09**

And just what is this guy so happy about? What's he looking at up there?

You think if you see one more soft, bulbous bottom being like

kind of jutting out and impudent or whatever

you're gonna fly off the handle.

==>

**05/09/09**

==>

**05/09/09**

You take the SKATEBOARD (6).

Actually, no you don't. A collision has been detected.

You take the... uh...

WHEELED...

uh...

RIDE (7).

Man, your inventory's nomenclature is getting lamer by the minute.

## Dave: Captchalogue the unplugged powercord.

**05/09/09**

You take the POWER CORD (5)... wait, no. Not going to work.

## Dave: Think of a new word for powercord.

**05/09/09**

You take the BATTERY PACK (8). Dammit.

You take the BATTERY PACK (9), using the 'Y' as a consonant. Your sylladex reluctantly accepts.

It's a tactic notoriously employed by hashmap noobs, but you just don't care about that now. Besides, it's not like your BRO is around to see.

==>

**05/09/09**

==>

**05/09/09**

**Dave: Search for some MAD SNACKS YO.**

**06/09/09**

Oh, it was just Lil' Cal again. You can never stay mad at him.

Anyway, you've got to get this way rude hunger under control. You figure you oughta scope the fridge for some grub. This hunger is so ill-mannered it would make a room full of snooty dowagers commit mass suicide.

**Dave: Open refrigerator.**

**06/09/09**

Oh god more shitty swords.

Of course you knew these were in here. You're not even sure why you looked.

If you want to keep any food or beverages in this apartment, you've pretty much got no choice but to hide stuff away in your closet.

**Dave: Take swords.**

**06/09/09**

The hell with it. You try to take the entire JUMBLE OF UNBELIEVABLY SHITTY SWORDS and brace yourself for...

Looks like that works, actually. (2)

You captchalogue the JUMBLE OF UNBELIEVABLY SHITTY SWORDS.

**Dave: Use ice maker, it's still hot around here.**

**06/09/09**

You dispense several CHERRY BOMBS.

==>

**06/09/09**

Wait...

Who's that looking at you in the reflection?

==>

**06/09/09**

Where'd the little dude scamper off to this time?

**Dave: Captchalogue CHERRY BOMBS.**

**06/09/09**

You go for the CHERRY BOMBS (9) unsuccessfully.

After mulling it over a bit, you take the RED SPHERICAL SALUTES (1).

## Dave: Take blender.

**06/09/09**

BLENDER (2) is a pretty simple word, and you can already tell that's not going to work.

Instead you take the...

WHIRLING BLADE PITCHER (4).

That's really a much better name for it anyway, you think.

## Dave: Activate garbage disposal.

**06/09/09**

## Dave: Stuff down mr. purple guy into the garbage disposal.

**06/09/09**

You're still not sure what he's so happy about, or what he's looking at up there.

## ==>

**06/09/09**

While you're at it, you dump the contents of the BLENDER, oops I mean WHIRLING BLADE PITCHER, into the disposal. But you suffer an unfortunate GARBAGE DISPOSAL HEAD JAM.

You notice something in the reflection. Something above you.

## Dave: Look up.

**06/09/09**

```
HELLO DAVE
```

It's the hatch to the crawlspace above your apartment. BRO'S always tucking away in there when he's busting out his rad stealth stunts. He's so slick that dangling cord never even jostles.

You just know he's being ironic with these weird mind games. There's no way anyone could be serious about aping those shitty movies.

## Dave: Use the turntables and cinderblocks to make a fort.

**06/09/09**

It's a pretty sweet fort you just made and you're pretty sure your brother would agree. Under different circumstances, you might be high-fiving over it right now.

But rather than get inside and take her for a spin, you really just need to use it to get up to that hatch.

## Dave: Yank cord.

**07/09/09**

It is time to face your destiny. No going back now.

==>

**07/09/09**

==>

**07/09/09**

```
SQUISH
```

==>

**07/09/09**

Yeah, there was pretty much no way there wasn't going to be a bunch of puppets in there.

==>

**07/09/09**

pesterlogTG: ok wait hold on why am i getting this stupid game for you
TG: youre the one who should be wrist deep in puppet ass
TT: What is the specific problem?
TG: the problem is i am up to my goddamn neck in fucking puppet dong
TT: You know you like the mannequin dick. Accept it.
TG: i am enrobed in chafing, wriggling god fucking damned puppet pelvis
TG: an obscenely long, coarse kermit cock is being dragged across my anguished face
TT: Let's put this into perspective. You put up with the puppet prostate because you love it.
TT: Also, coarse is a good word.
TG: you dont seem to harbor any sympathy for the fact that ive burrowed fuck deep into lively, fluffy muppet buttock
TG: im whirling in the terrible cyclone at the epicenter of my own personal holocaust of twitching foam noses
TG: its like a fucking apocalypse of perky proboscis here
TG: like
TG: the proboscalypse i guess
TT: Are you going to start rapping about this?
TG: what no
TG: no listen
TT: Prong of flesh bereft of home
TT: Found solace 'twixt a cleft of foam.
TG: no oh jesus
TT: Of apocalypse your thoughts eclipse
TT: A painted pair of parted lips
TT: That dare through kiss to stir the air
TT: That teases tufts of orange hair.
TT: And though faces flush in lovers' fits,
TT: Hands snug in plush as gloves befit.
TG: ok dickinson if you can shut your perfumey trap for a half second
TG: this is serious
TG: i am just saying
TG: if i see one more soft bulbous bottom being like
TG: kind of jutting out and impudent or whatever
TG: im gonna fly off the handle

TG: im gonna do some sort of acrobatic fucking PIROUETTE off the handle and win like a medal or some shit
TT: Then let's hope there will be a squishy derriere somewhere below the handle to break your fall.

## Dave: Read the note on the hatch.

**08/09/09**

```
bro.

roof. now.

bring cal.

where doing it man

where MAKING THIS HAPEN
```

## Dave: Burst out of the puppet pile like "the one".

**08/09/09**

## Dave: Be the other guy.

**08/09/09**

You are now the other guy.

## John: Take dowels and sheets from bed and make a tent.

**09/09/09**

This is so much fun.

A huge waste of time, yes. BUT SO MUCH FUN.

## ==>

**09/09/09**

## John: Carve a totem of the punched pogo card.

**10/09/09**

You put the punched card containing the POGO RIDE in the slot, and carve a TOTEM from one of the CRUXITE DOWELS.

## John: Repeat process with other cards and dowels.

**10/09/09**

You use the card containing the code for the HAMMER, as well as the one with the random code you punched over the SHAVING CREAM card for the hell of it. You carve the respective TOTEMS for the cards.

## John: Do same thing with captchalogued captchalogue card.

**10/09/09**

You make a TOTEM for a CAPTCHALOGUE CARD.

Pretty bare bones looking totem, if you ask you.

## Rose: Collect totems.

**10/09/09**

```
Pogo Ride
 ⬡ 5   ⬡ 1

Hammer
 ⬡ 2
```

```
?????
 ⬡ 4   ⬡ 8

Capchalogue Card
 * 1
```

You stow the totems in your ATHENEUM.

## Rose: Produce captchalogue card.

**10/09/09**

```
⬡ [10]
```

The ALCHEMITER requires one unit of any type of grist to produce one card.

You decide to use SHALE, since it seems less generally useful than BUILD GRIST as of now.

You make a whole bunch of them.

==>

**10/09/09**

pesterlogEB: whoa, did you just make all these??
TT: Yes.
EB: sweet, thanks!
EB: what did you do with all the blue wobbly vase-looking things?
TT: I brought the totems out to the alchemiter to test them.
TT: I'm taking some things into my own hands to save some time.
EB: ok.

==>

**10/09/09**

```
⬡ -2
```

You create a HAMMER at the expense of 2 units of BUILD GRIST.

==>

**10/09/09**

```
⬡ -5   ⬡ -1
```

You make a POGO RIDE too. Minus 5 BUILD, 1 SHALE.

==>

**10/09/09**

```
⬡ -4   ⬡ -8
```

You use the TOTEM carved with the random code. You create a...

A ROCKET PACK?

With some random crap stuck inside it. Looks like a CINDERBLOCK, a VIOLIN, and a FLOWER POT. The items have rendered the device completely inoperable.

==>

**10/09/09**

You figure you might as well put this piece of junk to use.

## John: Collect cards.

**11/09/09**

Using a little strategy, first you grab HARRY ANDERSON'S "WISE GUY", BY MIKE CAVENEY, then the cards, then your ejected PDA, then the book again to flush the cards into your deck.

Nice going!

## John: Turn on "detect collisions".

**11/09/09**

```
[EJECT]

[FILO] [FIFO]


[EJECT]

[FILO] [FIFO]
```

You flip your FETCH MODI but find no such option.

This is idiotic.

## John: Read book. Be the wise guy.

**11/09/09**

```
Harry Anderson
WISE GUY
from the street to the screen

Mike Caveney

An Introduction : Who's This Wise Guy?

"Blood Loss in the Big Easy"


New Orleans, 1977. The close-up room at the Magic Castle was this mean little
box that tended to fill up with so much smoke you'd swear someone was cremating
a wet dog in there.

In walks Anderson. There isn't much that gets liquor to pause its journey from
the table to my lips but I'll be the bastard lovechild of a listless octoroon
if that kid wasn't the cat that swallowed the canary in a dapper little hat. It
looked like he was testing the tensile strength of his suspenders to the damn
near limit with a pair of cocky thumbs. I wasn't impressed.

But I was a fool.

Somehow in my motion for another beverage he'd already slipped into polite
conversation at a table held down by some notoriously brusque regulars. He had
them in no time flat. They were melting butter in his glass ramekins. Whatever
tidy yarn he'd spun to win them over, I didn't catch a word of it. One of them
laughed. I was angry. Envious? Maybe a little. Yeah, you bet I was.

[Harry and I never speak anymore.]
```

```
Anderson had one of those little wooden finger choppers that Micky Hades used
to sell. The kind where the blade could be removed and clearly shown. It was a
very convincing little guillotine that did not look like a novelty store toy.
Harry would get a guy to examine the chopper and then cut a cigarette in half.
Then he held the guy's hand up and told this silly story. The story of course
was artifice, a distraction for the guy and the audience while he worked his
stuff with the chopper.

Or it would become that, once his famous chopper trick was perfected, vaulting
him to fame, fortune, and the crowning position in the television judiciary.

With what became his signature aplomb, Anderson was in moments a font of
breast-pocket gauze, profuse apology, and redoubling determination. It's really
amazing how hard it is to find a bloody sausage-sized piece of a guy on the
floor of a room that dark and smoky. Impossible, I think we all proved. Just as
impossible as Blind Willie Buttermilk Stubbs was going to find it to work his
trumpet tomorrow night without his "twiddlin' fingers", a
```

You never really understood what Caveney's relation to Anderson was, or why he wrote this book about him. His ambivalent attitude toward your favorite magician in these anecdotes always struck you as a little weird, and to be honest, you tend not to read much of the text in the book. You mostly like to look at the diagrams for all the cool tricks.

==>

**11/09/09**

```
"A Hole in the Ace"
(a.k.a. The A-Hole Trick)


Here is a perfect example of how Harry could ruin several decks of cards, waste
everyone's valuable time, and have you love him for it. He was good at that.

One day he noisily emptied his suit jacket pocket onto the hood of his car in
search of change for the meter. A clunky metal thing slid from the pile and
bounced on the sidewalk. As I retrieved it for him I asked what he was doing
with a hole puncher in his pocket.

His face lit up at the question like he was an elf and I asked him how he felt
about climbing into the hollow of a big tree to back some cookies or something.
(The two foot, six inch height differential between us causes these comparisons
to enter my mind.)

A small crowd had already gathered around even before he produced the first
pack of unmolested cards. How people seem to gather, and how they even know a
street performance is about to take place, I'll never know. It's perhaps
Anderson's greatest trick. Luring the marks like that.

I wanted to ask if he was sure about this, performing in broad daylight. He was
used to working in dark rooms. It was usually the first thing out of his mouth
when he would queer a trick. "I'm really more accustomed to working in a darker
room than this." But Harry was excited, and had already butchered the first
deck of cards with the hole puncher, and issued the first round of apologies to
the crowd. These were the primer apologies, the sort that got the folks
loosened up a bit before the seven course meal of ingratiation that would
inevitably follow.

He asked me for a fresh deck of cards and I gave him one.

The principle behind the trick in theory, as he explained to me later, was to
punch holes in what appeared to be one card, but was in fact two or more
together (hence the difficulty he often had in squeezing the puncher with his
```

```
little elfish hands). Then using some coy maneuvers with his thumb, temporarily
concealing the hole while he slid the card beneath it with his palm, the hole
would seem to disappear, or move to another part of the card.
```

Oh yeah, that's right. The old HOLE IN THE ACE trick, interestingly enough, pertaining to punching holes in cards and making them "disappear" and stuff. Your hands were never really strong enough to make this one work all that well either.

But actually... this gives you an idea.

==>

**11/09/09**

You overlap two of the punched cards. They mask each other's hole patterns.

## John: Put both cards in totem lathe.

**11/09/09**

You carve another TOTEM using the new combined hole pattern.

## John: Take it to the alchemiter.

**11/09/09**

Oh man, looks like Rose made like a million hammers for some reason.

Get all this shit out of the way, you're about to make something sweet!

==>

**11/09/09**

```
⬡ -10  ⬡ -16
```

==>

**11/09/09**

You got the POGO HAMMER.

## John: Practice with new weapon.

**13/09/09**

```
BONG BONG BONG BONG
```

pesterlogTT: What did you do?

EB: i combined the cards in the lathe thingy and made this!

EB: it is so sweet, man look at me go.

TT: I see.

TT: That was a really good idea, John. Nice work.

EB: thanks!

EB: i got the idea from harry anderson.

TT: Who?

EB: uh, you know the show night court?

TT: No.

EB: oh.

EB: well bottom line is...

EB: he's awesome

EB: that's really all there is to say on the matter!

## John: Attack the nearest imp to test pogo hammer's strength.

**14/09/09**

```
BOING
```

You get a vicious rhythmic bouncing combo going and easily slay the imp in one blow.

You and the POGO RIDE are catapulted sky-high in the process.

==>

**14/09/09**

==>

**14/09/09**

==>

**14/09/09**

**SWEET CATCH!**

==>

**14/09/09**

==>

**14/09/09**

## Rose: Pester John.

**14/09/09**

pesterlogEB: hey, that was a pretty, uh...
EB: nice...
EB: uh...
TT: Sweet catch?
EB: ... save.
EB: oh, yeah.
EB: that.
EB: this is pretty comfy.
EB: why don't you just like,
EB: carry the bed around with me on it?
EB: up to the gate up there!
TT: I can't interact with you directly, or anything that you are touching, if it will result in moving you.
TT: See?
EB: oh.
EB: lame!
TT: The game probably regards that as a kind of cheating.
TT: In a way, thieving you of your free will as an adventurer, and the need to advance by your own skill and ingenuity.
TT: The server player is just a facilitator.
EB: well, ok.
EB: all that scurrying around kind of wore me out, i think i'm going to rest here for a bit.
EB: rose, can you keep the imps at bay? like, drop some stuff on them if they sneak too close.
TT: No, you should pick up your hammer and defend yourself.

EB: what, come on!
TT: I have no idea what the hell Dave is up to, or if he's any closer to recovering the game.
TT: There's some stuff I'd like to try, in case he doesn't come through.
EB: oh alright.
EB: i'm just gonna rest my eyes here a second though.

## [S] John: Sleep.

**14/09/09**

```
JOHN: Z
```

## Rose: Check Alchemy Excursus.

**15/09/09**

Looks like a sort of index documenting all the known results for punch card alchemy combinations.

This could be a convenient resource as you start to stumble on more useful card combinations. But ever since John started punching cards, you've been contemplating other ways this item manufacturing system could be put to use. In particular, if you obtain the code for any item at your disposal, you think you could theoretically send the code to John and he could make it himself.

That is, if you can think of anything that would be worth sending to him.

## Rose: Captchalogue Sburb Server CD.

**15/09/09**

You eject the disk and captchalogue the SERVER CD.

## Rose: Message John the Captcha code.

**15/09/09**

```
SLAP
```

Oh God damn it.

## ==>

**15/09/09**

## ==>

**15/09/09**

## ==>

**15/09/09**

```
FACEPALM x2 COMBO!
```

## [S] John: Wake up.

**17/09/09**

```
PDA:■ ■ ■
```

## ==>

**17/09/09**

pesterlogGG: hey!!!!
EB: whoa, there you are!
GG: how is your adventure going john?
EB: it's ok, i am making some progress, and rose finally connected again so she is helping me now.

GG: thats good!!
EB: oh but, like...
EB: i don't think i am actually saving the world here. :(
EB: i dunno what i'm really accomplishing but i guess it's not that.
GG: hmm well i think whatever it is it must be pretty important!
GG: dont lose hope john i think it will all turn out for the best if you stay positive....
GG: just keep listening to your grandmothers advice!!!
EB: yeah, you're probably right.
EB: but, um...
EB: i don't think i mentioned nanna to you, did i?
GG: oh uhhh.....
GG: i dont know didnt you???
EB: hmm, i dunno, maybe you talked to rose or dave about it or something.
GG: yeah maybe that was it!!
EB: they're really weird when they talk to me about you, like they're always trying convince me you have some spooky powers, but i'm always like no she seems like a pretty regular girl to me!
GG: heheheh :D
EB: but then when i think back maybe there are times when it seems like you know some things?
EB: like maybe you know more about a thing than you are telling me? i dunno.
GG: oh well john
GG: i want to explain lots of things to you....
GG: some things that i know
GG: im just.....
GG: waiting!
EB: waiting for what!
GG: oh! john!!!
GG: i forgot i was messaging you about that meteor that fell near my house!
EB: oh yeah.
EB: what ever happened with that?
GG: oh boy.... well.....
GG: it turns out i was confused about it...
GG: really confused! o_o;
GG: see i guess i fell asleep for a while and.....
GG: lost track of time
GG: that happens!!
EB: yeah i know, tell me about it!
EB: maybe you should like, wear an alarm clock or something.
EB: so what was the deal with the meteor?
GG: well.....
GG: its hard to explain!!!
GG: but...
GG: i know what it is now!
GG: and now i know everythings going to be ok!!!
EB: so what is it???
EB: or is this just another thing you're "waiting" to tell me???
GG: oh gosh john i really want to tell you all this stuff!!!

GG: but i cant yet
GG: i really think you need to wake up first!
EB: huh?
GG: well ok not literally
GG: well ok maybe KINDA literally!!
EB: AUGH!!!!!!!!!!!!!
EB: stop being so confusing!!!!
GG: lol :)
GG: anyway time for you to go john
GG: i think you have some company!!!
GG: <3

-- gardenGnostic [GG] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at ??:?? --

## John: Quickly grab the pogo hammer.

**18/09/09**

You stick the POGO HAMMER back in your STRIFE SPECIBUS and get ready to kill some more of these pesky little...

Huh? What's that?

==>

**18/09/09**

==>

**18/09/09**

pesterlog-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at ??:?? --
EB: rose, why aren't you dropping something on that thing??
EB: oh no
EB: D:

## John: Be the imp.

**18/09/09**

You be the imp and quickly abscond the fuck outta there!!!

This is what weaker adversaries do whenever things get too hot to handle, which is frequently.

## John: Prepare for a boss battle.

**18/09/09**

You stop being the imp because that was stupid, and scurry over to your MAGIC CHEST that you suddenly remembered was on the roof. There are some things in here that would be good to stock up on for a major battle.

But it looks like someone has plundered your chest!!! This is so outrageous.

==>

**18/09/09**

==>

**18/09/09**

You are being ambushed!

There isn't much room to maneuver on this sloping roof. Maybe you should consider making your way to higher ground.

## John: Ascend to the highest point of the house.

**19/09/09**

You go up here.

## John: Look down.

**19/09/09**

You peek over the edge.

## ==>

**19/09/09**

It already seems like a long way down to your yard. Not even to speak of whatever's below.

Hey, weren't your TRICK HANDCUFFS dangling from that branch earlier? Dammit, why do imps got to be making off with all your sweet gear??

## John: Turn around...

**19/09/09**

```
CRUDE OGRE

CRUDE OGRE
```

You are confronted with a pair of enormous foes.

This is it. You have no choice but to wage a fierce rooftop battle. This is totally going to happen now, and could in no way conceivably be interrupted by a sudden shift in our attention. It's go time. It's time to do this thing.

where doing it man

where MAKING THIS HAPEN

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

Bro did
youget the new hot game that everyones buzzing about these days

DUDE you KNOW i did, you KNOW it!

that is SO SWEET man how about a bro hug bump

ok how do we do
this........ .,,, ,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,, ..................... .......... ............
..................... let's DO this thing

lets make this shit work

where doing it man

where MAKING THIS HAPEN
```

## Dave: Stop being the other guy.

**21/09/09**

You stop being the other guy. You're not even sure what that meant anyway.

## [S] Dave: Ascend to the highest point of the building.

**21/09/09**

```
bro.
roof. now.
bring cal.
where doing this man
where MAKING THIS HAPEN


hash function
PUPPET PILE
6


hash function
MUPPET BUTTOCK MOUND
0


ACROBATIC
FUCKING
PIROUETTE


PSYCHE

OH WAIT

x2 DOUBLE
PSYCHEOUT
COMBO!!
```

## ==>

**21/09/09**

You are now the Wayward Vagabond.

## WV: Retri...

**21/09/09**

Got em already.

## WV: Examine rotten pumpkin.

**21/09/09**

What pumpkin?

## WV: Check the little red bar.

**22/09/09**

It appears to be a gauge for a large POWER CELL, perhaps fueled by some type of nuclear reaction. If this is the case, it is relatively low on fuel. But who knows how long it has been running here?

You do not care about this sort of nonsense and you will disregard it at once. You are very hungry.

## WV: Captchalogue can of gravy.

**22/09/09**

Captchalogue? You have no idea what that means. It is total nonsense and you do not know what to make of it. You will not give the foolish notion a second thought.

## WV: Pick up the can of gravy. Just pick it up.

**22/09/09**

You just pick it up.

You are now holding the CAN OF GRAVY.

## WV: Use sharp teeth to poke a hole in the lid of the can.

**22/09/09**

```
NIBBLE NIBBLE
```

Your teeth are useless for the task! They are blunt like that of livestock, presumably suitable for mashing up plant matter, and not for puncturing metal.

## WV: Attempt to open can with your weak pathetic digits.

**22/09/09**

```
DOOK DOOK
```

Your WEAK PATHETIC DIGITS are not strong enough to penetrate the can!!!

Your fingers are certainly pointy enough, and your black carapace is suitably rigid, but you just don't have enough muscle for the task.

## WV: Take the can labeled BEANS.

**22/09/09**

Ok, you take that too.

## WV: Examine can of custard.

**22/09/09**

The can clearly reads "MUSTARD", a fact of which you were perfectly well aware.

It is sort of cumbersome holding all these cans at once. You doubt you can hold many more than this. Maybe one or two.

You'll need to find something to put stuff in if you want to carry a lot of things around.

## WV: Examine marking on wrist.

**22/09/09**

You drop all the cans and take a look at your wrist.

## ==>

**22/09/09**

It is a sort of specialized BAR CODE PATTERN.

This brings back unpleasant memories and you would prefer not to dwell on it.

## WV: Examine the small potted plant.

**22/09/09**

```
BURP
```

What plant?

## WV: Check book on Human Etiquette.

**23/09/09**

It appears half the pages of this book have been eaten. The daunting volume is considerably lighter than it once was.

## ==>

**23/09/09**

```
SUSTENANCE

INTERMEDIARY

CONSUMPTION


THIS IS THE KEY
```

You are somewhat skeptical about the nutritional value contained by these pages. However, of the practical wisdom they contain there can be little doubt. You have learned so much.

## WV: Clear out all the cans inside the purple machine.

**24/09/09**

```
-EAS
COR-
RICE
CHEESE
-AYO
GRAVY
-TARD
HAM
BEAN-
POTATO
-READ
-UASH
```

You empty the peculiar cabinet and take a quick inventory of your canned goods.

You have BEANS, MUSTARD, GRAVY, BREAD, SHRIMP, ASPARAGUS, CHEESE, RICE, CORN, PEAS, FLOUR, CHESTNUTS, MAYO, HAM, POTATOES, and SQUASH.

Such bountiful plenty. And yet the delights taunt you from within their small metal prisons.

## WV: Search room for can opener.

**24/09/09**

You have already looked all over the place for a CAN OPENER, even making a few electronic inquiries about one, to no avail.

Nothing else inside the purple thing either.

## WV: Locate a nearby sharp object.

**24/09/09**

You wield your TRUSTY KNIFE.

It is actually a...

You're not sure what they're called. It's an old rusted one of those red mailbox arm-swing flappy

doodads, either for letting you know there is mail in the box, or maybe for alerting the mailman to outgoing mail to be collected. You don't know, really. You've wrapped a little piece of cloth around it for the grip.

It is useless for opening cans.

## WV: Be the imp.

**24/09/09**

```
WV: ?
```

This means nothing to you. You are not an imp, you have no idea what an imp is, and you will not entertain such frivolous and childish ideas ever again. You feel stupid and hate yourself a little for even considering it.

## WV: Become the mayor of Can Town.

**24/09/09**

As the glorious founder and mayor of CAN TOWN, you erect a dignified, majestic CITY HALL out of cans, fittingly capped off with a tome of good manners for the roof. You have given yourself a very official and important looking MAYORAL SASH made out of old cables to complete your look of authority. A number of rather civic-minded CITIZEN CANS gather in front of the building to offer adulation to their fair and magnanimous leader. All is well.

==>

**24/09/09**

```
BEEP! BEEP!

CORN

MAYOR

VROOM

PARADE
```

You immerse yourself in this beautiful dream as you whittle away the minutes, or perhaps hours.

You love the idea of being a mayor. You love everything about mayors, and the concept of an orderly, civil democracy. It all seems so mannerly and reasonable to you. Everyone is friendly and happy, and the city runs like clockwork. The foundation of the government is based on mutual respect between the leader and its people. It is also built on having a really great mayor that everyone loves who is totally amazing and heroic and brave.

==>

**24/09/09**

Mayors are so much better than kings. You hate kings and you think kings are really stupid. They are petty, bossy tyrants and are really full of themselves and are basically awful in every way.

God do you hate kings.

## WV: Explore west of Can Town.

**24/09/09**

Over here is the other side of the room. There is another one of those purple storage boxes, and some useless objects scattered on the floor.

## WV: Use glowing green rock to open cans.

**24/09/09**

```
BURP
```

You pick up the nugget of URANIUM and...

Oh that was so stupid. Why would you do that?

## WV: Examine box of crayons.

**24/09/09**

```
Crayola
CHALK
12
Non-Toxic
```

It's chalk numbnuts.

## ==>

**24/09/09**

Inside the box, there are 12 pieces of CHALK in every color of the...

10 pieces of chalk. In most colors of the rainbow.

You are excited by this.

## WV: Try to open the storage box.

**24/09/09**

It's locked!

There must be some sort of release mechanism for this thing.

## WV: Examine contents of yellow container.

**24/09/09**

The container is full of MOTOR OIL. This does not seem useful to you right now.

## WV: Rescue that poor lightning bug.

**24/09/09**

There is nothing you can do for this new little friend. Attempting to crush the AMBER encasing the FIREFLY would likely cause it harm.

It nevertheless bravely flashes on. You find its light alluring. Inspiring.

To you it seems as if it could quite easily serve as the light of...

## ==>

**24/09/09**

Democracy.

## WV: Use the chalk to draw some roads.

**25/09/09**

```
CITY HALL

CAN PKWAY
CAN BLVD
```

```
CAN STREET
```

You sketch a handsome network of sprawling thoroughfares for your citizens to traverse. The adoring population applauds its mayor's keen instincts for city planning.

You even add some lush vegetation to your city with a piece of blue chalk, because you can't seem to find a more suitable color for some reason.

## WV: Lay a chalk foundation for Can Town's civic growth.

**25/09/09**

You develop westward, settling those fertile plains and claiming them for your city.

You section off a number of RESIDENTIAL AND COMMERCIAL ZONES for civic growth, arranged in the only logical pattern that occurs to you.

You color the RESIDENTIAL ZONES with your piece of white chalk, but for some reason none of the colors in the box strike you as suitable for the COMMERCIAL ZONES. Perhaps there is an alternative.

## WV: Use your own pee for the commercial zones.

**26/09/09**

You cannot urinate because you have not had anything to drink in quite some time. You are very thirsty.

Also that is a really terrible idea and you would not consider befouling your wonderful city in that way for even a moment.

## WV: Use motor oil to designate commercial zones.

**26/09/09**

You fill each empty square with a bit of MOTOR OIL to complete the zoning. It looks rather striking to you. You can hardly imagine that an up and coming young can trying to make it in the world would not be delighted to live in your fair district.

You are very careful not to get any of the unpleasant fluid on your person.

## WV: Peel label from can of MAYO and affix to sash.

**26/09/09**

## WV: Survey surroundings in search of more terrain for city.

**27/09/09**

```
CAN DRIVE
```

It seems you have run out of territory for your western expansion. But there is still a lot of empty wall space. Perhaps your citizens would be happier with a colorful backdrop that would make them feel more at home.

## ==>

**27/09/09**

Using most of your imagination and an entire piece of sky-blue chalk, you render a bright and cheerful sky full of clouds.

You have decided that very closely orbiting your city is a LUMINOUS PLANET, about which orbits a single MOON.

You switch to another shade of blue and continue rendering on the western wall.

==>

**27/09/09**

Orbiting much further from your city are FOUR PLANETS. None of these have satellites, you have decided. Yes, that makes sense, you think.

==>

**27/09/09**

```
BOING BOING
```

And on the southern wall, beyond an impenetrable veil of darkness, occupying the furthest orbit yet, there is an OMINOUS PLANET. A MOON circles this one too.

## WV: Check that rampaging boy on the screen.

**27/09/09**

```
BOING
```

Oh yeah, it's that guy. You had almost forgotten about him and his confusing shenanigans.

It seems like he has things well in hand at the moment. He does not appear to need your help, and you have already concluded that he cannot help you, at least for the time being.

## WV: Turn on the other 3 screens.

**27/09/09**

You have no idea how to turn these on!

There is no mouse for this weird quadra-monitored computer. It can only be operated through text commands from its keyboard.

Perhaps there is a special key or command which will allow you to switch to another monitor?

## WV: Press Tab.

**28/09/09**

==>

**28/09/09**

==>

**28/09/09**

```
TaB TaB
```

## WV: Consume several cans.

**29/09/09**

```
TaB
a product of the Coca-Cola Company
```

You free the heavenly brown elixir from the jewels of pink carapace and imbibe like the wind.

It is so sweet and sugary. You wonder how so much sugar can fit in one can. Whatever mighty wizard concocted this potion is truly deserving of your fear and respect.

## WV: Welcome the rest into the city.

**29/09/09**

The TABS are naturalized as loyal new citizens of CAN TOWN. All cans are welcome and equal in your city, regardless of can content, and whether empty or full.

It's not like emptying a can kills it or anything. They are just cans after all.

## WV: Hit escape.

**29/09/09**

```
  have reached an impasse
> the opener dilemma remains
  unsettled, most unfortunately
> but it has been a pleasure
  nonetheless
> oh, but thank you
> thank you so very very
  much, dear favorable small
  primate
> i shall take my leave now,
  john. until next time

   => TO RETURN
```

Feeling refreshed and heavily caffeinated, you go back to work on the big computer.

You hit ESCAPE, which seems to minimize the action window thingy and reveals a history of all the commands you've entered.

## ==>

**29/09/09**

```
> DO THE POTTED VEGETABLE
INSTEAD. IT LOOKS DELICIOUS.
> JOHN FLAIL ABOUT IN A
DISTRACTING MANNER. >
INSPECT HAG ASH INCIDENT. >
DO AGAIN AS PURPLE WORDS
SAY. > ==> > IGNORE THIS
```

WOMAN'S ANTICS. > INDULGE THE DEVICE. BUT BE CURT WITH IT. > ENOUGH STRANGE POETRY FROM THE RED TEXT. > THE PURPLE TEXT IS LESS IRRATIONAL THAN THE RED TEXT. > RIDICULOUS FOLLY. INEXCUSABLE. > WHAT COLOR ARE THE WORDS THAT THIS CHUM SAYS? > THE GREEN TEXT WAS ATTRACTIVE. NOW VIEW THE RED TEXT AGAIN. > JOHN WHAT ARE YOU DOING. STOP DOING NOTHING. > ==> ?? > TROUBLING. INVESTIGATE THIS. > JOHN, PURSUE ADVERSARY INTO THAT ROOM. > THIS CHUM WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO. > READ

YOUR BOOK. STAY WARY OF THESE FOES. > JOHN TURN AROUND!!!!! > ==>!!! > ==>==>==>!!!!!!!!! > JOHN, SALVAGE YOUR WEAPON AND FIGHT ON! > YOU SAID > PUT THE BUNNY > BACK IN > THE BOX!!!!!! > NOW EXULT. VICTORY, SPOILS ARE YOURS. > ==> > WHAT ABOUT THAT CARD. > OK. > GATHER THE SCATTERED BITS OF YOUR LARGE HAMMER. > NOW REPAIR THE HAMMER. > FINE. NOW WHAT > THE DOOR, JOHN. LOOK AT THE DOOR. > INCREDIBLY ALARMING. INVESTIGATE. > WHAT THIS IS SO OUTRAGEOUS > INTERROGATE

THIS MADWOMAN. > ==> > GO ON. ==> > ==> > ME?? ==> > A QUEST OF FUTILITY THEN. ==> > ==>! > ==>? > YES I WILL HAVE TO AGREE WITH THE FLOAT HAG ABOUT THAT. > THE HAG MENTIONED COOKIES. PURSUE HER. > JOHN YOU DO NOT SAY NO TO COOKIES. I COMMAND YOU TO GET THEM > JOHN. COOKIES. NOW. > THIS IMPUDENCE IS INSUFFERABLE. GO GET THE COOKIES!!!!!! > JOHN YOU ARE STUPID. > STUPID STUPID DUMB > FOR THE LAST TIME I COMMAnd you to get the cookies boy > mister john, respectfully ask that you

please stand up. > now sir boy, flee from this boorish rabble post haste. > well done, john. polite congratulations. > now my civil fellow, i have a well mannered query to ask > john might i bother you for a can opener? > fellow john, it appears we have reached an impasse > the opener dilemma remains unsettled, most unfortunately > but it has been a pleasure nonetheless. > oh, but thank you > thank you so very very much, dear favorable small primate > i

# shall take my leave now john. until next time

You use the arrow key to scroll up a bit. You can't believe how much you've already typed into this stupid contraption. What a waste of time.

## ==>

**29/09/09**

```
-----------------------------
> => HOME
> => VIEW
> => SWITCH 2
> => SWITCH 3
> => SWITCH 4
> => SWITCH 1
> => ESC
> => LOCK ROOM 3 PASS ********
> => VIEW
> => REBOOT
> BOY.
> YOU THERE. BOY.
```

You scroll all the way up to your first command.

It looks like there are more commands above it. Maybe someone was entering commands on this thing before you?

There aren't many more. At the top of this list appears to be the very first command.

## WV: Type => SWITCH 2.

**29/09/09**

You activate SCREEN 2.

The signal is garbled, and you have no idea what you're looking at. Some sort of filthy beggar pleading for help?

No one is around, And nothing is happening. You seem to be locked out of any sort of interaction with whatever's happening on this monitor.

## WV: Type => SWITCH 3.

**29/09/09**

It's another one of these rapscallions. This monitor is locked too. You can't tell him what to do. Not that you really want to, since it just looks like more confusing nonsense to you.

You consider switching to SCREEN 4, but decide against it. You have a feeling that whatever's there would just confuse you even more, and you don't even really care all that much anyway.

## WV: Type => HOME.

**29/09/09**

```
04:13:00 → :12:59 → :58 → :57 → :56 → :55 → :54 → :53 → :52 → :51 → :50
```

All four screens activate. Together they display a countdown, starting at four hours and thirteen minutes.

## WV: Type => REBOOT.

**30/09/09**

You can't! Nothing is working anymore. The timer seems to have disabled the keyboard.

## WV: Be the mayor.

**30/09/09**

```
ARTICHOKES

SHOOO

HAT

PICKLES

BAMBOO SHOOTS

RADISHES

SEA WEED
```

Enough of this nonsense. You are an important mayor and this absurd contraption has wasted enough of your time. You've got a city to govern with a carapaced fist! (Which is to say firm, yet polished, and supple as the situation demands.)

Anyway this will help you kill some time while you wait for that clock to count down.

## WV: Create employment opportunities for the citizen cans.

**30/09/09**

You temporarily dismantle CITY HALL to free up all the canpower available to create a vigilant TOWN MILITIA. You divide them into two groups, marking them with distinct teams and ranks using the piece of white CHALK and the MOTOR OIL. You then organize them in phalanx across the countryside, preparing for a stiff training regimen. When you are through with them, your forces will be a well oiled machine. Chalk another one up to bold leadership!

## [S] WV: Lead your men to victory!

**01/10/09**

```
* This is a valid game of chess, but the chess board is displayed
* mirrored left-right. I'll transcribe the game as if it wasn't.
* Since we're looking from the side of Black (who plays second),
*  that means we have a → h across the screen, and 1 → 8 down.
* The game start is Letelier Martner vs. Bobby Fischer (Leipzig 1960)
* http://www.365chess.com/view_game.php?g=2553682

*  1.  d2-d4   Ng8-f6
*  2.  c2-c4    g7-g6
*  3. Nb1-c3   Bf8-g7
*  4.  e2-e4   Ke8-g8
*  5.  e4-e5   Nf6-e8
*  6.  f2-f4    d7-d6
*  7. Bc1-e3    c7-c5
*  8.  d4xc5   Nb8-c6
*  9.  c5xd6    e7xd6
* 10. Nc3-e4   Bc8-f5
* 11. Ne4-g3   Bf5-e6
* 12. Ng1-f3   Qd8-c7
```

```
* 13. Qd1-b1     ...

03:xx:xx → 02:xx:xx → 01:xx:xx → 00:xx:xx

* The real game continued
* 13.   ...     d6xe5
* 14.  f4-f5    e5-e4
* 15.  f5xe6    e4xf3
* 16.  g2xf3    f7-f5
* 17.  f3-f4   Ne8-f6
* 18. Bf1-e2   Rf8-e8
* 19. Ke1-f2   Re8xe6
* 20. Rh1-e1   Ra8-e8
* 21. Be2-f3   Re6xe3
* 22. Re1xe3   Re8xe3
* 23. Kf2xe3   Qc7xf4+
*          0 - 1

* White resigned since if he takes the queen, Bg7-h6 is checkmate,
*  and otherwise he's losing the bishop on f3 one way or another e.g.
* 24. Ke3-f2   Nf6-g4+
* 25. Kf2-g2   Ng4-e3+
* 26. Kg2-f2   Nc6-e5

* The position from later in the game in this Flash doesn't look like
*  a continuation of the game above, though. We return to:
* White: Ra1, Ke2, Bg4, Pa2,b2,c4
* Black: Qf4, Nc6,f6, Bg7, Kg8, Pa7,b7,f5,g6,h7

* ??.   ...     Qf4xg4+
* ??. Ke2-f2   Nf6-d4+
* ??. Kf2-f1   Qf4-g3
* ??. Ra1-e1   Qg3-f2++

CHECKMATE

00:04:13 → :12 → :11 → :10 → :09
```

You waste more than four hours on this tomfoolery.

## WV: Mourn the loss of citizen tab.

**02/10/09**

```
00:04:09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03
```

Your caffeinated jittering must have agitated all the little bubbles curiously hidden in the liquid, creating too much pressure in the can. You speculate this is why it exploded as you nervously eye the timer.

You are starting to wonder what will happen when it reaches zero. Maybe it would be best not to be near it when this happens.

## Minutes in the future...

**02/10/09**

Though perhaps not as few as implied by circumstance...

A PEREGRINE MENDICANT trundles precious cargo beneath the gleam of the celestially ominous.

## WV: Go outside and get some sun.

**02/10/09**

You say a bittersweet goodbye to your beloved city. It is time to move on to greener pastures. By which of course you mean an arid, sandy wasteland upon which nothing green has grown in years.

==>

**02/10/09**

The door shuts behind you. A panel on the door becomes illuminated.

As you ponder over the marks on the panel, you hear another mechanical sound overhead.

==>

**02/10/09**

```
CHUNG
```

==>

**02/10/09**

```
1
```

The LCD PANEL appears to have a touchscreen interface.

## WV: Curiously prod the funny-looking spirograph.

**03/10/09**

```
1 → 2 → 3
```

It appears the funny-looking spirograph room is locked!

==>

**03/10/09**

The floor rotates a full 360 degrees beneath you, while the surrounding wall seems to stay put.

## WV: Select the triangley fractal.

**03/10/09**

```
1 → 2
```

The triangley fractal room does not appear to be locked.

==>

**03/10/09**

The floor turns 120 degrees and the door opens.

==>

**03/10/09**

You go through the door to find another room. It's the same size as the other one you just wasted all that time in, while a clock was ticking down to something which may or may not be your doom. Maybe there is something in here that will help you escape.

Against the wall there is another perplexing contraption.

==>

**03/10/09**

```
          -0.955766
        -174.759521
             2491.3
```

```
2009-04-13T12:13:00
```

Against the opposite wall is some sort of CONTROL PANEL which catches your eye.

It has two large screens, but only one appears to be active. There are fields for numbers which appear to be modifiable with the dials to the right. Some numbers are already supplied by default, perhaps entered by the previous user. There are a few buttons below, the largest one bearing the symbol marking this room.

Also it looks like there is a METER STICK propped up there for some reason.

## WV: Attach your trusty knife to the meter stick.

**03/10/09**

You immediately craft a MEASURING SPEAR through possibly the most advanced form of alchemy employed thusfar. This is obviously the most important thing to do first.

OBVIOUSLY.

## ==>

**03/10/09**

Or it WOULD obviously be the most important thing to do if you had remembered to bring your TRUSTY KNIFE.

You feel so insecure without your TRUSTY KNIFE, it makes you want to slit your wrists. Or at the very least, flog your carapace with some sort of measuring apparatus.

## WV: Look at the other wall.

**03/10/09**

You examine the perplexing contraption across the room. You of course have no idea what it could possibly do.

You adopt the only obvious course of action which is to poke and prod it with your HANDY RULER. You are quite sure this is what science is all about.

## WV: Press the triangle pattern.

**03/10/09**

You go back to the CONTROL PANEL which probably obviously controls that gizmo and you push the big blue button which is obviously probably the most obvious thing to push.

## ==>

**03/10/09**

```
APPEARIFY
```

You appearify a PUMPKIN.

## WV: Examine pumpkin.

**04/10/09**

It seems this mysterious gourd was transported (appearified!!!) from a specific time and location somewhere on this planet you are on. You wonder if the machine (APPEARIFIER!!!) will take any object that exists at whatever time and location you supply.

There is a symbol carved on the PUMPKIN. You don't know what it means, and you doubt it will ever prove to be relevant in any way.

## WV: Devour pumpkin.

**04/10/09**

```
          -0.955766
        -174.759521
             2491.3
2009-04-13T12:13:00

NIBBLE NIBBLE
```

You consider dining on the ripe flesh of the plump vegetable, but your curiosity about the APPEARIFIER gets the better of you.

You try to sneak a nibble from the pumpkin nonetheless.

## WV: Inspect green buttons.

**04/10/09**

You first examine the attractive GREEN BUTTONS.

The icon for the one on the left is that house shape you've seen plenty of times before.

The right one on closer inspection appears to be the map for this underground facility, with an X marking its center.

## WV: Press green button on right.

**04/10/09**

```
-0.955766 → 44.517677
```

You push the button. All of the numbers change.

Perhaps these are the coordinates for the location of the center of this facility, along with the local date and time? If this is the case, it would make a useful reference point for your current bearings.

## WV: Fiddle with the dials.

**04/10/09**

```
.821422
  341.3
6:13:04 → :08 → :04 → :01
```

One way to find out would be to attempt to appearify something from this facility.

It should be easy to zero in on a location relative to the center because you have an uncanny knack for tracking precise distances you have already traversed, in whatever units you choose.

Your HANDY RULER gives you a good clue as to the BASIC UNIT OF HUMAN MEASUREMENT. You will go with that.

## WV: Appearify your trusty knife.

**04/10/09**

```
  341.8
6:13:04
```

You nudge the coordinates very slightly and bump up the elevation by 0.5 HUMAN MEASUREMENT UNITS. You make sure to keep the time approximately what it was to begin with.

You appearify your TRUSTY KNIFE.

## WV: Appearify Can Town.

**04/10/09**

You nudge the numbers a bit more and appearify a bunch of cans. This is so much more efficient than walking back to the other room to get them.

You are to believe that time is at a premium, after all.

## WV: Deappearify the pumpkin.

**05/10/09**

```
DUNCE MAYOR
```

Does this machine look like a DEAPPEARIFIER to you?? Honestly, the idea that an APPEARIFIER could both APPEARIFY and DEAPPEARIFY things is so laughably ridiculous, you would wish someone would DEAPPEARIFY your brain and REAPPEARIFY it with a brain that is more smart and less dumb.

## WV: Use trusty knife to carve spook schema in pumpkin.

**05/10/09**

What the hell are you talking about? That idea makes no sense at all and is basically meaningless. Try using that mushy stuff in your gourd next time.

Instead you just carve off the top, exposing a decadent cache of gorgeous, seed-laden ambrosia.

Needless to say you consume all of it rather quickly. But it turns out to be too gross for us to watch.

## WV: Move spirograph switch.

**05/10/09**

You cannot move it! It has a spirograph-shaped indentation, and possibly will require a special kind of key to turn it.

## WV: Appearify firefly out of the amber.

**05/10/09**

```
APPEARIFY
```

## ==>

**05/10/09**

You release your blinky new friend. You will give her a name when something suitably whimsical occurs to you.

## WV: Adjust time dial to appearify rotten pumpkin.

**05/10/09**

```
THE PAST
```

You and SERENITY consider new ways to waste more time with the APPEARIFIER. You are assuming she is a girl firefly even though you are not really sure that fireflies can even be girls.

You target the extremely tasty ROTTEN PUMPKIN that was sitting in the other room hours ago.

==>

**05/10/09**

```
PARADOXIFY
```

It seems the APPEARIFIER cannot appearify something if it will create a TIME PARADOX.

A GELATINOUS GHOST PUMPKIN appearifies and quickly dissolves into a pile of UNAPPETIZING SLUDGE.

## WV: Appearify the grate over the entrance to the facility.

**05/10/09**

```
.-.. . - ...
--. --- !!!

  350.7
6:14:11
```

Serenity blinks a message of urgency. You nearly forgot that while trapped in amber she was witness to all your tomfoolery and dillydallying in the other room, and knows the timer is about to expire. It is time to get this show on the road and escape.

You reset the coordinates with the RIGHT GREEN BUTTON again, and this time only adjust the elevation by approximately 10 HUMAN MEASUREMENT UNITS.

==>

**05/10/09**

## [S] WV: Hasten to the exit post-haste!

**09/10/09**

```
00:30 → :29 → :28 → :27 → :26

.... ..- .-. .-. -.--
..- .--. !!!
(HURRY UP!!!)

00:25 → :24 → :23 → :22 → :21 → :20
 → :19 → :18 → :17 → :16 → :15 → :14

.. ...   - .... .. ...
.-. . .- .-.. .-.. -.--
-. . -.-. . ... ... .- .-. -.-- ???
(IS THIS REALLY NECESSARY???)

00:13 → :12 → :11 → :10

CHOMP CHOMP BURP

00:09

- .... .. ...   .. ...
.. -. -.-. .-. . -.. .. -... .-.. -.--
... .. .-.. .-.. -.-- !!!
(THIS IS INCREDIBLY SILLY!!!)

00:08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02
```

```
PSYCHE??
```

## oh wait

**11/10/09**

```
UNPSYCHE.
```

You attempt the rare and highly dangerous 5X CLIFFHANGER COMBO, and fail.

We are doing it, man.

We are making this happen.

## [S] WV: Ascend.

**11/10/09**

```
X   44.517677
Y  -74.821422
Z 1283 → 1310

A CONTINENT
WESTWARD

AND YEARS IN
THE PAST

BUT NOT MANY

X ... →   47.362101
Y ... → -122.054144
Z 4130

AN OCEAN WESTWARD

AND YEARS IN
THE PAST

BUT NOT MANY

* BUT <STRIKE>NOT MANY</STRIKE>

X   -0.955766
Y -174.759521
Z 4130 → 3077

EMPTY
```

## ==>

**11/10/09**

END OF ACT 2

## Dear John,

**12/10/09**

```
Colonel Sassacre's Daunting Text of Magical Frivolity and Practical Japery

Colonel Sassacre's Daunting Text of Magical Frivolity and Practical Japery
```

```
The Colonel amuses men marginally less soused than he on a sweltering
Mississippi evening. In true Sassacre form he puts his astonishing julep intake
to use with a textbook execution of "Butterfingers Solitaire."

Dear John,

You are no doubt reading this as a handsome and strapping young man! Why, the
mangrit needed to lift the book is itself a sign of your maturity, not even to
speak of the wisdom needed to grasp the nuance of Sassacre's time-tested
mischief. I am so proud of you, grandson!

How I wish I could have delivered this heirloom to you in the flesh. But I am
afraid it wasn't in the cards! For you see, John, like you, this book must yet
take a journey! Its journey will end on the Final Day of my life, and even then
will continue some. Though I suppose that will be up to your Father. Perhaps he
will discuss it with you one day, when he and you are ready.
```

You are no doubt reading this as a handsome and strapping young man! Why, the mangrit needed to lift the book is itself a sign of your maturity, not even to speak of the wisdom needed to grasp the nuance of Sassacre's time-tested mischief. I am so proud of you, grandson!

How I wish I could have delivered this heirloom to you in the flesh. But I am afraid it wasn't in the cards! For you see, John, like you, this book must yet take a journey! Its journey will end on the Final Day of my life, and even then will continue some. Though I suppose that will be up to your Father. Perhaps he will discuss it with you one day, when he and you are ready.

But it is your journey I am writing about to wish you luck! There will come a day when you will be thrust into another world. And once you arrive, that is only the beginning! You will soon delve even deeper into a realm of Warring Royalty in a Timeless Expanse. A realm of Agents and Exiles and Consorts and Kernelsprites. Of toiling Underlings and slumbering Denizens. A realm where four will gather, the Heir of Breath and Seer of Light, the Knight of Time and Witch of Space, and together they will Ascend.

John, if only you knew how important you were! I regret my passing came so early in your life. And yet I feel in my heart we have already met. But what I know for sure is that we will meet again!

Until then, John, I do hope your Father keeps you well fed!

```
HARTFORD, CONN.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

BLISS & CO., NEWARK, N.J.; R.W.BLISS & CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.
P.G.GILMAN & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.; NETTLETON & CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.
F.A.HUTCHINSON & CO., ST.LOUIS, MO.

H.H.BANCROFT AND COMPANY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

With Love,

Nanna ♡

PS. HOO HOO HOO!
```

## ACT 3 ==>

**14/10/09**

```
JADE: Z
```

A silly girl naps by her flowers. It is quite likely that she tired herself out with a variety of silly antics, as silly girls are often known to do. She may have a silly name too. Or maybe not. It is hard to say for sure without asking her.

But since she's slumbering peacefully, it would be a shame to wake her up. You might as well just give her a name right now.

## Enter name.

**14/10/09**

```
? FARMSTINK BUTTLASS
```

Uh...

I guess...

I guess her name is Farmstink.

## Wake up!

**14/10/09**

```
JADE: Z
```

You try to roust Farmstink from her slumber, but she is really down for the count!

It looks like she is holding some sort of NOTE.

## Retrieve arms from...

**14/10/09**

```
JADE: Z
```

THEY'RE RIGHT THERE.

IN PLAIN SIGHT.

LOOK, THEY ARE FLASHING RED.

## Drop pumpkin on Farmstink.

**14/10/09**

```
-IFY!

JADE: Z
```

What pumpkin?

You see no pumpkin, and frankly it is hard to imagine there ever was a pumpkin, in plain sight or otherwise.

Anyway, that would be a really terrible thing to do to poor, sweet Farmstink.

## Read note.

**14/10/09**

```
JADE: Z

farmstink????
that is incredibly silly and a little bit rude!!!!!!!
my name is ==♡
```

## Try again.

**14/10/09**

```
✔ JADE HARLEY
```

## ==>

**14/10/09**

## Examine room.

**14/10/09**

```
PEAS SQUASH ASPARAG-
```

Your name is JADE. You have just woken from a restful nap, and as usual, you have no recollection of having fallen asleep. You have quite a number of INTERESTS. So many in fact, you have trouble keeping track of them all, even with an assortment of COLORFUL REMINDERS on your fingers to help you sort out everything on your mind. Nevertheless, when you spend time in your GARDEN ATRIUM, the only thing on your mind is your deep passion for HORTICULTURE.

What will you do?

## [S] Jade: Play a silly flute refrain.

**14/10/09**

```
+ PLAY!

enter = stop sounds
```

## ==>

**15/10/09**

Wow, you really suck at this thing!

Maybe you should try playing an instrument you actually know how to play instead, like the one in your bedroom. Honestly you have no idea where this flute even came from. Things seem to appear and disappear around here all the time. Especially, to your unending chagrin, any sort of large orange gourd that might be lying around.

You consider throwing the flute down in disgust.

## Jade: Captchalogue flute.

**15/10/09**

```
? captchalogue
```

On second thought, it was a perfectly nice flute and there is no reason to take your frustration out on it. You just need some practice.

But before you captchalogue the FLUTE you will need to set your FETCH MODUS first!

## Jade: Set modus.

**16/10/09**

```
fetch modus Boggle
fetch modus PICTIONARY
fetch modus MONOPOLY
fetch modus Yahtzee
fetch modus Clue
fetch modus Connect Four
fetch modus Jenga
fetch modus BATTLESHIP
fetch modus Ouija
fetch modus Guess Who?
fetch modus OPERATION
fetch modus MEMORY

sylladex :: captchalogue deck
```

[rollover above with mouse]

You have a wide variety of FETCH MODI to choose from. You were really excited when your GRANDPA bought you this MODUS SET for Christmas. He is a total badass, even if a little strict.

You typically opt for the MEMORY MODUS when it comes to matters of day-to-day practicality.

## Jade: Select Memory.

**16/10/09**

You set your modus to MEMORY, and captchalogue the FLUTE. You allot 9 cards to the modus from your deck, since that will be more than enough for your needs at the moment. The modus grabs 9 more cards for matching purposes.

The FLUTE is split up on two blank cards, and mixed randomly into the grid. To retrieve the item you must first pick one card, and then pick its matching card.

For the typical sylladexer this modus presents a frustrating guessing game and a lot of wasted time on mismatching. But you like it because you seem to have a knack for always guessing right on the first try!

## Jade: Squeal like a piglet and fertilize some plants.

**16/10/09**

```
FERTILIZER
```

It is an awfully silly idea and is basically a waste of everyone's time. You will predictably disregard this thought and focus on more sensible objectives at once.

==>

**16/10/09**

oh my god this is so much fun

==>

**16/10/09**

You captchalogue the BAG OF FERTILIZER.

## Jade: Consult colourful reminders.

**16/10/09**

You tend to have a lot of things on your mind at once, and you can be a little forgetful. So you keep a variety of COLORED STRINGS on your fingers as reminders. Each one means there is something different to remember at a certain time.

In fact, looking at your index finger reminds you that there is something important to remember now! It is your friend John's birthday. The green string reminds you that John's birthday package will arrive today. The blue string ALSO reminds you that John's birthday package will arrive today, though in a way that means something slightly different.

You are further reminded that you have some things to do outside your house soon. But you should stop by your room first for some supplies, and most importantly, to see if John is online and wish him a happy birthday!

## Jade: Captchalogue the pumpkin growing next to you.

**16/10/09**

You snap up that PUMPKIN which seems suitably ripe for the taking. Hopefully the safety of your sylladex will prevent it from being spirited away like so many of its ephemeral predecessors.

## Jade: Exit this room.

**17/10/09**

==>

**17/10/09**

You make your way to the middle of the GARDEN ATRIUM, where a stairwell joins the four ATRIUM WINGS.

Upstairs is your grandfather's LABORATORY as well as your BEDROOM.

## Jade: Captchalogue something.

**18/10/09**

Your MEMORY modus is hardly any fun without much stuff in it, so you decide to stock up on fresh produce to fill some more cards.

You pick a juicy red CRAB APPLE.

==>

**18/10/09**

You go pick a nice looking KEY LIME.

==>

**18/10/09**

Then a delicious MANDARIN ORANGE. Those are your favorite.

==>

**18/10/09**

And finally a ripe yellow EUREKA LEMON.

==>

**18/10/09**

Modus fun aside, you feel it is impossible to have too many fresh fruits and vegetables on hand.

## Jade: Go upstairs to bedroom.

**19/10/09**

You almost never use the stairs.

## ==>

**19/10/09**

You TRANSPORTALIZE upstairs. Just above is your room.

## Jade: Ascend.

**20/10/09**

You enter your bedroom. On this side of the room you are immediately confronted with numerous artifacts highlighting your various INTERESTS.

## ==>

**20/10/09**

You are an avid follower of CARTOON SHOWS OF CONSIDERABLE NOSTALGIC APPEAL. You have a profound zeal for marvelous and fantastical FAUNA OF AN ANTHROPOMORPHOLOGICAL PERSUASION. You have an uncanny knack for NUCLEAR PHYSICS, and not infrequently can be found dabbling in RATHER ADVANCED GADGETRY. You enjoy sporadic fits of NARCOLEPSY; your love of GARDENING transcends the glass confines of your ATRIUM; and you are at times prone to patterns of PRECOGNITIVE PROGNOSTICATION.

You consider very briefly the question: What will you do?

But you quickly realize this is only one half of your room, and is therefore host to only half of your INTERESTS to choose from.

## Jade: Explore the other half of your room!

**20/10/09**

```
MANTHRO CHAPS
```

Over here there are yet more articles of your aforementioned INTERESTS, and then some.

Additional telltale signs of your enthusiasm for NOSTALGIC TELEVISION mingle with your assortment of GAME HUNTING FIREARMS. You are a SKILLED MARKSWOMAN, though your cross-hairs would never settle on an innocent creature, ANTHROPOMORPHICALLY PERSUADED OR OTHERWISE.

Your worktable is littered with equipment to facilitate your tinkering. For you, experimentation is not a particularly exact science, and you lean heavily on SHARP INTUITION for consistently and eerily optimal results. Nevertheless, you have still not been able to get that broad, flat gizmo there to work, which is a design you have borrowed from one of your GRANDPA'S more mysterious inventions.

You are a great admirer of his, and you are not alone. Your grandfather is a WORLD RENOWNED EXPLORER-NATURALIST-TREASURE HUNTER-ARCHEOLOGIST-SCIENTIST-ADVENTURER-BIG GAME HUNTER-BILLIONAIRE EXTRAORDINAIRE. He has taught you everything you know.

But in spite of all his lessons, it is still difficult to escape his stern lectures when you are on the way out of the house to run your errands. He spends most of his time in the GRAND FOYER, stewing in his own intensity and charisma.

==>

**20/10/09**

And today will likely be no exception. Among the errands you have planned is to venture out to find your pet and best friend named BECQUEREL. This animal must be fed and he will not be happy if he is not. And if he is not happy then you will not be happy.

But first you really should dig out your COMPUTER and say hi to John!

NOW...

What will you do?

## Jade: Quickly retrieve firearms from wall.

**21/10/09**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

riflekind
```

You equip your trusty HUNTING RIFLE. There would be hell to pay if grandad caught you leaving the house without it.

## Jade: Wonder why the design on your shirt changed.

**21/10/09**

There isn't much to wonder, really. You left the WARDROBIFIER on its randomization setting.

==>

**21/10/09**

```
?
```

You may contemplate which shirt design you favor the most and commit to that setting in the near future.

## Jade: Captchalogue nearest Squiddles doll and hug it.

**22/10/09**

```
TANGLE BUDDIES!
```

Just before you can grab one, the powerful ELECTROMAGNETS concealed in their underbellies become activated, and two of them get all tangled up with each other playfully.

==>

**22/10/09**

You captchalogue the TANGLE BUDDIES.

## Jade: Lose interest in fauna and never speak of it again.

**22/10/09**

Oh, but you could NEVER do that.

What marvelous creatures they are. What a daring dream, to combine the finest qualities of humanity with the elegance and nobility of the animal kingdom. How you wish you could know their world. To hear one night those muted pawpads traipse up your stairs. A low but friendly growl unsettles your slumber, and as the sopor seeps from your eyes they detect a sharp pair of ears cutting moonlight. A mysterious wolven tongue invites. Wouldn't these ears suit you? Would not this proud long snout assist you in the hunt?

No need to answer. Words slough from the busy mind like a useless dead membrane as a more visceral sapience takes over. Something simpler is in charge now, a force untouched by the concerns and burdens of the upright, that farcical yoke the bipedal tow. It now drives you through the midnight brush, your paws whisking through creepers, unearthing with each bold stomp bright odors demanding investigation. But not for long, as you and your new friend must claim the night with piercing howls moonward.

You eat a weird bug and don't even care.

## Jade: Pick up your toys!

**22/10/09**

Speaking of which, you pick up and admire one of your MANTHRO CHAPS. They are wonderful friends and are always cheerful and pleasant fellows.

Why dear Mr. Coxcomb, how ever will you be received at the BARNYARD GALA without the trappings of a proper gentleman?

Each MANTHRO CHAP comes with a number of accessories, including articles of FORMAL ATTIRE, a VACCINATION KIT, and a DISHWASHER-SAFE SLOP TROUGH.

## Jade: Organize all your dolls.

**22/10/09**

You gather all your dolls into a rather cozy looking pile.

## Jade: Change wardrobifier setting.

**22/10/09**

You deactivate the WARDROBIFIER'S randomization mode and set it to cycle through these three shirt designs.

The decision was tough, but you think you came to the best possible conclusion.

```
Pick Jade's Shirt!

[ ] Leaf        8% [144]
[ ] Spirograph 12% [208]
[ ] Flower      8% [143]
[ ] Ghost       3%  [63]
[ ] Devilbeast 10% [173]
[ ] Pumpkin    10% [171]
[ ] Atom       17% [297]
[ ] Squiddle    7% [120]
[ ] Radioactive 8% [147]
[ ] Sun        12% [203]
```

```
You may select up to 3 options

[Submit vote]

Total votes : 1669
```

## Jade: Look out window.

**23/10/09**

It is another beautiful day in your neighborhood. It is peaceful and quiet as usual. A rather imposing VOLCANO looms over your house, which has been inactive for centuries.

Though dormant on the surface, the volcanic activity deep underground provides your house with a source of GEOTHERMAL POWER. You are not sure why your grandfather decided to draw from this source of energy when he had the UNLIMITED POWER OF THE ATOM at his disposal. But it has been this way for as long as you can remember.

You have chalked it up to your family's longstanding propensity for eclectic fursuits wait you mean pursuits.

## Jade: Retrieve fursuit from magic chest.

**23/10/09**

What is this nonsense about fursuits!!! You do not own a fursuit. You think ANTHROPOMORPHIC FAUNA are really cute and enchanting and all, but it has never occurred to you to dress as one. Sure, it is fun to imagine what it would be like to run wild with a pack of wolves, or purr and frolic with a litter of kittens, but dressing up as an animal just seems ridiculous. It would still just be a silly girl draped in a raggedy synthetic tufty piece of crap, and seriously who are you trying to kid with that sort of baloney!

Anyway it is not a MAGIC CHEST, it it your GADGET CHEST, which you have adapted for storing a number of USEFUL GIZMOS. It was once your ORACLE'S TRUNK, a gift from your grandfather of course, and still contains many silly FORTUNE TELLING KNICKKNACKS, all of which are completely bogus.

## Jade: Open chest.

**23/10/09**

```
Problem Sooth
```

Among the FORTUNE TELLING KNICKKNACKS are these items: a CRYSTAL BALL plus compulsory VELVET PILLOW, a TAROT DECK, a MAGIC 8 BALL, a MAGIC CUE BALL, and one of your favorite books of all time, PROBLEM SOOTH.

Among the USEFUL GIZMOS are of course your COMPUTER, which you keep inside a FUN LUNCHBOX for easy transport, and a couple of gizmos you keep handy so you don't always have to make the long trip to the kitchen. There is a COOKALIZER for preparing delicious meals, and a REFRIGERATOR, a name which clearly is a wacky variation on the much more common household item, the REFRIGIFYIFICATOR.

## Jade: Examine magic 8-ball and magic cue ball.

**24/10/09**

```
NOT EXACTLY
```

These things are stupid and useless!

When the MAGIC 8 BALL isn't being frustratingly ambiguous, its forecast is always wrong! You have tested it numerous times with certain facts you know to be true. This is its reply when you ask if it is your friend John's birthday today. See? Stupid!

You guess maybe it could be used as a reverse-prediction device, and always trust the opposite of what it says. But that seems dumb to you. And anyway, the thing gives you a bad vibe. You might consider smashing it, but you are a little superstitious about whatever ominous consequences that might have, even if the occult talisman in question is a cheap piece of garbage.

==>

**24/10/09**

The MAGIC CUE BALL on the other hand is said to make predictions with alarming precision and specificity. Unfortunately it lacks a portal on its surface that allows you to view the prediction.

You put both of these pieces of junk back in the box.

## Jade: Captchalogue refrigerator.

**24/10/09**

You take the REFRIGERATOR.

You might as well grab the COOKALIZER too. No portable kitchen is complete without it.

You take your LUNCHTOP too, because obviously you're going to be using that pretty soon.

Whoops, there goes your FLUTE. But who cares.

## Jade: Feed your friend.

**24/10/09**

Before you go out to feed BEC, you will need to prepare a meal for him.

You clear some space on your work table so you can set up your REFRIGERATOR and COOKALIZER.

==>

**24/10/09**

Just for fun, Jade allows you to take a stab at matching the cards to use the gizmos. It doesn't present much of a challenge for her, so she figures she might as well step aside, while providing a few generous hints.

No, no... warmer. Warmer. Cooler. Cooler.

COLD.

Warmer...

Yes. NO. Cold. ICE COLD.

Warmer. Warmer...

**==>**

**24/10/09**

You have selected the KEY LIME.

Way to go.

**Try again.**

**24/10/09**

HOT. Wait...

No. Cold. Really cold. FROZEN FUCKING TUNDRA.

**Take another crack at this.**

**24/10/09**

Congratulations, you advance your matching skill to the new level: YUKON HERO: LEGACY OF THE FROSTBITE AMPUTEE.

Jade is beginning to regret breaking the fourth wall for this ill advised escapade.

**Ok, one more time.**

**24/10/09**

If it were known in advance how terrible you were going to be at this matching game, the author may have given second thought to preparing this cool interactive Flash application.

Look at all these fruits on the loose. Good luck trying to settle them down.

**==>**

**24/10/09**

You just deploy the gadgets yourself.

**Jade: Stick fruits in the refrigerator to keep them fresh.**

**24/10/09**

These fruits are unlikely to become less impudent any time soon regardless of where they are stored, but you stick them in anyway.

**==>**

**24/10/09**

You take a look at the REFRIGERATOR'S rotary interface. You wonder what he is in the mood for today?

**Jade: Press the steak button.**

**24/10/09**

Ok, well it's a rotary dial so there are no buttons to press, but whatever that doesn't really matter.

You dial up a thick T-BONE STEAK, which you are sure Becquerel is in the mood for because he is in the mood for steak every day and is never in the mood for anything else.

But he does like his steak well cooked.

==>

**24/10/09**

```
THAW
COOK
IRRADIATE
```

## Jade: Lightly irradiate steak.

**25/10/09**

He does prefer his steak rare after all.

But you will not dignify the thought of turning the knob much further because you are not retarded.

==>

**25/10/09**

You captchalogue the IRRADIATED STEAK and save it for your trip outside.

You probably shouldn't waste much more time. You wouldn't want all those nice depleted steak isotopes to settle down.

## Jade: Examine the atomic bass by your bed.

**27/10/09**

```
SQUIDDLES

TO GG
FROM TG
```

You wouldn't exactly call it an atomic bass, but it is heavily customized to accommodate a high level of musical virtuosity, the perfect instrument for the eclectically spirited.

You've tuned the strings way down of course because your stumpy arms can't reach the low notes.

==>

**27/10/09**

You switch your ECLECTIC BASS to its advanced setting.

But you promptly switch it back, since obviously it's too complicated to play it in person like this. The default setting is your preferred mode for casual jamming.

And since you can't possibly waste enough time playing music, casually jam is exactly what you're gonna do.

## [S] Jade: Play a hauntingly relaxing bassline.

**27/10/09**

```
-IFY!
```

## Jade: Captchalogue bass.

**28/10/09**

You take the PORTABLE AMP from the WALL SOCKET too.

## Jade: Open lunchtop.

**28/10/09**

You like to make yourself comfy in your plushy pile before getting down to business with your computer.

## Jade: Get down to business.

**28/10/09**

```
ECHIDNA

FRESH JAMZ!

PESTERCHUM
```

## Jade: Activate Pesterchum.

**29/10/09**

```
PESTERCHUM ENAMEL

MUCH SHINIER!


☺ CHUMROLL

☺ ectoBiologist
☺ tentacleTherapist
☺ turntechGodhead


☹ TROLLSLUM

☹ carcinoGeneticist
☹ arachnidsGrip
☹ twinArmageddons
☹ terminallyCapricious
☹ caligulasAquarium
```

Hey look, John is online! Hooray!

Also it looks like Dave pestered you about something yesterday but you missed it.

## Jade: Pester John.

**30/10/09**

```
gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 2009-04-13 -- 12:34

GG: hi happy birthday john!!!! ♡
```

You greet John but he does not respond. He is undoubtedly gallivanting around his house in a state of barely restrained birthday mirth. He may also be retrieving the two packages and the two envelopes which you are certain came in the mail for him earlier.

You will wait a little while and see if he returns before you head out.

## Jade: See if Dave left you a sweet new rap.

**30/10/09**

```
turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering gardenGnostic [GG] at 2009-04-12 -- 23:14

TG: hey
TG: oh
TG: youre asleep again arent you
TG: or do you even know if you are
```

```
TG: i still dont know how that works
```

It does not appear so, but you just never know with that crazy and cool guy.

Sooooo cooooooool.

==>

**30/10/09**

```
TG: i dont know why i believe anything you say im like the grand marshal of
gross chumpage
TG: waving around my faggoty chumpductor baton
TG: assitant director of chumpography
TG: celebrated author ernest chumpingway
TG: wait weak
```

pesterlogturntechGodhead [TG] began pestering gardenGnostic [GG] at 2009-04-12 -- 23:14

TG: hey
TG: oh
TG: youre asleep again arent you
TG: or do you even know if you are
TG: i still dont know how that works
TG: its like nothing means anything
TG: its so cool getting hella chumped by your coquettish damn riddles all the time
TG: i dont know why i believe anything you say im like the grand marshal of gross chumpage
TG: waving around my faggoty chumpductor baton
TG: assitant director of chumpography
TG: celebrated author ernest chumpingway
TG: wait weak
TG: chumpelstiltskin
TG: uh
TG: chumpeldipshit
TG: yeah
TG: youre asleep y/n?
TG: a/s/l?
TG: s = species
TG: baboon?
TG: kangaroo rat?
TG: if kangaroo rat yiff twice plz
TG: ok well youre not saying anything so i guess whether youre nonawake or unasleep or whatever youre just not around and im wasting good material
TG: even worse im wasting a killer fursona here
TG: like
TG: i dont know like a wide open v shaped leotard and a fuck ton of body paint
TG: some like sinewy back arching cirque du soleil looking motherfucker
TG: always low to the ground gettin a good prowl on
TG: like i dropped my keys in the dark
TG: nimblest son of a bitch who had the gumption to glue a nasty pair of latex cat lips to his face

TG: for a reason that wasnt a joke
TG: jade hey
TG: where are you
TG: seriously im sitting here tonight with a fucking bag of kibble jacked open on my lap and primed for goddamn bear
TG: and youre gone
TG: btw my name is Akwete Purrmusk
TG: hardest buttock in the jungle
TG: tempered steel
TG: hey yeah just wanted to give you this remix i finished
TG: here
turntechGodhead [TG] sent gardenGnostic [GG] file "explore remix.mp3"
TG: so yeah
TG: you dont have to respond to any of that btw
TG: ill probably forget half the shit i said anyway
TG: talk to you tomorrow

## [S] Jade: Open FreshJamz!

**31/10/09**

```
FRESHjamz

Showtime Remix         2:02
Aggrieve Remix         2:11
Verdancy (Bassline)    0:52
Potential Verdancy     0:39
Ohgodwhat              0:37
Ohgodwhat Remix        1:05
Rediscover Fusion      1:36
Crystalanthemums       1:28
(NEW) Explore Remix    2:00
```

You open the FRESHJAMZ MEDIA PLAYER and add Dave's remix to the playlist.

## Jade: Open Echidna and go to mspaintadventures.com

**02/11/09**

```
MSPAINT ADVENTURES

GT: Boggle vacantly at these shenanigans.

It begins to dawn on you that everything you just did may have been a colossal
waste of time.

> |
> END INTERMISSION
>
```

You open your web browser and visit MSPA.

You navigate to a random page in the middle of the latest epic.

Looks like he was just finishing up some sort of weird tangential intermission here. Whatever it was, it clearly advanced the plot in no relevant way whatsoever.

## END INTERMISSION.

**02/11/09**

```
> |
> [S] Midnight Crew: Act 1031
>
```

## [S] MIDNIGHT CREW: ACT 1031

**02/11/09**

```
A♦
Diamonds Droog

A♣
Clubs Deuce

A♥
Hearts Boxcars

A♠
Spades Slick

Casino

the Felt

Midnight Crew
```

## ==>

**02/11/09**

```
http://www.furaffinity.net/user/vampireprincess007

ECHIDNA

http://www.mspaintadventures.com/?s=3&p=41

MSPAINT ADVENTURES

[S] Midnight Crew: Act 1031

Midnight Crew
```

You've killed a little time, but still no sign of John.

## Jade: Pester Dave.

**02/11/09**

```
gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] at 2009-04-13 -- 12:36

GG: hi dave!!
TG: hey sup
GG: not much sup with you!!
GG: bro! hehehe
TG: haha
```

pesterloggardenGnostic [GG] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] at 2009-04-13 -- 12:36

GG: hi dave!!
TG: hey sup
GG: not much sup with you!!

GG: bro! hehehe
TG: haha
TG: good one
TG: s'alright being chill i guess you know how it goes
GG: great! feeling cool today?
GG: mr cool guy?
TG: oh man you know it
GG: sooooo cooooooool!!!
TG: you know shit is ice cold up in here
TG: shit is wicked bananas i am telling you
GG: :D
GG: so have you talked to john today???
TG: yeah we were just talking a while ago about how he sucks at his sylladex
TG: can you believe he uses stack that kid is ridiculous
GG: lol
GG: well that doesnt sound like much fun!
TG: what was it you use again...
TG: wait nm
TG: i forgot whenever we talk about your goofy modusses i get a migrane. what do you want with john
GG: :)
GG: i want to tell him happy birthday and ask him about his birthday package!
TG: oh yeah
TG: i was being sort of cagey and told him to check the mail cause i was wondering if mine came yet
GG: i think it did!
TG: yeah?
GG: and i think mine came too
TG: so uh
TG: i guess you want to know if he likes it or something?
GG: no!!!!!!!
GG: he will not open it
GG: he will lose it!!!
TG: oh
TG: uh
TG: wow sorry to hear that i guess?
GG: no its good actually!
GG: because he will find it again later when he really needs it
GG: which of course is why i sent it in the first place!
TG: see like
TG: i never get how you know these things
GG: i dont know
GG: i just know that i know!
TG: hmm alright
GG: anyway i have to go!
GG: i have to feed bec which is always a bit of an undertaking

TG: man
TG: if i were you i would just take that fucking devilbeast out behind the woodshed and blow its head off
GG: heheheh!
GG: i dont think i could if i tried!!!
TG: yeah
TG: say hi to your grand dad for me too ok
GG: ._.
GG: yes i guess an encounter with him is almost certain
GG: it is usually.....
GG: intense!!!
TG: well yeah isnt it always with family
TG: but he sounds like a total badass
GG: yeah he totally is!!!
GG: anyway gotta go!
TG: see ya
GG: <3

## [S] Dave: STRIFE.

**06/11/09**

```
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRESS
>ABJURE
>ABSTAIN
>ABUSE
>ACCUSE
>ASSAIL
>ASSAULT

ROUND 1
STRIFE!
```

## ==>

**06/11/09**

```
    him is almost certain
GG: it is usually.....
GG: intense!!!
TG: well yeah isnt it always with family
TG: but he sounds like a total badass
GG: yeah he totally is!!!
GG: anyway gotta go!
TG: see ya
GG: <3


TT: I require a font of frighteningly accurate yet infuriatingly nonspecific
information.
TT: Do you know where I can find a wellspring of this sort?
```

Rose is online.

## Jade: Pester Rose.

**06/11/09**

pesterlogTT: I require a font of frighteningly accurate yet infuriatingly nonspecific information.
TT: Do you know where I can find a wellspring of this sort?
GG: hahaha yes ok but we cant talk for long!!!
TT: You have plans?
GG: well yes i do but its just that you will lose your internet connection soon!!!!!
GG: and we wont talk again for a pretty long time
GG: not until you enter!
TT: Enter?
GG: yeah!
TT: This is what I was talking about.
TT: This was the itch that needed scratching.
TT: My avarice for the inscrutable. It is limitless.
GG: lol what did you want to know?
TT: You've been insisting today was the big day.
TT: We would all play a game you didn't know the name of.
TT: A game you said I'd get in the mail, and did.
TT: One that would help me answer some questions.
TT: But Strider is being obtuse, I can't catch John at his computer, you don't even have the game yourself, and on top of all that, my internet is unstable.
TT: So are you sure today is the day?
GG: there sure are a lot of challenges but yes i am sure!!
GG: dave is cool, you know he will come around when the time is right
GG: he just has a lot of work to do first
GG: and so do you!
GG: youll need to keep searching for a stable signal and power source, it will be hard but dont give up!!!
GG: and dont worry about me either, focus on playing with john first
GG: it all starts with you two!
TT: Is there nothing else you can say to prepare me for this?
TT: I'm sure you think little of blithely upsetting dark forces with Grandpa Moreau over there on Hellmurder Island, but honestly I've only read a few books on it.
GG: haha dark? thats ridiculous!
GG: i dont really know what to tell you other than its not going to be what you think it is
GG: and most importantly you will have your questions answered, but they will be the ones you havent thought to ask yet!
GG: just be patient and be brave youll see
GG: it will be fun!!!!!!
GG: uh oh looks like youve got to go
GG: take care rose! <3<3<3

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering gardenGnostic [GG] at 12:54 --

## Jade: Be the other girl.

**06/11/09**

You are now the other girl several hours in the future.

It appears a secret passage in the mausoleum has been opened.

It's getting awfully toasty in here. You gather up your belongings, including your dead cat.

## Rose: Descend.

**06/11/09**

## Jade: Stop being the other girl and pester John again.

**06/11/09**

```
    the ones you havent thought to ask yet!
GG: just be patient and be brave youll see
GG: it will be fun!!!!!!
GG: uh oh looks like youve got to go
GG: take care rose! <3<3<3


gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 2009-04-13 -- 12:34

GG: hi happy birthday john!!!! ♡
GG: helloooooo??
GG: ok i will talk to you later!! :D
```

You've spent enough time for now concerning yourself with the future of your friends.

John will not be available until later. By then he will have his hands full, as will you.

## ==>

**06/11/09**

You pack up your LUNCHTOP and get ready to take care of some business downstairs.

## [S] Jade: Descend.

**08/11/09**

```
STRIFE!

BOING BOING BOING BOING...

Sassacre

HEALTH VIAL
```

Try as you might, you can't stop your mind from drifting to the fate of your friends. You dwell on a particular configuration of REMINDERS on your finger.

## Also in the future...

**09/11/09**

But years, not hours...

Under bare white branches a sentry wakens.

```
PM: !


NOM NOM NOM
```

## ==>

**09/11/09**

```
GAMESPOT
GameFAQs TM
```

* Derived from MSPA Wiki

==========

========== [Z001] some stuff about captcha codes and punch card alchemy

==========

========== is anyone actually reading any of this?? or are they all dead. i don't know if anyone besides us is even alive and playing the game or if anybody even really cares what we have to say! rose said i should add some stuff to this faq if anything occurred to me, so i guess i'm doing that. i figure at the very least it will be a good reference for just us to use. but dave probably won't read any of this because he's sort of this whopping stupid horse butt. whatever. i finally figured out what those weird codes on the back of captchalogue cards are for. well maybe not what they're ALWAYS for, but a way that sburb has exploited them for an in-game purpose. every captcha'd item stamps the card with a unique code, and a gizmo in sburb called the punch designix will punch a unique pattern of holes in a card which is derived from that code. the punched card can then be used with other gizmos to duplicate the item and/or combine it with another item. i got to thinking about this and with my amazing hacker skillz i noticed a trend. the hole pattern is based on a fairly simple

cipher, converting the captcha code to binary and then the binary pattern is punched, where 1 is a punched hole, and 0 is an unpunched slot. so, umm... here's the table just to be clear. 0->0, 1->1, 2->2, 3->3, 4->4, 5->5, 6->6, 7->7, 8->8, 9->9 A->10, B->11, C->12, D->13, E->14, F->15, G->16, H->17, I->18, J->19, K->20, L->21, M->22, N->23, O->24, P->25, Q->26, R->27, S->28, T->29, U->30, V->31, W->32, X->33, Y->34, Z->35 a->36, b->37, c->38, d->39, e->40, f->41, g->42, h->43, i->44, j->45, k->46, l->47, m->48, n->49, o->50, p->51, q->52, r->53, s->54, t->55, u->56, v->57, w->58, x->59, y->60, z->61 ?->62, !->63 there are a couple oddball characters ! and ? at the end to bring it up to 63 (0 thru 63 = 64 total, i.e. 6 bits). cause the binary representation of the captcha code chars are 6 bits each, which have a range of 0-63. so for instance the captcha code for the hammer is "nZ7Un6BI". look up the index for 'n' first, which is 49. The binary of 49 is 110001. keep doing that for all the chars and you get: n=110001 Z=100011 7=000111 U=011110 n=110001 6=000110 B=001011 I=010010 OK... that's the pattern that will be punched on the card, BUT... the bits are arranged top to bottom, left to right, in four columns, like this: 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 or punched on a card, like this: * ASCII art of a punched card (not text, so not included here!) wow ok that pretty much looks like shit, but you get the idea. so to combine two items you just overlap two punched cards. only the places where both cards have a hole will show through, so it's sort of like a bitwise AND operation on both cards. the new pattern gives you the code for the new item. for instance combining the code for a hammer (nZ7Un6BI) and a pogo ride (DQMmJLeK) gives a new code with less holes obviously, which translates to 126GH48G. that hole pattern went on to make the pogo hammer, which is so rad you have no idea. i've also wondered if you can combine items in other ways, like a bitwise OR. that means combining the cards to get MORE holes, not less, i.e. the new pattern has a hole for every hole on either card. this pattern would be accomplished by DOUBLE PUNCHING A CARD!! like, two codes, one card. i've got to try that some time. but there are some mysterious things about all this. first of all, with all the hole slots, there are 48 bits in total, which means there are almost

300 trillion possible codes. and 300 trillion sounds huge! but when you consider it is supposed to account for ALL CONCEIVABLE ITEMS, including all the wacky combinations of stuff, it suddenly doesn't seem that big! this leads me to believe that not every combination of item has a viable duplicate. but this is kinda obvious anyway, since there are many combinations of punch cards that will produce either a blank card (with AND) or a totally punched card (with OR). so there are lots of dud combinations out there, and many that will just lead to the same pattern. like for instance a gun and an atom bomb could make some sort of ULTIMATE DEATH RAY, but for that matter a shoe horn and a potted plant could lead to exactly the same pattern!!!!! so weird. also it seems like combined items will always have patterns with either much fewer holes or much more holes than more "ordinary" items, which will occupy the vast meaty middle of all possible patterns. it is strange and counter intuitive that more complex objects have simpler patterns but hey, there you have it. but all this sorta makes me guess this system can be cracked in some way. like if you have a complicated item and you want to "extract" simpler item components from it, there might be some algorithm for deriving the pattern you want, or at least narrowing down the possibilities. there might also be ways of charting through the simpler patterns on both ends of the bit spectrum, and pinning down the ones that will make cooler stuff. who knows. i want to ask jade about this because she's really good at this sort of thing somehow even though she doesn't have my leet haxxor cred. too bad she makes herself so scarce all the time. jade if you ever read this let me know what you think! * ASCII art of John's slimer/ghost logo (not text, so not included here!)

PUNCH CARD CALCULATOR

[By Gankro]

==>

**09/11/09**

```
S N

Exit
```

==>

**09/11/09**

You enter the LABORATORY.

**Rose: Look for mad scientists.**

**10/11/09**

There are no scientists to be found, mad or otherwise. Or anyone for that matter. The lab appears to be deserted.

There is a KIOSK though.

**==>**

**10/11/09**

**==>**

**10/11/09**

It looks like the kiosk monitors the lab's enormous HUBGRID.

**Jade: Transportalize as far down as you can go.**

**10/11/09**

This is as far down as you can go.

The GRAND FOYER is still a few floors down, but the TRANSPORTALIZER on that level is blocked by one of GRANDPA'S impressive BIG GAME TROPHIES, and you just don't think he would cotton to someone moving it.

Speaking of which, here are some of his TROPHIES now. He has a million of these ghastly things. You really dislike them.

**Jade: Proceed.**

**10/11/09**

You hop down a level.

Granddad also likes to accumulate VALIANT KNIGHTS from his travels. These are pretty cool, you guess.

**Jade: Keep going.**

**10/11/09**

Oh yeah. How could you forget about his stash of DECREPIT MUMMIES.

God you hate these things.

**Jade: Don't stop.**

**11/11/09**

**==>**

**11/11/09**

This is your grandfather's collection of what he refers to as his BEAUTIES. No lovely lady will be fit for his collection unless her portrait has spent at least 20 years bleaching in the front window of a beauty parlor, a sort of establishment he's plundered no less frequently than ancient tombs.

You guess they were sort of like your sisters while growing up, and you were always encouraged to look up to them. They are all awfully pretty ladies you suppose, but it was always hard to get as excited about them as grandpa.

"Jade, study hard and keep your rifle at the ready. When adventure summons, I know you will rise to the task and take your rightful place among the DAUGHTERS OF ECLECTICA."

That old coot sure is a bag of wind!

## Jade: Complete your descent.

**11/11/09**

==>

**11/11/09**

You reach the ground level. This is the stupid thing blocking the transportalizer. It is unspeakably hideous.

Down the southeast hall is the GRAND FOYER. You'll have to cross through it to leave the house.

==>

**11/11/09**

```
Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
```

Looks like someone's pestering you.

Even though you thought you logged off... ?

## Jade: Answer.

**11/11/09**

```
carcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG] at 13:04

CG: HI AGAIN, IDIOT.
```

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG] at 13:04

CG: HI AGAIN, IDIOT.
GG: oh noooooo
CG: SO I GUESS TODAY IS FINALLY THE DAY YOU FUCK EVERYTHING UP.
GG: >:O
CG: IS THERE NOTHING I CAN DO TO CHANGE YOUR MIND?
GG: you can leave me alone!!!!!
GG: how can you even be talking to me after i blocked you....
GG: AND after i logged out????
CG: YOU DON'T GET THAT I AM BETTER AND SMARTER THAN YOU IN EVERY WAY, FOREVER.
CG: YOU DON'T GET THAT BECAUSE YOU ARE INCREDIBLY STUPID.
GG: i get that youre a jerk and you should shut up!
GG: goodbye you jerk!!!!!!!!!

gardenGnostic [GG] blocked carcinoGeneticist [CG] at 13:06

## Rose: Look at that kiosk.

**11/11/09**

```
SN_HUBGRID 44.519872, -74.820017
```

```
 0000-0143 0144-0287 0288-0431 0432-0575 | 2496-2639 2640-2783 2784-2927 2928-
3071
 0576-0719 0720-0863 0864-1007 1008-1151 | 3072-3215 3216-3359 3360-3503 3504-
3647
 1152-1295 1296-1439 1440-1583 1584-1727 | 3648-3791 3792-3935 3936-4079 4080-
4223
 1728-1871 1872-2015 2016-2159 2160-2303 | 4224-4367 4368-4511 4512-4655 4656-
4799

--------------------------------------------------------------------------------
-
 5200-5343 5344-5487 5488-5631 5632-5775 | 7696-7839 7840-7983 7984-8127 8128-
8271
 5776-5919 5920-6063 6064-6207 6208-6351 | 8272-8415 8416-8559 8560-8703 8704-
8847
 6352-6495 6496-6639 6640-6783 6784-6927 | 8848-8991 8992-9135 9136-9279 9280-
9423
 6928-7071 7072-7215 7216-7359 7360-7503 | 9424-9567 9568-9711 9712-9855 9856-
9999

> unlock SN_LAB0413
--------------------------------------------------------------------------------
----
>
```

Looks like a mapping of each hub's index.

It appears one of the hubs was recently unlocked.

## Rose: Go to the center and do a goofy dance.

**11/11/09**

At the center, you find a little stage that looks perfect for supporting a spectacularly silly dance. Or it would if standing on it didn't make you a little nervous, and also if that didn't sound like a retarded idea given the circumstances.

It looks sort of like the various contraptions you've been deploying in John's house. You wonder what it does?

## Rose: Attempt to plug laptop into nearby hub.

**12/11/09**

## ==>

**12/11/09**

Great, you just vaporized your dead cat. Oh well. Ashes to ashes you guess.

There's got to be a better way to deal with this lousy tree.

## Rose: Examine fetch modus.

**12/11/09**

```
[EJECT]

[ROOT] [LEAF]

[x] auto-balance
```

Looks like you can choose between picking leaves, or awkwardly uprooting the whole tree, as you've been doing.

You select LEAF. You also turn off AUTO-BALANCE, since its consequences can be a little mystifying sometimes.

==>

**12/11/09**

You gather up all your items again in an order that places your LAPTOP in a conveniently accessible leaf. You're not sure why you didn't do this a lot sooner.

Kind of a funny looking tree now, but your concern for structural elegance is at an all time low.

## Rose: Find the unlocked hub.

**12/11/09**

As long as you're going to plug in your computer, you might as well find that hub.

Here it is. HUB SN_LAB0413. It is unlocked, and thus removable from the grid.

You suspect this was the same beacon transmitting the unsecured signal you were using earlier.

==>

**12/11/09**

You pick the LAPTOP leaf from the tree.

==>

**12/11/09**

You plug your LAPTOP into the HUB, then captchalogue the HUB and then the LAPTOP.

There must be a better place around here to set up your computer. This huge grid of electronics is sort of uninviting. You look around.

Hey, what's that?

==>

**12/11/09**

```
S N

SKAIANET LABORATORY

UNESTABLISHED IN:
0000:00:00:00:03:14 → :13 → :12 → :11 → :10 → :09
```

It's another one of these ominous countdowns. You didn't notice it when you first entered the lab about a minute ago. It looks like this one may have been ticking for years.

Whatever it's ticking down to, there isn't much time. You can only hope that when you turn on your computer again, there will be a connection invitation from one Mr. Strider.

## Again in the future...

**13/11/09**

```
00:00:09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01
```

Another timer winds down, sideways.

```
00:00:00
```

```
> HOME
```

## [S] Dave: Abscond.

**17/11/09**

```
>ABSCOND

CAN'T ABSCOND BRO!

ROUND 2

STRIFE!

I WARNED YOU
ABOUT STAIRS
BRO!!!!

I TOLD YOU DOG!
```

## IT KEEPS HAPPENING

**18/11/09**

What does?

You don't have time to humor every random thought that pops into your head. The clock is ticking.

## Rose: Look around for anything else of importance.

**18/11/09**

```
* (many IP addresses)
* (many sets of co-ordinates scattered within a few units of 44.x, -74.x)
```

This looks like something of importance.

## ==>

**18/11/09**

```
* (indistinct text)
* (many sets of co-ordinates scattered within a few units of 44.x, -74.x)
IMPACT
* (many IP addresses)
* (many sets of co-ordinates scattered within a few units of 44.x, -74.x)
```

It appears to be Skaianet's primary SESSION TERMINAL, monitoring a great number of SBURB SESSIONS in the northeastern United States and parts of Canada. Upon further investigation you draw some logical conclusions.

It looks like each SESSION consists of an IP address and a physical location. The colored dots on the map appear to be METEOR IMPACT SITES. It seems each session corresponds with a meteor, but not all meteors have sessions.

The color of the dot appears to indicate the status of the meteor's descent. The red dots indicate meteors that have already landed. Yellow dots are imminent collisions. Green will impact later, and blue will take the longest to touch down.

==>

**18/11/09**

```
TIME

IMPACT

44.519872 -74.820017
```

You use the panel to center on your present location and zoom in. Surrounding the lab are of course the hundreds of smaller meteors that have been raining down steadily throughout the evening. Most of these meteor(ite)s have either landed already, or will shortly.

Centered over the lab is a significantly larger imminent collision. You can't say precisely how imminent, but you could certainly take an educated stab at it.

Just southwest of the lab, centered suspiciously near the location of your house, is an even larger looming collision. Though this one appears slightly less imminent.

The terminal looks like it can monitor any meteor or session around the world. Search filters can be applied as well, restricting results based on size, time of impact, location, and so on.

==>

**18/11/09**

You zoom way out and narrow the search based on size. The two at the top of the list appear to be the biggest by far. You examine only their coordinates.

The second biggest is centered over a U.S. city. The biggest by a landslide is, luckily for the Earth you suppose, way out in the middle of the Pacific ocean.

## Rose: Turn on your laptop and check on John.

**20/11/09**

You plug the laptop into the hub again and turn it on. It is now powered and connected to the wireless signal the hub is broadcasting.

Your Sburb session reconnects.

==>

**20/11/09**

No sign of John here. You wonder why the house is shaking.

Last time you saw him he was on one of the roof platforms. You will have to navigate via the Sburb interface to find him.

## [S] Rose: Ascend.

**20/11/09**

```
NAVIGATE!

BOING BOING BOING BOING...

BOING

BOING
```

## John: High-five Nannaquin.

**21/11/09**

```
LEFT HANGING LONG ENOUGH

PESTERCHUM 6.0

CHAT CLIENT
CHUMROLL

:: tentacleTherapist ::

PESTERLOG :

TT: Good work, John!

[PESTER!]

☺  PALSY
☺  PEPPY
☺  CHIPPER
☹  RANCOROUS

[SB]

[SYSTEM]
```

pesterlogTT: Good work, John!
EB: oh, hey!
EB: you're back.
TT: For now. I'll have to leave again shortly.
TT: It looks like there's another large meteor headed for...
TT: My present location.
EB: oh, so you mean dave connected with you?
TT: Not yet.
TT: I'll explain later.
TT: But I think I've determined that activating the timer in the game is not directly responsible for summoning a meteor to your location.
TT: The countdown seems merely to exist as a kind of warning to the player.
TT: As well as a strange coincidence.
EB: um, ok.
EB: i don't really think i get it.
EB: is this relevant?
TT: Probably not at the moment. And certainly not to you.
TT: I have to go.
EB: ok, later!
TT: P.S. Try not to waste too much of that grist while I'm gone.

## John: Climb that echeladder.

**21/11/09**

```
RUMPUS BUSTER
BOY SKYLARK
GADABOUT PIPSQUEAK
MUPPET OF DESTINY
```

```
KNEEHIGH PILGRIM
COOL BUCKAROO
```

You rocket up the ECHELADDER to the dizzying heights of the vaunted BOY-SKYLARK rung!!! Your new feather is hard earned and well deserved. And alarmingly fashionable.

## John: Collect phat lewtz.

**21/11/09**

```
B$ = 11,575
```

You and your CERAMIC PORKHOLLOW rejoice in the mound of wealth yielded from your meteoric ascent up the ladder.

You are still not sure what all these BOONDOLLARS can actually get you. But when pulling in such insane loot hand over fist like this, who cares?

Not you.

## John: Pick up as much grist as you can hold.

**21/11/09**

```
Cache limit : 2400

⬡ 2260
⬡ 1040
□  0
▲ 0
○ 350
⬡ 0
▲ 490
```

Your expanded CACHE LIMIT is more than enough to accommodate the grist windfall.

You gather up 2260 pieces of BUILD GRIST, 1040 pieces of SHALE, 490 drops of TAR, and 350 drops of MERCURY.

You can't wait to find out what amazing items this new supply of grist will be just barely insufficient to produce.

==>

**21/11/09**

Oh god, there's grist littered down there too. Those stupid ogres were like huge grist pinatas.

One of those big SOUR GRAPE ELECTRIC HOLOCAUST FRUIT GUSHERS is jammed in the hole in the platform. You guess there's only one way to get it.

==>

**21/11/09**

spritelogNANNASPRITE: John, don't forget your book!
NANNASPRITE: It is your birthright! You ought to give it a read when you have a moment. Particularly the first several pages!
JOHN: ok nanna, i will.
JOHN: hey, nanna?

NANNASPRITE: Yes, dear?
JOHN: since i am trying to get up to that gate, and since you can sort of conjure floating beds and throw me around and all...
JOHN: couldn't you just throw me up to the gate?
NANNASPRITE: Yes, of course, John!
NANNASPRITE: But that would not serve your purpose well!
NANNASPRITE: There is a very good reason why you should build up to it. And then keep building!
JOHN: oh, ok, i guess that's what i figured.
JOHN: so just one more thing...
JOHN: do you think that instead of telling me exactly why that is with a clear explanation, you can give me a series of really coy riddles about it and then sort of giggle?
NANNASPRITE: John, you are a very fresh young man!
NANNASPRITE: Your father has done such a wonderful job raising you. I am so proud of you both.
JOHN: ha ha, i guess.
NANNASPRITE: When you pass through the first gate, everything will change. You will find the place where the constellations dance beneath the clouds. And then your true work may begin.
NANNASPRITE: Hoo hoo hoo!
JOHN: i suddenly understand everything!

## Elsewhere, we find a place...

**22/11/09**
Where a kingdom lies entrenched beyond an impenetrable veil of darkness.

==>
**22/11/09**
==>
**22/11/09**
==>
**22/11/09**
==>
**22/11/09**
==>
**22/11/09**
*Graveyard stuffers.*

## You are now...

**22/11/09**
The Peregrine Mendicant.

You are flying westward in your peculiar mobile station. You have no sense of your bearings presently. The door is blocked by a metal column which extended through the entry shaft before liftoff.

What will you do?

## PM: Check mail.

**22/11/09**

```
Dr David Brinner
ATTN : SERIOUS BUSINESS
2??? SE 267th St.
Maple Valley, WA 98038
```

This message to Dr. Brinner looks pretty serious.

## PM: Open envelope.

**22/11/09**

**NEVER.**

The mail is sacred, and sacred is the trust between the Post Man and the recipients of his precious parcels. You have made a solemn pledge to deliver this letter to the doctor, just as soon as you determine where this address is, or find any sort of discernible mailing address in this wasteland, for that matter. The mail is freedom. The mail is life. The mail is the very fabric of civiliz...

Wait.

Hold that thought for one moment...

==>

**22/11/09**

==>

**22/11/09**

```
PAR AVION
BY AIR MAIL
PER LUGPOS

...ERED

RHODESIA

SOUTHERN STAMPS
The Government has...
that stamps issued in...
the kind used on this pa...
have no legal basis. The p...
...singly surcharged.

...RED
... DUE

...A BORDER US
NOV 24 1972

SUPPLY
NOV 1999
...ERSET

AIR MAIL
AIR MAIL

1949
```

The mail is the one final hope for resurrecting a dead planet from its ashes, and the letter carriers are the brave soldiers of God in this righteous crusade. They are the defenders of the light of knowledge, free communication, and the exchange of ideas. They are the bold toters of all those little papery conduits of freedom, the white postmarked angels that whisper a message on their deliverance, a promise to the yearning: "There is hope yet."

Liberty. Reason. Justice. Civility. Edification. Perfection.

**MAIL.**

## PM: Examine keyboard and screen.

**22/11/09**

```
> => HOME
> => VIEW
> => SWITCH 1
> => SWITCH 2
> => SWITCH 3
> => SWITCH 4
> => ESC
> => HOME

>_
```

It's the terminal you used to activate the station's homing mechanism. It looks like it has now returned control to you.

The default viewport displays commands previously entered, including your last and only command "=> HOME".

## PM: Type => VIEW

**22/11/09**

```
> => VIEW
```

You type another one of the previously entered commands. It switches to the view of a young girl standing alone somewhere. There is a heavy amount of video interference of some sort.

The girl seems familiar to you.

## Greetings.

**22/11/09**

```
Greetings.
```

## Don't I know you?

**22/11/09**

```
Greetings. Don't I know you?
```

==>

**22/11/09**

==>

**22/11/09**

==>

**23/11/09**

```
S N
SKAIANET LABORATORY

UNESTABLISHED IN:
0000:00:00:00:01:43 → :42 → :41 → :40 → :39 → :38 → :37 → :36 → :35 → :34
```

## Rose: Refuse to acknowledge the absurd tea set.

**23/11/09**

You successfully disregard the TEA SET because it's stupid and shouldn't be in a place like this. You probe further into the lab.

==>

**23/11/09**

Looks like a little girl's room. This all strikes you as a bit odd.

No time for messing around in here though.

## Rose: Wear the scarf. Be the Rider.

**23/11/09**

Ok, maybe you'll do a LITTLE messing around. You are only human after aAUGH WHAT'S THAT

==>

**23/11/09**

You are accosted by a friendly MUTANT KITTEN.

## John: Resist great urge to take the wedged shale.

**24/11/09**

You know you should grab this thing, but...

==>

**24/11/09**

You are suddenly feeling apprehensive about entering your father's room. With all the scamperin' around it almost slipped your mind how much you hate his hideous clowns.

No use putting it off any longer. There is only one thing left to do.

Give me a 'D'.

Give me an 'E'.

Give me an 'S'.

Give me a 'C'...

## John: Jump down.

**24/11/09**

```
⬡ +50
```

## ==>

**24/11/09**

## Jade: Scamper into grand foyer with wild abandon.

**24/11/09**

```
LASS SCAMPER!
```

You scamper your heart out and bump into something. You don't know why he always insists on keeping it so dark in here.

Oh look, it was one of his dumb GLOBES. These things make it awfully difficult to navigate the foyer. We get it, granddad. You like to travel around the world going on adventures and stuff!

Lousy goddamn stupid globes.

## Jade: Arm yourself.

**24/11/09**

GRANDPA will surely have stern words for you if he catches you without your trusty RIFLE at the ready. That's just what you need, another one of his blustering mustachioed diatribes. You are rolling your eyes in advance, getting them warmed up.

But ideally you can evade him altogether. All you have to do is get past the FIREPLACE and out the front door, and you will be scot-free.

## Jade: Examine those chaps on the sofa.

**25/11/09**

These are the manor's four DISTINGUISHED HOUSEGUESTS. They like to gather here by the FIREPLACE for TEA TIME. As well as pretty much all other times. It's all very mannerly and civilized.

You know exactly what's going to happen when you try to sneak by. The FIREPLACE is going to light up and your GRANDPA'S silhouette is going to appear in front of the fire to give you a good spook. He is so predictable.

## ==>

**25/11/09**

and there he goes

the old man...

HASS the flame

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

bro i got a ticket for the BIG GAME
its sports

dog........i AM SO JEALOUS you KNOW i love the big game.

oh yeah
```

```
and there he goes

the big man.... HASS the rock

he''s driving SO HARD threw the paint DOWN TOWN!

--ally-yoop--
--ally-oop--
"ahlly'yoop" for the SLAM-DUNK
```

## ==>

**25/11/09**

You suppose you could still manage to sneak by the crafty old man if you are fast enough. Avoiding an encounter would be ideal.

Encounters with him are usually.....

Intense.

## Jade: Leap dramatically across the divide.

**27/11/09**

```
JADE: Z
```

WHOOPS.

You guess an encounter with him is almost certain now.

But most likely not for a while. Time to see what someone else is up to.

Oh, let's say... Dave.

## [S] Strife!!!

**27/11/09**

```
AW SNAP.

PRELOADER PSYCHEOUT

JADE: Z

GRANDPA HARLEY

STRIFE?

>AGGRIEVE

PCHOO!
PEW
KERBLAMMO
POO
```

## ==>

**28/11/09**

*YES i am going out with this gun!!! no i will not go get a bigger one!!! no i will not take yours! I can't even lift it!!!!!! oh that is so preposterous. do you even hear what youre saying? i will be fine!*

*this is a perfectly deadly gun and it shoots lots of incredibly deadly bullets! oh will you just stop it. i am going now. Goodbye!!!!!!!!!!!*

*<3!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*

## Jade: Abscond!

**28/11/09**

```
BLUH BLUH
```

He was so much easier to deal with when he was alive.

## PM: Miraculously survive.

**28/11/09**

## PM: Peer out explosion hole.

**28/11/09**

## ==>

**28/11/09**

## ==>

**28/11/09**

## ==>

**28/11/09**

```
PM: ♥
```

## Rose: Refuse to acknowledge the absurd kitten.

**29/11/09**

You fail miserably.

Oh look, there's some more mad science crap over here.

## Rose: Insert coin.

**29/11/09**

This weird arcade gizmo adapted to this setup obviously doesn't take coins anymore, assuming it ever did.

Besides, you left all your coins on the fridge, remember?

## Rose: Let's play a game.

**29/11/09**

```
> appearifier ready|
```

This doesn't appear to be a game.

It appears to be an APPEARIFIER.

## Rose: Screw around with the appearifier.

**29/11/09**

```
-3140D:T16:13:00
```

You mess with the controls...

Hey, Jaspers is alive!!!

Or, at least he was in the past. According to the time-stamp this was almost nine years ago.

You try to move the crosshairs with the joystick, but it seems to be permanently locked on a specific target. You might be able to unlock it, but you clearly don't have much time to horse around with this thing.

==>

**29/11/09**

```
-3140D:T16:13:00
```

You zoom out.

It looks like you and Jaspers were having one of your sessions. You weren't making a lot of progress though, because Jaspers was no doubt being characteristically recalcitrant. You possibly jotted this phrase down in your pad. It's hard to remember though.

Wait...

Could this be THAT day??

## Rose: Cause time paradox.

**29/11/09**

```
PARADOXIFY
```

You attempt to appearify Jaspers. This would surely cause a time paradox, because you can plainly see that he has not told you his SECRET yet.

But it seems the machine has a safety mechanism to prevent such irresponsible appearification practices.

==>

**29/11/09**

The PARADOX GHOST IMPRINT of Jaspers appearifies instead, and quickly settles into a mound of sludge.

==>

**29/11/09**

```
ATGACTCG...
```

The machine beside it sucks up the paradox sludge and begins some kind of automated procedure.

It seems whatever sort of primordial biochemical properties the sludge possesses is being evaluated by the device.

==>

**29/11/09**

The device generates a fetal PARADOX CLONE of Jaspers.

The wretched creature exhibits a number of unfortunate mutations though. The good news is that it

will be mercifully UNESTABLISHED along with this facility shortly. This is also the bad news.

Whoever was operating this machine in the past may have been making unsuccessful attempts to perfect the science of ECTOBIOLOGY.

## Rose: Have a flashback.

**29/11/09**

```
-3140D:T16:13:13
```

There is no need for a flashback. Conveniently, you can watch what happened right here on the monitor.

You roll the clock forward a few seconds. Jaspers reveals his stunning SECRET to you in strict confidence.

==>

**29/11/09**

```
-3140D:T16:13:14

-IFY
```

Before you could ask him to clarify, he vanished into thin air. You now believe you understand why.

However, you were not the one to appearify him from this moment. Your hand was nowhere near the controls just now.

A couple weeks after he vanished, his body washed up along the riverbank. His suit was a mess. Your mother fitted him with a new one just before the absurd funeral service she insisted upon.

## Rose: Trace Jaspers' whereabouts on the machine.

**30/11/09**

```
-3133D:T16:13:14

-3126D:T16:13:14
```

You roll the clock forward to a week after he vanished. It seems there is no accessible feed tracing his whereabouts during that timeframe.

You fast forward another week. There he is, just as you found him.

## [S] Rose: Fast forward to now.

**30/11/09**

```
FACEPALM x2
COMBO!

KICK KICK KICK
```

==>

**30/11/09**

IT'S JASPERS. HE'S ALIVE.

Well ok, he's still dead. But his body is intact. Turns out it wasn't some kind of

DISINTEGRATIFICATOR like you thought.

It's more like...

AN ESCAPILIZER.

## Rose: Appearify Jaspers immediately.

**30/11/09**

```
S N
SKAIANET LABORATORY

UNESTABLISHED IN:
0000:00:00:00:00:14 → :13 → :12 → :11 → :10
```

Good thing you finally got all this sorted out. You only have 10 seconds to spare.

Time to stash the dead cat and amscray.

## Rose: Stop fooling around and transportalize out of there!

**30/11/09**

```
PRETTY DECENT ESCAPILIZATION
```

## Jade: Locate and feed the devilbeast you call a pet.

**01/12/09**

Good luck finding him! If he wants to be found, he will find you.

Becquerel has always managed to elude your prognostication faculties. He is completely invisible to your intuition somehow, a property almost totally unique to him.

It used to freak you out a little, but you have long since grown accustomed to it.

==>

**01/12/09**

==>

**01/12/09**

HUH???

Oh, it was nothing. Nothing at all. Moving right along.

## Jade: Retrieve the package you expected to arrive.

**01/12/09**

The birthday package you were expecting from John arrived months late. And yet, right on time.

It landed over there past the crumbling monument, a satellite to the great MYSTIC RUINS at the center of the CRATER LAGOON.

## John: Triple somersault into room, etc. Stick the landing.

**02/12/09**

Ok, you do that. You are now in your DAD'S room.

Hmm... Where are all the clowns?

You spot your DAD'S BRIEFCASE beside you. It probably contains all sorts of clues, or at least various forms and paperwork critical to his trade as a hilarious street performer.

## John: Snoop.

**02/12/09**

Aw yeah, here come the secrets. Get ready for some MAJOR revela...

Wait a minute. These are just boring business documents and spreadsheets.

What the hell is going on here???

## [S] John: Examine your dad's room.

**02/12/09**

```
KIND OF A
BORING ROOM

JUST A
BUSINESS MAN

NOT ALL THAT
INTO CLOWNS
YOU GUESS

MOST SHOCKING
TWIST YET

Harry Anderson

WHO'S THIS
DOUCHE BAG
```

## John: Calm down, it'll be alright.

**03/12/09**

So all those years, while you believed he was out busking up the corners with hilarious antics, he was working as an ordinary business man all along. He was just a man trying to make a good honest living for his son. Maybe he was too embarrassed to tell you the truth? Or maybe it was just that you'd never bothered to ask?

You guess you always just assumed...

==>

**03/12/09**

The human prisoner has broken out of his jail cell yet again. Attempts to block the cell door with heavy objects have proven futile.

==>

**03/12/09**

You're going to need a bigger safe.

==>

**03/12/09**

Who's this guy?

## Enter name.

**03/12/09**

```
> SPADES SLICK
```

Spades Slick?

Got a nice ring to it.

But you know your own name. And that damn well ain't your name.

## Take another stab at it.

**03/12/09**

```
> State name and rank.
```

Ok.

## State name and rank.

**03/12/09**

You are ARCHAGENT JACK NOIR. You oversee various affairs of a DARK KINGDOM. Presently you are determining how to deal with this prisoner, who has been a thorn in your side since he was apprehended.

You view the affairs of the kingdom through a series of FENESTRATED WALLS. You have three walls, nearly enough to form a CUBICLE OF VIGILANCE, which is a full and proper enclosure for an agent of your stature.

However, much to your utter contempt, your FOURTH WALL was stolen some time ago.

## Jack: Don comical hat.

**03/12/09**

This frivolous headdress turns your stomach. You'd sooner stick your head in a furnace than coax it into this monstrosity's loathsome colorful maw.

It's bad enough that your EXALTED RULER ordered everyone to drape themselves in these hideous rags the moment the troublesome human with the pipe and his child showed up.

But you draw the line at the hat.

## Jack: Call a minion.

**04/12/09**

You order one of your burliest agents to the scene. He brings something heavier this time.

## ==>

**04/12/09**

Your transmission is interrupted.

It seems your GLORIOUS MONARCH has concerns over your wardrobe.

## ==>

**04/12/09**

FINE.

You begrudgingly don the COMICAL HAT.

Stupid lousy WISE AND JUST LEADER. What a royal pain in the ass.

## Jack: Throw down hat in disgust.

**04/12/09**

You fully intend to once your superior stops breathing down your neck for a second.

Wait...

What now?

## ==>

**04/12/09**

```
WHOMP WHOMP WHOMP
```

## ==>

**04/12/09**

Your blood is boiling so hot you could cook an egg on your carapace.

Looks like you'll have to go handle this yourself.

## John: Investigate room for anything dad may have left behind

**04/12/09**

It seems there are some unopened BIRTHDAY PRESENTS which DAD didn't get around to giving you yet.

## John: Present time! Open a present see what's inside!

**04/12/09**

```
FETCH MODUS

INVENTORY MANAGEMENT SYSTEM

CONTROL DECK

BONUS CAPTCHALOGUE PACK AND FETCH MODUS INSIDE!

INCREDIBLE SYLLADEX BEHAVIORAL CONGLOMERATION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS
```

The one on the right seems promising.

You open it to see what is inside and oh god yes.

## John: Obtain SW33TL00T.

**04/12/09**

```
fetch modus

array
```

You tear into this thing and put a mean peep on the sw33tloot.

In addition to the MODUS CONTROL DECK, you got a bonus ARRAY FETCH MODUS. Plus another 12 cards, which are practically worthless by this point, but hey you'll take 'em.

==>

**04/12/09**

First thing you do is flush the extra cards into your deck.

Ok really this is just way too many cards.

## John: Equip array fetch modus.

**04/12/09**

The ARRAY MODUS allows you to store and retrieve any item from any card at any time. It seems exceptionally serviceable, albeit difficult to weaponize.

BOOOOOOOORING.

## John: Read instructions for control deck.

**04/12/09**

```
fetch modus
FIFO

fetch modus
FILO
```

There's nothing to read, really. You just pop some MODUS CARTRIDGES in the slots, fire it up, and see what happens.

You start by putting the STACK and QUEUE MODI in the slots.

==>

**04/12/09**

Your sylladex now behaves like both a STACK and a QUEUE. Items can be removed from either the top card or the bottom card.

==>

**04/12/09**

```
fetch modus
FIFO

fetch modus
array
```

You see no reason at all not to jam the ARRAY CARTRIDGE in there too. You make sure to blow the dust out first of course.

The sylladex reconfigures itself into an ARRAY of distinct QUEUESTACKS.

Now we're talking. This is just the sort of needless complexity you have come to expect from your INVENTORY MANAGEMENT SYSTEM.

## John: Unwrap the smallest present first.

**04/12/09**

You have a staunch policy of always saving the biggest present for last.

ALWAYS.

## ==>

**04/12/09**

```
FRUIT GUSHERS
```

You receive a box of delicious FRUIT GUSHERS.

Could this birthday get any better? You don't think so.

## John: Open the big one.

**04/12/09**

You thought wrong.

## John: Fill up an entire queuestack with shoes.

**05/12/09**

Ok, awesome. Queuestack full'a shoes.

## John: Captchalogue Fruit Gushers.

**05/12/09**

Dang! You spaced out and put it in the wrong queuestack. Don't worry, you'll get the hang of this thing.

## John: Closely inspect Fruit Gushers box.

**05/12/09**

```
Crocker

FOR EDUCATION

NEW!

MADE WITH REAL FRUIT
EXCELLENT SOURCE OF VITAMIN C

FRUIT GUSHERS
FRUIT SNACKS

MASSIVE TROPICAL BRAIN HEMORRAGE
```

So delicious. You can't wait to captchalogue one of these packs and make like a million gushers. Screw all this building nonsense! You'd rather make candy.

Wait a minute...

## ==>

**05/12/09**

```
Betty Crocker
```

It...

It can't be...

## ==>

**05/12/09**

```
Betty Crocker
```

THE HEINOUS BATTERWITCH HAS HER GNARLED CLAWS IN EVERYTHING.

What do Gushers have to do with baked goods anyway??

How does this make sense???

Why????

***WHYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY??????????***

## [S] John: Mental breakdown.

**06/12/09**

```
FRUIT GUSHERS

COOL FRUCTOSE MONSOON

KIWI MANGO COLONIC RUSH

WICKED WATERMELON GROIN INJURY

MIXED BERRY SOCIAL ANXIETY DISORDER

NEON GREEN ECTO-FACIAL BLAST

JAMMIN' SOUR DIABETIC COMA

WILD CHERRY APESHIT APOCALYPSE

RANCH DRESSING RAMPAGE

Betty
Crocker

FRUIT GUSHERS

Win $10000

Betty
Crocker

FRUIT GUSHERS

Betty
Crocker

THIS IS STUPID
```

## [S] Jade: Retrieve package.

**08/12/09**

```
STRIFE
```

```
>ARRAIGN

BANG

>AR
>ARSENALIZE

BANG

>AR
>ARTILLERATE

BANG

>AR
>ARMAMENTIFY

BANG

>AR
>ARF

GO FETCH!

GOOD DOG
BEST FRIEND
GOOD DOG
BEST FRIEND
```

## ==>

**08/12/09**

```
JADE: Z
```

## ==>

**08/12/09**

## ==>

**08/12/09**

```
JADE: Z
```

## Rose: Check self for any mixed atoms with cat.

**09/12/09**

Nope, no mixed atoms. Looks like you and the kitty kept your genes to yourselves.

Your new kitty whose name is...

You'll think of one later.

Hey where the heck are you anyway?

## Rose: Look around room.

**09/12/09**

Oh, you're back home. The well-stocked bar and the vantage from the window tells you this is your MOM'S room. Or at least what you thought was her room.

You decide not to be especially melodramatic about this revelation.

## Rose: Watch the meteor impact.

**09/12/09**

Huh, that's funny. Shouldn't that place be unestablished by now?

The downpour of smaller meteors has stopped...

==>

**09/12/09**

==>

**09/12/09**

Better get out of here. This room is a powder-keg with all this booze lying around.

## John: Get down to business.

**09/12/09**

Suddenly you are feeling very businessmanlike for some reason.

You just punched a shitload of cards in anticipation of making a whole lot of cool stuff. This time you didn't foolishly destroy any items. You just looked at the codes for some objects you rounded up, and punched them on blank cards.

You wonder how much alchemizing you can get away with before Rose gets back? As if she's got any right to tell you what to do with your hard earned grist. You're the one running around here putting your ass on the line. All she's got to do is mess around with her computer!

Anyway, you better hurry.

## Jade: Dream.

**10/12/09**

```
JADE: Z
```

==>

**10/12/09**

==>

**10/12/09**

==>

**10/12/09**

You are now dreaming.

Your DREAMBOT is awake and active.

## Jade: Obliquely foreshadow future through interpretive dance

**11/12/09**

Your silly dance foreshadows nothing and is essentially meaningless.

But it sure is a lot of fun.

## Jade: Quick! Get into bed!

**11/12/09**

You climb into bed and try to get comfortable. But some sort of invisible force is pressing down on you, a strange feeling of cold heavy metal.

This happens every time you try to get into bed! No wonder you can never get any sleep.

## Jade: Realize you can fly!

**11/12/09**

There is not much to realize.

Of course you can fly.

## Jade: Open the Package.

**12/12/09**

You stop all this flying around nonsense and examine John's birthday package.

## ==>

**12/12/09**

```
TO : GG
FROM : GT
```

Unfortunately you cannot open it yet! This package has an important journey to make first. You are planning on delivering it momentarily.

Good thing you already know what's inside. Otherwise you would surely be consumed by curiosity and suspense. You sincerely pity anyone who might be forced to endure such a fate.

## Months in the past...

**12/12/09**

```
H...
ANDE...

DECEMBER 2...
```

Enough for the above weather to be seasonably reconcilable...

## ==>

**12/12/09**

pesterlog-- ghostyTrickster [GT] began pestering gardenGnostic [GG] --

GT: hey, happy birthday jade!
GG: yay thank you john!!!!! :D
GT: whew ok, i got your present in the mail JUST on time.
GT: plus i sent rose's and dave's too.
GT: why do your guys'es birthdays got to be all bunched together like that??? you are running me ragged!
GG: heheh i know but it is nice of you to think of us all like that!
GT: i can't wait for you to see what i got you. i don't want to spoil it or anything but hopefully it will help you solve those problems you've been having lately.
GT: MYSTERIOUS WINK ;)

GG: im sure it is great, i cant wait either!!!!!
GG: it might take a while to get here from there but it will be worth the wait!
GT: oh man.
GT: i am such an idiot, i forgot about how long it takes you to get stuff.
GT: ARGH.
GG: john thats ok really! im sure will get to me exactly when it needs to and it will be a nice surprise when it does!
GT: ok well i hope so.
GG: <3.....
GG: uhhhh hold on
GG: ok im back sorry
GG: i had to tell someone to go away!
GT: oh god.
GT: the trolls again?
GG: yup :o
GT: they have been such a pain in the ass lately.
GT: it seems like there are so many.
GT: there are either like fifty of these retards or it's one guy with a lot of alt accounts.
GG: ive never had any sort of feeling about them or what they want which is kind of weird!!!
GG: but it seems to me like they are probably all different people and not one guy
GG: i have counted twelve
GT: what do they want with us!!!
GG: some people just like to needle others for some reason john
GG: it is like a game i guess. they are like pranksters!!
GT: oh hell no, shittiest pranksters ever.
GG: but i think they are mostly harmless
GG: every so often they manage to get through my block filter and hassle me. its been going on for years! actually some of them are kind of funny i think hehe
GT: oh wow, what? years??
GT: ok, well i am sick of them.
GT: i've been thinking of changing my pesterchum handle to throw them off the trail.
GT: so...
GT: i guess i'm gonna do that.

## John: Make totems.

**12/12/09**

```
FOOL

DUHH

LAME KID
```

You have already carved a few TOTEMS, but you have had to return to the living room for more CRUXITE DOWELS. Your carving work is not nearly complete.

Every time you reenter your room, you shudder at the recent handiwork of some mischievous imps. You just can't turn your back on them for a second!

Rotten imps. Those posters were like children to you.

## Rose: Flee room.

**12/12/09**

At long last, you have returned to your bedroom with a stable power supply and internet connection.

VODKA MUTINI purrs at your side.

You SUPPOSE you will call it Mutie for short.

## Rose: Pester John.

**12/12/09**

```
Alert : Rose
```

pesterlogTT: That's quite a totem collection.
TT: What are you planning?
EB: oh whoa hi!
EB: oh...
EB: gonna make some stuff.
EB: are you ok? hasn't your house been on fire for like...
EB: five hours now?
TT: No, that was the nearby forest, which up until quite recently would have been best described as "on fire".
TT: But you may be excited to learn that just as recently, my house finally notched that achievement.
EB: wow, congrats i guess?
TT: Thank you. Have you seen Dave?
EB: nah.
EB: his bro is probably busy kicking his ass.
EB: that's probably all there is to say on the matter.
TT: Ok.
TT: I'm going to start putting this grist to use too.
TT: Let's be sparing with the frivolous knickknack breeding and focus on getting you up to the gate, ok?
EB: yeah, ok i hear you, but...
EB: i think we'll have plenty. i've been killing imps all over the house and now its lousy with gushers.
TT: Gushers?
EB: i mean grist.
EB: serves them right for ruining my posters. the bastards.
TT: Which posters?
EB: don't you see? my sweet movie posters. look at them, they're fucking ruined.
TT: John.
EB: ??????
TT: Are you suggesting that imps are responsible for defacing your movie posters?
EB: uh, YEAH?
TT: Your posters have looked like that ever since I first saw your room.

TT: The moment we started playing this game.
TT: I thought you had defaced them ironically to mock your father's interests.
TT: John?
TT: ...?
EB: VERY FUNNY ROSE HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

==>
**12/12/09**

```
FOOL

LAME KID
```

pesterlogEB: NICE JOKE
EB: GREAT JOKE THERE ROSE
EB: TOP OF THE LINE PRANK
EB: HE HE
EB: HA HA HA HA HA
TT: This is good.
TT: Laughter is probably the best way to avoid being especially melodramatic about the revelation.
EB: yes
EB: YES
EB: LET'S KEEP THIS JOKE GOING
EB: BECAUSE IT IS SUCH A GOOD ONE
EB: HA HA HA HA
EB: OH MY
EB: HA HA HA HA HA HA
EB: HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

==>
**12/12/09**

## WV: Descend.

**12/12/09**

You cannot descend from the top of your mobile station. The loose cable you gathered up and tied together is not yet long enough to allow you to reach the ground safely.

You have used all the cable you can find. You will have to come up with another plan.

## WV: Sacrifice your MAYORAL SASH for more CABLES.

**12/12/09**

```
NO WAY
```

ABSOLUTELY NOT WHAT ARE YOU CRAZY

A MAYOR DOES NOT RELINQUISH HIS MAYORAL SASH UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES EVER PERIOD

## WV: Appearify the temple.

**12/12/09**

That's such a dumb idea. Not as dumb as using your sash, but it comes close. That temple is way too big. You'd probably just end up appearifying a chunk of useless boring rock.

==>

**12/12/09**

Wait, what's that?

There's something dangling from the top of one of the towers near the temple.

## WV: Command Serenity to carry the rope to you.

**12/12/09**

She is a tiny insect and cannot possibly lift more than the weight of a pumpkin seed!!!

She does however inform you of what the ledge contains through a series of informative blinks. There is an old rusty HARPOON lodged into the crumbling rock. Tied to it is a bunched-up jumble of HANDY CABLE. This strikes you as convenient! It is almost as if someone knew you would need a bunch of cable, and that you would have a MAYORAL SASH made out of cable, and that you were particularly attached to that MAYORAL SASH and would stubbornly refuse to use it.

Anyone who knew that much would surely possess a special gift! Alas it seems a bit far fetched.

## WV: Get ye rope.

**12/12/09**

```
-0.955...

2009-04-13T1...
```

Ok, we just established it was a cable and not a rope, but that's ok.

You take a hasty swig from one of your DELICIOUS PAWNS and put down.

You then quickly adjust the coordinates to appearify the jumble of HANDY CABLE.

==>

**12/12/09**

Uh...

==>

**12/12/09**

```
... : GG
FROM : GT

to Mister Mayor!
♥
```

Oh, of course. The time wasn't set to the present moment. Somehow it got reset to a few hundred years ago.

It is some sort of present from the past... in the present.

Attached is an envelope. It looks extremely important.

## ==>

**12/12/09**

```
? ? ?
```

You open the envelope. Inside is a letter and another envelope.

This is all highly confusing and you do not know what to make of it.

Still it is obviously critical MAYORAL BUSINESS which you take very seriously and you will defend this package with your life.

## WV: Try to appearify the cable again.

**14/12/09**

You set the time to the present, and appearify the JUMBLE OF CABLE.

## WV: Take obvious course of action.

**14/12/09**

You tie all the cable together and carefully lower your precious PUMPKIN BINDLE.

You then rappel down the station with the PACKAGE, which must not leave your side.

## Years in the future...

**14/12/09**

Which is to say, THE PRESENT MOMENT PRECISELY...

## ==>

**14/12/09**

## ==>

**14/12/09**

## ==>

**14/12/09**

## ==>

**14/12/09**

An AIMLESS RENEGADE prepares for company.

```
CAUTION CAUTION CAUTION...
```

## Rose: Build as much as you can as fast as you can.

**16/12/09**

pesterlogEB: ok, while i make some stuff here can you keep an eye out for imps?
EB: just keep the safe or tub handy or something.
EB: it'll serve them right for trashing my posters.
TT: I keep telling you the posters were always like that.
EB: AND I KEEP TELLING YOU HA HA VERY FUNNY
TT: Here, look.
TT: http://tinyurl.com/O413nanna
TT: http://tinyurl.com/O413weirdo
EB: yeah, i saw those, but...
EB: they didn't look like that before. you must have changed them.
TT: Even if I had the motive for such a bizarre and pointless deception, where would I find the

time?
TT: I don't even have Photoshop.
EB: then why didn't you TELL me they were there???
TT: I had no reason to think you were not aware of them.
TT: I thought they were strange, certainly, but was not struck by any particular impulse to discuss them.
EB: ok, it still doesn't make sense though.
EB: implying that i drew them a while ago and then forgot and couldn't see them and now suddenly see them.
EB: that's stupid, what would that even mean.

```
Sprite prototyped once more with grandmother's remains. She treats John to some
helpful exposition in a friendly and maternal (grandmaternal?) manner.

Co-player has displayed inexplicably capricious behavior since arrival. Stress-
related? Contracted virus indigenous to realm? It should be noted he was kind
of a weird guy anyway.
```

## ==>

**16/12/09**

pesterlogTT: It looks like you were in your father's room recently.
EB: yeah.
TT: And how did it make you feel to discover what was in there?
EB: oh no, i just realized!
EB: you are going to psycho-therapify me.
EB: well don't bother!
TT: Maybe I am just being a friend?
EB: maybe...
EB: /EYES SUSPSICIOSLY
EB: anyway i guess you saw what's in there, it's boring and there's not much to even see.
TT: That doesn't matter.
TT: What matters is how seeing it affected you.
TT: I think it clearly has in some way.
EB: well...
EB: i don't know, at first i was nervous to go in and find more of his weird clowns, because of course they are stupid and i hate them a lot.
EB: but then when i didn't see any, it was weird.
EB: i felt weirdly, like... disappointed almost.
TT: Is it fair to say this changed your perception of your father?
EB: yeah, i guess.
TT: Is it such a stretch to conclude it changed your perception of other things as well?
EB: uh no, maybe not.
EB: but what are you getting at?
EB: it sounds like you're saying i'm crazy!

## John: Alchemize.

**16/12/09**

pesterlogTT: I don't like to use the word "crazy".
EB: oh god.
EB: see?? this is therapy bullshit!
TT: That was a joke.
TT: But anyway, whether it means you are crazy or not, consider this theory:
TT: Your presumably longstanding tendency for scrawling this imagery is really your subconsious trying to express something disturbing within you.
TT: Possibly something from your past, which you have blocked out.
TT: And since you have supressed it, your conscious self cannot acknowledge the drawings, therefore they have been invisible until now.
EB: why now?
TT: Perhaps because you have seen evidence that conflicts with the worldview your subconscious has constructed to obfuscate the truth.
TT: That your dad is not necessarily the clown-loving maniac you thought he was.
TT: All along, this negative attribute buried in your psyche may have been projected on to him, and subsequently reviled, as a sort of defense mechanism.
EB: but this is absurd, my dad LOVES these shitty clowns.
EB: he's got all these statues and paintings EVERYWHERE.
TT: Is it unthinkable that over the years it was he who believed you were the one with a passion for clowns? Because of the all the strange drawings in your room?
TT: A father then embraces a son's hobby to establish a stronger bond.
TT: Or wages a campaign of passive-aggresive mockery of your interests.
TT: Either is plausible. I don't know your dad that well.
EB: i dunno.
EB: not sure about all this.
EB: but i think we need to stop and acknowledge the bunny sassacre fedora i just made.
TT: It's awesome.
EB: yeah.

==>

**16/12/09**

pesterlogEB: wow, what are you doing by the way?
EB: rose, sorry to say but this is all looking kind of silly!
TT: I'm trying to spread the upward construction around so there is a more substantial foundation for later on.
TT: But I'm starting to wonder if it will be strong enough.
TT: It's kind of starting to wobble a little.
TT: I don't think brick chimneys were meant to serve this architectural purpose.
EB: yeah no shit!
TT: I might have to adopt a different building strategy.
TT: Stick to more load-bearing walls, and blockier shapes, especially since grist has been easier to come by lately.
EB: ok, but you really must be running low on time by now, right?
TT: Right.
EB: STRIIIIIIDEEEERRRRRRRR!!!!!

## [S] Jade: Dream up extra arms and play advanced bass solo.

**18/12/09**

```
JADE: Z

Prospit
```

## Jade: Change wardrobifier to cycle thru STAR HEART HORSESHOE

**18/12/09**

Ok, good idea.

You leave the MOON in the cycle though cause you like it.

## Jade: Go explore the golden city.

**18/12/09**

## ==>

**18/12/09**

## ==>

**18/12/09**

## ==>

**18/12/09**

## Jade: Go and make a new friend.

**19/12/09**

## ==>

**19/12/09**

## ==>

**19/12/09**

## ==>

**19/12/09**

## WV: Eat letter and envelope.

**19/12/09**

```
NIBBLE NIBBLE
```

Will you cut that out! You have company.

## WV: Look behind you!

**19/12/09**

See? Over there.

## WV: Read letter.

**19/12/09**

```
dear Mister Mayor,

go here! ==>
```

## ==>

**19/12/09**

```
give present!
hooray!!!
```

```
♥  ==> ♥

oh please do this, the freedom of your people depends on it!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
♥  your friend ☺
```

## ==>

**20/12/09**

```
BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA BRAKKA
```

## ==>

**20/12/09**

```
==> cover!
```

## ==>

**20/12/09**

## ==>

**20/12/09**

```
<== hurry!
```

## ==>

**20/12/09**

## ==>

**20/12/09**

## WV: Give present! Hooray!!!

**20/12/09**

```
... : GG
FROM : GT

to Miss Mail Lady! ♥
```

## Jade: Gracefully fly to the other golden tower.

**20/12/09**

You decide to check on your neighbor.

## Jade: Inspect neighbor's tower.

**20/12/09**

It is very much the same as your own! The only difference is that this one is home to a young boy instead of a young girl.

You peer through the window.

## ==>

**20/12/09**

John is of course sound asleep. It looks like he is having troubled dreams as usual.

You cannot disturb his slumber though. He will wake up when he is ready!

## ==>

**20/12/09**

```
JADE: ??
```

Speaking of John, you wonder if he got the birthday present you sent him? Or for that matter, if you even remembered to send it?

Darn! You get so confused sometimes. If only you had some system in place to help you remember things.

==>

**20/12/09**

Your MOON is getting very close to SKAIA. You had better go inside soon. It is never a very good idea to be outside during the ECLIPSE.

Maybe you can take the opportunity to log onto your computer and ask John about his present. You just know he will think it is awesome, and it will be a great way to thank him for the wonderful present he got you!

## John: Alchemize in a 1980's time-lapse montage.

**21/12/09**

That would be pretty cool, and would promote the appearance to the audience that a whole lot was getting done in not much time, but it also sounds like kind of a pain in the ass so you decide to play it straightup this time.

Rose has moved the ALCHEMITER back down to the deck while she reworks the building project up there. Just as well because it will save you a lot of legwork. Between this thing, the designix and the lathe, that's a whole lot of scrambling around!

## John: Recombine hammer and pogo ride.

**21/12/09**

```
DQMmJLeK
x1 PUNCH!

nZ7Un6BI
x2 PUNCH!

HAMMERHEAD POGO RIDE
⬡ 5  ⬡ 20
```

This time instead of overlapping (&&) the two cards which created the POGO HAMMER, you use the two codes to double-punch (||) a blank card, producing a different hole pattern.

The result is the HAMMERHEAD POGO RIDE. It doesn't look like it's as much fun as the original ride, but to be fair it's probably a lot safer.

Double-punching cards creates patterns with more holes, rather than less holes by overlapping cards. This strikes you as a viable method for combining more than two items without whittling down to too few holes, or too many! Just mix up the overlaps and double-punches, and the sky's the limit.

## John: Combine ghost shirt and suit.

**21/12/09**

```
GREEN SLIME GHOST SUIT
⬡ 3  ⬡ 1
```

You make the GREEN SLIME GHOST SUIT.

Pretty swanky, but you are not completely satisfied with the wardrobe upgrade yet.

## John: Combine ghost suit and Wise Guy book.

**21/12/09**

```
WISE GUY SLIME SUIT
⬡ 1  ⬡ 5  ▲ 10
```

You make the WISE GUY SLIME SUIT.

This is so much better. It seems there are lots of secret trickstery gimmicks concealed in OH SHIT THERE GO THE CARDS

## John: Combine glasses and PDA.

**22/12/09**

```
SERIOUS BUSINESS GOGGLES
⬡ 6  ▲ 3  ○ 6
```

You make the SERIOUS BUSINESS GOGGLES.

This is a pretty nice hands-free communication solution, and it makes you look way cooler, like one of the kids from SPY KIDS or something.

God that was a good movie.

*REAL SPIES...only smaller*

## John: Combine sledgehammer, telescope, and Sassacre text.

**22/12/09**

```
TELESCOPIC SASSACRUSHER
⬡ 250  ▲ 10  ○ 50
```

You make the TELESCOPIC SASSACRUSHER, at pretty considerable expense. This thing could probably pound an ogre into crudeburger.

Of course you have no hope of lifting it whatsoever.

## John: Combine gushers and blue ectoplasm.

**22/12/09**

```
HELLACIOUS BLUE PHLEGM ANEURYSM GUSHERS
⬡ 24  ⬡ 30  ○ 18

Betty Crocker

NEW

FRUIT GUSHERS
FRUIT SNACKS

HELLACIOUS BLUE PHLEGM ANEURYSM!
```

You mix your Gushers with some of the blue slime Nanna left on the wall to make a box of HELLACIOUS BLUE PHLEGM ANEURYSM GUSHERS (WITH GHOSTLY HEALING PROPERTIES!)

THESE SHOULD BE CONVENIENT, IF SOMEWHAT UNAPPETIZING.

## John: Combine fake arm, blue ectoplasm, and PDA.

**22/12/09**

```
REMOTE GHOST GAUNTLET
⬡ 32  ▲ 128
```

You make the REMOTE GHOST GAUNTLET.

It looks like when you put on the special computer-glove it lets you control the big slimy ghost hand.

The GHOST GAUNTLET appears to have a considerably higher lift capacity than your own puny arms.

## John: Combine ghost gauntlet and bathroom mirror.

**22/12/09**

```
LEFT HANDED REMOTE GHOST GAUNTLET
⬡ 32  ▲ 128
```

You make a LEFT HANDED REMOTE GHOST GAUNTLET to complete the pair.

BECAUSE YOU DON'T SEE WHY THE HELL NOT.

## John: Combine umbrella and straight razor.

**22/12/09**

```
BARBER'S BEST FRIEND
⬡ 2  ○ 8
```

You make the BARBER'S BEST FRIEND.

It suddenly seems worthwhile to you to go nab that UMBRELLAKIND STRIFE SPECIBUS that's been lying in the study for a while.

## John: Combine gushers and shaving cream.

**22/12/09**

```
BETTY CROCKER BARBASOL BOMB
⬡ 1  ⬡ 1

BARBOSOL

Betty Crocker
```

You make a deadly BETTY CROCKER BARBASOL BOMB.

Be careful with that thing! Jesus!!

## John: Combine Ghost Dad poster with...

**22/12/09**

```
IDIOT RETARDED DEAD FATHER
```

Ok, you have a cool idea for something to do with your GHOST DAD POSTER, but it looks like you drew shit all over that one too without realizing it.

Lousy goddamn stupid subconscious!

Anyway, you think you have an idea how to clean it up.

## John: Captchalogue/punch Heath Ledger Joker figurine.

**22/12/09**

```
⬡ 1

○ 425

BILL COSBY
GHOSTDAD
America's Favorite Dad in a Spirited Comedy!
⬡ 1  ⬡ 1
```

If you can somehow "subtract" the code of the JOKER FIGURINE from the code of the poster, it might work.

Luckily, the Joker code only has two holes, making the task very simple. The defaced Cosby poster shares those holes. You determine that the defaced Cosby could only result from a double-punching with the Joker, if your theory is correct. This means the original Cosby poster had one of those holes punched, or the other, or neither, making three total possibilities.

You try out all three possible codes, yielding:

- 1 POTTED PLANT
- 1 PAINTING OF A HORSE ATTACKING A FOOTBALL PLAYER
- 1 CLEAN COSBY POSTER

SUCCESS.

## John: Combine Cosby poster with computer.

**22/12/09**

```
COSBYTOP COMPUTER
⬡ 30  ⬡ 10
```

You make the COSBYTOP COMPUTER.

This thing is probably a useless piece of shit, but making it has caused you to feel an alarming sense of satisfaction.

## John: Combine Dad's hat and Problem Sleuth game.

**22/12/09**

```
FEDORA + CANDYCORN
```

```
⬡ 5
```

You make another ordinary FEDORA with FOUR PIECES OF CANDY CORN inside.

## John: Combine Hammer and Problem Sleuth game.

**22/12/09**

```
??????
⬡ 30,000  ? 90,000  ○ 6,000  ? 180,000  ? 1
```

Whatever this item is, you cannot make it yet! It requires a ludicrous amount of grist, some types of which you have not even encountered.

## John: Combine iron and pogo hammer.

**22/12/09**

```
WRINKLEFUCKER
⬡ 55  ⬡ 44  ▲ 66

HISS..SSSS...
```

You make the WRINKLEFUCKER.

## ==>

**22/12/09**

So much sweet loot. You'd almost think it was simultaneously your birthday, AND Christmas or something.

Of course you know that is ridiculous and could never conceivably happen.

## [S] Dave: Strife!

**24/12/09**

```
FINAL ROUND

STRIFE!

CHEAP
PIECE OF
SHIT

BRO
BRO
```

## ==>

**24/12/09**

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

TG: bro just kicked my ass

## ==>

**24/12/09**

pesterlogTG: thats really all there is to say on the matter

## [S] Jade: Pester John.

**28/12/09**

```
-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 13:25 --
```

```
GG: hi happy birthday john!!
GG: john did you get my package??
EB: oh hey!
EB: no, not yet.
GG: darn! are you sure? it was in a green box...


EB: oh, it is this game.
EB: it's ok i guess. i'm still figuring it out.
GG: whoa what was that?????
EB: what was what?
GG: there was a loud noise outside my house!!
GG: it sounded like an explosion!!!!
EB: wow, really?
GG: i will go outside and look....


GG: it landed a pretty good ways from my house and i went to look at it
GG: and its pretty big!
GG: but bec doesnt want me to go near it
GG: so i came home
```

pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 13:25 --

GG: john did you get my package??
EB: oh hey!
EB: no, not yet.
GG: darn! are you sure? it was in a green box.....
EB: oh!
EB: yes, but it is in my dad's car and he is still out at the store.
EB: he should be back soon.
GG: great!!! so what are you up to today?
EB: i am up to my neck in this sburb stuff.
EB: TT is making a royal mess of my house.
GG: lol!
GG: whats sburb??
EB: oh, it is this game.
EB: it's ok i guess. i'm still figuring it out.
GG: whoa what was that?????
EB: what was what?
GG: there was a loud noise outside my house!!
GG: it sounded like an explosion!!!!
EB: wow, really?
GG: i will go outside and look....
EB: oh man, alright but be careful, ok?
GG: i will! :)

-- gardenGnostic [GG] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

GG: im back!
EB: oh hi!
GG: i went to investigate the explosion i heard
EB: was it by any chance a meteor?
GG: yes!!!!!
GG: how did you know??
EB: oh man, it's kind of a long story!
EB: anyway, are you ok? did it blow up your yard or start a fire or anything?
GG: no i am fine!
GG: it landed a pretty good ways from my house and i went to look at it
GG: and its pretty big!
GG: but bec doesnt want me to go near it
GG: so i came home
GG: he seems to think its dangerous!
EB: well gosh, he's probably right!
GG: anyway what have you been up to john?
GG: oh!!!! did you get my package yet? :O
EB: er...
EB: yeah, i was trying to get it, but rose dropped my car into a weird spooky bottomless pit and the package was in the car and im really sorry about that.
GG: oh no!
EB: wow, ok, i guess i should start at the beginning.
EB: see, a meteor blew up my neighborhood.
GG: thats terrible john! im so sorry!
EB: but i'm ok! and my house is too, sort of.
EB: that game i was telling you about, sburb which i was playing with rose, sort of transported me somewhere at the last minute.
EB: but now i'm trapped here and it's weird and dark and i can't find my dad and i just lost the car and my copy of the game in the pit and i think i have to save the world from the apocalypse!!!
GG: O_O
GG: well.....
GG: it sounds really crazy and kind of scary but.....
GG: it also sounds kind of exciting!
GG: i dont know john maybe this is your destiny
GG: if anyone can save the world i think it is probably you!
EB: wow, you think so?
GG: yes!
EB: well ok, BUT.
EB: it's not even that simple!
EB: i was about to connect to rose to help transport her and save her from meteors and fire and stuff.
EB: but she lost battery power and i lost the game disc!
EB: so i think i have to get TG to use his copy to save her!
EB: but that jackass won't shut up and stop rapping and stuff.
GG: hahaha

GG: he is so silly!
EB: yeah. anyway i should talk to him about it, so brb.

==>

**29/12/09**

```
GG: hey!!!!
EB: whoa, there you are!
GG: how is your adventure going john?
```

pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

GG: hey!!!!
EB: whoa, there you are!
GG: how is your adventure going john?
EB: it's ok, i am making some progress, and rose finally connected again so she is helping me now.
GG: thats good!!
EB: oh but, like...
EB: i don't think i am actually saving the world here. :(
EB: i dunno what i'm really accomplishing but i guess it's not that.
GG: hmm well i think whatever it is it must be pretty important!
GG: dont lose hope john i think it will all turn out for the best if you stay positive....
GG: just keep listening to your grandmothers advice!!!
EB: yeah, you're probably right.
EB: but, um...
EB: i don't think i mentioned nanna to you, did i?
GG: oh uhhh.....
GG: i dont know didnt you???
EB: hmm, i dunno, maybe you talked rose or dave about it or something.
GG: yeah maybe that was it!!
EB: they're really weird when they talk to me about you, like they're always trying convince me you have some spooky powers, but i'm always like no she seems like a pretty regular girl to me!
GG: heheheh :D
EB: but then when i think back maybe there are times when it seems like you know some things?
EB: like maybe you know more about a thing than you are telling me? i dunno.
GG: oh well john
GG: i want to explain lots of things to you....
GG: some things that i know
GG: im just.....
GG: waiting!
EB: waiting for what!
GG: oh! john!!!
GG: i forgot i was messaging you about that meteor that fell near my house!
EB: oh yeah.
EB: what ever happened with that?
GG: oh boy.... well.....
GG: it turns out i was confused about it...
GG: really confused! o_o;

GG: see i guess i fell asleep for a while and.....
GG: lost track of time
GG: that happens!!
EB: yeah i know, tell me about it!
EB: maybe you should like, wear an alarm clock or something.
EB: so what was the deal with the meteor?
GG: well.....
GG: its hard to explain!!!
GG: but...
GG: i know what it is now!
GG: and now i know everythings going to be ok!!!
EB: so what is it???
EB: or is this just another thing you're "waiting" to tell me???
GG: oh gosh john i really want to tell you all this stuff!!!
GG: but i cant yet
GG: i really think you need to wake up first!
EB: huh?
GG: well ok not literally
GG: well ok maybe KINDA literally!!
EB: AUGH!!!!!!!!!!!!!
EB: stop being so confusing!!!!
GG: lol :)
GG: anyway time for you to go john
GG: i think you have some company!!!
GG: <3

## Jade: Update colourful reminders.

**29/12/09**

You take a moment to gather your thoughts after your dream. While you are asleep it can get very confusing figuring out what is really happening and what isn't. Especially during the ECLIPSE, when you are exposed to many visions of the past, present, and future through a variety of CLOUD MIRAGES. It is only after you wake up that you are able to start making sense of it all, and your REMINDERS help you do this!

But on reflection, there wasn't much in the dream about the future. You were quite surprised to see your DOG in your dream though. It was the first time the crafty guardian has ever appeared in a dream! You have learned that today is his birthday, just like it is for your other best friend. You have always wondered about this, and never had the chance to throw him a party and bake him a cake. Now you can!

But if you do, it seems that you will need A LOT of candles.

==>

**29/12/09**

```
BEC: Z
```

Bec has never allowed you to enter the MYSTIC RUINS for reasons you never understood. You always assumed it was on account of your protection. But your dream has strongly suggested to you that is where you need to go now!

Since your DREAMBOT is secured in its chamber and does not need to be looked after, Bec is taking a nap in the GRAND FOYER as he usually does. Perhaps you can take advantage of this and sneak out of the house another way?

## Jade: Grab your harpoon gun.

**29/12/09**

Oh yes, of course! One of your REMINDERS reminds you that you still have a package to deliver too. This way you can kill two birds with one harpoon gun.

## Jade: Use harpoon to zip-line into the great outdoors.

**30/12/09**

## ==>

**30/12/09**

```
PCHOOO!
```

## ==>

**30/12/09**

```
ZIP
```

## Rose: Finish building.

**30/12/09**

Architectural perfection.

## Dave: Mourn the loss of Cal.

**31/12/09**

See you little dude.

If you had any more APPLE JUICE you would pour some out for your homie.

You'll have to remember to double-check your closet for more juice.

## Dave: Go get a god damn new sword.

**31/12/09**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

1/2bladekind
```

Perhaps you will. But if you do, it looks like you'll have to break it first.

Perfectly good STRIFE SPECIBUS, down the toilet. Thanks BRO.

## Dave: Captchalogue beta.

**31/12/09**

You try to grab the BETA (6) but you forgot your sylladex is completely packed.

You wonder why you jammed all this useless crap in here in the first place. Maybe you assumed you would weaponize it all during one of your customary HASHRAP battles with your BRO. But in retrospect that probably just would have been a huge chore and would have made the battle drag on forever.

It's like what are you made of time.

## Dave: Eject your modus and set it to Scrabble values.

**31/12/09**

```
[EJECT]

hash functions
A=1; B=3; C=3; D=2; E=...
C=2; V=1;
C=1; V=2;
[ADD]

[x] detect collisions
```

You dump all this crap all over the roof.

You then set your modus to the SCRABBLE HASH FUNCTION for some reason. This function always makes it a little less intuitive to calculate hash values for items, and therefore more cumbersome to rap with. But you guess that's kind of a moot point now that your BRO flew off fuck knows where. His mysterious ways transcend irony once again.

## Dave: Get beta.

**31/12/09**

You get the BETA (3+1+1+1), now yielding a radically different hash value with the Scrabble function.

Which is to say a radically exactly the same value.

## Dave: Pester Rose.

**31/12/09**

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] --

TG: ok i got it
TG: i hope you appreciate how much gross spongy proboscis i had to fellate to get this game
TG: hello
TG: what are you doing
TG: anyway im going down stairs now and installing this thing
TG: later

## ==>

**31/12/09**

```
Alert : Dave

MUTANT KITTEN: Z
```

You have finally finished your building project. You have done about all you can do for John. You don't think you can provide much assistance against all those ogres this time, but at least now John

appears to be armed to the teeth.

All there is left to do is wait for Dave.

## Rose: Captchalogue and send John code for his present.

**01/01/10**

That would certainly hasten the parcel's delivery, but the gift is not finished yet!

You have spent months accelerating your knitting skills to be able to make the gift of perfect sentimental appeal. You even incorporated a cherished heirloom you have had as long as you can remember.

When he sees your staggering gesture of sentimentality he will finally understand. He will understand that in the game of facetious sentimental gestures, no one gets the best of Rose Lalonde.

## Months in the past...

**01/01/10**

## dear rose,

**01/01/10**

```
(crappy, sorry)

dear rose,

happy birthday!!!

thanks for being such a great friend all these years. i know you like to make
it out like you're playing it cool and don't care much about the people in your
life, bu... ...down you really do.
```

dear rose,

happy birthday!!!

thanks for being such a great friend all these years. i know you like to make it out like you're playing it cool and don't care much about the people in your life, but i know deep down you really do. hell, not even that deep down. it's like, um, like your subconscious is having a wet t-shirt contest, and you being all aloof is this totally soggy shirt doing no good at all at hiding nothin'. oh wait, it looks like two can play at this game of cracking all these high falutin psychology books! AW SNAP!!!

but yeah, i got you this because i think you're really creative and you could make something nice with it if you put your mind to it. and it might help you take your mind off a lot of all this serious business you're always absorbed in. you know, all this weirdo pseudo-gothy stuff or whatever. frankly it's kind of depressing.

anyway you're the best rose! have a rad 13th! (i will catch up with you guys soon. god you're all so old.)

~ghostyTrickster
(john)

## ==>

**01/01/10**

```
Alert : ☹
```

## Rose: Answer.

**01/01/10**

```
:: grimAuxiliatrix::

PESTERLOG :

GA: Why Is It That When The Subject Of Temporal Mechanics Is Broached Your
Sparing Human Intellects Instantly Assume The Most Ingratiating Posture Of
Surrender Imaginable

[PESTER!]


[HD]

[leavings]

[scraps]


TROLLSLUM :

* gallowsCalibrator
* arsenicCatnip
* carcinoGeneticist
* cuttlefishCuller
* centaursTesticle
☹ grimAuxiliatrix
```

pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

GA: Why Is It That When The Subject Of Temporal Mechanics Is Broached Your Sparing Human Intellects Instantly Assume The Most Ingratiating Posture Of Surrender Imaginable
GA: Time Is Not That Difficult To Understand
GA: It Is A Utility That A Universe May Resort To In Order To Advance A Desired Degree Of Complexity
GA: Or May Not Resort To If That Is The Case
GA: Its All Pretty Pedestrian
GA: But No
GA: When Time Travel Comes Up You Present The Face That A Man Shows When The Breeze Gradually Alerts Him To His Absence Of Netherdressings
GA: I Dont See How We Are To Properly Agitate You All If You Continue To Insist On Failing To Understand Basic Concepts Which Common Infants Effortlessly Manage To Describe Via Scrawlings In Their Own Puddles Of Sloppy Discharge
TT: Have we spoken before?
GA: Yes
GA: In The Future
TT: You and your friends never cease to invent ways to strengthen the credibility of your assertions.
GA: Oh My It Is Your Human Sarcasm Again

GA: I Enjoy Listening To It And I Wish Doing So Could Serve As My Primary Form Of Recreation
GA: There See I Just Did It Too
GA: Saying The Opposite Thing To Emphasize My Contempt
GA: But Suddenly I Feel More Primitive And Hate Myself A Little More
GA: It Was Like This Funny Miracle That Just Happened In My Heart
TT: I would admire the sophistication of you and your fellow future-dwellers a little more if you seemed to be aware the word "human" only functions as that sort of adjective in bad science fiction.
TT: But I won't be rude and change the subject.
TT: There's a still a bit of unflagellated straw poking out of your rhetorical effigy over here.
GA: Oh Dear
GA: No We Arent From "The Future"
GA: But We Are All Already In Agreement That You Dont Get It And Never Will
TT: I thought you said we spoke in the future.
GA: We Did
GA: Your Future
GA: For Me It Was Only A Couple Minutes Ago
TT: I understand.
TT: You exist in some temporal stratum through which you have communication access to various points of my timeline.
TT: It's not that complicated.
GA: Yes Thats Right
GA: Will You Try To Talk Some Sense Into Your Idiot Friends
GA: So That We May Proceed To Bother Them All On More Rational Terms
TT: I try to every day, with mixed results.
TT: But you see, it's not that I don't understand you.
TT: It's just that I don't believe you.
TT: Because it's nonsense.
TT: Albeit persistent and coordinated nonsense.
TT: Why would a bunch of temporally dislocated trolls want to harass a group of friends throughout completely random points in time?
GA: I Will Admit This Campaign Of Provocation Wasnt All That Well Thought Out
GA: Dont Tell Anyone I Said That
TT: Alright.
TT: Maybe you should get some trolling tips from us humans.
TT: Our sparing intellects are probably better suited to it.
GA: Yeah Maybe
GA: Why Dont We Be Friends
TT: You want to be my friend?
GA: I Think So
GA: I Think Were Supposed To
GA: You Suggested As Much Earlier
TT: You mean I did in the future?
GA: Yes A Couple Minutes Ago
TT: Probably because I remembered you mentioning it in the conversation we're having now?
GA: Thats Likely
TT: Hmm.

TT: Your commitment to this roleplaying scenario is intriguing.
TT: What choice do I have but to accept?

==>
**01/01/10**
==>
**01/01/10**
==>
**01/01/10**

## dear dave,

**01/01/10**

```
yo, sup (shit)

dear dave,

happy birthday!!!

i just wanted to take a break from telling you how much your gay butt stinks
all the time and say what an awesome friend you are. seriously, on any
other ...be downplaying...
```

dear dave,

happy birthday!!!

i just wanted to take a break from telling you how much your gay butt stinks all the time and say what an awesome friend you are. seriously, on any other day i would be downplaying how you aren't really as cool as you think you are, but just between you and me i think you might actually be that cool. i think you just gotta get out of your bro's shadow and spread your wings dude!!!

so i got you these. they're totally authentic! they actually touched ben stiller's weird, sort of gaunt face at some point. i'm sure you'll dig them because i know you lolled so hard at that movie. ok so for real, this is sort of a shitty present, but it is an ironic present because i know you wouldn't have it any other way. maybe you can wear them ironically some time. they MIGHT even be more ironic than you and your bro's dumb pointy anime shades.

anyway, have a good one buddy! and stay busy being totally sweet!

~ghostyTrickster
(john)
==>
**01/01/10**

```
Alert : ☹
```

## Dave: Answer.

**01/01/10**

```
:: adiosToreador ::

-- adiosToreador [AT] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG] --
```

```
AT: hEYYY,
AT: fIRST, oK, i THINK YOU'RE AWFUL,


STARSKY & HUTCH

[ILL BEATS]

[PESTERCHUM]

[COMPLETE BULLSHIT]

[NOPE - SO-]

Huggy bear


TROLLSLUM

* caligulasAquarium
* carcinoGeneticist
* apocalypseArisen
* gallowsCalibrator
* terminallyCapricious
☹ adiosToreador
```

pesterlog-- adiosToreador [AT] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG] --

AT: hEYYY,
AT: fIRST, oK, i THINK YOU'RE AWFUL,
AT: lET'S PUT THAT FACT ON THE TABLE WHERE WE CAN BOTH SEE IT,
AT: nOW YOU HAVE BEEN PRIMED FOR THE DIGESTIVE RUINATION THAT'S ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE, aND THE COMPREHENSIVE SOILING OF THE LAUNDRY ENVELOPING YOUR PERSON,
TG: oh my god you type like a tool
AT: yEAHHH,
AT: nOW YOU'RE GETTING IT, wHAT YOU ARE IN FOR,
AT: aRE YOU READY TO BE TROLLLLLED,
AT: wITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR MISERABLE HUMAN CORTEX,
TG: this is so weak im almost getting tired of wasting good material on you guys
TG: its like
TG: youve got nothing
TG: its always one of you sprouting up and ranting about how hard im about to get trolled
TG: with no ensuing substance
TG: you dont even know anything about us
TG: one of you fuckers thought i was a girl
AT: oK, yEAH, bUT,
AT: tHE THING IS, tHAT i DON'T CARE,
AT: aBOUT YOUR ANATOMICAL DETAILS, aND THINGS LIKE THAT,
AT: i KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE,
AT: oR WILL DO, aCTUALLY,
AT: iT'S THE MOST AWFUL THING, tHE WORST YOU CAN EVER DO,

TG: sorry i wouldnt cyber with you dude
TG: in the future or whatever
AT: wHAT, wAIT,
AT: oH,
AT: oK, yOU'RE THE ONE WHO LIKES TO SUBMIT INNUENDO,
TG: human innuendo
AT: yES, hUMAN iNNUENDO,
AT: sORRY FOR THE LACK OF CLARITY,
TG: so at what point in the future am i supposed to look forward to you whipping up this titanic hankerin for my knob
AT: uH,
TG: be honest with me
TG: cause im busy
TG: and i want to know exactly when i got to clear some space in my calendar for when some fuckwit blunders out of a magical phone booth and makes a ballad-inspiring play for my throbbing beef truncheon
AT: sHOULD i BE PERTURBED BY THESE ALLUSIONS,
TG: no man
TG: look
TG: i just need to know when to be there
TG: when the stars come into alignment and your flux capacitor lets you finally sate your meteoric greed for crotch-dachshund
TG: i wouldnt want to miss it and cause a paradox or something
TG: itd suck if the universe blew up on account of you missing your window of opportunity to help yourself to a pubescent boy's naked spam porpoise
AT: uHHH,
AT: oK, THIS IS SORT OF STARTING TO UPSET ME,
TG: jesus you are such a shitty troll
AT: i GUESS i'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE,
AT: aND FIND ANOTHER POINT IN TIME TO BOTHER YOU,
AT: wHEN, i GUESS,
AT: yOU ARE MORE EMOTIONALLY SUSCEPTIBLE, aND DON'T HAVE ALL THESE BEES IN YOUR BONNET,
AT: aBOUT YOUR HUMAN SEXUALITY,
TG: oh no
TG: no dude
TG: you sassed me up
TG: we are in THE SHIT now
TG: together
TG: for the long haul
AT: i,
AT: wHAT,
TG: we're motherfuckin entrenched in this bitch
TG: you and me
TG: welcome to nam
TG: now grab my hand and shimmy your soggy ass off that muddy bank before charlie gets the

fuckin drop
AT: uHHH, wHO,
AT: wHO'S CHARLIE,
TG: hes the guy whos gonna read our vows
TG: im feeling pretty friggin MATRIMONIAL all a sudden
TG: take a look down by your foot see that little bottle
TG: stomp on that shit like its on fire
TG: noisy ethnic dudes are flipping the fuck out and waving us around on chairs til someone gets hurt
TG: im your 300 pound matronly freight-train
TG: and my gaping furnace is hungry for coal so get goddamn shoveling
AT: oH MY GOD,
TG: bro look in my eyes
TG: that twinkle
TG: that be DEVOTION you herniated pro wrestlers sweaty purple taint
TG: sparklin like a visit from your fairy fuckin godmother
TG: shit be PURE AND TRUE
TG: thats what you see
TG: a kaleidoscopic supernova of all your hopes and dreams all swishin together
TG: radially effevescing arms of more little boy peckers than you can imagine
TG: turning out insane corkscrew haymakers of a billion dancing vienna sausages strong
TG: this is how we do this
TG: this shits more real than kraft mayo

-- adiosToreador [AT] blocked turntechGodhead [TG] --

## You are now...

**02/01/10**

The Aimless Renegade.

You have identified a couple of unwelcome rogues outside your present stronghold. They are in violation of your jurisdiction. Despite your ordinarily striking marksmanship, you have spent your entire ammo clip without recording a single killshot.

What will you do?

## AR: Realize that your weapon is magazine-fed, not clip-fed.

**02/01/10**

You don't give a shit about that.

## AR: Examine the wall behind you.

**02/01/10**

The wall exhibits rows of ancient hieroglyphs depicting an array of amphibious and reptilian life forms.

This is illegal pictography. It makes you angry.

## AR: Go search for more ammo.

**02/01/10**

There is plenty of ammunition stored in the various AMMO CRATES which you have spent a great deal of time unearthing from nearby dunes and hauling back to your stronghold. You have a large variety of weaponry and ammunition at your disposal.

Whether you can locate some more AK47 rounds quickly enough is a different matter.

## AR: Quickly retrieve side arms.

**02/01/10**

You retrieve a pair of deadly SIDE ARMS.

But you will need a longer-ranged weapon if you are to continue your enforcement.

## AR: Find a rocket launcher.

**03/01/10**

==>

**03/01/10**

Here's one.

## AR: Befriend the unwelcome rogues.

**03/01/10**

You wonder if you should reconsider your grievance with the offenders. Perhaps you should let it slide? They seem friendly enough, and it's been so long since you've had company. It would also be quite a pity to blow up that tall attractive female.

But then again...

==>

**03/01/10**

They are both in flagrant violation, trespassing through several zones which you painstakingly marked as off-limits while you conduct your investigation of this crime scene. It is your duty to investigate this ILLEGAL MONUMENT and get to the bottom of its ILLICIT AMPHIBIOUS IDOLATRY. Just thinking about all the sloppy footprints they are leaving in the sand makes your carapace steam.

The law is all that's left to hold on to in this unforgiving dust bowl. You cannot afford to loosen your black claw's grip lest justice slip through your fingers. Law is beauty. Order is peace. Judgment is the very basis for all that is pure and...

Hold that thought.

You need to take a moment to wear something ridiculous before you continue your spiel...

==>

**03/01/10**

==>

**03/01/10**

```
Judge

Jury
```

ORDER IN THE COURT. YOU WILL HAVE ORDER IN THIS COURTROOM. IF EVERYONE DOES NOT SETTLE DOWN YOU WILL CLEAR OUT THIS COURTROOM, YOU SWEAR TO GOD.

## AR: Examine moving platform.

**03/01/10**

It appears to be a large stage serving as a kind of elevator. But it can't go down because there's something jammed in it. Looks like a peculiar musical instrument, probably centuries old.

But yeah, the jury agrees. You've got to go blow up those trespassers.

## Jade: Place present on monument.

**03/01/10**

You put John's present down in just the right spot, along with a letter you prepared a little while ago after a particularly interesting series of dreams.

Should be any minute now...

## ==>

**03/01/10**

```
-IFY
```

## ==>

**03/01/10**

You put down the time-bait. It's out of your hands now.

## ==>

**03/01/10**

You guess you could swim.

Maybe you can think of a better way across though.

## PM : Read the letter.

**04/01/10**

This is kind of confusing.

## ==>

**04/01/10**

```
dear Miss Mail Lady,

go here! ==>
```

But you guess it's straightforward enough, even if the drawing is somewhat inaccurate...

## ==>

**04/01/10**

```
LAND!
```

Oh no!

## AR: Berate self for unauthorized demolition.

**04/01/10**

```
BONK BONK BONK
```

STUPID STUPID STUPID

You had them right in your crosshairs. You have no idea how a crack shot like you could have missed. It is practically inconceivable.

## AR: Be the law.

**04/01/10**

You reload and take aim.

That fair carapace... how it sparkles in the desert light.

No. You cannot afford to be distracted by such thoughts. You are busy being the law.

==>

**04/01/10**

YOU ARE THE LAW WHOOPS

## WV: Wave about in a distracting manner.

**04/01/10**

Oh it's this guy again and his little blinking bee. So outrageous.

==>

**04/01/10**

```
LOB TaB

KLONK
```

THE CAN RUSE WAS A DISTACTION

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

introducing the new friend................ GEROMY

BRO HAVE
told you dog
BRO HAVE YOU SEEN MY SOCKS
AROUND ANYWEAR

no dude

AGAIN with the socks what IS it even with you and SOCKS MAN

its like you must be TOKING UP on a joint to make you STON STONED or something
i can't even think of WHO leaves all there SOCKS lying around like that.
AUUUUUGH!

THE SOCK RUSE WAS A............. DISTACTION
I HAVE the car
```

## PM: Scamper quickly to the newly created hole.

**04/01/10**

you HAVE the cargo

==>

**04/01/10**

```
SHOOOOO
```

## PM: Read the next step of the letter.

**04/01/10**

```
deliver here!
♥  yay! ♥  ☺
```

At the bottom of the letter is a series of coordinates along with further instructions.

You know what you must do.

==>

**04/01/10**

Liberty. Reason. Justice. Civility. Edification. Perfection.

==>

**04/01/10**

```
SENDIFICATE
```

MAIL

## Years in the past...

**05/01/10**

==>

**05/01/10**

==>

**05/01/10**

```
BLAM
```

==>

**05/01/10**

Today is your BIRTHDAY. Your grandfather has decided to celebrate by introducing you to THE THRILL OF THE HUNT.

But suddenly you and Bec are wandering off. Where is this silly DOG taking you?

==>

**05/01/10**

```
-IFICATE
```

You find a PRESENT.

==>

**05/01/10**

```
PUMPKIN SEEDS
```

You open it to find a shirt that is way too big for you, and... pumpkin seeds?

There is also a letter.

## dear jade,

**05/01/10**

```
aw dang where'd i go??
(blarg, so terrible)
```

```
dear jade,

happy birthday!!!

it's hard to thank you enough for your friendship over the years. heck, if it
weren't for you i wouldn't even have met rose and dave, so that is
like ...friendship...
```

dear jade,

happy birthday!!!

it's hard to thank you enough for your friendship over the years. heck, if it weren't for you i wouldn't even have met rose and dave, so that is like, THREE TIMES the friendship! that is almost like, TOO MUCH FRIENDSHIP. ha ha. i only wish i could get you something for your birthday that could remotely make up for what you've given me, but of course that's impossible. so here are a couple silly things anyway!

i went to a weird asian store the other day and saw this rad shirt, so i got it and i'm wearing it now! but there was a blue one too which was way more awesome, and i wanted you to have it. i know you like green a lot, but maybe you'd like to try wearing blue sometimes? i bet you'd look like a million bucks! also i know you've been frustrated lately about how your pumpkins keep disappearing. well, i can't begin to explain why that's happening! all i can do is give you these so you can plant some more. don't give up, jade! wherever those dumb old pumpkins went off to, i'm sure you know the fun is in growing them and taking care of them until they're ready!

whew, got to head out to the post office now so this doesn't get to you TOO late! talk to you soon!!!

~ghostyTrickster
(john)

==>

**05/01/10**

Who is this John claiming to be your friend? And these other friends he mentions?

Whoever he is, you think he might be on to something. Blue is a very pretty color! Also, growing some pumpkins sounds like it could be fun. Maybe you will ask Grandpa if you can use the atrium to do some gardening. This will be exciting.

**WHOP**

**06/01/10**

```
WHOP
```

==>

**06/01/10**

```
WHOP
```

You bear the vicious brunt of this story transition directly in the face.

You are getting really tired of this feisty man and his busy fists.

## Jack: Kill John's dad yourself.

**06/01/10**

Here, stick this in your pipe and bleed to death slowly.

==>

**06/01/10**

==>

**06/01/10**

==>

**06/01/10**

==>

**06/01/10**

==>

**06/01/10**

You release the prisoner. He is free to go.

## Jade: Play guitar to summon giant lily pads.

**07/01/10**

==>

**07/01/10**

```
Ribbit Ribbit
```

==>

**07/01/10**

## Dave: Install beta.

**08/01/10**

```
Alert : Sburb

Alert : Sburb
```

pesterlogTG: alright im installing this game finally

TT: Where doing this man?

TG: yeah

TG: you could almost say

TG: where making this

TT: Go on.

TT: What is it where making this?

TG: TRANSPIRE

TG:

TT: Excellent.

TT: Let's make shit take place.

## [S] Enter.

**14/01/10**

```
* (Install progress texts as previously)
```

```
SBURB

ROSE: ?Dave?

0,000,000,000:00:00:04:26 → :25 → :24 → :23

STRIIIIIIDDEEEERRRRRRR!!!

JADE: Z

* (Dear John Letter contents you don't have time to read here seen elsewhere)

0:19 → :18 → :17 → :16 → :15 → :14 → :13 → :12 → :11 → :10 →
 :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03

0:00

DAVE
DAVE

BOING BOING

BOING
```

**==>**

**14/01/10**

**==>**

**14/01/10**

**==>**

**14/01/10**

## END OF ACT 3

**14/01/10**

## INTERMISSION

**15/01/10**

## [I] ==>

**15/01/10**

Your name is SPADES SLICK. You are the leader of a notoriously vicious gang of mobsters called the MIDNIGHT CREW. A rival gang known as THE FELT recently knocked over one of your favorite casinos. Your long quest of revenge has finally taken you through the front door of the mansion belonging to their loathsome boss, LORD ENGLISH.

Your subordinates, CLUBS DEUCE, DIAMONDS DROOG, and HEARTS BOXCARS have been dispatched to various locations throughout the mansion to begin carrying out your mission. Your objective is to locate and crack English's SECRET VAULT, and plunder its mysteries.

That's the business end of it. The pleasure will be painting this ugly house red with the blood of those miserable green motherfuckers.

## [I] SS: Inspect timekeeping devices.

**16/01/10**

Stupid gang and their lousy obsession with clocks. The sooner all these idiots stop being alive the better.

You wonder where they are. It's awfully quiet in the mansion, sans all the dreadful ticking.

## [I] SS: Captchalogue carriage clock.

**16/01/10**

```
WEAPONS

ITEM
```

You obviously have no idea what that means.

If it's some smartass way of saying to pick it up, forget it. You are already carrying an item. It is your trusty DECK OF CARDS.

## [I] SS: Build fort with clocks.

**16/01/10**

You have an idea that is so much better.

CLOCKS DESTROYED: 4/1000

## [I] SS: Check for traps under the billiards rug.

**16/01/10**

What is under the rug is much worse than any trap you can imagine.

It is a member of a species that you do not recognize, with a ghastly furred upper lip.

## [I] ==>

**16/01/10**

You cover the unsightly individual back up and try to forget it ever existed.

## [I] SS: Play 52 pickup.

**16/01/10**

You would need a DECK OF CARDS to play that infernal game.

Fortunately all you have is your WAR CHEST, which you deploy on the floor.

## [I] SS: Open war chest.

**17/01/10**

## [I] SS: Shuffle contents of war chest.

**17/01/10**

You rummage around. It's no unusual assortment of belongings, and nothing any mobster worth his salt would be caught plotting and scheming without. Certainly nothing eyebrow raising.

Bunch of blades, some playing cards, and a variety of other miscellaneous stuff.

Also your VENDETTA ITINERARY and your HEIST MAP.

## [I] SS: Scavenge war chest for fancy headwear.

**17/01/10**

```
DROP
```

If there are any elaborate headdresses in here, you'll eat your haberdasher.

But of course there is only a plain and serviceable BACKUP HAT, which naturally conceals two LICORICE SCOTTY DOGS.

Which makes you think that maybe you are wearing your BACKUP HAT, and this is your usual one? Hell if you know. They are the same damn hat.

## [I] SS: Hide inside your war chest.

**17/01/10**

You cannot hide properly inside the chest because you cannot close it while you are inside.

Instead you momentarily pretend it is a really cool automobile that commands the fear and respect of larcenous adversaries everywhere.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

All aboard the idiot wagon!

## [I] SS: Start up the Crosbytop.

**17/01/10**

Is that what this thing is? You've had it for some time, and don't quite remember how you got it. You never knew the identity of this pipe-smoking creature.

Perhaps it could be the same species as the character you just saw under the rug. But you know that is impossible, because this one does not feature the same bizarre furred lip. They are probably differing species within the same genus.

## [I] SS: Go to mspaintadventures.com.

**17/01/10**

```
[SYSTEM]

crOSby

4:13 AM

0:10
```

You don't know why you are wasting time on this website. It is for little children who poop hard in their baby ass diapers.

Also you don't understand what the hell is going on or who all these characters are. It's all a lot of nonsense.

## [I] SS: Delete the time setting on the crosbytop.

**17/01/10**

CLOCKS DESTROYED: 5/1000

## [I] SS: Take the spade key.

**17/01/10**

```
Basic Rules of Blackjack
```

```
The object of Blackjack is very simple: to achieve a total that is greater than
that of the dealer, and which does not exceed 21. Even if other players are
present at the table, the dealer is your only opponent in the game.

There are relatively few decisions to make when playing Blackjack. You must
consider your cards and your dealer's card and remember, if you go over 21, you
"bust", and if you "bust" you lose.

Play progresses as follows:

 1. A card is dealt, face up, to each player in turn and then one to the
dealer. The dealer's card is face down and called the "hole" card.
 2. A second card is then dealt, again face up, to each player.
 3. Starting from the player to the left of the dealer, each player decides
whether to draw further cards.
 4. After all players have completed their hands, the Dealer proceeds to draw
cards to complete the Dealer's hand.

You win if:

 * Your total is higher than the Dealer's total
 * The Dealer goes over 21 or "busts" (provided you have not previous busted
yourself.)

If your total is the same as the Dealer's, then it is a "stand-off" and you
neither win nor lose.

If you go over 21, or the Dealer's hand is better, you lose.
```

You take the RULES CARD FOR BLACKJACK.

You have possessed this item for as long as you can remember. You do not yet know its significance. Though you can hustle up a mean game of blackjack when you need to.

## [I] SS: Examine vendetta itinerary.

**17/01/10**

These are the mugshots of everyone you are going to kill.

You got a head start. You already offed CROWBAR (7), MATCHSTICKS (11), and QUARTERS (14), depleting them of some of their muscle. You've still got to watch out for the others, and stay wary of their despicable time shenanigans.

ITCHY (1) has given you the slip repeatedly. DOZE (2) you've captured and interrogated just as repeatedly, to no avail. TRACE (3) has broken into your secret hideout more times than you can count, while FIN (5) always seems to be a step ahead of you and scoops your heists. CLOVER (4) has all the intel and is highly cooperative. You might need him to crack the vault. He'll be guarded. Best to avoid DIE (6) in any direct confrontations unless you want a temporal mess on your hands. But if you need any repairs, you could always get to STITCH (9) and "persuade" him. And you might need to if you can't kill SAWBUCK (10) with a clean shot. EGGS (12) and BISCUITS (13) are morons. But they are dangerous morons. CANS (15) is a tank and your crew'll probably need more ammunition than you packed to take him down.

No one knows what LORD ENGLISH looks like. But that'll be corrected tonight.

You've got dibs on English. He's all yours.

## [I] SS: Wonder where the number 8 mugshot went.

**17/01/10**

It's right here.

But you aren't gonna kill SNOWMAN (8).

It's out of the question.

## [I] SS: Examine heist map.

**17/01/10**

```
SMASH MORE STUPID CLOCKS

LOTS OF DEAD GREEN TORSOS
```

On review, your schemes seem a bit convoluted. But you wouldn't have it any other way.

Deuce and Droog split up to neutralize as many Felt as they can find. Your heavy muscle and expert safecracker, Boxcars, is headed straight down to the vault.

## [I] SS: Use radio device to check on unscrupulous cohorts.

**18/01/10**

You put the word out to your cronies for a status report. No response yet.

You clean up all your junk and prepare to get this show on the road.

## [I] ==>

**18/01/10**

You slip the SPADE KEY back into the DECK OF CARDS, then pocket the WAR CHEST.

Smooth as clockwork, and every bit as logical.

## [I] SS: Enter the hallway near the main entrance.

**18/01/10**

```
Alert : ♣
```

Funny, you didn't hear any commotion or gunplay. But it looks like there's already been some action in here. Or there will be. You can never take tense for granted with these goons.

13/1000 CLOCKS DESTROYED. Apparently.

Looks like Clubs Deuce is getting back to you.

## [I] ==>

**18/01/10**

He says he's got Doze tied up for interrogation.

You ask him what else is new. Capturing that guy is like shooting a paralyzed monkey in the face.

## [I] SS: Be Hearts Boxcars.

**18/01/10**

You are now Clubs Deuce.

## [I] CD: Rough him up.

**18/01/10**

```
WEAPONS

ITEM
```

He remains tight-lipped, so you deal him a senseless shin-drubbing with your CROOK OF FELONY.

Oh the humanity. You can barely watch.

## [I] ==>

**18/01/10**

He's probably still using his special ability to slow time down for himself.

He can't feel a damn thing, and certainly isn't saying anything. Apart from a very low noise which could be him saying "ow" very, very slowly.

## [I] CD: Punch clocks in faces to establish chronology.

**18/01/10**

Why would you do that? All of these clocks are lovely. You see no reason to harm them.

987/1000 CLOCKS UNHARMED

## [I] CD: Swap hats with Doze.

**18/01/10**

You begin a feeble campaign of psychological warfare. Perhaps compromising his fashion motif is the way to get to him.

Nope. Looks like he's still in his weird state of stasis and doesn't care.

Either that or it's driving him nuts. Just very slowly.

## [I] CD: Dump the contents of your war chest over him.

**18/01/10**

War chest? What are you talking about. All you've got is this simple, unassuming DECK OF CARDS.

## [I] CD: Play some solitaire.

**18/01/10**

Don't be stupid. To play solitaire you'd need a DECK OF CARDS.

I don't see a DECK OF CARDS, do you? All I see is your BATTLEDROBE.

## [I] CD: Throw the hat down and stomp it mercilessly.

**19/01/10**

Oh no. It's Itchy, and it looks like he's all wound up.

He unties Doze and quickly swaps everyone's HATS around.

## [I] ==>
**19/01/10**

```
CD: !
```

Doze proceeds to make a fleetfooted getaway.

THE CHASE

IS ON

## [I] SS: Stop being Hearts Boxcars.
**19/01/10**

Alright, you're the boss. Hearts Boxcars you ain't.

Someone has replaced your plain and serviceable HAT with a silly and undersized one. An outrage beyond compare.

You're sure you know who the culprit was. You can still smell his overly caffeinated blood...

986/1000 CLOCKS SHOWN MERCY

## [I] SS: Lift left leg and hold it a little ways in the air.
**19/01/10**

Oops.

## [I] ==>
**19/01/10**

4/15 GREEN TORSOS DEAD

## [I] SS: Wear CD's hat on top of your current one.
**19/01/10**

You are already wearing Deuce's hat you fool. The one on the floor is Droog's hat. This is exactly why you always keep a BACKUP HAT on hand.

This son of a bitch on the floor here has played his last game of musical hats. Soon these lugs will learn to show you some respect. You made this town what it is after all. Wasn't nothin' but a bunch of dust and rocks before you got here.

## [I] SS: Wear backup hat.
**19/01/10**

You deploy your chest and swap this dinky little hat for one more suited to your tastes.

Wait a minute...

Thank god. Your precious SCOTTY DOGS are still here. You don't know what you'd do without them. You don't want to even think about it.

## [I] ==>
**19/01/10**

Die makes his usual sort of entrance. The nonplussed, vaguely bewildered sort.

## [I] SS: Be Diamonds Droog.

**19/01/10**

You got it. Clubs Deuce it is.

You have opened your BATTLEDROBE in search of your BACKUP HAT. You also need some more ROPE to retie Doze, who is absolutely tearing through the mansion as we speak. If you don't hurry, he may clear the chair within the hour.

But it's a big mess. You mostly just see a bunch of bombs and cards.

## [I] ==>

**19/01/10**

```
CD: ?

J♦  7♠  K♠
```

You're not sure what's what. You can never remember which card to pick up.

You can't believe how shitty your memory is.

## [I] CD: Grab the deuce of clubs.

**19/01/10**

You pick up two LICORICE GUMMY BEARS.

These need to be stored for safe-keeping as soon as possible. Finding your BACKUP HAT has never been more urgent.

## [I] CD: Pick up all of the cards and throw them at Doze.

**19/01/10**

```
BLACK INCHES

LICORICE
LICORICE
LICORICE

"AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE"
```

You pick up a bunch of cards and fling them Doze-ward.

Didn't accomplish a whole lot, other than put some of your private reading material on embarrassing public display.

## [I] CD: Pick a card, any card.

**20/01/10**

```
J♦  K♠
```

You're a busy guy so you just pick up any old thing and put it on your head. Since you are in a big hurry you will assume that it is your BACKUP HAT.

You stand nearby the two remaining cards on the floor. An OFF-SUITED KING AND JACK.

## [I] CD: Pick up card depicting stately blonde-haired fellows

**20/01/10**

You aren't going to stand around jack king off all day long, so you grab the JACK OF DIAMONDS.

Oh.

Here's your BACKUP HAT. Problem solved, you guess.

## [I] CD: Forget you are CD. Believe you are Hearts Boxcars.

**20/01/10**

You suddenly remember you are Diamonds Droog.

Whoever took your hat is about to discover he's the unluckiest man on earth. He better hope you find him dead. What you're gonna do to him will be much less painful that way.

## [I] DD: Wear backup hat.

**20/01/10**

```
WEAPONS

ITEM
```

You don't have a BACKUP HAT all you got is this DECK OF CARDS oh wait yes you do.

It's stashed away in your BRAWLSOLEUM.

## [I] DD: Retrieve hat from brawlsoleum.

**20/01/10**

You are the only member of this band of thugs who is civilized enough to keep more than one BACKUP HAT, as well as an extensive array of FINELY TAILORED SUITS.

The BRAWLSOLEUM seemed like the best storage option for your exceptional wardrobe. If there's any better sort of compartment to keep your wardrobe in, you'd love to hear it.

Also there's a shitload of guns and cards in there too.

You put on a BACKUP HAT.

## [I] DD: Withdraw licorice fish from backup hat.

**20/01/10**

```
2♦
```

Whew. Your SWEDISH FISH are there.

This is why it's a good idea to always store your candy in your BACKUP HAT rather than your usual one. Other members of your gang have learned this the hard way and they're finally starting to catch on.

## [I] ==>

**20/01/10**

```
WHOP
```

Suddenly you get coldcocked in the face from the future.

You'd know the knuckles belonging to that suckerpunch anywhere.

## [I] ==>

**20/01/10**

```
THE FUTURE
```

Trace always knows where you've been.

The spineless rat likes to follow your PAST TRAIL around and mess with you.

## [I] ==>

**20/01/10**

```
Alert : ♣
```

Trouble is, whenever he does, he lets you know exactly where he's going to be in the future. This time you'll be ready for him.

You radio Deuce for backup. Give him a time and place, and exactly what path through the mansion to take.

## [I] DD: Resume pursuit of wounded felt member.

**20/01/10**

You don't know if the wounded guy went up the stairs, or came down. Or who wounded him, and when. Might have even been you, for all you know.

## [I] DD: Follow trail of blood up the stairs.

**20/01/10**

Can't overthink this time stuff.

You go with your gut and head upstairs.

## [I] CD: Follow Diamonds Droog's instructions.

**20/01/10**

```
Alert : ♦
```

After giving a quick 10-4 over the RADIO, you take another look at your prisoner. He lucked out. Looks like round two of your brutal interrogation will have to wait.

You couldn't find any ROPE, so you tied him up with a STRETCH ARMSTRONG DOLL which you happened to have lying around. You don't remember how you got it.

It looks sort of dumb, but it will have to do.

## [I] CD: Just lock Doze in the battledrobe.

**20/01/10**

Time to hit the road. You beat your hostage into the back of your BATTLEDROBE with the BULL PENIS CANE.

Wait this is a BULL PENIS CANE?

## [I] ==>

**20/01/10**

```
BULL PENIS CANE
```

You flip the fuck out over the fact that this is apparently a BULL PENIS CANE.

## [I] Meanwhile, running roughly parallel with present events.

**21/01/10**

```
K♦  K♥

A♥  A♦

8♥  K♠  A♣  6♦  2♠
```

## [I] ==>

**21/01/10**

```
8♥  K♠  A♣  6♦  → K♣  K♠  A♣  6♦
```

Itchy always cheats. But he's always cheated for the last time.

You're gonna jump to a timeline where he's dead.

## [I] ==>

**21/01/10**

Looks like he got what he deserved.

But, uh...

As usual, you find yourself in a bit of a predicament.

## [I] SS: Make friends with Die.

**21/01/10**

You introduce your CAST IRON HORSE HITCHER to your new friend.

## [I] ==>

**21/01/10**

Die scrambles for a PIN he's been saving for a special occasion.

## [I] ==>

**21/01/10**

How many times does he have to tell you. He made this town.

## [I] HB: Stop being SS.

**21/01/10**

```
WEAPONS

ITEM
```

You stop not being Hearts Boxcars.

You have made your way to the Felt's SECRET VAULT. It's bigger than you were expecting. You doubt you will be able to rely on your usual safe-cracking method, which is prying it from the wall with your bare hands. You'll have to think of something else.

## [I] HB: Do a silly dance.

**21/01/10**

This is just absolutely the most ridiculous thing you could possibly choose to do right now. I mean come on.

Why don't you take a closer look at that safe...

Seriously stop that.

## [I] HB: Pry the wall from the safe.

**21/01/10**

That notion is even more ridiculous than the last one. Wait who are you kidding no it isn't.

Looks like the combination to the safe is entered via the hands of the clock. And you somehow doubt spinning the hands around manually is going to cut it. Knowing these guys, you've got to alter the flow of time itself to make it work.

Which of course is bullshit. You think you'll just blow it up instead. Time to get Deuce on the radio.

## [I] HB: Deploy PUNCHBOX.

**21/01/10**

```
RED CHEEKS
```

You deploy the WRATHTUB.

## [I] HB: Retrieve two of hearts from backup hat.

**22/01/10**

You retrieve your pair of WAX LIPS.

If anyone tried to steal your WAX LIPS, you would eat their eyeballs and deliver an angry lecture into their empty sockets.

## [I] HB: Peruse Red Cheeks magazine.

**22/01/10**

```
RED CHEEKS
```

Just glancing at it gives you palpitations.

Literature for avid CARDIOFICIONADOS such as your self. Those burgeoning red humps... that miscievous little tail... the snug, welcoming cleft...

The saucy imagery is hard to beat. Harder than what you beat inside your chest now. Your heart is what you're beating.

You beat it to RED CHEEKS MAGAZINE pretty regularly, you'd say.

## [I] HB: Call Clubs on nearest card.

**22/01/10**

```
Alert : ♣
```

You radio Deuce on the 10-4 cards. Let him know you you need a powdermonkey on the double.

You hear ticking. And it's not coming from the big VAULT CLOCK above.

You hope it's not what you think it is...

**[I] ==>**

**22/01/10**

Oh no. Oh God.

It's Biscuits. His OVEN TIMER is ticking. This is no good.

**[I] ==>**

**22/01/10**

```
BZZZZZ
```

Ugh, there he is.

This idiot thinks his special oven transports him into the future by the amount he sets on the timer. Well, he's sort of right. But in reality, all that's happening is that he's hiding in there until the timer's up, then pops out.

You guess he's relatively harmless if he's alone. You can take him. What you really have to worry about is if he teams up with...

Oh no. That ringing. That godawful ringing. You can hear it...

**[I] ==>**

**22/01/10**

```
RIIING RIIING RIIING
```

Eggs.

Son of a FUCK.

You might as well just grab one of your axes and kill yourself now.

**[I] CD: Follow path.**

**22/01/10**

```
THE FUTURE

Alert : ♥
```

In the future, you've already followed the path through the mansion that Droog told you to.

Trace followed Droog's PAST TRAIL even further back, but found a much fresher trail crossing his path.

Looks like this little guy's talking on the radio. Says something about how he'll be right there once he gives Droog a hand.

Trace decides he'll trace this guy for a while, see what he's up to. And then mess with him of course.

**[I] ==>**

**22/01/10**

```
Alert : ♥
```

In the present, you talk on the radio. Say something about how you'll be right there once you give Droog a hand.

**[I] DD: Take a good look around the new room you're in.**

**22/01/10**

Looks like the trail of blood ends here. Or originates. Whatever.

Something went down here in the past. Or... is about to go down in the future? You know what, never mind.

21/1000 CLOCKS DESTROYED, APPARENTLY

**[I] ==>**

**22/01/10**

Hang on. There's a tooth on the floor. You know that tooth. You've felt its bite before.

Fin was here.

And judging by the forensics of the scene, the angle it hit the floor, the direction of the blood splatters and how dry the blood is, you think you know EXACTLY what he's about to pull.

Or more specifically, what he's about to already have pulled.

**[I] ==>**

**22/01/10**

```
THE PAST
```

Fin always knows where you're going.

He's followed your FUTURE TRAIL here. He likes to mess with you from the past.

Trouble is he tips you off to where he's been. This time you're ready.

Wait for it. Wait...

**[I] ==>**

**22/01/10**

NOW.

**[I] ==>**

**22/01/10**

```
THE PAST

RATTA RATTA RATTA
```

```
THE PAST
```

Predestined bullet holes are convenient. Gives you something to aim for.

## [I] ==>

**22/01/10**

7/21 CLOCKS REDESTROYED

## [I] ==>

**22/01/10**

```
THE PAST
```

## [I] SS: Rematerialize.

**23/01/10**

That doesn't make any sense.

You never went anywhere.

## [I] ==>

**23/01/10**

Die realizes there is a cost to settling the score with you in this way. The cost is having to live in a desert amidst the ruins of a dead civilization for the rest of his life.

He thinks that's stupid, so he pulls your pin.

## [I] SS: Help the green man live up to his name.

**23/01/10**

## [I] ==>

**23/01/10**

## [I] SS: Take voodoo doll.

**23/01/10**

You grab his VOODOO DOLL, and stick his pin in there for good measure. Might as well keep track of everyone you've offed this way too.

Not that you intend to abuse its power to settle your score. What's the point if you're not gonna get your hands dirty.

Still, it might come in handy down the road. Lord English is supposedly indestructible. He's rumored to be killable only through a number of glitches and exploits in spacetime. The doll may ultimately help you work the system if it comes to that.

## [I] SS: Clocks. Destroy them.

**23/01/10**

29/1000 CLOCKS DESTROYED

5/15 GREEN TORSOS DEAD

## [I] DD: Follow blood trail downstairs and finish him off.

**23/01/10**

Problem with that is, he'll just see your FUTURE TRAIL following him, and that'll be nothing but a loud invitation for him to mess with you some more.

Besides, better to leave him alive. You think you know where he'll lead you to. Just got to be a little more subtle about tracing his BLOOD TRAIL. Keep your FUTURE TRAIL out of his line of sight.

## [I] SS: Return to being Hearts Boxcars.

**23/01/10**

```
THE PRESENT
```

Spades Slick cannot return to being Hearts Boxcars because obviously Diamonds Droog is too busy being Clubs Deuce.

You just watched Trace throw a punch into thin air for some reason. That guy's awfully silly!

He then skulks off somewhere.

You don't realize he's following Droog's PAST TRAIL through the mansion until he gets to the point where it intersects with your trail, at which point he'll start following you.

But we all realized it. Because it's obvious and couldn't possibly be more clear.

## [I] CD: Implement nefarious scheme.

**23/01/10**

You follow Droog's simple instructions. So simple even a forgetful nincompoop like you can remember.

There's a BLOOD TRAIL on the floor that goes in a different direction than Trace went. You decide to follow it, because that sounds like a really good idea to you.

If there was something you were supposed to do after helping out Droog, you'll be damned if you remember what it was.

## [I] ==>

**23/01/10**

```
THE FUTURE
```

Trace catches up to where you were. But you're gone already. All he sees is the long, gross rubbery arm of your PAST TRAIL stretching through the room.

He finds his comrade tied up with the stretchy rubber arms of a small man. But there is nothing gross or unpalatable about that in the least.

Doze unslows himself and begins mumbling something feverishly.

About his hat.

## [I] ==>

**23/01/10**

```
THE FUTURE
```

## [I] ==>

**23/01/10**

```
THE FUTURE
```

7/15 GREEN TORSOS DEAD

107/1000 CLOCKS DESTROYED

## [I] ==>

**23/01/10**

```
THE PAST
```

Fin makes his way through the mansion to get some help.

He wonders where this little guy is going. Deuce's FUTURE TRAIL is headed in the same direction he's headed, by sheer coincidence. Fin decides to follow him for a bit, keep an eye on him. For as long as Deuce's path matches his, that is. There's pretty much no chance he's headed to the same place, though. That would be statistically improbable.

He's got no idea what these other goons are up to here. Funny, their FUTURE TRAILS end here. He's not gonna stick around long enough to find out why. He's a bit too woozy from the blood loss to sort out this mess anyway.

## [I] CD: Follow the red-blood road.

**24/01/10**

```
THE PAST
```

It's uncanny. This little guy is matching Fin's route every step of the way.

HE MUST KNOW SOMETHING.

Fin decides he's got to take him out.

## [I] ==>

**24/01/10**

But he can't get a clear shot. Too dizzy, and with all that C4 under Deuce's HAT, firing would be a bad idea.

MY GOD HE'S THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING.

Clearly dealing with a criminal mastermind here.

## [I] ==>

**24/01/10**

```
CD: ♥
```

You stop to admire this gorgeous clock. It is so pretty. Too bad it's not ticking like so many of the clocks in this place. Not that you can blame them. There are so many clocks in this mansion it would obviously be impractical to make sure they all work properly.

Oh look. A trail of blood.

You think you'll start following it.

## [I] HB: Waste exactly four hours on this tomfoolery.

**25/01/10**

```
RIIING BZZZZZ RIIING BZZZZZ RIIING
```

YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL YOU HATE TIME TRAVEL

## [I] ==>

**25/01/10**

Above, a spectator has appeared at the strike of 4 and has been giggling at your foolishness for a number of minutes.

Clover would have been tickled to help you open this vault! At the cost of answering a few of his clever TIME RIDDLES, needless to say.

If only you'd thought to seek his help first, rather than charging like the silly brute you are into this deadly trap of stable and not so stable time loops. Mostly unstable, really. These guys are way too dumb to maintain even elementary looping stability for more than a couple iterations.

If you weren't so preoccupied, Clover could tell you that you could use Crowbar's help to pry anything out of a time loop, stable or otherwise.

If you weren't so preoccupied, and if he weren't so dead! Hee hee hee!

## [I] ==>

**25/01/10**

Stitch mutters to himself in his shop. He guesses Eggs and Biscuits are roughhousing again, because the fabric of spacetime is tearing something fierce on Lord English's CAIRO OVERCOAT. This sort of thing is exactly why he keeps a BACKUP COAT, and always leaves Stitch with one of them.

Any gang does well to have an in-house doctor on hand. But if you deal in time travel you better have a damn good tailor too.

## [I] HB: Call Spades for backup.

**25/01/10**

```
RIIING RIIING
Alert : ♠
RIIING RIIING
```

You tell Slick to get his scrawny ass to the vault. It's goddamn bedlam down here. You tell him you asked Deuce for backup but surprise surprise he's nowhere to be found. Big surprise, you tell him. You tell him that was sarcasm. He says he knows.

Slick says he'll be right there. He'll see if he can round up Droog for support.

## [I] ==>

**25/01/10**

```
Alert : ♦
```

Droog says Deuce is tailing Fin, while he is tailing Deuce. He'll be there to help out Boxcars as soon as he and Deuce take care of business with Stitch. Couldn't be simpler.

Oh yeah, he also mentions he pumped Fin full of lead so you can cross him off the list. You roger all that.

## [I] ==>

**25/01/10**

```
THE PAST
```

Fin busts into Stitch's workshop blubbering something about watching out for the little guy who's about to come in here. He says to watch out because he's got a bomb on his head which is undoubtedly quite volatile and even the slightest spark would surely set it off.

Stitch sees Fin's obviously in pretty bad shape, and checks his EFFIGY. Sure enough, the thing's in tatters. But he should be just fine if it can be patched up before he bleeds to...

## [I] ==>

**25/01/10**

```
THE PAST
```

Death.

8/15 GREEN TORSOS DEAD

## [I] CD: Burst in thrusting bull penis cane.

**26/01/10**

Everybody out of the god damn way. You got a hat full of bomb, a fist full of penis, and a head full of empty.

## [I] ==>

**26/01/10**

Stitch says drop the livestock knob and settle the hell down.

He says you do realize C4 is a stable explosive and won't detonate with gunfire, right?

You say oh.

## [I] DD: Sneak into Stitch's boutique.

**26/01/10**

Drop it and get in.

Don't bleed on the suits.

Stitch says huh?

## [I] ==>
**26/01/10**
You admit the thought of carrying an imprisoned tailor wherever you go is gratifying for personal reasons.

But in this case keeping him alive should be useful in dealing with English later.

## [I] HB: Prod idiots with Red Cheeks.
**27/01/10**

```
BZZZZZ BZZZZZ BZZZZZ
RED CHEEKS RED CHEEKS RED CHEEKS
```

This predictably accomplished nothing!

Taking your smut out of hiding turned out to be a very bad idea. Now copies from the future are appearing left and right and these clowns have their paws all over it.

SLICK WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU

## [I] SS: Remove Crowbar's pin.
**27/01/10**

## [I] ==>
**27/01/10**

## [I] ==>
**27/01/10**
Crowbar's alive again. And a whole bunch of other stuff is different.

You forgot this gang almost seems halfway competent when he's running the show.

The good news is you get to kill him again.

## [I] SS: Insert and quickly remove Snowman's pin.
**28/01/10**
You have no idea how much you'd like to. But even you're not that crazy.

Still, kinda tempting.

## [S][I] ==>
**28/01/10**

```
HOLD STILL, SLICK.

SOMETHING IN YOUR EYE.

♠
```

## [I] ==>
**28/01/10**
Everyone always ceases gunplay when Snowman's around.

If you kill her you destroy the universe.

## [I] SS: Remove knife from eye.

**29/01/10**

It's not a knife. It's Snowman's CIGARETTE HOLDER.

All you know is she's gonna have a hell of a time getting it back.

## [I] SS: Give it to Sawbuck.

**29/01/10**

You chuck the LANCE at Sawbuck.

But of course it's only a fleshwound. Seems like that's the only sort of wound you can ever inflict on the corpulent lummox.

Consequently you and he both jump to a random point on the timeline. This looks to be in the recent past, when Stitch and Crowbar were setting up the crates for the imminent gunfight. Which was very thoughtful of them.

Your goons should be showing up any minute with the heavy firepower. For now you've got the drop on everybody.

## [I] SS: Kill something out of rage and frustration.

**29/01/10**

Stitch gets the business end of your SABER RATTLE. He's dead. In this timeline at least.

## [I] SS: Bring knives to the gunfight.

**29/01/10**

Where do you think you're going, fatty?

You'll deal with him in a minute.

You whip out your DOUBLE EDGED SWORD and OCCAM'S RAZOR.

## [I] SS: Occam's Razor. Crowbar's head. Make it hapen.

**29/01/10**

Crowbar deflects the KING OF SPADES into Sawbuck's unmissable carriage. You jump far into the past.

## [I] Years in the past...

**30/01/10**

Which is to say the present, for the time being...

A SCURRILOUS STRAGGLER eyes impromptu desert skirmish.

He dismisses them as a bunch of ill-mannered rogues warranting no further investigation. Although he gives a small nod of approval to the plain and serviceable HAT worn by one of the combatants which strikes him as an absolutely smashing display of good fashion sense.

## [I] SS: Hit Crowbar in the head.

**30/01/10**

You can't kill him yet. You need him alive to return to the original timeline.

You will be taking that CROWBAR though.

## [I] SS: Stuff him in your deck of cards.

**30/01/10**

You cram him in the WAR CHEST.

Sawbuck you need to keep alive too, for the moment. Not to return to the right timeline, but the right time.

Speaking of which, where's tubby think he's waddling off to.

## [I] SS: Just go stab Sawbuck until the time shenanigans stop

**30/01/10**

You treat him to a bit of the old BAIT AND SWITCHBLADE.

You appear in the future. You guess this is after the gunfight is over. The gunfight that never took place since you killed/kidnapped everyone who was supposed to be involved. Looks like only Boxcars is here.

## [I] SS: Carry Sawbuck like Titan Atlas would carry the world

**30/01/10**

You order Hearts to drop his tub on the double before this fat lard puts you in a wheelchair.

If you take Sawbuck back to your own time and kill him there, that should save you the trouble of hunting him down. Might as well take Stitch too.

Maybe. You're not really sure if that's how it works. You don't really care though.

## [I] ==>

**30/01/10**

```
RED CHEEKS
```

You dump them in the WRATHTUB, then stick the tub in your own DECK OF CARDS.

But you give Boxcars back his sordid literature, which he'd carelessly left in plain sight. No one will ever catch you leaving your smut around. And even if you did, that copy of TERRIER FANCY MAGAZINE could belong to ANYBODY. No one could prove nothin'.

## [I] SS: Stick Crowbar's pin back in again.

**30/01/10**

You go back to your original timeline.

But now, stuffed in your chest you've got a live Crowbar from another timeline. Brought to the timeline where he's supposed to be dead... so you guess now he's alive in this timeline which is in part defined by his death? Ok, whatever. You should probably just kill him again anyway.

Also Sawbuck from another timeline is in there too. So you guess now there are two Sawbucks? This is getting kind of dumb.

## [I] ==>
**30/01/10**
You open the chest releasing them both. Crowbar doesn't look too pleased.

## [I] ==>
**30/01/10**

```
BLAM

DEFLECT
```

You deflect his gunfire into the awesome gravitational pull of Sawbuck's astonishing girth.

Everybody into the past!

## [I] ==>
**30/01/10**

```
BLAM BLAM
```

You dodge his next round too.

It seems Sawbuck from this timeline (i.e. the "real" Sawbuck) was in this room at this point in time. He and Crowbar exchange bullets. Off they go.

They no doubt go on to spend the rest of their ammunition peppering each other throughout the timeline, destroying all these clocks in the process between now and the present. You guess that explains the mess when you got here. Thank God you figured that out. You'd have surely lost sleep over it.

20/107 CLOCKS REDESTROYED. FOR THE FIRST TIME. EVENTUALLY... YOU KNOW WHAT, NEVER MIND.

## [I] SS: Take a moment to think up some time-based one-liners
**01/02/10**
Ok you think you got one.

*Time travel sure can be a...*

*DOUBLE EDGED SWORD.*

Wait, that was awful. Really really bad. You're sure you can do better than that.

## [I] ==>
**01/02/10**
Let's see... *sorry to...* no... *time's running...* no wait... fuck.

You ask yourself from the past for a little help. *Time's...* something about time. Time being up. No wait, how about some kind of clock pun. No, dammit, will you just listen. You were almost onto something. *Time... time is...*

Screw this. Too many cooks in the kitchen.

Oh and just what does this quivering mound of blubber think he is up to?

## [I] SS: Stab first, utter puns later.

**01/02/10**

Just as you hear your past self asking what happened to your eye, you jab Sawbuck with your BUTTERFLY EFFECT KNIFE. You remember a little while ago asking yourself about your eye, and not giving yourself an answer just before disappearing. Maybe if you stopped and thought about it for a second, you could have warned yourself and avoided the whole mess, albeit in the process of creating a paradox. But your strict policy of stabbing first and answering questions later prevented it. You're sure your past self understands/understood. You are sure of this because you very clearly remember understanding/understooding.

## [I] ==>

**01/02/10**

You are now Past Spades Slick... again.

You were just about to pull Crowbar's pin. You guess all that stuff with your future self and Sawbuck originally happened in this room while we were all off watching someone else, like Diamonds Droog or something. That makes sense.

## [I] PSS: Remove Crowbar's pin.

**01/02/10**

A whole bunch of shit happens that we already saw.

## [I] PSS: Be Future Spades Slick.

**01/02/10**

Being your future self is a lot more constructive because you get to do stuff you haven't already done.

Looks like you're in the future. It's a bloody mess in here. The clocks are more bullet-riddled than ever. And it seems Crowbar and both Sawbucks have been decapitated. You're almost certain this is something you will be, or were already, responsible for. Which of course means more time traveling.

Looks like the tub and chest are gone. Which means future-you must have packed up and left already. Got to take note of these sorts of things so you know where you are in the timeline.

You notice something on the wall over there...

## [I] ==>

**01/02/10**

One of the clocks that wasn't destroyed before is now bloodied and full of holes.

Not especially noteworthy. You just have a feeling you should register this fact.

108/1000 CLOCKS DESTROYED

## [I] SS: Quickly remove lance from Sawbuck.

**01/02/10**

You pry the CIGARETTE HOLDER from his torso. Whoops, another time jump.

This tub of goo keeps going for his gun. Widebody's gotta settle his big ass down.

You really should incapacitate him without inflicting another wound.

## [I] SS: Knock Sawbuck unconscious.

**01/02/10**

COUNT SOME SHEEP BITCH

Wait... the clock on the wall...

## [I] ==>

**01/02/10**

It hasn't been destroyed yet.

But it's about to be. It's ticking down to the time it's stuck on in the future.

Maybe if you time it just right, you can end this whole mess in one fell slice.

## [I] ==>

**01/02/10**

```
SAWBUCK: Z
```

You've even got an ice-cold one-liner to dish out when the time comes. You've been working pretty hard on it.

Wait for it... wait for it...

*Hate to cut and...*

Wait, no. Not yet.

Wait for it...

*Hate to...* no.

Wait...

*Hate to cut and* DAMMIT. Not yet.

*Hate to cut and run.*

...

SHIT.

*Hate to...*

*Hate to...*

## [I] ==>

**01/02/10**

```
BLAM BLAM
```

*Hate to chop all of your heads off with this sword. Real sorry about that. My bad.*

You slay them all with your RAPIER WIT.

## [I] ==>

**01/02/10**

```
STILL WAITING TO EXPLODE, I THINK. →

BUT YEAH, DEAD. →

DEADER

HUGE BITCH
BLUH BLUH

UH...?
SORTA DEAD

DEAD X 2
```

9/15 GREEN TORSOS DEAD

2/9 GREEN TORSOS DEADENED TWICE

1/15 GREEN TORSOS DEAD FOR THE FIRST TIME, BUT IT'S AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE TORSO, SO YOU GUESS MAYBE IT DOESN'T COUNT(?)

7/108 CLOCKS GRATUITOUSLY REDESTROYED

## [I] ==>

**01/02/10**

You grab the tub and chest and move on. That is ALTOGETHER ENOUGH of this nonsense.

## [I] DD: Call Spades.

**02/02/10**

```
Alert : ♠

Alert : ♦
```

You check up on Slick's status. Slick says he killed Crowbar again, Sawbuck twice, and Stitch once. You ask him if it was an alternate timeline Stitch. He says he guesses so. You say that doesn't count. You've got the real one here. He mutters some foul language you can't quite make out, but you tell him never mind and hurry down to meet you at the vault.

He says he took some damage from Snowman. You say you know. You're having some EFFIGIES

made of yourselves with your BACKUP HATS. Deuce brought Slick's crumpled BACKUP HAT which he wound up with somehow. Not sure what happened to Deuce's. Boxcars is obviously tied up at the moment, so you can't get your hands on his yet.

Slick says he's got both their HATS and he'll be down ASAP. You say alright. He says in the meantime see what you can do about this eye.

## [I] DD: Have Stitch patch up SS's effigy.

**02/02/10**

Get to work, threadmonkey.

## [I] SS: Have right eye patched up.

**02/02/10**

DAMMIT.

Your sprite was flipped the wrong way.

You get Diamonds on the radio and tell him to undo it and wait until you're turned around. He says it's the right eye, right? Were you facing left or right? You say it's only right when facing left. It's the left eye when facing right. He says oh, so it's the left-right eye. You say yeah, but hang on a minute, you'll turn around so it's right-left. He says ok, he'll wait.

## [I] ==>

**02/02/10**

That's better.

## [I] SS: Arm yourself, in case Cans shows up.

**03/02/10**

If Cans shows up, none of these weapons you've got are going to do any good.

You admire the LANCE for a moment. It's a pretty sweet weapon with outstanding craftsmanship. At least you got something out of the eye-gouging. She'll have to pry this thing from your rigid severed arm if she wants it back.

## [I] SS: Ride around on horse hitcher pretending to joust.

**03/02/10**

YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA...

## [I] ==>

**03/02/10**

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWOHSHIT.

## [I] ==>

**03/02/10**

## [I] ==>

**03/02/10**

```
POF
```

You can't BELIEVE she saw you horsing around like that. You will never live this down.

## [I] DD: Shoot up biscuit and eggs's effigies.

**04/02/10**

Stitch keeps their EFFIGIES in a big warehouse several miles away because of their ridiculous duplication tendencies.

You're sure as hell not going to drive all the way over there, so you just shoot at them in person.

## [I] ==>

**04/02/10**

```
RIIING BZZZZZ RIIING BZZZZZ RED RIIING CHEEKS BZZZZZ RIIING
```

This was such an unbelievably terrible idea.

## [I] ==>

**04/02/10**

## [I] SS: CHARGE!

**04/02/10**

This is incredibly delirious biznasty.

## [I] ==>

**04/02/10**

```
THE PRESENT

DEAD!!!!! ⇉

DEADER

HUGE BITCH
BLUH BLUH

DEAD!!!

DEAD X 2
```

## [I] SS: Start whacking things with the crowbar.

**05/02/10**

```
FWANK
```

The first thing you whack is Eggs's EGG TIMER.

## [I] ==>

**05/02/10**

```
FWAM FWAM FWAM RING RING
```

You do this because of course you know that Crowbar's CROWBAR will destroy any temporal artifact and completely negate its effect on the timeline.

## [I] ==>

**05/02/10**

## [I] HB: Attempt to eat Eggs.

**05/02/10**

Your attempt was an overwhelming success.

## [I] ==>

**05/02/10**

Biscuits is looking a tad snug in his muffin tray.

## [I] ==>

**05/02/10**

He thinks it's about time to poke a broomstraw in this battle. His dough will live to rise another day.

SEE YOU IN THE FUTURE, SUCKERS!!!!!

## [I] SS: Crowbar. Biscuits' oven. Make it hapen.

**05/02/10**

```
FWACK FWACK FWACK
```

You deal the oven a wicked flogging but not much happens.

The oven doesn't really have any magical time properties to be negated. It just travels into the future at a rate of one second per second, like everyone else.

## [I] CD: Put dynamite in oven.

**05/02/10**

You set the bomb to go off in a few seconds, when both it and Biscuits are released from it in a few hours.

## [I] CD: Turn up heat on Biscuit's oven.

**05/02/10**

You're pretty sure this oven doesn't actually work at all.

You just wheel it off somewhere else in the mansion so it can explode in peace.

## [I] ==>

**05/02/10**

```
THE FUTURE
```

12/15 GREEN TORSOS DEAD

PROBABLY SOME MORE CLOCKS DESTROYED TOO

## [I] SS: Use crowbar to pry the safe open.

**06/02/10**

Since your expert safe cracker apparently spent the last five or six hours being totally useless down here, you figure it's time to take things into your own hands.

Huh? What's this little fella all worked up about?

## [I] ==>

**06/02/10**

```
CLOVER: !
```

Clover insists that you reconsider! Using that to pry open the vault would be EVER so much bad luck! Like breaking a thousand mirrors all at once! The sort of mirrors that tick and have numbers and tell time and stuff. That is the worst kind of mirror to break, luckwise.

## [I] SS: Politely ask Clover to remain calm.

**06/02/10**

```
CLOVER: ? ? ? ?
```

He refuses outright and starts doing a really frisky jig!

DOO DEE DOO DEE DOO DOO

DOO DEE DOO DEE DOO DOO

He begins spinning a fanciful series of riddles illuminating the true path to opening the vault. Mysterious music fills your ears as your mind assumes the shape of a pretzel.

DOO DEE DOO DEE DOO DOO

DOO DEE DOO DEE DOO DOO

DOO DOO DOO DEE DOO DOO DOO

DOO DEE DOO DEE DOO DOO

This is how the music would sound if we were listening to it right now.

## [I] DD: Ask Clover for the ultimate riddle.

**06/02/10**

You ask Clover to open the safe.

## [I] ==>

**06/02/10**

What's this? Hee hee! You think you can shoot Clover? He is so lucky the gun will probably jam or something predictable like that. Nice try though!

## [I] ==>

**06/02/10**

```
WAP WAP WAP
```

You just start whacking him with a newspaper instead.

You don't have to be all that unlucky to get whacked around with a newspaper. It's sort of a gray area.

## [I] DD: Check personal ads of periodical.

**07/02/10**

```
"All the nudes that's fit to print"

The Gray Ladies

Late Edition


VOLUME No. 54,231

$1.25


No Clothes, No Shame, No Chroma
```

```
You No Hue'll Get Excited


NO MAN EVER HAS OR WILL EVER HAVE

Awful Tragedy of the Sea at Night in Midocean - Wireles Brings Aid, But Too
Late to Save All - The Crew Stuck by the Ship

Confusion of Names Owi...
Difficulties of Transm...
Mrs John Jacob Ast...
Saved - Mr. Asto...
Not Mentioned

Her Gray Area Exposed
on Page 9
```

This isn't a real newspaper. It's just a wrapper for your private sordid literature, which no one can ever see.

Uh oh, it's slipping out a bit. Your appetite for MONOCHROME BEAUTIES is nearly on public display. Gotta keep a lid on that smut! Especially with Clover around.

## [I] ==>

**07/02/10**

```
Ogle
```

Suddenly the whole vault room is shaking. You wonder what it could be.

It sounds suspiciously like Cans is about to plow through the wall Kool-Aid Man style. You pray to God that it is not Cans about to plow through the wall Kool-Aid Man style.

## [I] ==>

**07/02/10**

All of a sudden Cans plows through the wall Kool-Aid Man style.

## [I] DD: Resist urge to shout "Oh Yeah!"

**07/02/10**

```
CLOCK
```

*Oh No!*

## [I] ==>

**07/02/10**

```
 S  M  T  W  T  F  S
           1  2  3  4
 5  6  7  8  9 10 11
12 □  14 15 16 17 18
19 □  21 22 23 24 25
26 27 28 29 30
```

He punches you into next week.

You find yourself going about your business a week later. Looks like you're doing a little grocery shopping.

You're a bit confused, having no memory of the previous week. You have no idea what is on your grocery list. Are you out of milk?? What kind of produce do you need to stock up on??? It is all a little overwhelming.

And to make things worse,

the selection has too many

.....

PRICES and

VAULES

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF
goes shoping
(in "SBahHJ go shopping)


not all the cans are the same
what's the differance
BEANS BEANS


this selection has too many
       .............
PRICES and VAULES


and there he goes
he has... the managers attention

and now. the police are
invovled. jesus chris
AHAHAHA omfg

i cant BELIEVE what he made take place
```

## [I] HB: Use Eggs' body as bait for Cans.

**07/02/10**

```
BATTLE TECHNIQUE


TORSO FLAIL
```

You flail the torso Cans-ward in an attempt to placate him with the red meat.

```
BATTLE TECHNIQUE


TORSO FLAIL
```

## [I] ==>

**07/02/10**

```
The Spirited HORSE

The wind of Heaven is that which blows between a horse's ears.
 -ARABIAN PROVERB
```

It doesn't work!!!

Cans clocks Boxcars entirely out of the current calendar year. You land in a totally different outdated calendar.

**[I] ==>**

**07/02/10**

```
The Spirited HORSE

The Spirited Horse brings to life in vivid imagery the true nature and spirit
of the horse. Demonstrating the legendary allure of horses in spectacular
photographs, this new calendar from Sellers Publishing will answer the call of
the wild and inspire equine enthusiasts to dream of sunlit fields, rhythmic
hoof beats, flowing manes and the shared exhuberance for freedom.

Each photo evokes the strength and majesty of the horse; from the poise of a
strong and graceful neck, to thr seemingly whimsical and bold strides of a
horse at play.

Accompanied by appealing quotes, this is an essential calendar for horse lovers
as well as those who enjoy fine art photography. No other animal inspires so
many as fierce and vold a passion as can The Spirited Horse.


Horse, thou art truly a creature without equal, for thou fliest without wings
and conquerest without sword. THE KORAN.


In every line and curve of his body there was a little wild gracefulness, an
exultant beauty that was strength and swiftness and freedom. HERBERT RAVENEL
SASS.


Far back, far back in our dark soul the horse prances... The horse, the horse!
The symbol of surging potency and power of movement, of action. D. H. LAWRENCE.


The horses paw and prance and neigh, Fillies and colts like kittens play, And
dance and toss their rippled manes. Shining and soft as silken skeins. OLIVER
WENDELL HOLMES.


Kissed b- -light, embraced by open fields, the hors-  -nter of all beautiful
things. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.


The Horse. Friendship without envy, beauty without vanity, nobility without
conceit, a willing partner, yet no slave. AUTHOR UNKNOWN.


The horse, with beauty unsurpassed, strength immeasurable and grace unlike any
other, still remains humble enough to carry a man upon his back. AMBER SENTI.


They are more beautiful than anything in the world, kinetic sculptures, perfect
form in motion. KATE MILLETT.


A lovely horse is always an experience. It is an emotional experience of the
kind that is spoiled by words. BERYL MARKHAM.
```

```
Through his mane and tail the high wind sings, fanning the hairs, who wave like
feather'd wings. SHAKESPEARE, VENUS AND ADONIS.


The horse through all its trials has preserved the sweetness of paradise in its
blood. JOHANNES JENSEN.


The essential joy of being with horses is that it brings us in contact with the
rare elements of grace, beauty, spirit and freedom. SHARON RALLS LEMON.
```

Looks like this one's themed with SPIRITED HORSES. You'll be up to your ass in horses for a whole year. Just great, this is just what you need to be doing. Farmin' all these goddamn horses. Fuckin' pain in the ass.

## [I] SS: Ignore him and just pry the safe open.

**08/02/10**

You don't care what the consequences are. You're going to crack open this safe and be done with it.

This whole intermission was starting to get a little punchy anyway.

## [I] ==>

**08/02/10**

The massive release of temporal distortion from the vault transports you to a highly unfavorable timeline. Looks like the entire mansion was leveled, except for the vault and its enclosure. Everyone's dead except for you and you know who.

But at least the safe's open.

1000/1000 CLOCKS DESTROYED

14/15 GREEN TORSOS DEAD

3/4 BLACK SCOFFLAWS OFFED

## [I] SS: Enter the vault.

**08/02/10**

There's nothing in here except an opening in the floor. There is a door with a keyhole, and you have a feeling you know how to open it.

You only wonder why English's treasure would be locked behind a door with a spade on it.

## [I] SS: Dramatically use the spade key.

**08/02/10**

You guess this is what the SPADE KEY was for all this time. You dramatically wield the SPADE KEY in a matter of fact manner.

## [I] SS: Peek inside keyhole.

**08/02/10**

What KEYHOLE? It was clearly a BARCODE SCANNER all along. Like the kind they sweep groceries over at supermarkets. That reminds you, you should really do some shopping next week.

You're not going to peek inside because the lasers could blind you in one eye. OH WAIT

## [I] SS: Use rules card for blackjack.

**08/02/10**

This was never a problem because there is clearly a barcode printed on your RULES CARD FOR BLACKJACK.

As well as your arm. But there's nothing wrong with a little redundancy you guess.

## [I] SS: Get on with it.

**08/02/10**

```
SS: ?
```

Huh?

## [I] ==>

**08/02/10**

## [I] ==>

**08/02/10**

*Oh are you looking for this well come and get it you contemptuous she-witch.*

## [I] ==>

**08/02/10**

Snowman's BLACK INCHES no doubt have been responsible for more than a few RED CHEEKS.

## [I] ==>

**08/02/10**

```
BANG
```

## [I] ==>

**08/02/10**

```
SLAM
```

## [I] ==>

**08/02/10**

## [I] SS: Flip your sprite.

**09/02/10**

```
TURN-WAYS SPRITE FLIP!
```

you got to FLIP it TURN-WAYS

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF


sports
........


in my dream
i am the star.
its me


and THEN
the big man comes
```

for a little one on one


DUNK

but it turns out
to be CRAZY
what kind of
dunks this guy
has


DUNK

im telling you. . . . air like
that is UNREAL, it
doens't even HAPPEN.
most of the time

the coart
is on FIRE


dude come
get the ruler
check this out


ok dude
no


your
holdung it
wrong

dude.....

no dude..


dude

dude hurry
look he'ss escaping
from above


DUNK

dude no ../ .
let me show you

no

fuck

no

dude


DUNK

```
no...
fuck

dude...
you got to
FLIP it
TURN-WAYS

FUCK

where doing it m


DUNK

jesus

fuck

dude

let's DO


* fractal repeat...

......
```

## [I] SS: Scan the barcode.

**09/02/10**

## [I] ==>

**09/02/10**

## [I] ==>

**09/02/10**

## [I] ==>

**09/02/10**

This guy again?

Been a long time.

## [I] ==>

**09/02/10**

```
> hey kid
```

## [I] yeah you

**09/02/10**

## [I] ==>

**09/02/10**

```
MSPAINT ADVENTURES

CG: Boggle vacantly at these shenanigans.

It begins to dawn on you that everything you are about to do may prove to have
been a collosal waste of time.
```

```
> |
> END INTERMISSION
>
```

# END INTERMISSION.

**09/02/10**

# [S] ACT 4 ==>

**09/02/10**

* Derived in part from a transcript by ShadowOfFate **GATE 1** **Land of Wind and Shade**

**** click controller icon in top-left***

Use *ARROW KEYS* (or *WASD KEYS*) to walk. *SPACEBAR* to attack. Hold *SHIFT* while attacking for dual-wielding. *HOLD SPACEBAR* to charge mangrit. *Press Z* to expend boypluck. *Press X* to open sylladex, *ARROW KEYS* to navigate, *SPACEBAR* to select.

Drawin' and writin' and stuff by Andrew. (DUH) Programming by Alexis Beingessner. (damn he is good) Additional art assets by Cindy. (hooray!) Music: \Doctor\ written by George Buzinkai, remixed by Michael Vallejo and Clark Powell. (round of applause)

**** click arrow in bottom-left***

Restart? Y/N **YES NO**

**** click Sburb logo in top-right to converse with Nanna***

**** (in the walkaround these Nanna conversations are actually presented as sequences of dialog boxes containing quoted text, but I'll use the usual pesterlog format in this transcript):***

NANNA: John, hello! Can you hear me?

JOHN: yeah, nanna. where are you?

NANNA: I am still in the house, dear! I'm afraid I cannot accompany you on your journey. But I can talk to you like this, if you ever need me to provide a puzzling half-answer to one of your questions!

JOHN: oh, ok. thanks, nanna.

NANNA: You should begin exploring and talking to locals! They will be able to provide you with some new insight into your quest, and may illuminate some matters on which I have remained coy to this point! HOO HOO!

JOHN: yeah, what's up with that, nanna? did the game make you all coy and prankstery when you became a sprite or were you always like that when you were alive?

NANNA: Oh, wouldn't YOU like to know, dear! HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!

JOHN: ha ha ha... ok.

**** click John***

> I am told your name is John. Is that correct?

Yep. That's right.

> It's nice to meet you, John.

John isn't directly cognizant of your greeting, but I'm sure he would feel likewise.

> Ok, John. Let's explore this place!

Ok, have at it! If you're at a loss, click the controller button up there.

**** Press CTRL+T to fail to access Trickster mode (John raises his arms and looks confused.)***

**** The land isn't very large or hard to find everything in, but is awkward to describe.***

**** So rather than a step-by-step walkthrough, I'll describe everything in it.***

**** There are a bunch of objects. Some you are carrying; some are on the ground; some are within the mailbox cylinders known as Pyxis.***

**** And almost none are in any way important! Here's a list:***

- an INEXISTANT ITEM
- a BARBASOL BOMB
- a BARBER'S BEST FRIEND
- a BOX OF GUSHERS
- a BRANCH
- a BRANCH
- some CANDY CORN
- a CHISEL
- a CHUNK OF AMBER
- a COG
- a CRAPPY TEMP ITEM
- THE CRAPPY TEMP ITEM'S MENTALLY HANDICAPPED BROTHER
- a CRUXITE DOWEL
- an ELEGANT PIPE
- an EXQUISITE PIPE
- a FEDORA
- ILLEGAL CONTRABAND
- a JAR OF BUGS
- a MINITABLET
- a MINITABLET
- a MUSHROOM
- a MUSHROOM
- a PDA
- PDA GOGGLES
- a ROCK
- a ROCK
- a SHOE
- a SHOE
- a TELESCOPE

- an UNABRIDGED SASSACRE TEXT
- an UNCARVED MINITABLET
- a WISE GUY BOOK

**** When you find a Pyxis with its flag up, it contains an item, and gives you one of these messages at random:***

> Hooray! This one contains a prize! Another success for the postal system. > How exciting! A parcel for you. Retrieve it! > Open it! Open it!!! > This is great! Something is in there. Take a look.

**** A Pyxis with its flag down invites you to drop an item with one of these messages at random:***

> There is nothing inside. Should we put something in? > This one's empty. Perhaps a delivery is in order?

Put something in? [Y/N] **YES NO**

**** If you find one with a carving, you can honor its request (later in the story you'll find out who you helped) but nothing bad happens if you don't.***

**** There are twenty salamander consorts. When you first click on them, you are invited to speak through one of these random messages:***

> Approach amicably. > Approach the indigenous kindly. > Converse. > Greet creature. > Hear what this fellow has to say. > Introduce yourself to local amphibious fauna. > Speak. > Wave hello.

**** Some stand near things they can explain. A broken frog statue north of the start:***

"Look at this! Another *Cherished Idol* profaned! Such sacrilege has become commonplace with the recent glut of *Underlings*. It would bring a tear to my eye if I were not so clearly fit to be tied with these hyperactive mannerisms and severe attention deficit oh my god look a bug."

**** you can click it too:***

> This was sacred and precious. It is very sad to look at now.

Looks like the imps made short work of it. Or judging by the damage to the stone, probably something bigger. Man these guys must really hate frogs.

**** or click Sburb logo to talk to Nanna:***

JOHN: what's up with this thing?

NANNA: Amphibious and reptilian life forms play a special role in your quest, John.

JOHN: what kind of role? like frogs and stuff?

NANNA: ESPECIALLY frogs, John.

JOHN: ?????

**** One salamander is on an island in the south:***

"I am freaking out here. Do you know what this is??? It is a huge log of *Cruxite*. More than I have ever seen. It is the most precious material in existence. Why if I had access to a means of producing an unlimited supply, I would be the richest salamander in the *Land*."

"Just kidding. It's completely worthless. Here, you want it? It's free."

**** The two salamanders that stand next to Pyxis both say this:***

"This thing right here? You have never seen a *Parcel Pyxis*? Incomprehensible! Ok I'll play your pretend game for a minute. It is a receptacle connected to our network of *Pipes*. We use them to send stuff to different places. They are fully intertwined with our customs and social practices. If there is something we want, we chisel it on a *Minitablet* and drop it in. Who receives it? Hard to say! But if you encounter... ...a *Minitablet* and you possess what is chiseled on it, it is considered only polite to drop it in the *Pyxis*! Similarly, if you encounter a *Parcel Pyxis* that has a prize in it already, you are obligated to keep the prize for yourself! Consider it to be a gift to you from the *Breeze*. This is just the way things work...

Whenever one of us is standing near one of these, we feel compelled to give this little speech about it."

**** click the Sburb logo to talk to Nanna:***

NANNA: John, their economy of anonymous, intraglobal pipe-based bartering may seem quaint, but you'd do well to get accustomed to it! The true Heir must learn the ways of the peoples of the Land to progress through the Gates!

JOHN: wait... so i'm the heir?

NANNA: Didn't I tell you, John?

JOHN: no!!!

NANNA: HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!

NANNA: HOO!

NANNA: HOO HOO.

**** In the west area, a sequence of six salamanders monologue some backstory:***

"The stars are moving? What do you mean? What are these things you call stars? Oh! You mean the *Fireflies*. They became trapped under the clouds when *The Slumbering One* cast a spell on them."

"How did he cast a spell on them when he was asleep? Well, he wasn't ALWAYS asleep, you goofball! When he was awake he was asked by some really terrible guys to commission a whole bunch of *Underlings*. He then went about befouling our land with all

this sludge, clogging up all our beautiful *Pipes*, and now it can barely breathe. He was sort of a huge dick. Once he tuckered himself out with all that I guess he decided to take a nap."

"The terrible guys? They are a bunch of mean fellows who like to push people around. They are called *Agents*. They aren't usually a problem but they sure did put a spring in their step when the *Heir* showed up. Whoever that is. If I ever meet him I wouldn't mind punching him in the snout to... well, to accomplish some purpose I suppose. I don't know. What were we talking about?"

"Yes, the spell! The spell I'm sure you've heard from a reliable source cannot be broken unless *The Slumbering One* is first woken up, and then slain. Then the *Breeze* will again flow through the *Pipes* and the *Fireflies* will be released and allowed to go home. But I do not envy the adventurers who will presumably take on this responsibility!"

The *Pipes* are sacred to us for reasons you probably consider primitive and stupid. In fact, they probably are primitive and stupid, objectively speaking. But I am ok with that."

"As the *Consorts* of this *Land* we are predictably persecuted by dark forces, and require a hero for our salvation. Alas there is no hero in sight. Wait a minute it is you. You are the hero aren't you. Of course you are. I was so foolish to speculate otherwise through dubiously solicited monologue! DUHHHHHH!"

**** The seventh is more industrious:***

"Farmin' these goddamn mushrooms. Fuckin' pain in the ass."

**** These scattered Salamanders have other backstory:***

"GLUB GLUB! Sure is windy here! Often, wind skims the voids of the *Pipes*, as if grazing the hollow of a cut reed, or say, a plundered *Parcel Pyxis*. It is a lovely sound and brings back fond memories of my childhood. Which was a couple days ago."

"Not long ago all these *Underlings* started creeping out of the pipework, and they have been a nuisance to say the least. But just a few moments ago they began spilling from the *Land* in greater supply, wearing more flamboyantly preposterous outfits than ever. Why you ask? On account of a series of mysterious and arcane wytchkraft-majyspelles. Ha ha just kidding. I have no idea."

**** Some Salamanders are less useful:***

"GLUB!!! That's my way of saying go over there and check it out. 'GLUB' can basically mean anything I want it to mean. It's really cool having a bullshit language."

**** Some even less so:***

"GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB."
"GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB."
"Oh hey."

**** Two salamanders will fail to bargain with you:***

"Hey, nice suit, champ. I will buy it from you for 1 *Boondollar*."
Sell suit for 1 Boondollar? Y/N **NO**

"I should have known only a shrewd business man would wear such a garment. I have been chagrinned in ways I never imagined possible."

**** And:***

"Wanna buy this? It fell from Skaia. I guarantee it."

Buy harlequin figurine? Y/N **YES**
"Ok that will be 5,000,000 *Boondollars*. Oh what you don't have that much? Ha ha ha of course not no one does! It's impossible."
**NO**

"Fine I'll just be over here sitting pretty with this choice clown thing or whatever it is. And you will be there wallowing in pitiable destitution."

**** Two salamanders wear outfits:***

"I am a secret wizard. Behold my robes."

Behold Robes? Y/N **YES NO**

You wonder what the hell a secret wizard is. This guy is making you a little nervous. You don't think you'll ask him for your bedsheet back.

**** And:***

"I have renamed myself *Crumplehat*. I have dishonored my ancestors beyond comprehension with this frivolous accessory."

**** Lastly there are a few other incidental landscape features.***

**** just north-east of where you start, click floating sassacrusher hammer and gauntlets***

> What in blue blazes is this absurd looking thing?

You have deactivated your GHOST GAUNTLETS for the time being. It gets pretty distracting flailing them around all the time when all you're trying to do is explore.

**** In the far north-east, there's a view of your house***

> A good place to keep lookout?

Maybe you should try using your TELESCOPE here.

**** choose the telescope from your sylladex***

YO MAN THIS SURE IS A DOPE VIEW.

**** click Sburb logo to talk to Nanna:***

JOHN: nanna, are you there?

NANNA: Yes!

JOHN: i just saw my house from below. what gives? why did the gate take me down here?

NANNA: All the gates do, John. To ascend, each time you must first descend!

JOHN: huh. alright. so i guess i scramble around down here until... uh, until what?

NANNA: Until you find the next gate. It is hidden somewhere in the Land.

JOHN: ok, so i get to that gate and go in. then what? where does it take me? uh... further up maybe? but i haven't even built that high yet.

NANNA: So you see why you had to build in the first place, John? You must have a little faith in your dear old nanna!

JOHN: yeah, well, i do nanna but i'm still not really getting it. does the next gate down here take me back up to the house or something?

JOHN: please don't say hoo hoo hoo

NANNA: HOO. HOO HOO.

**** A salamander also appears***

"That weird white boxy thing appeared up there a little while ago. Then it gradually became even boxier, and also taller. They say that's where the *Heir* lives. Who's they? Wise folk I guess. Maybe elders or something like that. Man I don't know. Also, isn't it funny how I'm sort of taking your existence here in stride? I'm treating it like it's no big deal."

**** In the far east, there's the opening to a big pipe***

> Peer into large opening?

You think you can make out a very faint noise below. Is it... snoring?

**** click the Sburb logo to talk to Nanna:***

JOHN: nanna, there are more imps than ever down here, and they seem to be getting stronger.

NANNA: Yes, dear. There are plenty of imps up here too. I had to start giving them some cookies because I baked too many. I hope you don't mind!

JOHN: no that's ok. also they look different.

NANNA: That is because a new prototyping has taken place.

JOHN: huh?

NANNA: Your pretty young friend has joined you in the Medium!

JOHN: whoa, wait, rose is here? where is she? will i find her down here somewhere???

NANNA: oh, settle down, all of you. there are more than enough cookies to go around.

JOHN: nanna! dammit, will you stop messing around with those stupid imps for a second!

JOHN: nanna? sigh...

**** Toward the south-east, steps exit the walkaround:***

NANNA: John, this will lead you to new frontiers in this Land. Are you sure you are done with this place and ready to move on? There may have been some things you missed!

Exit? Y/N **YES NO**

**** I don't know how you get the game to insult you in the following ways?***

> Die. Now. Please. > My dick. Suck it. > Okay, I'll get right on that Professor Stoopid. > So like, you ate a lot of lead as a child? > That doesn't even start to make sense. > 'You shouldn't drink while you're pregnant.' Tell your mother this.

MAP

```
[S] ACT 4 ==>
http://www.mspaintadventures.com/?s=6&p=003258

Gate 1
```

## In a future settled askance of the present...

**11/02/10**

Collateral desecration mars the sacred/illicit.

==>

**11/02/10**

```
PEW PEW
```

==>

**11/02/10**

```
SHOOOOO
```

==>

**11/02/10**

```
FLOP
```

==>

**11/02/10**

==>

**11/02/10**

==>

**11/02/10**

## In the mystic ruins of an era pre-desecration...

**11/02/10**

```
0,000,000,000:00:00:00:00:00
```

An ancient TIME CAPSULE has blossomed. You find nested in its petals a juice-stained SBURB BETA once belonging to one of your friends.

What will you do?

## Jade: Take the discs.

**11/02/10**

You captchalogue the SBURB BETA. It uneventfully tucks itself into your sylladex.

You think you're getting kind of bored with this fetch modus. You like to mix it up now and then.

Maybe you'll peruse your selection and try out another one.

## Jade: Switch to Jenga modus.

**11/02/10**

```
fetch modus

Jenga
```

You swap your modus to JENGA, ejecting your sylladex in the process.

Looks like the TIME CAPSULE has reset itself. It is sprouting a new bud. Presumably something else will come out when it blooms again in about 400 years.

Too bad you won't be around to find out what it is!

==>

**11/02/10**

Your modus grabs the 18 cards needed to set itself up. It divides each card into three CAPTCHALOGUE BLOCKS.

You begin picking up your items. The item is captchalogued, chopped into three blocks, and distributed randomly into the block tower.

==>

**11/02/10**

You gather up the rest of your items. Might as well try it out!

You go for all the blocks containing your TANGLE BUDDIES.

Careful... careful...

==>

**11/02/10**

```
Jenga
```

## Jade: Switch to Pictionary modus.

**11/02/10**

```
fetch modus

Pictionary
```

Yeah, that one's obviously not going to work.

You switch to PICTIONARY, a choice based on a strong whim from the mysterious ethers of democracy.

```
Pick Jade's new modus

Boggle        3%  [7]
Pictionary   21% [48]
Monopoly     11% [25]
Yahtzee       1%  [3]
Clue         19% [42]
Connect Four 2%  [5]
Jenga        17% [39]
Battleship   10% [23]
Ouija         7% [17]
Guess Who     4%  [8]
Operation     4% [10]

Total vores : 227
```

## Jade: Try out new Pictionary modus.

**11/02/10**

```
Alert : ☹
```

Ok, you start by trying to grab your LUNCHTOP.

After you ditch an unwelcome solicitor first, that is.

You've got to concentrate here!

## Jade: Draw Lunchtop.

**12/02/10**

You draw a really nice looking Squiddle lunchbox on the CAPTCHALOGUE SCRIBBLEPAD.

## ==>

**12/02/10**

The modus recognizes what you were trying to draw and snaps it right up. Nice going!

## Jade: Captchalogue the beta.

**12/02/10**

```
♡  thanks dave!! → B thanks dave 11 oo

DAVE
```

Look at these fabulous beta envelopes you just drew!

Your sylladex thinks they are fabulous too!

YEAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!

## Jade: Quick! Random scribbling!

**12/02/10**

You do a very quick doodle of nothing in particular.

The SCRIBBLEPAD appears to be processing the shapes.

## ==>

**12/02/10**

Is that...

Is that Charles Dutton?

==>

**12/02/10**

```
?0YFY90!
```

Since you do not actually have a DUTTON PHOTO lying around, the pad captchalogues a DUTTON PHOTO GHOST IMAGE. It is not a tangible item, and can never be used ever. It seems to be more of an imprint on the card itself, like a watermark.

However, the back of the card does seem to contain a viable CAPTCHA CODE for a real DUTTON PHOTO, for whatever it's worth.

Which is very little.

## Jade: Draw a pumpkin.

**12/02/10**

```
yay!
```

You sketch a beautiful, succulent PUMPKIN, knowing perfectly well that a PUMPKIN GHOST IMAGE will be captchalogued, because you are quite sure there is not a PUMPKIN in this room, and there surely never will be.

==>

**12/02/10**

```
yay 1 o
```

You captchalogue a PUMPKIN GHOST IMAGE.

At least you have the CAPTCHA CODE for it on the back in case you ever want to replicate a real one.

==>

**12/02/10**

oh noooooooo

## Jade: Get the rest of your items.

**12/02/10**

You start by drawing your TANGLE BUDDIES.

But... it looks like it's having trouble understanding the shapes?

Darn! You wanted those!

## Jade: Captchalogue bass on card with Dutton ghost image.

**12/02/10**

It's not up to you to say what card it goes on! The modus decides! All you get to do is draw.

Anyway you try sketching your ECLECTIC BASS. It's kind of hard to draw accurately.

==>

**12/02/10**

No, that's just a ghost image of an ordinary bass. That's not right.

You try again, focusing on getting all the mechanical details just right.

==>

**12/02/10**

ARGH!

==>

**12/02/10**

OH NO BUSTED.

The jig is up.

==>

**12/02/10**

You are returned to your bedroom without the rest of your loot. You doubt you'll have time to go back and get it. You guess you have inadvertently left your own time capsule there for whatever party may find it in the future. Lucky bastards!

## Jade: Install Beta.

**13/02/10**

You get started installing both discs. Might as well get a jump on it to avoid the sort of future drama that results from poor time management decisions.

## Jade: Pester chums.

**13/02/10**

```
☹  carcinoGeneticist
☹  arachnidsGrip
☹  terminallyCapricious
```

In the meantime you decide to touch base with your pals.

Ugh, no, not those pals. The TROLLSLUM can just sit tight for now.

## John: Pester Rose.

**13/02/10**

```
Alert : Rose ???
Alert : Jade
```

pesterlog-- ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] --

EB: rose?
EB: are you there?
EB: i went through the gate, nanna said you might be here too.
EB: are you in kind of this spooky glowy place with oily rivers and stuff?
EB: let me know ok.

-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

GG: john hi!!!!!
EB: hi jade!
EB: guess where i am.
GG: are you on the ground below the clouds yet?
EB: yeah!
EB: wait how did you know that's where the gate goes...
EB: did you talk to rose? can she still see me while im down here?
EB: she won't answer.
GG: no i havent talked to her yet but id like to soon
GG: ive got a lot of catching up to do with all of you!
GG: sorry ive been so scarce ive just been so busy running around like crazy and looking after my dog and stuff all day!!!!
GG: i think he just locked me in my room actually :\
EB: oh man.
EB: he sounds like such a handful.
GG: yeah
EB: but it's ok, i think he is mostly just looking after you.
EB: like a guardian angel or something.
EB: if i were you i would take him out behind the woodshed and give him a big hug.
GG: :D
GG: hey john can you hold on i have to talk to dave and start playing this game with him
EB: oh? what game?
GG: sburb!!!! duh what else!
EB: what, i thought you didn't even know what sburb was!
GG: oh jeez i was asleep when i said that silly!
GG: of course i know what it is
EB: oh ok.
EB: where did you even get it?
GG: from the ruins
GG: its daves copy
EB: wow.
EB: the thing you just said doesn't even make the slightest bit of sense.
GG: i know right! hehehe
GG: oh!!!!
GG: that reminds me since im setting the game up with dave to be his server you are going to need to do the same thing for me
EB: oh really?
EB: this is news to me.
GG: can you see from where youre standing the place your dads car would have fallen?
EB: oh yeah, i think so. it'll be kind of a long walk though, this place is huge.
GG: you should go there and get your copy of the server and set up with me.....
GG: oh and also get your package!!!!!! :)
EB: okay.
EB: wait, how did you know my dad's car fell down here?
GG: johhhhn will you stop trying to trap me!!!
GG: you TOLD me the car fell remember?

GG: jeeeez
EB: jeeeeeeeeeez!
GG: JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZ!!!!!
EB: ok fine well color me suspicious anyway.
EB: miss knowitall mcpsychicpants.
GG: john im not any more psychic than you though
EB: ok sure i am convinced.
EB: you have convinced me.
EB: (PSYCHIC PSYCHIC PSYCHIC)
EB: also i told you the package was in the car but i never mentioned that the game was there too.
EB: so kind of totally busted i guess.
EB: GIVE ME A P
EB: GIVE ME AN S
GG: hahahaha oops ok!
GG: i mean i know lots of things but im really serious its no more information than what you have access to
GG: but you dont know it yet
GG: anyway we can talk more about it soon.....
GG: i wont have to be so coy with you anymore because im pretty sure most of the stuff that was supposed to happen has already happened
GG: i couldnt tell you about it because it would have messed it up!
EB: ok, that is fair.
GG: just give me a few minutes while i set up this game!
GG: and say hi to the salamanders for me
GG: <3

## ==>

**13/02/10**

```
Alert : ☹
```

oh shiiiiit

## Dave: Pester Rose.

**13/02/10**

```
Alert : Jade
Alert : Sburb
Alert : Rose ???
```

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] --

TG: hey
TG: will you open your laptop already
TG: see
TG: this is why you need a phone or something
TG: that alerts you to important messages
TG: instead of leaving them trapped
TG: under three inches of fucking yarn
TG: laptops dont need cozies

TG: nothing needs cozies
TG: cozy is a goddamn adjective
TG: maybe ill crochet myself an iphone snuggly
TG: what is this place anyway
TG: what are you doing
TG: i can see your whole damn house here if you want to get filled in or something im sort of the guy with the big picture here
TG: dont make me bop you on the head with a wizard
TG: ill do it
TG: ok no i wont
TG: yet
TG: i guess ill bone up on the faq for a while
TG: so i dont do anything stupid and deploy like 10 crux flangers and fuck up the whole game
TG: oh my god
TG: so many words
TG: do you think like the pulitzer committee is secretly scouring the dregs of the gamefaq archives or something
TG: damn
TG: i cant read this shit im sorry

-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] --

GG: yo yoooooo!!!!!!!
TG: whoa ok hey
GG: so youre finally playing the game with rose?
TG: yeah
TG: but she wont answer me
GG: shes probably just exploring im sure she will come around soon....
GG: but its great that you got her out of there in time!!!
TG: pretty much you have no idea how much i fuckin own at this game
TG: i bested no less than three flaming tornados and broke a huge wizard
GG: so how does it feel to be a BIG TIME HERO
GG: mister braveybrave mcheropants
TG: it feels like
TG: i am in sports
TG: all alone
TG: and i am the star
TG: its me
TG: and then the big man comes
GG: hehehe
GG: but it turns out to be CRAZY what kind of basket ball this man plays!
GG: ummmm.....
GG: the HOOP IS ON FIRE...
GG: ok i forget how it goes
TG: no you got it
TG: we're good

TG: reference secured
GG: yes!!!!!!
GG: so now it is my turn to be the star!
GG: i will be your hero
GG: its me
TG: wait what
GG: i installed the game!
GG: im connecting to you as the server player
TG: oh man
TG: this is ridiculous
TG: i just set this shit up with rose and now i got to do like
TG: some double duty thing
TG: i mean i own at the game and all but cant i just relax for half a second
GG: dont worry!
GG: you can keep playing with rose while i just set up a few things
GG: i figured id get a good head start to avoid all the drama you guys are always getting into
GG: such a bunch of drama queens!!!
TG: what
TG: look i was getting my ass handed to me by my bro on the roof for like an hour and a half
TG: i got served like a dude on butler island
GG: (DRAMA DRAMA DRAMA)
TG: wait does this mean theres a big meteor coming soon
GG: yes!
TG: when you activate the thing will it start the countdown and summon the meteor
GG: itll come when it comes regardless of what we do
GG: the timer really just lets you know when its coming
TG: are you totally sure about all this
GG: yes look here it is!
GG: http://bit.ly/d7kXrQ
TG: ok yes that image is definitely conclusive proof of something and is 100% understandable by anyone who looks at it
TG: how big is this thing
GG: it is REALLY REALLY big
TG: like the size of rhode island or texas or what
TG: i need some context to know how much crap i should be shitting into my pants
GG: ok i dont actually know :(
TG: well as if like one the size of a bus wouldnt kill me anyway
GG: hehe yeah....
TG: wait hold on rose is finally opening her stupid laptop
TG: so do your thing i guess
TG: have fun
GG: thanks i will! <3

DREAMBOT VIDEO LOG RECORDED 08-26-2008

# John: Answer troll.

**14/02/10**

```
Alert : CG
```

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

CG: HEY JOHN.
CG: CALM THE HELL DOWN.
EB: aaaaaauuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuggghhhhhhhh!!!!!!!
EB: how did you find me?????
CG: FIND YOU?
CG: WHAT DO YOU MEAN.
EB: i changed my chum handle to ditch you guys.
EB: how did you find me?
CG: OH.
CG: HA HA!
CG: HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
CG: THIS IS THE LITTLE WORD HUMANS SAY REPEATEDLY WHEN SOMETHING TICKLES THEIR ABSURDITY PALATE, RIGHT?
EB: uh...
EB: lame.
CG: WE NEVER LOST YOU.
CG: YOUR RUSE DIDN'T FOOL US.
CG: IT JUST SO HAPPENS WE DIDN'T PARTICULARLY GIVE A SHIT ABOUT TALKING TO YOU IN THAT TIMEFRAME.
EB: what, the last few months?
CG: WE HAVE THE ENTIRE CONTINUUM OF YOUR EXISTENCE TO CHOOSE FROM WHEN CONTACTING YOU.
CG: THE PERIOD WAS UNREMARKABLE.
CG: SORT OF LIKE YOUR WHOLE LIFE. BUT I GUESS I MEAN IT WAS ESPECIALLY UNREMARKABLE.
CG: THIS HAS BEEN EXPLAINED TO YOU SO OFTEN IT WOULD MAKE ME SICK TO MY HUMAN STOMACH IF I HAD ONE OF YOUR HUMAN STOMACHS.
EB: ok, this time i'll believe you that you aren't human.
EB: because the skepticism center of my brain is starting to wear kind of thin i guess.
EB: but you're still a major asshole and i don't actually want to talk to you, so bye.
CG: WAIT.
CG: BUT I'M NOT HERE TO TROLL YOU THIS TIME.
CG: WE'RE FRIENDS OK?
EB: hahahahahaha!
EB: oh man, look at this outburst of little human words i'm saying!
EB: from my human mouth!
CG: FINE YOU CAN THINK I'M A FUCKING DOUCHE AND MAYBE I AM BUT HERE'S THE FACT, IDIOT.
CG: I'VE ALREADY HAD LOTS OF CONVERSATIONS WITH YOU.
CG: IN THE FUTURE. I MEAN YOUR FUTURE.

CG: I'VE KIND OF BEEN WORKING BACKWARDS HERE FOR A WHILE.
CG: AND IT'S A LITTLE FRUSTRATING.
CG: EVERY TIME I GO FURTHER BACK YOU KNOW LESS AND LESS, AND YOU DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING I SAID BECAUSE IT HASN'T HAPPENED YET.
CG: AND I HAVE TO REPEAT MYSELF A LOT.
CG: AND I'M GETTING PRETTY FUCKING SICK OF IT.
EB: that's the dumbest thing i've ever heard.
CG: WELL IT'S NOT LIKE I MAPPED OUT THIS TROLLING ONSLAUGHT VERY WELL IN ADVANCE.
CG: I MEAN, WHEN YOU TROLL SOMEONE YOU JUST SORT OF DO IT. YOU DON'T START DRAWING FLOWCHARTS AND DIAGRAMS AND STUFF.
EB: wait...
EB: you have something to do with this game, don't you?
EB: i should have known.
CG: OH GOD.
CG: NOT AGAIN.
CG: NO, FUCK NO, I AM JUST NOT GOING TO EXPLAIN THIS TO YOU AGAIN.
CG: YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF DIRT ON ALL THIS FROM ME IN FUTURE CONVERSATIONS.
CG: TEDIOUS CONVERSATIONS.
CG: ONES I'VE ALREADY HAD WITH YOU.
CG: WHERE YOUR DEMEANOR WILL GRADUALLY BECOME INEXPLICABLY AND REVOLTINGLY FRIENDLY TOWARDS US.
CG: AND SO I GUESS IT JUST WAS KIND OF INFECTIOUS AND NOW WE'RE ALL BUDDIES I THINK.
CG: IT'S REALLY WEIRD.
CG: THIS HUMAN EMOTION YOU CALL FRIENDSHIP.
EB: friendship isn't an emotion fucknuts.
CG: SEE, THAT IS WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
CG: YOU'RE MUCH MORE TOLERABLE A GUY THAN I THOUGHT AT FIRST, OK JOHN?
EB: why are you kissing my ass?
EB: what do you want? why don't you just tell me what's going on.
EB: are you in the medium?
CG: OK, FINE. YES WE ARE.
EB: like, here in this land, with the clouds and oil and stuff?
CG: MORE OF THIS NARCISSISM.
CG: YOU ALWAYS THINK EVERYTHING REVOLVES AROUND YOU.
CG: WE HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR DUMB LITTLE WINDY PLANET OR YOUR PETTY LITTLE QUESTS.
CG: OR FOR THAT MATTER YOUR ENTIRE GAME SESSION.
CG: YOU AREN'T THE ONLY ONES PLAYING THE GAME.
CG: EVERY GROUP OF PLAYERS GETS THEIR OWN DISTINCT, BLANK SLATE SESSION.
CG: AS WILL BE EXPLAINED TO YOU MANY TIMES.
EB: so why don't you just explain it again so i know...
EB: so i don't ask so much in the future???
CG: NO.

CG: FUCK THIS SHIT, JUST NO.
CG: I'M ENDING THIS CONVERSATION BECAUSE I'VE SAID IT ALL TOO MANY TIMES.
CG: AND BECAUSE YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND.
CG: BECAUSE YOU ARE DUMB.
EB: wow, yeah you're totally not trolling me, bro!
EB: i see now we are bffs forever.
CG: THE FACT THAT YOU ARE DUMB
CG: IS AN IMMUTABLE FACT I AM STATING FOR THE RECORD.
CG: IT DOES NOT MEAN ANIMOSITY IS WHAT IS TAKING PLACE HERE.
EB: oh, ok.
EB: so what do you want.
CG: I NEED YOU TO TELL YOUR FRIEND JADE TO TALK TO US.
CG: SHE WON'T ANSWER OUR MESSAGES IN THIS TIMEFRAME.
CG: IT'S IMPORTANT.
EB: yeah, i don't blame her for not answering.
EB: she pretty much can't stand you guys.
EB: because of all the trolling you did before.
EB: remember?
CG: OK, OUR BAD ON THAT.
CG: JUST TELL HER WE'RE SORRY.
CG: AND TO GET HER GROSS AND TOTALLY UNATTRACTIVE HUMAN BUTT OFF HER UGLY HUMAN HIGH HORSE AND ANSWER MY MESSAGES.
EB: maybe.
EB: we'll see.
EB: i'm still not really sold on this friendship thing yet.
EB: but i've got to go now and get on with my petty little quests.
EB: so talk to you in the future i guess.
EB: jerkface.

## John: Search for your father's car.

**14/02/10**

It's going to be a hike.

There's something up ahead through the forest.

## WV: Settle this dispute in a rational, diplomatic manner.

**14/02/10**

You settle the dispute in the only way you can presently imagine how to settle a dispute. With cans of lukewarm sugary liquid and centuries-old rations.

If only you had access to some means of heating things up.

But it matters not. You warm yourselves in the glow of this human emotion called friendship.

==>

**15/02/10**

## Jade: Deploy alchemiter.

**15/02/10**

It's almost as if this broken AIR CONDITIONING UNIT was scaled to be a perfect fit for the ALCHEMITER all along.

WEIRD!

## Jade: Deploy cruxtruder in Dave's room.

**15/02/10**

pesterlogTG: do you think like the pulitzer committee is secretly scouring the dregs of the gamefaq archives or something
TG: damn
TG: i cant read this shit im sorry
TT: Hold please.
TG: hold what
TG: i see you at your computer typing
TG: what are you doing
TG: dang
TG: hold on
TG: no seriously stop talking to me for a second it looks like jade is dropping the doomsday tube thingy in my room
TG: brb gotta make sure she doesnt break all my shit

## ==>

**15/02/10**

pesterlogTG: hey wait
GG: these darn birds are in the way!
GG: what are they doing in your apartment anyway!!!
GG: also they are adorable
TG: i always keep birds in here its sort of my thing
GG: ohhhhhhh
GG: kind of like all those silly naked puppets are your bros thing?
TG: no no thats irony this is like
TG: sincere honest to god psychosis
TG: im training to be a lame gothy supervillain
GG: also i think i cant put it down because of the wires on the floor.....
TG: ok
TG: well maybe you should take the opportunity to put it somewhere that isnt stone cold retarded
GG: i wish i played more games
GG: this is hard!!!!
TG: no its not
GG: :P

## Jade: Move Dave's bed to the roof.

**16/02/10**

pesterlogTT: Jade is connected with you?
TT: Where did she get the discs?
TG: i dont know how does she do any of the loopy batshit nonsense she does
TG: maybe she pulled them out of the volcano over there on bloodmonkey mountain

TT: Wait.
TT: So you mean to tell me she was able to connect with you in a timely fashion, without waiting until you were on the brink of annihilation?
TG: we went over this
TG: i was a little bogged down
TG: in the epic swaddle of legendary puppet taint
TT: I've done nothing but wait for boys to play this game with me all day.
TT: First John lollygagging with the client, and then you with the server, downright filibustering my existence with unending fraternal melee.
TT: And yet a girl, one who didn't even own the game, was able to connect with you minutes after you connected with me.
TG: whoa wait
TG: what the hell is she doing
TG: shes taking my bed what the hell
TT: And there she goes.
TT: She HAS the karma.

## Jade: Deploy the cruxtruder in its place.

**16/02/10**

pesterlogTG: so seriously what were you doing just now
TT: I was talking to someone.
TG: who
TT: You remember the trolls?
TG: yeah
TT: One of them messaged me, so I indulged him/her/it for a moment.
TG: oh i see you opted to chat up one of those dbags instead of talk to the guy who saved you from a swirling shitstorm of angry flaming wizards
TG: i was worried your priorities might have been out of whack but no i was dead wrong
TT: I also took a moment to check on John.
TG: how is he
TT: I can't see him anymore. Just his empty house.
TT: But I did talk to him briefly.
TG: i should probably text him soon
TG: see whats up
TG: because
TG: i love him
TT: I know.
TG: so this place youre at now
TG: its the same place hes at right
TT: It's hard to say for certain.
TT: But I think I like it here.

## Jade: Replace television with totem lathe.

**16/02/10**

## Jade: Organize Dave's puppets.

**16/02/10**

This whole place is a disorganized mess. It kind of reminds you of your room but full of weird and ironic stuff instead of cute and great stuff. Your stuff is so much better.

You're pretty sure these are all Dave's BRO'S puppets. You better not mess with them. Frankly his brother makes you a little nervous.

## Jade: Tidy up Strider's apartment a little.

**16/02/10**

```
SLOSH
```

What the apartment needs is a woman's touch. You grab a TOWEL you found lying around and dampen it with water from the toilet. This is how ordinary people clean ordinary houses, right?

Oops, you dropped it.

## ==>

**16/02/10**

```
⬡ 2000/2000 → 1998
```

pesterlogGG: oh fuck!!!!!!

## [S] ==>

**17/02/10**

```
Land of Light and Rain
```

## AR: Cautiously drink TAB.

**18/02/10**

```
TaB GLUG
```

Blech. Too warm. Need to find something to chill this down with.

Something to heat up your delicious GRAVY would be nice too.

## AR: Retrieve mysterious artifacts from ruins.

**18/02/10**

You excuse yourself for a moment and retrieve a few of your personal belongings. These should really impress your visitors.

That musty old toy on the floor ought to make a nice peace offering for the feisty tall one too. You are quite certain that ladies like squishy useless things like that.

## WV: Introduce new friends to John.

**18/02/10**

The yellow bandaged fellow seems to have slogged off somewhere. But the tall mail carrier with the lovely white complexion would probably get a kick out of your big computer with the weird boy on it.

You show her inside.

## ==>

**18/02/10**

The hole blown into the the station by the caution guy's rocket leads into the third room, which had been locked.

Unsurprisingly there is another sort of gizmo in here and you have no idea what it does.

The station is very low on power so you don't think you'll be able to find out.

==>

**18/02/10**

You unlock the third room from the inside, and go to the computer room.

There he is! The funny boy you were talking about. His name is John.

You encourage your alabaster friend so say hi to him using the human keypad communication system.

==>

**18/02/10**

But instead she takes note of your nice chalk drawings and pays you a compliment.

You are somewhat mystified by the fact that she is be more impressed by your silly drawings than your amazing technology.

Maybe simple things are the key to the heart of a lady. You do not know because you do not know anything about ladies really. They are a riddle draped in a mystery wrapped in post-apocalyptic shroudwear.

==>

**18/02/10**

```
-.-- .- -.-- !!!
```

You decide to give her the chalk. She is grateful for the colorful present and thinks it looks like fun.

==>

**18/02/10**

Suddenly a powerful aroma hits your nonexistent nostrils. Someone is cooking something delicious. It demands investigation.

==>

**18/02/10**

You stop and examine the kind mayor's device. It is quite similar to the one in your station, before the unfortunate accident. The one with the familiar looking girl on it. Perhaps this one is best left alone.

Still, there is something familiar about the boy on this monitor too.

## I am told your name is John. Is that correct?

**18/02/10**

```
> I am told your name is John. Is that correct?
```

Yep. That's right.

## It's nice to meet you, John.

**18/02/10**

```
BOING

> It's nice to meet you, John.
```

John isn't directly cognizant of your greeting, but I'm sure he would feel likewise.

## Ok, John. Let's explore this place!

**18/02/10**

```
> Ok, John. Let's explore this place!
```

Ok, have at it! If you're at a loss, click the controller button up there.

This may or may not mean anything to you depending on your current perspective.

## This is great! Something is in there. Take a look.

**18/02/10**

```
This is great! Something is in there. Take a look.
```

You got a MINITABLET!

## There is nothing inside. Should we put something in?

**18/02/10**

```
> There is nothing inside. Should we put something in?
```

You drop in one of your precious SHOES. You hate to see it go, but you have to follow the custom and give it what the tablet asks for.

## This one's empty. Perhaps a delivery is in order?

**18/02/10**

```
> This one's empty. Perhaps a delivery is in order?
```

Same with this one you guess. At least this HAT didn't technically belong to your DAD. You made it yourself.

## Introduce yourself to the local amphibious fauna.

**18/02/10**

```
> Introduce yourself to the local amphibious fauna.
```

"I am a secret wizard. Behold my robes."

Behold robes?

Y/N

## Y

**18/02/10**

You wonder what the hell a secret wizard is. You don't think you'll ask him for your bedsheet back.

## Hooray! This one contains a prize!

**18/02/10**

```
> Hooray! This one contains a prize! Another success for the postal system.
```

You got an UNCARVED MINITABLET!

## Open it! Open it!!!

**18/02/10**

```
> Open it! Open it!!!
```

You got a CHISEL.

## How exciting! A parcel for you. Retrieve it!

**18/02/10**

```
You got a CHUNK OF AMBER!
```

You got a CHUNK OF...

Why am I repeating myself?

## Converse.

**18/02/10**

```
> Converse.

I have renamed myself Crumplehat. I have dishonored my ancestors beyond
comprehension with this frivolous accessory.
```

He has renamed himself Crumplehat. He has dishonored his ancestors beyond comprehension with this frivolous accessory.

## A good place to keep lookout?

**18/02/10**

```
Alert : Telescope
```

spritelogJOHN: nanna, are you there?
NANNASPRITE: Yes!
JOHN: i just saw my house from below. what gives? why did the gate take me down here?
NANNASPRITE: All the gates do, John. To ascend, each time you must first descend!
JOHN: huh. alright. so i guess i scramble around down here until... uh, until what?
NANNASPRITE: Until you find the next gate. It is hidden somewhere in the Land.
JOHN: ok, so i get to that gate and go in. then what? where does it take me? uh... further up maybe? but i haven't even built that high yet.
NANNASPRITE: So you see why you had to build in the first place, John? You must have a little faith in your dear old nanna!
JOHN: yeah, well, i do nanna but i'm still not really getting it. does the next gate down here take me back up to the house or something?
JOHN: (please don't say hoo hoo hoo)
NANNASPRITE: HOO. HOO HOO.

## Seer.

**19/02/10**

```
> Seer.
```

## Seer, can you hear me?

**19/02/10**

```
> Seer, can you hear me?
```

Apparently she can.

Though usually she goes by Rose.

## Have a look around, Rose.

**19/02/10**

```
> Have a look around, Rose.
```

## You have much to discover.

**19/02/10**

```
> You have much to discover.
```

## John: Go over the river and through the woods.

**19/02/10**

## ==>

**19/02/10**

```
TAR BASILISK

COPPER CYCLOPS

TAR BASILISK
```

## Jade: Drop the toilet in Dave's room.

**20/02/10**

```
JADE: Z
```

## ==>

**20/02/10**

## ==>

**20/02/10**

pesterlogTG: this is the worst shitting thing ive ever seen
TG: the thing that just happened
GG: hi dave!!!!
TG: jesus
TG: and the worst thing is
TG: all that juice i drank
TG: i mean
TG: you just HAD TO FIGURE all that juice was going to come back to haunt me
TG: like frankensteins incontinent fucking ghost
TG: it was like
TG: chekhovs juice
GG: hehehe what??
TG: let me be perfectly clear
TG: what i am trying to say is

TG: its like fucking christmas up in my bladder here
TG: and where do i find my toilet
TG: oh look here it is
TG: amputated in my room
TG: gagged with a towel like a fucking prison hostage
TG: and now the cruxploder is counting down
TG: 4 hours oh i guess thats not that bad
GG: 4 hours until what?
TG: what
TG: oh god
TG: are you asleep

==>

**20/02/10**

```
JADE: Z
```

pesterlogGG: ummm....
GG: i.....
GG: i think i might be!
TG: ok
TG: ok lets just
TG: not panic here
GG: im not panicking i feel fine!
TG: lets try to play it cool
TG: and not break all my shit
TG: also dont put anything weird in the seizure kernel
TG: im going to go find somewhere to pee
TG: dont watch me ok
GG: <_<;
TG: like i know you dream about me enough already
TG: lets keep some shit left to the imagination ok
GG: i wont look ok jeez!!!!!
TG: the last thing i need is for your weird brain webcam to be snapping shots of my dong
TG: your grandpa was a sick fuck why would he build a voyeurbot for a little girl
TG: fuck
GG: stop being a huge baby and go peeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!

## Dave: Use now empty apple juice bottle as pee receptacle.

**20/02/10**

You begin to hatch a brilliant plan.

==>

**20/02/10**

```
→
SOME CODE

→
PESTERCHUM
hey dude here is a sweet code
```

```
hey dude thx 4 the sweet code
←
```

Once you're done you'll captchalogue the bottle and send the code to Egbert and tell him it's something really important. Then he'll make it and be like, oh man yes apple juice I am so thirsty!!!

==>

**20/02/10**

```
BLUH
```

But he will not be drinking delicious juice, oh no. He will be choking down a world of hot piss and it will serve him right for liking all those dumbass movies unironically.

==>

**20/02/10**

But that all sounds like a big waste of time so you just go in the shower.

## Dave: Kick that puppet out of the shower.

**20/02/10**

pesterlogGG: oh nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
GG: :(
GG: dave
TG: what
GG: :(
TG: what is it
GG: dave this poor bird
TG: what bird
GG: the one with the sword through it!!!
TG: i wouldnt know anything about that
GG: but isnt this your sword?
TG: that could be anyones sword
GG: :|
TG: what does it look like
TG: is it a cheap piece of shit
TG: cause i only bother with high quality blades
TG: forged by stoic asian masters
TG: hells of rude kinds of expensive
GG: all i know is.....
GG: its sharp and its through a bird and its a sword
GG: end of story!!!!!!
GG: i am going to help the poor bird
TG: wait
TG: what do you mean
TG: dammit hold on a minute

## Jade: Retrieve Dave's copy of Sburb and the impaled crow.

**20/02/10**

## Jade: Put something weird in the seizure kernel.

**20/02/10**

## ==>

**20/02/10**

pesterlogTG: wow awesome
TG: so now i guess instead having of a wise or helpful spirit guide sprite thing
TG: im stuck with this brainless feathery asshole
GG: what do you mean i just brought the cute birdie back to life!!!
GG: isnt he great?
TG: we need to wake you up
TG: youre not very logical like this
TG: kind of dumb really
GG: gosh im SOOOO SOOOORRY!!!!!!!!
GG: i was tired!
TG: yeah but come on you sleep like 20 hours a day
GG: well you are out of luck.....
GG: i will wake up when im good and ready!

## Jade: Wake up.

**21/02/10**

pesterlogTG: where are you sitting
TG: are you on your bed
GG: yes why
TG: what side
GG: ummmmmm....
GG: the right side...
GG: why??
TG: ok heres what i want you to do
TG: just humor me
TG: raise your left hand
GG: okaaay.....
TG: now
TG: just kind of swat the air to your left
GG: ...

## ==>

**21/02/10**

```
ROBO SLAP
```

**AR: Use gunpowder and empty crates to make a campfire.**

**21/02/10**

**==>**

**21/02/10**

**AR: Win over that fine carapace in grey.**

**21/02/10**

**==>**

**21/02/10**

**==>**

**22/02/10**

You are vaguely reminded of something. It's hard to remember. It was so many years ago.

**So many years ago, entrenched in the temporally oblique...**

**22/02/10**

**==>**

**22/02/10**

What have we here? An illegally parked vehicle.

You sure hope this guy's got a swollen porkhollow. He just landed himself in citation city.

**AR?: Surround the scene with caution tape.**

**22/02/10**

This looks much more orderly. Public safety has been assured. Your sworn duty as an AUTHORITY REGULATOR has been upheld.

**AR?: Write the owner of this vehicle a ticket.**

**22/02/10**

```
PARKING CITATION B$10,000
```

Hello. What have we here?

**==>**

**22/02/10**

You discover a couple of UNAUTHORIZED PARCELS in the cabin of the vehicle. You confiscate them immediately.

**==>**

**22/02/10**

You are a simple PARCEL MISTRESS on one of your routes. Today is another day of uneventful but highly satisfying deliveries.

**==>**

**22/02/10**

You stop in your tracks. It is a dangerous AGENT from the enemy kingdom. Perhaps you should avoid him.

**==>**

**22/02/10**

```
please deliver this t...
```

But you notice he is holding two parcels. You recognize one of them. You have spent a long time looking for it.

It looks like you are going to need to get that package from him somehow.

## John: Activate ghost gloves.

**22/02/10**

Sons of bitches are harder to kill than you thought they'd be.

==>

**22/02/10**

==>

**23/02/10**

==>

**23/02/10**

```
BLAM
```

==>

**23/02/10**

==>

**23/02/10**

==>

**23/02/10**

==>

**23/02/10**

The giclops absconds.

==>

**23/02/10**

==>

**23/02/10**

You could have sworn that strange man was holding your copy of Colonel Sassacre's.

## WV, PM, AR: Stargaze.

**23/02/10**

It is a clear and peaceful night. A delicious meal has been shared with new friends. The glow of the ammunition fire gradually subsides. All is well.

But you can't shake the feeling there is something familiar about all this. There is something you are forgetting.

==>

**23/02/10**

Of course. Now you remember.

You must deliver a message to John right away.

==>

**23/02/10**

*WOMEN.*

## PM?: Retrieve package.

**23/02/10**

You conclude you have no choice. You will march right up to him and ask politely for the package.

Wait a minute...

What's this?

## ==>

**23/02/10**

```
ugh crappy sorry

~john
```

It is a carved MINITABLET.

The carving is not especially clear to say the least. But your wealth of delivery experience allows you to decipher it immediately.

It is the other parcel the agent is holding. It appears you will need to acquire both from him now. It is your sworn duty.

## PM?: Ready sword.

**24/02/10**

You do not have a sword. You are quite sure it would never occur to you to carry a sword or resort to violence under any circumstance.

You will have to take a more diplomatic route with this fellow.

## AR?: Doff your hat to the attractive female.

**24/02/10**

You doff so furiously you are in danger of starting a HAT FIRE.

Probably not the best idea around all this oil. Especially without any sort of flame suppressant handy.

## PM?: Retrieve both parcels.

**24/02/10**

He cannot give them to you. They are ILLEGAL CONTRABAND, and if you wish to petition for their release, you must consult with his superiors.

## ==>

**24/02/10**

You show him the carved MINITABLET. As he can plainly see, you have signed authorization to deliver one of the parcels.

He gives you the ENVELOPE. But he retains the PACKAGE.

## ==>

**24/02/10**

You quickly drop the ENVELOPE into an empty PYXIS. It is out of your hands now. THE BREEZE will know where to take it.

==>

**24/02/10**

You follow the agent. You must not lose track of that parcel.

## John: Chase the man, you want your book!

**24/02/10**

You have some questions for that guy, whoever he is.

But the village is still burning. You've got to help these salamanders put out this fire.

## John: Save the lizards!

**24/02/10**

```
Barbasol
```

Ok you JUST SAID they were salamanders.

Anyway, thank goodness for your BARBASOL BOMB. The cooling lather should work its magic in no time...

==>

**24/02/10**

```
BOOM
```

OH GOD HOW CAN SHAVING CREAM BE SO FLAMMABLE

==>

**24/02/10**

A big gust of wind conveniently comes along and blows out all the fire.

It is really convenient.

==>

**24/02/10**

The townspeople rejoice and are more than willing to give you all the credit. You suspect it is probably because they are not all that smart.

## John, the uncarved tablet you retrieved.

**25/02/10**

```
> John, the uncarved tablet you retrieved. Do you still have it?
```

Why yes, it appears you do.

## Great! I would like you to carve something on it.

**25/02/10**

```
> Great! I would like you to carve something on it.
```

You seem amenable to this request. It's a little wobbly up on top of all these dancing lizards though.

Not that it matters because you suck at drawing anyway.

## Rose, find your sprite.

**25/02/10**

```
> Rose, find your sprite.
```

## Your deceased pet.

**25/02/10**

```
> You wished to speak with her, did you not?
```

JASPERSPRITE is nowhere to be found. He always was a little cagey, even when he was alive.

## Is it not why you are here?

**25/02/10**

```
> Is it not why you are here?
```

Someone is pestering you. But you are oblivious to the message because your laptop is buried under three inches of fucking yarn.

There are footprints in the white sand.

## Follow them.

**25/02/10**

```
> Follow them.
```

It looks like they lead out back to the mausoleum.

## Examine your pet's tomb.

**25/02/10**

```
> Examine your pet's tomb.
```

The mausoleum was destroyed by the explosion. The secret passage remains.

You have no idea where it leads, but it sure isn't the lab anymore.

## Enter.

**25/02/10**

## ==>

**26/02/10**

## ==>

**26/02/10**

It seems someone has recently untied a boat.

## A mother will do whatever is best for her children.

**26/02/10**

```
> A mother will do whatever is best for her children.
```

## WV: Become the mayor of Exile Town.

**26/02/10**

You build a bigger and better town to preside over. All expatriates are welcome, no matter what happened in the past, regardless of professional persuasion or metallurgical affiliation. You cut the town's ribbon with an official JUDICIAL BAYONET, which is stuck inside a grenade but you are kind of nervous about removing it.

This should catch the eye of the tall nice lady.

The grumpy yellow guy thinks this is dumb.

## ==>

**26/02/10**

He thinks it is dumb because any town without a proper militia is as good as conquered.

As such he prepares one begrudgingly. It's a dirty job, but someone must be charged with the defense of the innocent.

## WV: Fondly regard desert night.

**26/02/10**

The stars twinkle over the freshly christened EXILE TOWN. It is a beautiful evening and the future is so full of promise you can't imagine what could possibly oh my god a huge eggy looking thing just appeared in the sky.

## ==>

**26/02/10**

```
EGG!
```

## Jade: Give Dave punch card of an eggy loking thign [sic].

**27/02/10**

Ok, you do that and then he makes a totem with it and then some other stuff happens and then...

EGG!

## Dave: Pester Jade.

**27/02/10**

pesterlogTG: oh man
TG: awesome
TG: its awesome where you put that
TG: i was worried we were on the verge of getting some shit done
GG: duuurrrrr dave i was going to build some stairs up there durrrrrhhhhhh
TG: well where are they
TG: you say there will be stairs
TG: and yet
TG: i see no stairs
GG: gosh i dont know i guess i didnt find the time to make them because i keep getting punched in the face by robots and stuff!!!!!!!
TG: sorry
GG: ;p
TG: am i supposed to break that thing
TG: or hatch it
TG: or what
GG: i dont know!
TG: also what happened to all my shit
TG: the stuff scattered all over the roof
TG: did you put it somewhere
GG: nope....
TG: i mean not that i care
TG: it was a lot of mostly useless garbage

GG: what was it doing up here?
TG: i was going to use it to fight my bro with
TG: but i guess i forgot in the heat of battle
TG: also he was too fast

## Dave: Make the world's largest omlette.

**27/02/10**

```
CA-CAW!!
```

Whoops, looks like that dumb idea isn't going to happen!

A brainless feathery asshole swoops down and carries the egg away.

## ==>

**27/02/10**

pesterlogTG: ok so
TG: the egg is now in a nest made of shitty swords and soft puppet ass
TG: please advise
GG: i think your sprite wants to hatch it!
GG: awww
TG: do you think thatll take more than four hours
GG: hmm...
GG: i dont know it looks like its pretty warm where you are
TG: its hot as the sizzle side of the steak
GG: maybe not too long then????
GG: i guess we'll find out!
TG: maybe i should try to get it back
TG: and put it in the microwave
GG: :(

## ==>

**27/02/10**

## Jade: Deploy Punch Designix.

**28/02/10**

```
Punch Designix ⬡ 4

Cache Limit : 2000

⬡ 1998
⬡ 0
□  0
▲ 0
⬡ 0
▲ 0
○ 0
⬡ 0
```

You can't! You'll need some SHALE for that.

## Jade: Check unknown objects.

**28/02/10**

```
CD
⬡ 100

Punch Card Shunt
⬡ 10

Holopad
⬡ 10,000

Intellibeam Laserstation
⬡ 100,000

Jumper Block Extension
⬡ 10,000
```

pesterlogGG: ok some of these things we can deploy but some things we dont have nearly enough grist for!
TG: you mean the jumper block thing
GG: no no weve got enough for that.....
GG: but its still pretty expensive
TG: wait what
TG: the thing costs 1000 for me
GG: yeah me too!
GG: and we have 2000 to work with
GG: ok 1998 ._.
TG: what
TG: man i only got 200 to splash around with in roses rainbow world
TG: what the hell
GG: ohhh...
GG: how much did rose start with? when she was playing with john?
TG: hang on ill ask
GG: k
TG: she says 20
GG: i guess we keep getting more with each server/client connection!
TG: yeah
TG: so i guess you can buy everything now
GG: no!!!!
GG: i cant buy the holopad thingy and the intellibeam laserstation
TG: ok now i know youre making this shit up
GG: hahahaha no theyre right here!
GG: they cost a fortune
TG: well all i got here is the designix which i cant deploy cause i dont have any purples
TG: and the expensive as hell jumper thing and the cheap shunts which i assume do dick all without the jumpers to put em on
TG: oh also this cd which is 100 but i didnt drop cause it seemed like a stiff allocation of resources for now
GG: yeah ive got that too!

GG: i will deploy it
TG: so with each new connection in our player chain i guess new weird deployables are introduced
GG: yes i think that is how it works
GG: when john connects with me he will probably get some cool new things too!
TG: hey look we're learning stuff

## Jade: Deploy green and white compact disc.

**28/02/10**

⬡ 1998/2000 → 1898

pesterlogTG: what should i do with these beta copies
TG: i dont really need them anymore
GG: i suppose just hang on to them for a while.....
GG: and then later
GG: just do whatever you are naturally compelled to do with them!
TG: wow that was a weird answer
TG: but ok

## ==>

**28/02/10**

You take the BETA and the CD.

## Jade: Deploy circuit board looking thingy.

**28/02/10**

It was obviously labeled as the JUMPER BLOCK EXTENSION.

It appears to be deployable only as an extension to the ALCHEMITER. Looks like you're going to have to move it.

Damn, and it looked so nice up there!

## ==>

**28/02/10**

⬡ 1798/2000

You expend another relatively affordable 100 BUILD GRIST to relocate it.

## ==>

**28/02/10**

⬡ 1798/2000 → 798

You then pay the steep fee of 1000 BUILD GRIST to deploy the JUMPER BLOCK EXTENSION.

## Jade: Attempt to deploy catchalogue disk drive.

**28/02/10**

⬡ 798/2000 → 788

Again, the name of the thing was right there in plain sight.

You deploy the PUNCH CARD SHUNT for peanuts.

Looks like a captchalogue card is supposed to fit in the slot.

## Dave: Insert card with the CD on the slot.

**28/02/10**

You put the card in the slot and stick the shunt on the jumper pins.

Nothing happens. You might need to stick a punched card in there, probably allowing the holes in the card to affect the flow of current through the circuits. And to punch cards you'll need to get a designix somehow.

## Dave: Insert disc into computer.

**28/02/10**

```
Alert : Disc

READING DISC

...CKIN...
...NCHO PARTY
```

## Dave: Install software.

**28/02/10**

```
SBURB CLIENT

Inventing Rubber Hoists
Relating Pull Reflectors
Updating Vises
Persuading Bulbs
Graduating Chain Sealants
Publicizing Aether Remotes
Governing Archetype Dimmers
Launching Manifestation Systems
---------------------------------------
==>
---------------------------------------

Plug-in detected...

Installing gristtor.exe
```

## ==>

**28/02/10**

```
gristTorrent

seeding
⬡ 13800
⬡ 10862
▲ 4058
○ 1890
⬡ 322

seeding
⬡ 154
□  22

seeding
⬡ 788
```

```
offline

All (0)
Downloading (0)
Completed (0)
Active (0)
Inactive(0)
```

GRISTTORRENT is now running.

## Dave: Illegally pirate some of John's shale.

**01/03/10**

```
gristTorrent

seeding
⬡ 13800
⬡ 10858 → 10854 → 10850 → 10846
▲ 4058
○ 1890
⬡ 322

seeding
⬡ 154
□  22

seeding
⬡ 788
⬡ 4 → 8 → 12 → 16

offline

All (1)
Downloading (1)
Completed (0)
Active (1)
Inactive(0)

Grist : ⬡
Down Speed : 4 g/s
Up Speed : 0 g/s
Seeds : 1 (3)
Downloaded : 4 → 8 → 12 → 16
```

You start leeching off John's SHALE at a pace of 4 g/s.

Not the fastest download rate, but then again you don't need a whole lot. In one second you already collect enough for a PUNCH DESIGNIX.

## Dave: Download a bunch of grist from John. He has plenty.

**01/03/10**

```
gristTorrent

seeding
⬡ 13798 → 13796 → 13794 → 13792
⬡ 10844 → 10842 → 10840 → 10838
▲ 4058
○ 1890
⬡ 322

seeding
⬡ 154
```

```
□  22

seeding
⬡ 790 → 792 → 794 → 796
⬡ 18 → 20 → 22 → 24

offline

All (2)
Downloading (2)
Completed (0)
Active (2)
Inactive(0)

Grist : ⬡
Down Speed : 2 g/s
Up Speed : 0 g/s
Seeds : 1 (3)
Downloaded : 18 → 20 → 22 → 24

Grist : ⬡
Down Speed : 2 g/s
Up Speed : 0 g/s
Seeds : 1 (3)
Downloaded : 2 → 4 → 6 → 8
```

You set the application to leech off John's BUILD GRIST because he's obviously got too much for his own good.

It cuts the download rate in half though.

## You guide the Heir. Consult with him.

**02/03/10**

```
> You guide the Heir. Consult with him.

Alert : John
Alert : Dave
Alert : ☹
```

pesterlog-- ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] --

EB: rose?
EB: are you there?
EB: i went through the gate, nanna said you might be here too.
EB: are you in kind of this spooky glowy place with oily rivers and stuff?
EB: let me know ok.
TT: I guess one could use those words to describe it.
TT: If armed with a predilection for the inapt.
EB: bluh bluh bluuuuuhhhhh.
EB: ok, what words would you use, miss wordypants mcsmartybluh.
TT: Eerily iridescent?
EB: umm...
TT: I certainly don't see any oily rivers.
TT: There's an ocean though.
EB: i haven't found an ocean yet.

EB: but i dunno, the place is really big.
EB: it's like a whole planet down here.
EB: oh man, which reminds me.
EB: i just got hounded by a troll.
TT: Yes, one of them is bugging me now.
TT: I thought it was odd timing.
EB: yeah well, they say they want to be friends, also they're playing sburb but like not the same session as ours or something.
EB: oh also they're moving backwards in time, which sounds really retarded, but whatever.
TT: Color my curiosity piqued, I guess.
EB: yeah, i guess answer him if you want. or not.
EB: but anyway, it's great you made it here alive and stuff!
EB: so dave came through?
TT: Eventually.
TT: Pardon the envy I'm about to vent in your direction.
EB: for what?
TT: For finding yourself at the mercy of a rational orchestrator.
EB: oh, haha.
EB: yeah, i'd feel kinda weird if dave was watching me too.
TT: You don't feel weird when I watch you?
EB: rose i feel weird when you're just TALKING to me, when you're watching me it's just like the weird frosting on the big weirdo cake.
TT: I can't see you now, for what it's worth.
EB: yes i'm freeeeeeeeee :D
EB: ok, i'm going to go over this river and through these woods.
EB: you talk to your troll i guess.
EB: we'll compare notes later.
TT: Ok.
TT: Bye, John.

## Who is this bothering you?

**02/03/10**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterlog-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

GC: H3Y L4LOND3
GC: STOP CRY1NG 1N YOUR MOMS B3V3R4G3
GC: SH3 H4T3S YOU 4ND H4S L3FT YOU FOR3V3R
GC: H3H3H3H >8D
TT: Now I'm confused.
TT: On the surface, this appears to be another contrivance from a troll desperate to offend.
TT: But John said you wanted to be friends.
TT: And if you knew me, I suppose your remark could be construed as a ploy to elicit agreement.
TT: And soon, rapport.
TT: Not that it would actually work.

GC: GOD
GC: YOU R34LLY DO T4LK TOO MUCH
TT: So which is it?
GC: OOOOOOOOOH
GC: YOUR T3XT SM3LLS GOOD
GC: 1S TH4T L4V3ND3R
TT: You smell words?
GC: YOU DONT???
TT: Right. Aliens, I forgot.
GC: Y3S 1TS 34SY TO FORG3T
GC: G1V3N OUR "R4PPORT"
GC: 4ND HOW MUCH W3 R34LLY H4V3 1N COMMON
GC: 1 FORG3T TH4T YOU HUM4NS 4CTU4LLY COMMUN1C4T3 W1TH SP33CH 1NST34D OF R3L34SING CLOUDS OF FR4GR4NT G4S3S
GC: 4ND SM3LL1NG 3ACH OTH3RS S3NT3NC3S
TT: Gross.
GC: 4H4H4H4 SO GULL1BL3
GC: YOULL B3L13V3 4NYTH1NG 1 T3LL YOU
GC: OF COURS3 W3 T4LK DUMMY >8]
TT: Still not sure if I'm being courted or trolled here.
GC: 1M GO1NG TO GO W1TH TH3 LATT3R
GC: 1 H4T3 YOU 4LL QU1T3 4 LOT
GC: BUT 1 TH1NK
GC: TH3 OTH3RS W1LL 3V3NTU4LLY R34L1Z3 TH4T 1TLL B3 MUTU4LLY B3N3F1C14L FOR US 4LL TO WORK TOG3TH3R
GC: 4ND SO TH3YLL PROB4BLY B3 4LL FR13NDLY L1KE L4T3R ON
TT: By later on, you mean now?
GC: Y34H
GC: TH4TS PROB4BLY WH4T JOHN W4S H34RING
GC: 4ND M4YBE TH3YLL 3V3N M34N 1T 4ND W4NT TO B3 FR13NDLY
GC: BUT 1 1NT3ND TO ST4Y P1SS3D 4T YOU FOR3V3R
GC: 3V3N 1F 1 S33M H3LPFUL
TT: Then you're in luck.
TT: Because you don't.
GC: H3H3 NO BUT 1 W1LL BE
GC: TH3 F4CT TH4T 1 W1LL B3 H3LPFUL
GC: 1S 4N 1MMUT4BL3 F4CT 1 4M ST4T1NG FOR TH3 R3CORD
GC: 1T DO3S NOT M34N FR13NDSH1P 1S WH4T 1S T4K1NG PL4C3 H3R3
TT: John was told you were moving backwards through time.
TT: Was he gullible to believe this?
TT: Or is the fact that I'm asking just further indication of my own gullibility?
TT: Feel free to continue shifting the definition of the word to suit your convenience.
GC: W3 H4V3NT 3V3N B33N T4LK1NG TO YOU FOR LONG
GC: L1K3 4 F3W M1NUT3S FROM MY P3RSP3CT1V3
GC: 1F TH3R3 4R3 SOM3 OF US WHO D3C1D3D TO ST4RT T4LK1NG TO YOU 4T TH3 3ND OF YOUR 4DV3NTUR3 R1GHT OFF TH3 B4T

GC: 1NST34D OF 4T THE B3G1NN1NG L1K3 WH4TS LOG1C4L
GC: TH3N TH4TS TH31R STUP1D BUS1NESS
GC: 1M ST4Y1NG L1N34R
GC: C4US3 W31RD T1M3 STUFF G1V3S ME A H34D4CHE
GC: OH 4LSO 1TS PO1NTL3SS
TT: Alright, let's continue milking my human gullibility and say I believe you. You're the sensible one who's decided to communicate with us in linear lockstep with our timeline in order to help us out.
TT: How can you help me?
GC: YOU JUST 3NT3R3D YOUR M3D1UM R1GHT
TT: Yes.
GC: OK
GC: DO3S 1T S33M L1K3 TH3R3 1S A SUBTL3 VO1C3 1N YOUR H34D URG1NG YOU TO DO TH1NGS
TT: Yes.
TT: It's not so subtle, actually.
GC: Y3S!!!!!!! >8O
GC: FOR M3 TOO 1T W4S MOR3 LOUD 4ND CL34R TH4N FOR TH3 OTH3RS
GC: YOU S33 W3 4R3 M34NT TO B3 B3ST H4T3FR13NDS FOR3V3R
TT: A beautiful soulgrudge this cosmic was surely authored by the constellations.
GC: TH3Y 4LL THOUGHT 1 W4S CR4ZY
GC: BUT H4H4H4 1T TURN3D OUT W3 4LL W3R3 1N OUR OWN W4YS
GC: TH4T H3LP3D US R34LIZ3 TH3 P4RTICUL4R D3ST1N13S THE G4M3 PUT TOG3TH3R FOR US
GC: 1N TH3 VOC4BUL4RY OF L1K3
GC: TH3 HYP3R FL3XIBL3 MYTHOLOGY 1T T41LORS TO 34CH PL4Y3R GROUP
TT: You mean, for instance...
TT: If a player were to learn she was a "Seer"?
GC: Y34H 3X4CTLY! S33R OF M1ND P4G3 OF BR34TH KN1GHT OF BLOOD M41D OF T1M3
GC: 3TC 3TC 3TC
GC: 12 FOR US BUT OBV1OUSLY 4 FOR YOU
GC: 3V3RY S3SS1ON 1S D1FF3R3NT
TT: And this voice?
GC: OH Y34H
GC: 1TS 4N 3X1L3
TT: Exiled from what?
GC: 1T TOOK US FOR3V3R TO F1GUR3 TH1S OUT
GC: B3C4US3 TH3Y 4R3NT M34NT TO B3 4N OBV1OUS 4SP3CT OF TH3 G4M3
GC: TH3YR3 ON YOUR D34D PLAN3T
GC: JUST L1K3 TH3YR3 ON OURS
GC: Y34RS 4FT3R 1TS R3CKON1NG
GC: TH31R ROL3 1S TO H3LP YOU ON YOUR QU3ST 1N SOM3 W4YS
GC: TH3 OBV1OUS W4Y 1S BY D1R3CTLY GU1DING YOUR 4CT1ONS
GC: BUT M4YB3 TH3 MOR3 1MPORT4NT W4YS 4R3 TH3S3 L1TTL3 TH1NGS TH3Y DO PROB4BLY W1THOUT 3V3N R34L1Z1NG 1T

GC: 4CT1ONS TH4T COMPL3T3 LOOPS 1N TH3 T1M3L1NE
GC: COGS 1N P4R4DOX SP4C3
TT: Paradox space?
GC: OH H3LL
GC: L1ST3N TH3 UN1V3RS3 W1LL 34T P4R4DOX3S FOR BR34KF4ST
GC: 4ND SO W1LL TH1S G4M3
GC: G3T US3D TO 1T
GC: BY NOW YOU SHOULD R34L1Z3 TH1S WHOL3 M3SS W4S 4 B1G S3LF FULLF1LL1NG CLUST3RFUCK
GC: A HUG3 ORG14ST1C MOB1US DOUBL3 R34CH4ROUND
TT: I'm starting to see that.
TT: So the exiles are on Earth? Does that mean our goal is to get back there too? To resurrect it somehow?
GC: NO NO NO
GC: S33 1RON1C4LLY TH3Y G3T TO DO TH4T
GC: 4FT3R TH3YR3 DON3 H3LP1NG YOU TH4T 1S
GC: YOUR JOB 1S OF GR34T3R CONS3QU3NC3 TO S4Y TH3 L34ST
GC: BUT P4RT OF TH31R JOB 1S TO R3BU1LD L1F3 4ND C1V1L1Z4T1ON TH3R3
GC: 4ND 1F TH3YR3 SUCC3SSFUL 1N THOUS4NDS OR M1LL1ONS OF Y34RS TH3 T3CHNOLOGY 1S UN34RTH3D 4ND TH3 PL4N3T 1S R1P3 FOR S33D1NG 4LL OV3R 4G41N
TT: You never answered the question. Where were they exiled from?
GC: FROM TH3 TWO K1NGDOMS 1N TH3 1NC1P1SPH3R3
GC: 3XP4TR14T3D DUR1NG TH3 R3CKON1NG
GC: FORM3R 4G3NTS
TT: What are agents?
GC: 1 TH1NK
GC: TH1S W1LL B3 MOR3 CONSTRUCT1V3
GC: 1F 1 CONT4CT YOU 4G41N 1N 4 L1TTL3 WH1L3
GC: WH3N YOU KNOW MOR3
GC: 4ND 1 DONT H4V3 TO 3XPL41N SO MUCH
TT: When?
GC: 1N 4 COUPL3 OF S3CONDS
GC: FOR M3
GC: BUT NOT FOR YOU
GC: SUCK3R

-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

## Meanwhile, the past pulls a mean double reacharound...

**02/03/10**

```
Alert : John
Alert : ☺

Alert : Jade
```

pesterlogghostyTrickster [GT] began pestering gardenGnostic [GG]

GT: hey, happy birthday jade!
GG: yay thank you john!!!!! :D
GT: whew ok, i got your present in the mail JUST on time.
GT: plus i sent rose's and dave's too.
GT: why do your guys'es birthdays got to be all bunched together like that??? you are running me ragged!
GG: heheh i know but it is nice of you to think of us all like that!
GT: i can't wait for you to see what i got you. i don't want to spoil it or anything but hopefully it will help you solve those problems you've been having lately.
GT: MYSTERIOUS WINK ;)
GG: im sure it is great, i cant wait either!!!!!
GG: it might take a while to get here from there but it will be worth the wait!
GT: oh man.
GT: i am such an idiot, i forgot about how long it takes you to get stuff.
GT: ARGH.
GG: john thats ok really! im sure will get to me exactly when it needs to and it will be a nice surprise when it does!
GT: ok well i hope so.
GG: <3.....
GG: uhhhh hold on

carcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG]

CG: WAIT GOD DAMMIT DON'T BLOCK ME.
CG: I MEAN NOT THAT BLOCKING ME WOULD DO ANYTHING.
CG: BUT JUST LISTEN.
GG: what do you want?????
CG: I JUST HAVE TO DELIVER A MESSAGE AND THEN I'LL GO.
CG: IT IS A MESSAGE FROM YOU, SO YOU PROBABLY OUGHT TO LISTEN.
GG: this is nonsense
GG: every time i believe something you say you laugh at me and call me a gullible human!!!!
GG: its so childish
CG: OK FINE I ADMIT IT, I COMPLETELY SHIT THE BED HERE.
CG: I GET THAT.
CG: AND I CAN'T PROMISE I WON'T KEEP TROLLING YOU.
CG: CAUSE I WILL, IN WEEKS OR MONTHS OR WHATEVER.
CG: I'LL KEEP GIVING YOU A HARD TIME, BUT SEE THAT WON'T BE PRESENT ME.
CG: THAT'S PAST ME.
CG: FROM LIKE A HALF HOUR AGO OR SO, WHEN I WAS MORE HOT AND BOTHERED ABOUT ALL THIS, OK?
GG: D:
GG: i dont know what youre talking about at all.....
GG: its another prank
CG: WHATEVER, FINE, THINK IT'S A PRANK.

CG: AS LONG AS YOU REMEMBER THIS CONVERSATION.
CG: SEE WE'RE TRYING TO TALK TO YOU IN THE FUTURE, AND IT'S IMPORTANT, BUT YOU WON'T ANSWER US.
CG: SO WE TALKED TO YOU WAAAY IN THE FUTURE TO ASK HOW TO GET IN TOUCH WITH NOT-SO-FUTURE YOU.
CG: ARE YOU FOLLOWING?
GG: no
CG: SHE SAID TO TALK TO YOU NOW AND TELL YOU THIS.
CG: YOU KNOW YOUR ROBOT?
GG: you mean the robot you think is stupid?
GG: the one youve mocked me for having on a number of occasions???
CG: YEAH, WELL I STILL DO THINK YOUR ROBOT IS STUPID.
CG: BUT THAT'S BESIDES THE POINT.
CG: LATER ON IT WILL BLOW UP FOR SOME REASON. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHY.
GG: this is the worst prank youve ever pulled!!!!!!
CG: QUIET.
CG: ANYWAY, WHEN IT HAPPENS YOU WON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
CG: THE THING TO DO IS TO CONTACT US.
CG: AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO.
GG: why should i do that?
CG: BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU TOLD US TO TELL YOU.
CG: WHATEVER, BELIEVE ME, DON'T BELIEVE ME, I DID MY JOB.
CG: I'M OUT OF HERE.

carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling gardenGnostic [GG]

GG: ok im back sorry
GG: i had to tell someone to go away!
GT: oh god.
GT: the trolls again?
GG: yup :o
GT: they have been such a pain in the ass lately.
GT: it seems like there are so many.
GT: there are either like fifty of these retards or it's one guy with a lot of alt accounts.
GG: ive never had any sort of feeling about them or what they want which is kind of weird!!!
GG: but it seems to me like they are probably all different people and not one guy
GG: i have counted twelve
GT: what do they want with us!!!
GG: some people just like to needle others for some reason john
GG: it is like a game i guess. they are like pranksters!!
GT: oh hell no, shittiest pranksters ever.
GG: but i think they are mostly harmless
GG: every so often they manage to get through my block filter and hassle me. its been going on for years! actually some of them are kind of funny i think hehe
GT: oh wow, what? years??
GT: ok, well i am sick of them.

GT: i've been thinking of changing my pesterchum handle to throw them off.
GT: so...
GT: i guess i'm gonna do that.

==>

**02/03/10**

==>

**02/03/10**

```
-IFICATE
```

The package from your pen-pal appears again. You've been wondering when it was going to show up. It has been months since you last worked on it!

Hopefully your friend has made the final modifications you require. You'll have to mail it soon so it reaches John in time!

==>

**02/03/10**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterlog-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling ghostyTrickster [GT] --

GC: H3H3
GT: uuuuugh
GC: H4H4H
GC: H3H3H3H3
GT: ?
GC: LOL!
GC: H3H3H3H3H3H3H3
GC: >:]
GT: well
GT: i guess you're not too bad a troll if this is all you do.
GT: just laughing and stuff.
GC: H33H33H33!!!!
GC: H4H4H4H4
GT: hehe
GC: 4H4H4H44H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4
GT: hehehehe

-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling ghostyTrickster [GT] --

==>

**02/03/10**

You think it's time to change your chumhandle.

To what, though...

Gotta be something they'll never suspect. What was that thing she said you were a disgrace to? You have kind of a hard time reading shitty leetspeak in spite of your awesome hacker cred.

==>

**02/03/10**

## PM?: Follow the agent.

**03/03/10**

You have followed the AUTHORITY REGULATOR into enemy territory. It is a risky move and this dark palace makes you very uncomfortable. But it is imperative you press on and recover that parcel.

You have brought along a PARKING CITATION. If confronted, you will say you are only here to deliver payment and leave.

==>

**03/03/10**

You have no idea where you're going. You are too nervous to ask anyone.

==>

**04/03/10**

You take a turn somewhere and find an especially regal looking red carpet. You wonder where it could possibly lead.

==>

**04/03/10**

==>

**04/03/10**

==>

**04/03/10**

```
Parking Citation
```

==>

**04/03/10**

The BLACK QUEEN directs you to the office of the ARCHAGENT. He is in charge of most of the tedious paperwork around here.

## Rose, I must leave now.

**04/03/10**

```
> Rose, I must leave now.

:: turntechGodhead ::
```

```
PESTERLOG :

TG: so seriously what were you doing just now
TT: I was talking to someone.
TG: who
TT: You remember the trolls?
TG: yeah
TT: One of them messaged me, so I indulged him/her/it for a moment.
TG: oh i see you opted to chat up one of those dbags instead of talk to the guy
who saved you from a swirling shitstorm of angry flaming wizards

[PESTER!]
```

## This is the last you will hear from me.

**04/03/10**

```
> Find your sprite. Realize your purpose.
```

## ==>

**04/03/10**

You return to a more typical mindset. You suddenly feel empowered to make important decisions on your own without supervision. Parental or otherwise.

## Rose: Sip martini thoughtfully.

**04/03/10**

Such as this one.

Just a tiny sip couldn't hurt...

## ==>

**04/03/10**

```
BLUH
```

## Fourth Exile: Suddenly appear.

**04/03/10**

A WINDSWEPT QUESTANT suddenly appears.

## ==>

**04/03/10**

## ==>

**04/03/10**

## PM: Command John to put the carved tablet into a pyxis.

**04/03/10**

```
> John, put the carved tablet
```

You follow the command telling you to command John to put the carved tablet in the pyxis and type, "John, put the carved tablet into the pyxis."

You successfully do that, and he successfully does that too. Everyone is friendly and cooperative.

## ==>

**04/03/10**

```
EGG!
```

What the hell was that???

It almost sounded like a huge egg appeared in the sky and landed, and then someone mysterious teleported out of it.

## PM?: Locate the Archagent.

**05/03/10**

You find the agent's office. But he is nowhere to be found.

You eye something on the desk there.

## PM?: Grab the box and run!

**05/03/10**

If you act quickly enough maybe you can grab the package and get out of here before *CAN I HELP YOU*

==>

**05/03/10**

Mr. Noir tells you that ticket had better be notarized and punched in triplicate and presented with the full boondollar penalty plus processing fees, or you are wasting valuable time he could otherwise spend shirking his clerical duties.

==>

**05/03/10**

Ticket? Oh, this thing. Ha, ha, look at that, you are holding a ticket. How did that get in your hand? It belongs on the desk with the others. No, you are not here to pay a parking ticket.

You explain to the frightening man that you are here to pick up that green parcel.

==>

**05/03/10**

Jack makes it clear he would rather stab something to death than process the avalanche of paperwork needed to release the confiscated freight. Also any legit courier would have the pickup forms ready to go. In spite of how he's supposed to be dressed now but isn't, he ain't nobody's fool.

==>

**05/03/10**

But perhaps an UNDERSTANDING can be reached.

He gives you a HIT LIST.

==>

**05/03/10**

Bring him the crowns. He'll give you the box.

## Jack: Examine package.

**06/03/10**

The PARCEL MISTRESS departs with her mission of double agency. You wonder if she'll actually be so foolish as to attempt to uphold her end of the lopsided bargain. You make a policy of handing out a REGISWORD and a HITLIST to just about everyone who enters your office. But you never think anyone's actually going to GO THROUGH with it.

You wish you could watch. She's a deadwoman.

You wonder why she's so desperate to acquire this package. What could be inside?

## Jack: Open it.

**06/03/10**

## Dave: Punch some cards.

**06/03/10**

You've leeched more than enough grist from John to afford a PUNCH DESIGNIX, which for some reason Jade put in the hallway making it kind of hard to walk through your apartment, but whatever. You also have plenty of grist for messing around with the ALCHEMITER to manufacture some new gear if you want. But you'd like to figure out what the JUMPER BLOCK does first.

Jade keeps dropping a weird assortment of objects for you to captchalogue and punch. You've given up trying to identify any rhyme or reason to the thought process behind it.

## Dave: Put a punched card in a shunt.

**06/03/10**

You put the punched BLENDER card in a shunt just for the hell of it, and stick it on the jumper pins.

## ==>

**06/03/10**

The ALCHEMITER is fitted with the BLENDER UPGRADE.

This upgrade doesn't seem all that useful. Looks like all it does is grind up your totems.

## Dave: Use a punched Gamebro Magazine card.

**06/03/10**

The ALCHEMITER is upgraded with a huge metal bust of this awesome bro.

The device has been reduced to an utterly useless heap of shit.

Time to yank out all the shunts and start over.

## Jade: Draw the punch designix.

**06/03/10**

Your inscrutable thought process leads you to draw the PUNCH DESIGNIX on your SCRIBBLEPAD.

## ==>

**06/03/10**

```
L229BxoG
```

The pad recognizes the drawing, but there is no designix around, and even if there was, it would obviously be way too big to captchalogue.

Instead, the GHOST IMAGE of the designix is captcha'd, along with its captcha code on the back.

## Jade: Send the code to Dave.

**06/03/10**

pesterlogGG: dave here punch this code!
GG: L229BxoG

GG: and then put it in the jumper shunty thing and see what it does
TG: ok

## Dave: Punch code and put it in the jumper shunty thing.

**06/03/10**

pesterlogTG: so i guess this is just a built in designix
TG: which is sort of cool i guess
TG: since i wont have to go downstairs and bang the hallway door into the thing and squeeze through every time i want to punch a card
TG: because of course you couldnt have just put it next to the alchemiter in the first place
TG: but then i have to go downstairs anyway to make totems and get cruxite and stuff
TG: so really who cares
GG: well i think this is only one way to consolidate all the gizmo features....
GG: hang on ill give you more codes!!!

## Jade: Draw the holopad.

**07/03/10**

```
Holopad
⬡ 10,000
```

You don't have nearly enough grist to deploy the HOLOPAD, whatever it does. But maybe you can get it as a freebie upgrade to the alchemiter.

## ==>

**07/03/10**

Looks like it worked! You love your scribblepad.

## Dave: Upgrade alchemiter with holopad.

**07/03/10**

The totem pedestal is converted into a holographic projector. It projects an image of the item the punch code represents.

This seems useful for previewing an item a code will produce, without spending the grist on it. You test it out with the blender card.

But it still renders the alchemiter unusable. At least without further upgrades.

## Jade: Draw the totem lathe.

**07/03/10**

You captcha the lathe ghost image and apply the upgrade.

Now the holopad projects a hologram of the totem that a punch card will create!

This appears to turn the alchemiter into a one stop-shopping hub. You just punch a card, stick it in, and get your item. Nice!

## Jade: Draw the jumper block.

**07/03/10**

You get the code for the jumper block extension to upgrade the alchemiter with... uh... the jumper block extension?

Ok that's kind of a crappy drawing but it seemed to work anyway.

## Dave: Upgrade.

**07/03/10**

This is getting a little abstract.

But it appears to economize on space. Now all you have to do is stick a card in a slot to apply an upgrade. Don't have to bother with the shunts anymore.

## Jade: Draw the intellibeam laserstation.

**07/03/10**

```
Intellibeam Laserstation
⬡ 100,000
```

This thing looks kind of complicated.

## ==>

**07/03/10**

DAMMIT!

## Dave: Captchalogue enlarger.

**09/03/10**

You grab the ENLARGER from your dismantled photography lab.

## Dave: Upgrade.

**09/03/10**

You apply the ENLARGER UPGRADE.

## Jade: Draw air conditioner on roof.

**09/03/10**

You ghost-captcha the huge air conditioner and give Dave the code to mess around with.

## Dave: Make air conditioner unit.

**09/03/10**

```
⬡ 100 → 1,000 → 10,000 → 1,000 → 100 → 10
```

Size of the object you make is now variable. The bigger, the more expensive, as one would expect.

## ==>

**09/03/10**

You make a tiny AIR CONDITIONER.

This was totally not a waste of time!

## John: Find the car.

**10/03/10**

```
Alert : GC
```

You find your father's car near the base of the rock pillar. It is surrounded by caution tape for some reason. You are reminded to be cautious.

You cautiously inspect the vehicle. To no one's surprise but yours, the package and the game are missing.

Someone is bugging you.

==>

**10/03/10**

pesterlog-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

GC: JOHN 1TS M3 4G41N
EB: who?
EB: oh, that's right...
EB: the leetspeaking blind one.
EB: go away!
GC: JOHN DONT M4K3 FUN OF MY H4ND1C4P
EB: which one, the blindness or the leetspeak.
GC: 1 4M S3NS1T1VE 4BOUT BOTH
EB: sorry.
GC: YOU C4N M4K3 1T UP TO M3
GC: BY L3TT1NG M3 H3LP YOU
EB: wow, you drive a hard bargain!
EB: but nooooooooooooo.
GC: B3FOR3 YOU K33P TYP1NG MOR3 STUP1D O'S 1N TH4T WORD
GC: JUST L1ST3N 4ND DO WH4T 1 S4Y
GC: YOU KNOW YOUR3 GO1NG TO 3V3NTU4LLY 4NYW4Y
GC: B3C4US3 YOUR3 4 N1C3 GUY 4ND K1ND OF 4 TOT4L W33N13 PUSHOV3R
EB: yeah, well you're a huge...
EB: oh man, whatever, what do you even want.
GC: 1M MOT1V4T3D BY S3LF 1NT3R3ST
GC: TO H3LP YOU 4DV4NC3 MOR3 QU1CKLY
GC: B3C4US3 1V3 GOT YOUR WHOL3 ADV3NTUR3 R1GHT H3R3 1N FRONT OF M3
EB: do you have a braille screen or something?
GC: SHHHHHHHH!
GC: 4NYW4Y TH3 PO1NT 1S
GC: 1TS LONG AND BOR1NG
GC: 4ND YOU COULD ST4ND TO SK1P SOM3 ST3PS
EB: i don't really understand.
EB: so you can "see" my whole future there, right?
EB: by just like, scrolling around on some computer thing that lets you pick what time to talk to me?
EB: how can you be bored by my long boring future, why don't you just scroll around to wherever you want like the other weirdos are doing?
GC: OK 1 C4N DO TH4T
GC: 4ND 1 4M
GC: 1 GU3SS WH4T 1 R34LLY M34N 1S
GC: 1 JUST W4NT TO M3SS W1TH YOU
EB: oh ok, that sounds really great and helpful!
GC: 1 M34N M3SS W1TH TH3 T1M3L1N3

GC: MY FR13NDS 4LL TH1NK TH4T YOU C4NT R34LLY CH4NG3 4NYTH1NG
GC: TH4T YOUR T1M3L1NE W3'R3 CH4T-HOPP1NG 4ROUND 1S S3T 1N STON3
GC: NO M4TT3R WH4T W3 S4Y OR WH3N W3 S4Y 1T
GC: 4ND TH3YR3 PROB4BLY R1GHT
GC: BUT 1 DONT C4R3
GC: 1 W4NT TO M3SS W1TH 1T 4ND T4ST3 WH4T H4PPENS
GC: >:D
EB: sounds dumb.
EB: but if it means you're going to help me, then go ahead and help me i guess.
GC: L3TS G3T YOU TO TH3 G4T3 F1RST
GC: 1TS NOT F4R
GC: 1 SN1FF3D OUT 4 M4P OF YOUR PL4N3T
EB: whoa, you've got a map?
EB: where'd you get it?
GC: JOHN W3 AR3 SO MUCH B3TT3R TH4N YOU IN 3V3RY R3SP3CT 1TS R1D1CULOUS
EB: can i have it?
GC: 1TS HUG3
GC: 4ND MOSTLY 1RR3L3V4NT
GC: H3R3 L3T M3 DR4W YOU 4 SM4LL S3CT1ON OF 1T
GC: SHOW1NG YOU WH3R3 TO GO
EB: ok.
-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] sent ectoBiologist [EB] the file "GOH3R3JOHN.G1F" --

==>

**10/03/10**

pesterlogEB: this is the worst crap i have ever seen.
EB: what am i looking at here?
GC: 1TS TH3 B3ST 1 CAN DO
GC: >:[
EB: ok sorry but it's useless.
EB: what's with these colors.
GC: 1 P1CK3D ON3S TH4T SM3LL N1C3
EB: couldn't you just, like...
EB: crop the world map.
EB: i thought you guys were THE BEST.
GC: SHUT UP MY M4P 1S F1N3
GC: LOOK 1TS NOT 3V3N TH4T F4R 4W4Y
GC: 1LL L34D YOU TO 1T
GC: 1TS 4 B1G P1P3
GC: YOU JUMP 1N
GC: TH3 W1ND W1LL T4K3 YOU TO TH3 G4T3
GC: 1TS 4 SHORTCUT
EB: you mean The Breeze?
GC: Y34H WH4T3V3R
GC: L3TS G3T MOV1NG JOHN

GC: 4R3 YOU R34DY TO FUCK UP TH3 T1M3L1N3???
EB: sure.

==>
**10/03/10**
**Rose: Strife.**
**11/03/10**

```
CHALK IMP

MARBLE IMP
```

==>
**11/03/10**

```
LIME OGRE
```

==>
**11/03/10**
==>
**11/03/10**
**Rose: Knit the scarf. Ride the ogre.**
**11/03/10**
==>
**11/03/10**

```
Alert : Dave
```

**Rose: Answer Dave.**
**11/03/10**

```
Alert : Dave
Alert : ♉

Alert : Rose
Alert : ♍
```

pesterlogTG: im building up your house
TG: by the way why do you live in this weird compound
TG: do you host east european industrial raves
TG: nevermind the point is
TG: im out of grist
TG: so if youre done whipping that ogre like a rented mule
TG: maybe you could convert it into a grist windfall
TT: Right now?
TT: The spoils would sink.
TG: i dont know beach the thing first i guess
TG: unless you were planning on sailing that ogre down the mississippi with a runaway slave
TT: And then what?
TG: what do you mean
TG: you kill it
TG: release a shitload of grist

TG: maybe take one of your needles and puncture the base of its skull
TG: does it even have a skull
TG: or a brain stem
TG: can you find out
TT: That sounds malicious.
TG: what
TG: but you just rigged the thing with an oedipal harness and rode its torso like a log flume ride down a magical rainbow
TT: That was self defense.
TT: Murdering a wounded behemoth in its sleep strikes me as unseemly.
TG: this is bullshit its an unfeeling monster who gives a fuck
TT: Maybe you could replicate a pillow I could use to smother it.
TT: Make it a clean hit.
TT: I would use one of mine but they've all mysteriously gone missing.
TG: wow fuck ok
TG: you can either kill it for the loot or wait a couple hours for gristtorrent to steal more of johns
TG: but then again ill be pretty busy in a couple hours so make up your mind
TT: Does John know we've been sapping his grist yet?
TG: no but hes still got a ton so screw him
TT: Hold on, someone's messaging me.
TG: yeah me too

## Dave: Answer troll.

**17/03/10**

```
Alert : ♍
```

pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG] --

GA: You Command The Seer
GA: So You May Have Some Insight Into Her Disposition
TG: who
GA: The One Who Is A Little Snooty
TG: oh yeah sure
TG: i command her alright i am like the pimpmaster hustledaddy of all snippy bookshrews
GA: Thats An Exotic Title
GA: I Thought You Were The Knight
TG: wrong what do you want
GA: Have You Found Her Demeanor To Be Chilly
GA: On A Basis Of Personal Interaction That Hypothetically Extends Beyond The Context Of A Short Lived And Lackluster Trolling Effort
TG: what the hell
GA: I Thought Your Familiarity With Her May Allow You To Furnish Me Insight
GA: She And You Are Familiar Isnt That Right
GA: She Perhaps Even Regards You With Uh
GA: Endearment
TG: you have no idea dude she is so in my grill

TG: like a stray hotdog that rolled down there
TG: and now its too much trouble to fish out with the tongs
TG: so you just watch it like crack and turn black
GA: Um Is This
GA: A Common Sort Of Practice In Human Courtship
GA: Watching Oblong Meat Products Tumble Into Places They Dont Belong
TG: man wait
TG: whats this about
TG: you have a thing for her dont you
TG: dont deny it bro its obvious
GA: Am I Being Accused Of Falling Prey To The Human Dysfunction Of Amorous Inclination
TG: hahahaha so terrible
TG: what a transparent dodge
TG: all hiding behind your alien shit
TG: just admit it
TG: you want me to help you win her over
GA: I Just Would Like To Gather
GA: Some Means Of Gauging Her Sincerity
TG: ok well its easy
TG: for everything she says take her to mean just the opposite
TG: see not everybody always means literally what they say the way john and jade always do
GA: Maddening
GA: How Do Humans Forge Meaningful Relationships Using Such Communication Patterns
GA: Perhaps It Is The Human Riddle That Is Truly The Ultimate Riddle
TG: oh my flipping christ
TG: ok if you want rose to dig you you got to leave that crap in the shitty scifi novels where it belongs
GA: It Was Not A Sincere Remark
GA: I Have Been Practicing
GA: Your Human Sarcasm
TG: oh ok
TG: that was pretty good
TG: maybe even too deadpan but its a start keep at it
GA: Very Well
GA: I Am Beginning To Feel As Though I Am The Only One Working On Our Friendship
TG: hahaha yes youre on a roll
GA: That Was Sincerity
TG: oh
TG: alright look
TG: if you want to keep her attention you got to pull out all the stops
TG: reverse psychology mind games all sorts of machiavellian bullshit
TG: i mean unless youre really smooth and inherently likeable like me which youre not
GA: Then
GA: Keep Saying The Opposite Things
TG: thats kind of the obtuse alien way of getting it but yeah
TG: be like

TG: an antagonism ninja
TG: like her
TG: i dont know you sort of remind me of her anyway so maybe thats a good thing
TG: it could be a horrible thing though
GA: It Sounds Like
GA: You Are Advising Me To Troll Her Again
GA: Which I Have Tried
GA: It Proved To Be A Fruitless Endeavor
TG: yeah i guess i am
TG: i guess im saying be a less shitty troll
GA: Okay
GA: I Believe I Understand How To Proceed
TG: good luck bro

## Rose: Answer troll.

**17/03/10**

```
Alert : ♉
```

pesterlog-- adiosToreador [AT] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

AT: hIIII, sO,
AT: yOU GET BOSSED AROUND BY THE KNIGHT, oK, gIVEN THAT, i HAVE A QUESTION,
TT: Who?
AT: oH, tHE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE "cool", i THINK,
AT: tHE SUN GLASSES GUY,
TT: Why would someone wear sunglasses while using a computer?
AT: iIII DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT A COMPUTER, bUT,
AT: yES, hAAAAAH,
AT: i THOUGHT THE SAME THING ABOUT HOW ASININE THAT IS,
AT: sO, yOU KNOW THAT GUY, uMMM,
TT: I know that anyone committed to such an affectation could only be striving to mask a severe insecurity complex, and likely harbors a crisis of self-image.
TT: I've been known to lend my charitable attention to such people, but only "bossed around" by them insofar as the psychiatric professional has cause to humor the demented for analytical purposes.
TT: Or maybe as a lab chimp commands the zookeeper's interest in its shit by forcing him to duck under its trajectory now and then.
AT: oK, wOW, i DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THOSE THINGS,
AT: bUT, uHH, i MEAN DAVE,
TT: Oh, that guy.
AT: yEAH, oK, gIVEN THAT, i HAVE A QUESTION,
AT: aBOUT HIM,
AT: i WANT TO KNOW ABOUT HIS EMOTIONAL VULNERABILITIES,
AT: aND, uM, wHAT ARE THE TENDER SPOTS THAT ALL THOSE, uHHH,
AT: dEVICES HE EMPLOYS TO CONCEAL THEM, uHH, lIKE ALL THE THINGS HE SAYS HE THINKS ARE FUNNY,

TT: Tender spots?
TT: Your word choices are evocative.
TT: Is your design to couple with this gentleman?
AT: wHOAAAAAAAA, nO, nO, wHOA,
AT: oK, nO, tHAT JUST MADE ME FEEL UPSET TO THINK ABOUT,
AT: i JUST WANT TO REALLY TRY TO BOTHER HIM, iT'S HARD,
TT: If you're trying to get his goat, you should know he only stocks the animal in the first place for ironic purposes.
AT: nO, i'M NOT REALLY INTERESTED IN HIS EARTH GOAT, bUT IF THAT WAS A FIGURE OF SPEECH THEN i GUESS THAT'S OK,
TT: Then we're agreed; you are hellbent upon literally seizing his shrill, bearded livestock.
TT: I'll assist you.
AT: uHH,
TT: If you really want to burn him, I recommend poetry.
AT: wHAT, pOETRY, aS IN LIKE THOSE HUMAN WORD BUNCHES,
TT: Yes. They are the most delicious bunches we have.
TT: I suggest you serve these crisp bunches of honey and verbal annihilation to him as part of a complete breakfast.
AT: oH, aND, wILL THIS BREAKFAST INJURE HIS SHRILL BARN BEAST,
AT: i MEAN THIS FIGURATIVELY, jUST TO BE CLEAR,
TT: A deft cluster-bombing of this sort will leave nothing wriggling from the razed earth.
TT: Except sulfurous tresses while it cracks and turns black.
AT: yOU MEAN, lIKE, tHE SURFACE OF AN OVERCOOKED PROTEIN OBJECT,
TT: Yeah.
TT: I suppose what I'm saying is this.
TT: Drop some hard, peer-reviewed motherfuckin' science on his ass.
TT: Some seriously government funded shit.
TT: It will destroy him.
AT: aAAAAHAHAHAH, yES,
AT: tHIS IS THE IDEA THAT i LIKE,
TT: Your obvious cunning with words should depants Strider with such vivid empyrean tempest, a nether-regional sonic boom is certain inevitability.
TT: But even so.
TT: Consider me at your disposal to help craft a comeuppance of such unqualified devastation, the angels will weep pearlstrings of little urban fellows cantillating an unbroken chorus of Oh Snaps.
AT: pLEEEEASE,
AT: i THINK i AM PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF MANUFACTURING THESE ALLEGED "dope" HUMAN RHYMES,
AT: aND STARTING SOME SICK FIRES,
AT: i DON'T NEED YOUR CHARITY, tHAT YOU SAID YOU LEND,
AT: tO, uHHH,
AT: eARTH MONKEYS WHO TOSS AROUND POOP, oR SOMETHING LIKE THAT,
AT: yOU'RE PRETTY SNOOTY,
AT: tHANKS FOR YOUR HELP, bUT I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP,

adiosToreador [AT] blocked tentacleTherapist [TT]

adiosToreador [AT] unblocked tentacleTherapist [TT]

AT: oOPS, sORRY, i DIDN'T MEAN TO BLOCK YOU,
TT: uMMMM,

## ==>

**18/03/10**

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Alert : ♍
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## Rose: Answer troll.

**18/03/10**

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Alert : ♍
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pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

GA: Your Dark Spectacled Friend Has Advised Me On A More Effective Method For Trolling You
GA: I Think His Contention Is That This Strategy Will Have The Opposite Of The Intended Effect And Precipitate A Sort Of Bond Between Us That Is Established In Mutual Antagonism
GA: What Do You Think About This
TT: I think you're shrewd to have recognized his ploy of sabotage, and you've earned my compliments.
GA: Ah See It Is Working Already
TT: What is?
GA: Ive Listened To His Advice
GA: And Have Resolved To Modify The Approach Slightly
GA: I Know What I Have To Do
GA: What We Have To Do Really
TT: What's that?
GA: Remember The First Time We Spoke
TT: Yes, but you said it wasn't the first time you spoke to me.
TT: We'll graciously omit my embarrassing skepticism however.
GA: The First Time You Spoke To Me Was The Second Time I Spoke To You
TT: This conversation doesn't sound like your first time either.
GA: This Is Your Second Conversation With Me But Is My Seventh With You
TT: And when exactly does your maiden encounter take place?
GA: Thats Next Time
TT: So to clarify.
TT: If the matching of my first with your second is denoted by 1=2, then the sequence would be:
TT: 1=2, 2=7, 3=1, 4=?, ...
GA: Yes And The Rest Of The Sequence Is Simply
GA: 4=3, 5=4, 6=5, 7=6
GA: Unless My Future Self Stowed Another Conversation In Between One Of Those Which Is Entirely Possible
GA: But Urrgh I Dont Want To Think About That
TT: Why is it that when the subject of temporal mechanics is broached your sparing troll intellects

etcetera etcetera.
GA: See That Is What I Mean Rose You Are Not As Dumb Of A Girl As I Was Initially Lead To Believe
TT: You mean based on the first impression I am apparently about to make in our next conversation?
GA: Yes
TT: What could I possibly say that will leave such an imprint?
GA: That Is Why I Have Contacted You Now
GA: I Will Send You A Copy Our First Conversation Directly From My Chat Log

-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] sent tentacleTherapist [TT] the file "ConversationWithAVeryStupidGirl.Txt" --

TT: I guess being forced to cooperate with a stable time loop is the only plausible explanation for my remarks.
GA: Yes And Then I Found It Sort Of Curious That During My Next Conversation With You Your Various Mental Endowments And Wherewithals Were Not As They Seemed
GA: I Suspected The Stratagem Might Be A Counter Trolling Measure But Then Was Not So Sure And Further Examination Grew Warrant
TT: And what if my counter-counter measure is to choose not to transcribe this dialogue accurately in the future-first place?
GA: But See I Have Edited The Copy Already In Ways That Will Remain Secret For Now But You Will Discover Once You Type It
GA: So You Are Destined To Edit It No Matter What And What You Submit Will Be What I Once Read Regardless
GA: !
TT: Unless I decide to copy it word-for-word!
GA: Yes Unless I Lied About Editing It In The First Place
GA: Either Way Through Knowledge Of What You Will Say I Have Precisely Engineered The Nature Of Your Transgression
GA: !!!
TT: So your trolling strategy now is to put idiotic words in my mouth through the machinery of temporal inevitability, and cause me to excruciate over how to subvert the transcription?
GA: Yes
TT: While being perfectly up front about it?
GA: Yes I Suppose Its That Sarcasm All The Time Seems Laborious To Me
TT: I'll admit, it's a more advanced tactic than I gave you credit for.
GA: Yes And The Providence Of This Antagonism Ninja Vice Grip Pinching Your Larynx Has Already Begun To Supply My Purpose With Fruit
GA: The Chilly Frost Shimmering On Our Tree Of Human Friendship Has Begun To Thaw
TT: Mixed metaphor aside, usually ninjas don't announce what they're doing when they're doing it.
TT: Like when stalking an emperor to assassinate him.
TT: Or befriend him.
TT: But that's fine.
TT: I guess the only pointless question we haven't exhausted is, why?
TT: Why the convoluted artifice?

GA: Dave Raised Insight Into The Human Psychology Of Friendship Development
GA: By Allotting You Your Side Of The Conversation I Have You At The Disadvantage In Your View And You Will Seek To Reclaim Higher Ground
GA: In Successive Conversations
GA: 4=3 And 5=4 And Such
GA: Your Demeanor Will Be Terse If Not Saturated With Disdain And It Will Cause Me To Be Confused And Question Your Motivation
GA: But Now I Know Your Motivation Because I Am Supplying It Here And Now
GA: They Will Be Simple Acts Of Friendly Human Retaliation
TT: So you're not only rigging the first impression I make on you, but orchestrating my revenge for the rigging as well?
GA: Yes
GA: It Seems Friendship For Some Humans Is A Basic Aggregation Of Shallow And Insincere Hostilities
TT: That's an interesting take on it.
TT: But now I know for sure Dave isn't behind this plan.
TT: It's too complicated.
GA: I Dont Understand
GA: Who Better To Coordinate Such Events Than The Knight Of Time
TT: You're awfully quick to his defense.
TT: Are you sure you don't have a thing for him?
TT: It's ok, bro. You can admit it.
GA: I'm Hopping To 8=8
GA: Ideally You Will Have Long Since Discarded This Train Of Thought
TT: Ok.
TT: I'm going to talk to my dead cat.

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**18/03/10**

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**20/03/10**

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Alert : ♉
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## Dave: Answer troll.

**20/03/10**

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::adiosToreador::

-- adiosToreador [AT] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG] --

AT: oKAYYYY, mY BROMO SAPIEN,
...
...IN, FLAT DOWN,
...L FED UP THE
...
...KED, TRINKED
...ING,
```

pesterlog-- adiosToreador [AT] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG] --

AT: oKAYYYY, mY BROMO SAPIEN,
AT: r U READY,
AT: tO GET STRAIGHT IN, FLAT DOWN, BROAD SIDE, SCHOOL FED UP THE BONE BULGE,
AT: bY A DOPE SMACKED, TRINKED OUT, SMOTHER FUDGING,
AT: tROLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL,
TG: dont care
AT: oK, lET ME,
AT: oRGANIZE MY NOTES HERE,
AT: oKAYYY,
AT: (tURN ON SOME STRICT BEATS MAYBE, iT WILL HELP TO LISTEN TO THEM WHILE i DESTROY YOU,)
AT: wHEN THE POLICE MAN BUSTS ME, aND POPS THE TRUNK,
AT: hE'S ALL SUPRISED TO FIND I'M TOTING SICK BILLY,
AT: wHOSE,
AT: gOAT IS THAT, hE ASKS, wHILE HE STOPS TO THUNK
AT: aBOUT IT, aND i'S JUST SAY IT'S DAVE'S, yOU SILLY
AT: gOOSE,
AT: bUT THE MAN SAYS, gOOSE! wHERE, lET ME SEE YOUR HANDS,
AT: aND i SAY SHIT SORRY, i DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS HONKTRABAND,
AT: wOW, oK,
AT: i AM GETTING OFF THE POINT, wHICH WAS,
AT: aBOUT THIS HOT MESS DAVE, tHAT YOU GOT LANDED IN,
AT: lIKE THE COP i MENTIONED, bUT INSTEAD OF YOUR BADGE,
AT: aND YOUR GUN, IT'S YOUR ASS THAT YOU HANDED IN,
AT: (aND THEN GOT HANDED BACK TO YOU,)
AT: cAUSE THAT'S HOW HUMANS GET SERVED,
AT: aND GUYS LIKE YOU DESERVE TO UNDERSTAND THAT iT'S,
AT: a CIRCLE AND HORNS IN YOUR BUTT THAT GOT BRANDED IN,
AT: (uMM, bEFORE i GAVE YOUR ASS BACK TO YOU, i DID THAT, iS WHAT i MEAN,)
AT: bUT i MEAN, gETTING BACK TO THE POINT, oR MAYBE TWO ACTUALLY,
AT: tHE FIRST IS YOU SUCK, aND THE SECOND IS HOW i SMACKEDYOUFULLY,
AT: (oH YEAH, tHAT RHYME WAS SO ILLLLLLLLL,)
AT: bUT NO, jUST JOKING, lET'S SEE, hOW CAN i PUT THIS TACTFULLULLY,
AT: i MEAN THE POINTS ON THE HORNS ON MY HEAD,
AT: cOMING AT YOU THROUGH TRAFFIC,
AT: aIMED AT THE TARGET ON YOUR SHIRT THAT IS RED,
AT: wE'RE ABOUT TO GET MAD HORNOGRAPHIC,
AT: (i MEAN SORT OF LIKE A GRAPHIC CRIME SCENE, nOT LIKE,)
AT: (aNYTHING SEXUAL,)
AT: (eRR, wHOAAAAA,)
AT: (nEVERMIND,)
AT: oK, gETTING BACK TO THE ACTUAL, tACTICAL, vERNACULAR SMACKCICLE,
AT: i'M FORCING YOU TO BE LICKING, (aND lIKING,)
AT: gRAB MY HORNS AND START KICKING, lIKE YOU'RE RIDING A VIKING,
AT: cAUSE i'M YOUR BULLY, aND YOU'RE NOT IN CHARGE,

AT: yOU THINK YOU'RE IN CHARGE BUT YOU'RE NOT IN CHARGE,
AT: i'M IN CHARGE, cAUSE i'M CHARGING IN,
AT: yOUR CHINASHOP,
AT: bREAKING, uH, yOUR PLATES AND STUFF, WHICH i DON'T REALLY KNOW,
AT: wHAT THE PLATES ARE SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT, bUT,
AT: (fUCK,)
AT: iT'S JUST THAT YOU THINK YOU ARE THE COCK OF THE WALK'S HOT SHIT
AT: bUT WHEN IN FACT YOU ARE NOT, mORE LIKE YOU ARE,
AT: sOMETHING THAT RHYMES WITH THE COCK OF THE WALK'S HOT SHIT,
AT: bUT IS SO MUCH WORSE THAN THE COCK'S SHIT,
AT: sO, gIVEN THAT, lET ME BE THE FIRST,
AT: tO SAY YOU ACT LIKE YOU'RE GOLD FROM PROSPIT,
AT: wHEN YOU'RE REALLY COLD SHIT FLUSHED FROM DERSE,

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**20/03/10**

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YOU JUST STARTED SOME SICK FIRES, BRO
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## John: Take shortcut.

**20/03/10**

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FLURP
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**21/03/10**

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**21/03/10**

## John: Reunite with your loving wife and daughter.

**21/03/10**

## John: Give dear sweet Casey the bunny.

**21/03/10**

I got a present for you, Casey.

It's a little dirty.

A LITTLE ROUGH AROUND THE EDGES

JUST LIKE YOUR DEAR OLD EX CON DAD

*WITH A HEART OF GOLD*

```
♫  How do I
♫   get through one night without you?
♫  If I had to live without you,
♫   what kind of life would that be?
♫  Oh, and I
♫   I need you in my arms, need you to hold.

TRICIA: Hello Cameron
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♫  You're my world, my heart, my soul.

CAMERON: Hello Humminbur'

♫  If you ever leave,

CAMERON: I meant to get a hair cut

♫   baby, you will take away everything
♫   good in my life.

CAMERON: I got a present for you, Casey.

♫  Without you,

CAMERON: It's a little dirty.

♫   there'd be no sun in my sky.

TRICIA: Casey, sweetie, you take your Daddy's present now.

CAMERON: No, no, no, honey, it's OK.

♫  There would be no love in my life.
♫  There'd be no world left for me.

CASEY: I got a picture, a picture of you.

♫  And I,

CAMERON: I got a picture of you too.

♫   oh baby, I don't know what I would do,
♫  I'd be lost if I lost you.
♫  If you ever leave,

CAMERON: Happy birthday, darlin'.

♫   baby, you will take away everything
♫   real in my life.

♫  And tell me now,
♫   how do I live without you?
♫  I want to know!
♫  How do I breathe without you,
♫   if you ever go?
♫  How do I ever,
♫   ever survive?
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## John: Surrender to overwhelming emotions.

**21/03/10**

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Alert : CG
Alert : GC
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## John: Answer CG.

**21/03/10**

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

CG: JOHN WHAT THE WET BAG OF HUMAN HORSE SHIT TO THE FACE DO YOU THINK

YOU'RE DOING.
CG: OH MY LORD.
CG: NO WONDER YOU LOSERS ALL FUCK UP THIS GAME SO BAD.
EB: what?
EB: i am just acting out a scene from an awesome movie and having some fun, what's wrong with that?
CG: WHAT KIND OF CRAPPY EARTH MOVIE IS THIS.
CG: STUPID RABBIT ASSHOLE SCREWS THE POOCH?
EB: no, it's about these criminals on a runaway plane, and they've got to be stopped by nick cage and john cusack together as a team.
CG: OH.
CG: OK, THAT ACTUALLY SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD I GUESS.
EB: it is sweet, so sweet, you would probably like it.
CG: I'VE HEARD OF JOHN CUSACK I THINK.
CG: WASN'T HE IN SERENDIPITY?
CG: THAT WAS PRETTY GREAT FOR A HUMAN FLICK.
EB: hahaha, oh man, that sucked so bad!
CG: OK I DON'T SEE HOW WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE BECOMING FRIENDS IF YOU RECOIL FROM MY OLIVE BRANCH LIKE I'M WIGGLING A GNARLED TREE MONSTER'S DICK IN YOUR DIRECTION.
EB: don't you have alien movies from your alien planet?
CG: YEAH OF COURSE, WE HAVE TONS OF MOVIES AND THEY ARE INFINITELY SUPERIOR TO YOUR PRIMITIVE CINEMATIC NEANDERTHRASHINGS.
EB: ok, so what is a really good one?
CG: YOU'LL PROBABLY LAUGH IF I TELL YOU THE NAME OF ONE.
EB: well, i already laughed when you said the name of one of ours, so who cares?
CG: OK FINE.
CG: ONE THAT IS AMAZING AND IS A CLASSIC IS...
CG: WHEREIN NUMEROUS VIGILANTES CONFRONT PERIL; ONE OF THEM BETRAYS THE OTHERS; (BUT IT TURNS OUT TO BE PART OF THE PLAN ALL ALONG);
CG: SEVERAL ATTRACTIVE FEMALE LEADS PROVOKE ROMANTIC TENSION; FOUR MAJOR CHARACTERS WEAR UNUSUAL HATS; ONE HOLDS PLOT-CRITICAL SECRET;
CG: 47 ON-SCREEN EXPLOSIONS, ONE RESULTING IN DEMISE OF KEY-ADVERSARY; 6 to 20 LINES THAT COULD BE CONSTRUED AS HUMOROUS;
EB: wait...
EB: this is the title?
CG: IT GOES ON.
CG: THEY TEND TO BE MORE LITERAL AND INFORMATIVE THAN YOUR TITLES.
EB: how do you even say them in casual conversation?
CG: WELL WE DON'T OBVIOUSLY.
CG: IT'S LIKE SOMEONE SAYS, HEY GUYS WHY DON'T WE GO SEE A MOVIE, AND THEN EVERYONE JUST ENDS UP THERE.
CG: WATCHING IT.
CG: NOT SAYING IT, THAT'S DUMB.
CG: JOHN, TRY TO THINK OUTSIDE YOUR MINUSCULE CULTURAL BUBBLE FOR A CHANGE.

EB: ok, i just think it's still cumbersome and completely illogical.
CG: YEAH THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU START RUNNING OUT OF MOVIE TITLES AFTER RACKING UP THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF FILM HISTORY.
CG: YOU KNOW I THINK YOUR CIVILIZATION JUST DIDN'T MATURE ENOUGH OR SOMETHING.
CG: BEFORE LETTING THIS EARTH ARABIAN YOU CALL A GENIE OUT OF THE BOTTLE.
CG: MUST EXPLAIN WHY IT SPROUTED SUCH A MISERABLE CROP OF PLAYERS.
CG: INSTEAD OF BASICALLY GODS LIKE US.
EB: well, i've got one of your godly players helping me now, so we can't be in such bad shape.
CG: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT.
EB: GC gave me a map.
EB: and showed me a shortcut.
CG: WHAT THE HELL IS SHE DOING.
CG: THIS ISN'T WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT DOING AT ALL.
CG: HOLD ON LET ME ASK HER ABOUT THIS...
EB: ok.
CG: OK...
CG: NOW SHES JUST OVER THERE GIGGLING AT ME LIKE AN IMBECILE.
CG: WHAT ARE YOU TWO UP TO, WHY ARE YOU IN CAHOOTS NOW?
EB: umm...
CG: OW FUCK!!!
CG: OK SHE JUST WALKED OVER AND PUNCHED ME.
CG: AND SAID IT WAS FROM YOU.
EB: uh, sorry i guess?
CG: I TOLD HER TO STOP THESE SHENANIGANS...
CG: BUT IT SEEMS LIKE WHATEVER SHE WAS DOING WITH YOU SHE ALREADY DID A WHILE AGO.
CG: FROM MY PERSPECTIVE AT LEAST.
EB: i don't know why you guys are doing this to yourselves.
EB: all this time jackassery, it's giving me a headache.
CG: OK IF YOU TALK TO HER AGAIN WHEN SHE TRIES HATCHING MORE PLANS GIVE HER A MESSAGE INTO THE PAST FOR ME.
EB: ok.
CG: TELL HER TO POLISH MY HEAVING BONE BULGE AND SET A TABLE FOR FUCKING TWO ON IT.
CG: ITS FOR OUR CANDLE LIGHT HATE DATE.
EB: i like how you guys have basically resorted to trolling each other, through us.
CG: FUCK YOU.
EB: oh, did you talk to jade yet?
CG: JADE, WHAT WHY WOULD I WANT TO TALK TO HER?
EB: ummm, that's what you said you wanted to do last time you talked to me, i dunno.
CG: OH DAMMIT.
CG: ARE YOU SURE?
EB: yeah, you told me dude.
EB: want me to paste the conversation?

CG: NO NO, GOD NO, I HATE IT WHEN WE START GOING DOWN THAT ROAD.
CG: OK THIS IS GOING TO REQUIRE FURTHER INVESTIGATION.
CG: I'VE GOT TO GO.
EB: ok.
EB: but next time you talk to me, you might want to tell me to calm down first so i don't just block you.
EB: back then i won't really want to hear from you.
CG: OK, I'LL DO THAT.
EB: later.

## John: Answer GC.

**22/03/10**

pesterlog-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

GC: H3H3H3H3H3
GC: JOHN STOP HUGG1NG THOS3 S4L4M4ND3RS 4ND B31NG SO STUPIDLY 4DOR4BLE
GC: W3 4R3 ON 4 STR1CT CH3AT1NG T1M3T4BL3 H3R3
GC: W41T WHO 4R3 YOU T4LK1NG TO NOW
GC: 1S 1T ON3 OF US
GC: 1S 1T M3???
EB: it was carcino.
GC: H4H4H4H4H4
GC: 1 B3T H3 1S CONFUS3D 4ND GRUMPY
EB: yeah, sorta.
EB: he has no idea what you're doing.
GC: 1 H34R H1M OV3R TH3R3 B4NG1NG ON THOS3 K3YS
GC: 1 TH1NK TH1S WHOL3 TH1NG 1S JUST 4 W4Y TO V3NT SOM3 FRUSTR4T1ON
GC: H3 H4S NO PURPOS3 Y3T
GC: NOT L1K3 YOU 4ND M3 JOHN >:D
EB: oh, he said to give you a message...
GC: OH >:?
EB: he wants you to touch his bone lump or something.
GC: WH4T!!!
EB: and that he's pretty much basically in love with you.
GC: W41T
GC: D1D H3 4CTU4LLY S4Y TH4T
GC: 1N CONF1D3NC3
EB: yeah, i dunno, pretty much.
GC: C4N YOU COPY 3X4CTLY WH4T H3 S41D
EB: ohhh no, we're not going down that road!
EB: besides, it was a private conversation among private gentlemen colleagues.
EB: oh, also you're going to punch him.
GC: 1 4M
GC: WH3N
EB: i guess in your future.
EB: but in your pretty soon future i think.

EB: it's when he says stuff to you and then you laugh at him.
GC: BUT 1M 4LW4YS L4UGH1NG 4T H1M
GC: HOW W1LL 1 KNOW?????
EB: also he says you said it's from me.
GC: FROM YOU
GC: DO YOU W4NT M3 TO PUNCH H1M JOHN
EB: pffff, i don't care!
EB: i'm just the timey-wimey messenger here.
GC: 1M SUR3 M4NY H1GHLY JUST1F1ABL3 4ND W3LL D3S3RV3D PUNCH3S W1LL B3 THROWN 1N DU3 T1M3
GC: BUT L3TS ST1CK TO TH3 G4M3PL4N FOR NOW
GC: JOHN T4K3 4 LOOK 4T WH3R3 TH3 SHORTCUT TOOK YOU
GC: TURN 4ROUND >:]

## John: Turn around.

**22/03/10**

pesterlogEB: oh, wow.
EB: what's that?
GC: 1TS YOUR D3N1Z3NS P4L4C3
EB: my denizen?
GC: 3V3RY PL4N3T H4S 4 D3N1Z3N
GC: TH4T L1V3S D33P UND3RGROUND
GC: SL33P1NG
GC: 4ND GU4RD1NG 4 HUG3 GR1ST HO4RD
EB: ok...
GC: TH3 W4Y DOWN TO 1TS L41R 1S THROUGH TH3 P4L4C3
EB: so you want me to go down there and kill him?
EB: won't that be, uh, kinda hard?
GC: H4H4H4H4H4H4
GC: ORD1N4R1LY YOUD H4V3 4BSOLUT3LY NO CH4NC3
GC: 4T YOUR M34G3R L3V3L
GC: BUT YOU H4V3 4N 4DV4NT4G3
EB: oh?
GC: USU4LLY HOW 1TS SUPPOS3D TO GO 1S
GC: OV3R TH3 COURS3 OF YOUR QU3ST
GC: YOU W1LL W4K3 TH3 D3N1Z3N
GC: 4ND TH3N F1N4LLY YOU GO THROUGH TH3 S3V3NTH G4T3
GC: WH1CH 1S TH3 ONLY W4Y 1NTO TH3 P4L4C3
GC: TH3N YOU GO DOWN 4ND F1GHT TH3 D3N1Z3N
GC: 4ND K1LL 1T
GC: R3L3AS1NG TH3 HO4RD
EB: so what's my advantage?
GC: YOU WONT BOTH3R W4K1NG 1T
GC: W3 W1LL SK1P R1GHT TO TH3 S3V3NTH G4T3
GC: F1ND 1TS L41R
GC: 4ND K1LL 1T 1N 1TS SL33P

EB: um, ok.
EB: what's the point of releasing the grist hoard?
EB: is it just so i can make tons more sweet loot?
GC: H3H3 NO W4Y
GC: TH3 HO4RD CONT41NS SO MUCH MOR3 GR1ST TH4N YOU COULD 3V3R US3 1N 4N 4LCH3M1T3R
GC: 1 M34N YOU COULD 1 GU3SS
GC: BUT TH4TS NOT TH3 PO1NT
GC: 1TS FOR TH3 ULT1M4T3 4LCH3MY
EB: what's the ultimate alchemy?
GC: 1TS NOTH1NG FOR YOU TO WORRY 4BOUT NOW
GC: S33 TH4T G4T3 OV3R BY TH3 BROK3N BR1DG3
GC: GO CH3CK 1T OUT
EB: alright.

## John: Examine gate.

**22/03/10**

pesterlogEB: so this is the seventh gate?
EB: that'll take me into the palace and down to the sleeping denizen?
GC: NOP3 >:]
GC: TH1S 1S JUST 4 S1MPL3 R3TURN NOD3
GC: TH3R3 4R3 LOTS OF TH3S3 4ROUND
GC: JUST HOP 1N
GC: DONT WORRY 1LL G3T YOU TO TH3 G4T3 SOON 4FT3R TH4T

## John: Hop in.

**22/03/10**

## WV, AR: Prepare gift for the WQ.

**23/03/10**

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POUND!
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## ==>

**23/03/10**

## ==>

**23/03/10**

```
PM: !
```

## ==>

**23/03/10**

## Meanwhile, in a long discarded memory...

**24/03/10**

A PARCEL MISTRESS seeks audience with royalty.

==>
**24/03/10**
==>
**24/03/10**

```
please deliver this
```

A flurry of disquieting happenstance is related to the ADORED SOVEREIGN. With no other options, her counsel is all that is left to be sought.

==>
**24/03/10**
==>
**24/03/10**
==>
**24/03/10**
==>
**24/03/10**
Abdication is never ideal. But in the face of inevitable conquest, conceding ground can supply the only remaining advantage.

The final hope for victory lies in patience and planning.

==>
**24/03/10**
The WHITE KING of course can be found on the BATTLEFIELD. His CROWN may be retrieved there.

The RING must be designated for protection. He will supply further instruction on this matter.

==>
**24/03/10**
The royal duty has been accepted.

==>
**24/03/10**
And in time, fullfilled.

==>
**24/03/10**
==>
**26/03/10**

## Rose: Consult with Jaspersprite.

**26/03/10**
spritelogJASPERSPRITE: Meow.

==>
**26/03/10**
==>
**26/03/10**

spritelogROSE: Is that all you have to say?
JASPERSPRITE: Purr purr purr.
ROSE: I thought you were supposed to be more helpful after your resurrection.
ROSE: Like a ghostly spirit guide. Wise, if frustratingly cryptic.
JASPERSPRITE: Purrrrrrrrrr.
ROSE: Actually, cryptic behavior would be welcome at this point.
ROSE: This is just inane.
JASPERSPRITE: :3
ROSE: Should I report to the others that my Kernelsprite is a Lolcat?
ROSE: Maybe Dave can take some screen captures and overlay some poorly spelled captions.
ROSE: Assuming he hasn't already.
JASPERSPRITE: Meow.
ROSE: What are you doing there, by the way?
JASPERSPRITE: Im fishing!
ROSE: Oh. So you can talk.
JASPERSPRITE: But sadly there are no fish i think.
JASPERSPRITE: They were all eaten by the Denizen!
ROSE: Who?
JASPERSPRITE: It ate everything in the ocean and got so full that it took a long nap.
JASPERSPRITE: No there is surely not a single living thing left!
JASPERSPRITE: Which is too bad because im pretty hungry.
ROSE: I think there might be some tuna in the cabinets.
JASPERSPRITE: Oh good idea i will look there!
JASPERSPRITE: Purr purr.
ROSE: Jaspers, the message you gave me years ago before you disappeared...
ROSE: What did you mean?
JASPERSPRITE: Meow.
ROSE: Sigh...
JASPERSPRITE: :3
ROSE: I don't understand.
ROSE: Is there some meaning to these responses, or are you just being obstinate?
JASPERSPRITE: You will understand when you wake up!
ROSE: Am I asleep?
JASPERSPRITE: Yes!
JASPERSPRITE: Rose im just a cat and i dont know much but i know that youre important and also you are what some people around here call the Seer of Light.
JASPERSPRITE: And you dont know what that means but you will see its all tied together!
JASPERSPRITE: All the life in the ocean and all the shiny rain and the songs in your head and the letters they make.
JASPERSPRITE: A beam of light i think is like a drop of rain or a long piece of yarn that dances around when you play with it and make it look enticing!
JASPERSPRITE: And the way that it shakes is the same as what makes notes in a song!
JASPERSPRITE: And a song i think can be written down as letters.
JASPERSPRITE: So if you play the right song and it makes all the right letters then those letters could be all the letters that make life possible.
JASPERSPRITE: So all you have to do is wake up and learn to play the rain!

JASPERSPRITE: Does that make sense rose sorry i disappeared for so long.
ROSE: Sort of.
ROSE: It sounds like you aren't exactly in complete command of this information yourself, so I won't press you on it for now.
ROSE: You're a pretty good cat, Jaspers. I missed you.
JASPERSPRITE: Purr purr purrrrrrrr.

## Rose: Pester Jade.

**27/03/10**

```
JADE: Z
```

pesterlogTT: I spoke with Jaspers.
TT: I didn't understand what he told me.
TT: He said I'll understand once I "wake up".
TT: For some reason this made me think of you.
GG: hehehe.....
GG: yeah i bet hes right!
TT: We wouldn't happen to be talking about awakening in a sort of breezy, philosophical sense, would we?
TT: Is my dead cat concerned with my enlightenment? Should I prepare to shed this coil of ignorance and suffering?
GG: wow no i dont think so...
GG: hes being a bit more literal than that!
GG: what did he say?
TT: I doubt I could reproduce the statements with fidelity.
TT: It was like listening to a five year-old describe a dream.
TT: The content manages to take a back seat to the simple heartwarming spectacle of the moment.
GG: :)
GG: well what he meant was.....
GG: that you have a dream self
GG: who is supposed to wake up whenever your real self goes to sleep
GG: we all do! all four of us i mean
GG: but see your dream self still stays asleep when you go to sleep
GG: because you havent woken up yet!
TT: I think I get it.
TT: I take it your "dream self" is wide awake when you sleep?
GG: yes
TT: And would I be out of line in additionally presuming this has been the case for many years, at least as long as I've known you?
GG: no you would not be out of line!
GG: in fact im asleep now
TT: That was to be my next wild presumption.
GG: :p
TT: So when I wake up, can I look forward to being able to message people in my sleep too?
GG: no only i can do that!
GG: because of my robot

TT: Oh, right.
TT: I forgot about your robot.
TT: My short term recall seems to eschew the profoundly ridiculous.
GG: you guys can probably make your own i guess.....
GG: but you need to wake up first for it to matter and maybe by the time that happens you might not even need them!!!
TT: I'm not sure if necessity is a concept I'd associate with such a contraption even under some of the more obscure scenarios imaginable.
TT: But good to know I guess.
TT: Here's another question, which I'm sure will look stupid once I've finished typing it.
TT: If my dream self is asleep, does that mean she's dreaming, and if she is, who's dreaming the dream, her or me?
GG: um.....
GG: ok well i dont really know how to answer the second part but yeah shes dreaming!
GG: shes most likely lying in your bed troubled and restless
GG: about things burdening her
GG: which is to say you!!!!!
GG: things about who you really are and what your purpose is
GG: but you cant start figuring those things out yet because youre not awake because youre not ready yet
GG: thats why you have such terrible dreams all the time rose!
TT: Ok. How do I wake up?
GG: im sure it would help to start piecing together the clues to nudge your subconscious
GG: or maybe face some things you havent faced yet?
GG: i dunno! its for you to find out
GG: maybe the stuff you wrote on your walls can give you a clue?
TT: What stuff?
GG: the....
GG: er
GG: didnt dave tell you?
TT: Tell me what?
GG: ._.
TT: Are you saying he said I defaced the walls of my room?
TT: While not appearing to be cognizant of the scrawlings?
TT: Like John?
TT: I really hope that's not what you're saying.
TT: It might freak me out.
GG: he said he was going to tell you <_<;
TT: Hold on.

## Rose: Pester Dave.

**27/03/10**

```
Alert : Rose
```

pesterlogTT: Strider.
TT: I need you to do me a favor.

TT: Can you take a capture of my bedroom and send me the file?
TT: For no reason in particular?

==>
**27/03/10**
pesterlogTT: He's not answering.
GG: yeah hes pretty tied up right now!
TT: Can you hassle him via Sburb and tell him to talk to me?
TT: Bop him on the head with a puppet or something?
GG: nooooooooooooooooooo

==>
**27/03/10**

```
♡
wake up john!!!
you can do it!!!
```

pesterlogGG: he made me promise not to bug him while im asleep!
TT: Can you do it anyway?
GG: but he will find a way to be clever and make me punch myself in the face again :(
TT: Did he tell you what I wrote on the walls?
TT: Wait.
TT: What?

==>
**28/03/10**
==>
**28/03/10**
**John: Await further instruction.**
**29/03/10**

```
Alert : GC
```

pesterlogGC: JOHN S33 TH4T B1G P13C3 OF JUNK TH3R3
EB: the rocket pack?
GC: Y34H C4PTCH4LOGU3 TH4T 4ND S3ND M3 TH3 COD3
GC: 1 GOT TH3 COD3S FOR 4LL TH3 OTH3R 34RTH CR4P STUCK 1NS1D3 1T FROM YOUR FR13NDS
GC: FROM D1FF3R3NT T1M3S
GC: WH3N TH3Y W3R3 F33L1NG COOP3R4T1V3
GC: 1 C4N M4K3 1T WORK FOR YOU >:]
EB: ok...
EB: but you can't just "subtract" object codes from other codes!
EB: it's like, mathematically, um...
EB: ambiguous.
EB: like just reverse AND/OR'ing the flower pot alone could make hundreds of possibilities.
EB: subtracting all three could be millions!
GC: Y34H W3LL 1M NOT S4Y1NG 1M 4NYWH3R3 N34R 4S HUG3 OF 4 DORK 4S YOU
GC: OR TH4T 1 UND3RST4ND 4NY OF TH4T

GC: COMPUT3R COD3S T4ST3 TO M3 L1K3
GC: LOTS OF T1NY N33DL3S 4ND B4TT3R13S
EB: wow, what?
GC: 1M G1V1NG 4LL TH3S3 COD3S TO OUR H4CK3R GUY
EB: oh man, you have a hacker??
EB: i bet he is THE BEST!!!!
EB: hackers are always the best.
GC: H4H4H4H4H4
GC: W3LL H3 SUR3 TH1NKS H3 1S
EB: who is it?
EB: have i talked to him?
GC: NO H3 S4YS H3 DO3SNT W4NT TO T4LK TO 4NY OF YOU 3V3R
GC: B3C4US3 H3 H4T3S YOU
GC: BUT H3 W1LL DO TH1S
GC: B3C4US3 H3 WONT B3 4BL3 TO R3S1ST TH3 CH4LL3NG3
EB: uh, ok.
EB: brb then.

## John: Captchalogue rocket pack.

**29/03/10**

pesterlogEB: ok here...
EB: dskjhsdk
GC: TH4NKS
GC: W41T
GC: THOS3 K1ND4 S33M L1K3 R4NDOM K3Y M4SH1NGS
GC: 4R3 YOU M3SS1NG W1TH M3 JOHN >:?
EB: um, no.
EB: they sort of are random.
EB: but it's the right code, i promise!
GC: OH
GC: OK B3 B4CK IN L3SS TH4N ON3 S3COND
GC: PCHOOOOO

==>

**30/03/10**

pesterlogEB: hello?
GC: WH4T
EB: it thought you said you'd be back in less than a second?
GC: 1 W4S
GC: 1 G4V3 YOU TH3 COD3
GC: 1TS PCHOOOOO
GC: 1T TOOK 4 WH1L3 FOR H1M TO F1GUR3 OUT
GC: BUT 1 G4V3 IT TO YOU 1NST4NTLY FROM YOUR P3RSP3CT1V3
GC: WHY WOULD 1 M4K3 YOU W41T???
GC: TH4T WOULD B3 SO 1NCONS1D3R4T3 >:[
EB: oh...

EB: i just thought that was just you going off to get the code...
EB: and making like this rockety noise or something, i dunno.
EB: because you're kind of goofy.
GC: W3LL YOUR3 K1ND OF
GC: W3LCOM3
GC: YOU UNGR4T3FUL 34RTH HORS3S NO1SY BUTTHOL3!!!
EB: oh gosh, i'm sooooo sorry!
EB: this is just a stupid code, i'm sorry.
EB: are you sure it's right, it seems kind of...
EB: obvious.
GC: H3 W4S CONV1NC3D TH1S 1S TH3 R1GHT COD3 4ND H4D SOM3 UNFL4TT3R1NG TH1NGS TO S4Y 4BOUT TH3 1NT3LLIG3NC3 OF YOUR SP3C13S FOR NOT B31NG 4BL3 TO FIGUR3 1T OUT
GC: WH1CH 1 W1LL K33P TO MYS3LF B3C4US3 UNL1K3 YOU 1 4CTU4LLY H4V3 SOM3 FUCK1NG M4NN3RS
EB: bluuuh, oh man, i got so served, bluuuuuuuuuh!
GC: 1 4M UNF4Z3D BY YOUR HUM4N BLUHS
GC: 4NYW4Y 1F 1T W4S SO OBV1OUS WHY D1DNT YOU GU3SS TH3 COD3?????
EB: well you see, the explanation is perfectly simple and scientific.
EB: it was because shut up.
EB: shut up is why.
GC: >:D
EB: i guess i'll make this rocket now.
EB: and see if this dumbass code actually does the trick.
GC: OK JOHN
GC: ONC3 YOU M4K3 1T 1M SUR3 3V3N YOU 4ND YOUR UND3RD3V3LOP3D BON3 NOOK W1LL B3 4BL3 TO F1GUR3 OUT WH4T TO DO
GC: T4LK TO YOU ON TH3 OTH3R S1D3 >:]

-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

## John: Make rocket pack.

**30/03/10**

```
Alert : Dave
```

## John: Answer Dave.

**31/03/10**

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

TG: ok im in
EB: in where?
TG: the medium
EB: oh, already?
TG: what do you mean already shit took 4 goddamn hours
EB: huh, i guess time flew by while i was doing other stuff.
EB: how did it go?

EB: with you and jade i guess?
TG: i dont want to talk about it
TG: imagine the worst day of my life
TG: just stood up and clinked a glass like it was about to give a speech
TG: then took a shit in my dinner and passed out with its pants down
EB: ew dog! ewwww!
TG: yeah
EB: so nasty! gross dude!!!
TG: stfu
TG: what are you doing
EB: i'm in a rocket pack and i am about to blast off into space.
TG: ok
EB: it should be sweet.
TG: i need some advice
TG: my kernelsprite which was this brainless feathery asshole with a sword in it
TG: turned into this bigger like ghostly feathery asshole
TG: with a sword in it
TG: it seems to want me to prototype it again
TG: not sure what to do
EB: hmm...
EB: have you asked rose?
TG: shes asleep for some reason
EB: wow, really?
TG: yeah i saw her there
TG: all tuckered out
TG: like she got smacked in the face with a pillow case full of the snooze wizards beard dander
TG: cause obviously its fuckin prime time for swiping some shuteye about now
TG: like a few hours into her magic stupid quest
TG: anyway what do you think
EB: i don't really know, i mean...
EB: it's supposed to be like your ghostly spirit guide or something.
EB: unless you have the remains of a wise old dead grandparent lying around, i'm not sure what to tell you!
TG: ok fine but
TG: it seems to be suggesting something here
TG: and
TG: i guess im kinda weirded out by its suggestion
EB: i don't know, just do what it says!
EB: it knows stuff about the game, so it probably knows better than i do...
EB: i gotta go!
EB: gonna blast off to the seventh gate.
EB: and, uh, win this game i guess.
TG: ok well it definitely sounds like youre fucking something up over there
TG: but alright later
EB: later.

## John: Captchalogue Casey.

**31/03/10**

This is absolutely no place for children. You take dear, sweet CASEY into protective custody.

## John: Blast off.

**31/03/10**

PCHOOOOO

## ==>

**31/03/10**

## [S] Dave: Accelerate.

**01/04/10**

```
GATE 5

Land of Heat and Clockwork

AMBER IMP
AMBER IMP

RUST IMP

SULFUR OGRE
SULFUR OGRE

RUBY CYCLOPS
```

## Dave: Consult with Calsprite.

**02/04/10**

spritelogCALSPRITE: HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO
DAVE: shut up
CALSPRITE: HOO HOO HAA HAA HEE HEE
CALSPRITE: HEE HEE HAA HAA HOO HOO
DAVE: no
DAVE: just
DAVE: god damn it
CALSPRITE: HEE HEE HEE HEE HAA HAA
CALSPRITE: HEE HEE HOO HOO HEE HEE
DAVE: please
DAVE: just once
DAVE: shut the hell up
CALSPRITE: HOO HOO HAA HEE HEE HOO
CALSPRITE: HOO HOO HEE HAA HEE HAA
CALSPRITE: HAA HAA HAA HAA HAA HAA
DAVE: shut up
CALSPRITE: HEE HEE HEE HAA HAA HAA
CALSPRITE: HOO HOO HOO HEE HEE HEE
DAVE: shut
CALSPRITE: HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO
DAVE: the
CALSPRITE: HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO
DAVE: fuck

CALSPRITE: HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO
DAVE: up
CALSPRITE:

## Dave: Pester Rose.

**02/04/10**

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] --

TG: thats it i cant take it anymore
TG: it was such a huge mistake prototyping seppucrow with this useless mindnumbing jackass
TG: im going back
TT: Already?
TG: what do you mean already shit took 4 goddamn months
TG: or something
TG: i dont know im kind of losing track of how long its been with all this time hopping
TT: It just sounds like you're making a rash decision based on temporary aggravation with a laughing puppet.
TT: I thought we planned to progress as far as we could before you went back.
TT: To gather information, and avoid repeating mistakes.
TG: what else is there to know
TG: we lost
TG: cant finish the game with a dead heir and witch
TT: We don't know Jade is dead for sure.
TG: yeah well she had a big fucking meteor bearing down on her and we never heard from her again
TG: or the trolls for that matter
TG: after they tricked john into skipping way ahead and getting his ass handed to him by the denizen
TG: i guess once they managed to sabotage us they were done with us
TG: and since john died he couldnt get jade in on time so whether shes alive or not shes as good as dead from our perspective
TG: only thing left to do is change all that
TT: Are you sure you're ready?
TT: You'll remember the plan we discussed?
TG: theres not much to remember
TG: i go back and tell john not to be an idiot and get trolled like such a gullible stooge
TG: i dont know what he was thinking
TG: even we couldnt kill one of those things yet
TG: with our higher levels and all our sick gear
TT: It still seems hasty to me.
TT: Maybe I'm just not as comfortable with time travel as you.
TG: nah itll be fine dont worry
TT: After you go, what do you think will happen to me?
TT: Will I just cease to exist?
TG: i dont know
TG: i mean your whole timeline will

TG: maybe
TT: Maybe?
TT: Is there a chance it'll continue to exist, and I'll just be here alone forever?
TT: I'm not sure which outcome is more unsettling.
TG: the thing with time travel is
TG: you cant overthink it
TG: just roll with it and see what happens
TG: and above all try not to do anything retarded
TT: What do you think I should do?
TG: try going to sleep
TG: our dream selves kind of operate outside the normal time continuum i think
TG: so if part of you from this timelines going to persist thats probably the way to make it happen
TT: Ok.
TG: and hey you might even be able to help your past dream self wake up sooner without all that fuss you went through
TT: I think the true purpose of this game is to see how many qualifiers we can get to precede the word "self" and still understand what we're talking about.
TG: the true purpose is to make a sprite that doesnt make me want to flog myself raw with my own brain stem
TG: anything else is gravy
TT: If my past self can wake up sooner, maybe I'll be the one to visit you first this time.
TT: I'll fly by and remind you you're already awake and don't know it.
TG: yeah thatd be cool i guess
TG: im gonna go now
TT: Good luck.

## Dave: Reverse.

**02/04/10**

==>

**03/04/10**

==>

**03/04/10**

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

TG: ok im in
EB: in where?
TG: the medium
EB: oh, already?
TG: what do you mean already shit took 4 goddamn hours
EB: huh, i guess time flew by while i was doing other stuff.
EB: how did it go?
EB: with you and jade i guess?
TG: i dont want to talk about it
TG: imagine the worst day of my life
TG: just stood up and clinked a glass like it was about to give a speech
TG: then took a shit in my dinner and passed out with its pants down

EB: ew dog! ewwww!
TG: yeah
EB: so nasty! gross dude!!!
TG: stfu
TG: what are you doing
EB: i'm in a rocket pack and i am about to blast off into space.
TG: ok
EB: it should be sweet.
TG: i need some advice
TG: my kernelsprite which was this brainless feathery asshole with a sword in it
TG: turned into this bigger like ghostly feathery asshole
TG: with a sword in it
TG: it seems to want me to prototype it again
TG: not sure what to do
EB: hmm...
EB: have you asked rose?
TG: shes asleep for some reason
EB: wow, really?
TG: yeah i saw her there
TG: all tuckered out
TG: like she got smacked in the face with a pillow case full of the snooze wizards beard dander
TG: cause obviously its fuckin prime time for swiping some shuteye about now
TG: like a few hours into her magic stupid quest
TG: anyway what do you think
EB: i don't really know, i mean...
EB: it's supposed to be like your ghostly spirit guide or something.
EB: unless you have the remains of a wise old dead grandparent lying around, i'm not sure what to tell you!
TG: ok fine but
TG: it seems to be suggesting something here
TG: and
TG: i guess im kinda weirded out by its suggestion
EB: i don't know, just do what it says!
EB: it knows stuff about the game, so it probably knows better than i do...
EB: i gotta go!
EB: gonna blast off to the seventh gate.
EB: and, uh, win this game i guess.
TG: ok well it definitely sounds like youre fucking something up over there
TG: but alright later
EB: later.

==>

**03/04/10**

pesterlogTG: WAIT
EB: what?
TG: dont go yet

TG: somethings up
EB: ugh...

==>
**03/04/10**
pesterlogTG: ok its me from the future
EB: huh?
TG: its me
TG: i just appeared
TG: from the future
TG: wearing a rad suit
TG: he says dont go
TG: or youre gonna die
EB: pfffff.
EB: lame.
EB: what kind of gullible stooge do you think i am?

==>
**03/04/10**
pesterlogTG: he says i dunno gullible enough to trust a leetspeaking troll who wants you dead and strap on a rocket pack cause she said to
EB: this is like some terrible april fools prank.
EB: but 13 days too late.
EB: remember, you are talking to the pranking MASTER.
TG: ok that was probably the dumbest thing you ever said just now
EB: if future you is real, then why don't you let me talk to him.
TG: do you hear what youre saying oh my god
TG: this guy is me if i get him to talk to you youre just talking to me again jesus it proves nothing
EB: hold on, someone else is bugging me.

-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

TG: john stop being a tool and unbuckle yourself from that piece of shit
TG: if our friendship means anything youll listen to me and past dave
TG: this is future dave by the way
EB: hahaha!
EB: wow, you're really pulling out all the stops for this stunt!
EB: using your phone and computer at the same time to message me.
EB: you're kind of going through a lot of trouble actually, i don't know why you're bothering with this.
TG: yeah exactly why would i bother
TG: this sort of cornball horseshit is your cup of tea not mine
TG: dont make me track you down through time and stop you in person
EB: you can't track down through time WHAT YOU CAN'T CATCH!
EB: pchoooooo!
TG: oh god did you just blast off

EB: no...
EB: but that would have been sweet if i did just then.
TG: ok well just dont ok
TG: im turning this timeline over to past dave
TG: and helping you all stay alive and do this thing the right way this time
TG: just stay on the goddamn ground for fucks sake
EB: ok, i guess...

==>
**03/04/10**
==>
**03/04/10**
spritelogDAVE: hey
DAVESPRITE: sup

==>
**03/04/10**

```
PCHOOOOO


THIS IS STUPID
```

## Rose: Pester Dave.
**03/04/10**

```
Alert : Dave
Alert : Jade


Alert : Rose
```

pesterlogTT: Strider.
TT: I need you to do me a favor.
TT: Can you take a capture of my bedroom and send me the file?
TT: For no reason in particular?

TT: He's not answering.
GG: yeah hes pretty tied up right now!
TT: Can you hassle him via Sburb and tell him to talk to me?
TT: Bop him on the head with a puppet or something?
GG: nooooooooooooooooooo
GG: he made me promise not to bug him while im asleep!
TT: Can you do it anyway?
GG: but he will find a way to be clever and make me punch myself in the face again :(
TT: Did he tell you what I wrote on the walls?
TT: Wait.
TT: What?

## Rose: Prepare for nap.
**03/04/10**

You bundle up your knittings into a cozy nest. You aren't all that tired though. It's hard to imagine falling asleep without the luxury of Harley's narcolepsy.

## Future Dream Rose: Cease to exist.

**03/04/10**

## [S] ==>

**03/04/10**

## Davesprite: Troll GC.

**03/04/10**

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC] --

TG: dont talk to john anymore hes an impressionable doofus
TG: your plan didnt work
TG: i mean it did
TG: but then suddenly it didnt
TG: so you might as well quit trying
GC: YOU SM3LL L1K3 OR4NG3 CR34MS1CL3S
TG: what
TG: youre aliens do you even have orange creamsicles
GC: OF COURS3 WH4T K1ND OF 4WFUL C1V1L1Z4T1ON WOULDNT 1NV3NT OR4NG3 CR34MS1CL3S
GC: NOT ON3 1D W4NT 4NYTH1NG TO DO W1TH
TG: ok pretty far fetched but whatever
TG: no more hijinks from you cause ill make sure they wont work
GC: W3LL OBV1OUSLY 1 KN3W 1T W4SNT GO1NG TO WORK
GC: MY FR13NDS H4V3 B33N T4LK1NG TO JOHN FROM TH3 FUTUR3
GC: YOUR FUTUR3
GC: WH3R3 H3S NOT D34D
GC: SO TH3R3 W4S NO W4Y WH4T 1 D1D W4S GO1NG TO K1LL H1M
GC: 1 JUST W4NT3D TO M3SS W1TH H1M 4ND STUFF
TG: i dont think youre following
TG: you DID kill him sort of
TG: then i went back in time to stop him
GC: Y34H 1 G3USS3D TH3R3 W4S 4 CH4NC3 SOM3TH1NG L1K3 TH4T M1GHT H4PP3N
TG: alright but
TG: did you guess that by trolling john to his grave
TG: and making me splinter us off into an alt timeline
TG: that you were basically complicit in making our timeline go the way it was supposed to go all along
TG: where future me is now helping dave and we just keep playing
TG: and our actions ultimately lead to the trouble youre all in now
TG: thus leading you all to troll us incompetently
GC: OH
GC: NO >:[
GC: 1 D1DNT TH1NK OF TH4T
TG: yeah

TG: see
TG: none of you ever thinks anything through
TG: whos in charge of timeline management there
TG: i gotta give him the business
GC: SH3 DO3SNT W4NT TO T4LK TO 4NY OF YOU
GC: 4ND H4S M1SG1V1NGS 4BOUT TH1S WHOL3 TH1NG
GC: NOT 4LL OF US 4R3 TH4T 3NTHUS1AST1C 4BOUT TROLL1NG YOU GUYS
GC: 4ND TH3 ON3S WHO 4R3 SORT OF SUCK 4T 1T >:|
TG: well at least you got john to off himself so i guess youre not totally incompetent like the others
TG: like that awful rapper
GC: SO JOHN 4CTU4LLY D1D WH4T 1 S41D?
TG: yeah
TG: im telling you
TG: huge pushover
TG: he will do what you say
TG: unless it happens to be for his own good
TG: then all a sudden hes a tough nut to crack go figure
GC: NOW 1 F33L K1ND4 B4D
GC: 4R3 YOU SUR3 1 C4NT T4LK TO H1M
GC: 3V3N 1F 1TS JUST TO 4POLOG1Z3
GC: WOULD TH4T B3 OK W1TH YOU S1R BR4V3 KN1GHT >:?
TG: yeah thats fine i guess
TG: no more coy bullshit antics though
TG: not even like
TG: an idiotic angry winking emote
GC: OR WH4T
GC: YOUR3 GO1NG TO HUNT M3 DOWN THROUGH T1M3 OOOOOH OH NO
GC: >;]
TG: yeah
GC: YOU DO R34L1Z3 1M W4Y H1GH3R ON MY 3CH3L4DD3R TH4N YOU
GC: 3V3N 1F YOU 4R3 FROM TH3 FUTUR3
GC: 4R3 YOU SUR3 YOU W4NT TO G3T YOUR CLOCK3D CL34N3D BY 4 BL1ND CH1CK
TG: ok even if thats true
TG: i just merged with an impaled orange goddamn bird and now i got all these crazy powers
GC: UGH
GC: S3LF PROTOTYP1NG SO DUMB
GC: TH1S 1S WHY YOU 4LL SCR3W UP SO B4D
GC: 4LW4YS B3ND1NG TH3 RUL3S L1K3 TH4T
GC: OH W3LL C4NT STOP YOU NOW SO M1GHT 4S W3LL DROP 1T
GC: H3Y D4V3
TG: what
GC: 1V3 B33N R3S34RCH1NG SOM3 OF YOUR 34RTH SO4P OP3R4S
GC: 1S TH1S YOU
TG: oh jegus fuck no
TG: why would that breathtaking douche remind you of me at all
GC: BUT H3 H4S 4 F13RY P3RSON4LITY

GC: SORT OF BR4SH 4ND 1MP3TUOUS
GC: 4ND 1N YOUR F4C3
GC: L1K3 F1R3 1TS3LF >:D
TG: now i know youre bullshitting me
TG: do i seem like the kind of guy whod accept a magic ring from whoopi goldberg
TG: to awaken some egregious homofantasy for a ripped blue dudes mammoth eco friendly bulge
TG: that guys an asshole and needs to be sealed in a dufflebag and whipped something ungodly with a bamboo chute
GC: WHOS WHOOP1 GOLDB3RG
TG: who cares
GC: OK 1 M4D3 SOM3 MOD1F1C4T1ONS
GC: TH1S 1S SO YOU D4V3 COM3 ON 4DM1T 1T
TG: ahahahahaha
TG: ok yeah that is pretty much fucking spot on
TG: youre actually a pretty good troll
TG: as long as you dont bug john i guess thats all there is to say on the matter
GC: TH4NKS D4V3
GC: TO B3 F41R
GC: 1M SUR3 3V3RY ON3 OF US W1SH3S W3 THOUGHT OF FUTUR3 S3LF PROTOTYP1NG F1RST
GC: SO
GC: YOUR3 NOT R34LLY 4LL TH4T T3RR1BL3 >;]

## Davesprite: Chill with Dave.

**04/04/10**

spritelogDAVE: who were you talking to
DAVESPRITE: just telling a troll to step off
DAVE: ok cool
DAVE: so now that youre a sprite
DAVE: do you know everything about the game
DAVESPRITE: well i knew a lot anyway
DAVESPRITE: cause im from the future
DAVESPRITE: but yeah i know more stuff now
DAVESPRITE: like things meant specifically for sprites to clue players in on
DAVESPRITE: but packaged in these like
DAVESPRITE: i guess riddles
DAVESPRITE: im supposed to be cagey about it
DAVESPRITE: but i dont really feel like it
DAVESPRITE: ask me anything go ahead ill give you a straight answer
DAVE: alright
DAVE: here goes
DAVE: why are we so fucking awesome
DAVESPRITE: thats the best fucking question anybody ever asked
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: so is everything cool with this john business
DAVE: is he gonna be ok

DAVESPRITE: thats up to him
DAVESPRITE: if he decides to wise up and listen to us
DAVESPRITE: if not then we just bail everyone out yet again
DAVE: ok
DAVESPRITE: all that gear you picked up should let you breeze through the first couple gates
DAVESPRITE: even at a low level
DAVESPRITE: later youll unlock the ability to bring your sprite down with you
DAVESPRITE: and well take care of shit together
DAVESPRITE: til then i guess just mess around and let jade build up or whatever
DAVESPRITE: ill go kill some time
DAVESPRITE: maybe draw some comics
DAVE: like what
DAVESPRITE: i dont know
DAVESPRITE: whats the last one you did
DAVE: i was in the middle of the nancho party arc
DAVESPRITE: oh yeah
DAVESPRITE: i gave up on that half way through
DAVE: yeah that was sorta the plan
DAVE: making a ten part story about nachos was always a bullshit idea
DAVESPRITE: lets do some brainstorming later
DAVESPRITE: blow everyones minds
DAVE: yeah sure

==>

**04/04/10**

```
BUNP
```

## Meanwhile, hundreds of pages ago...

**04/04/10**

You open the package. There is something suspicious inside.

Something suspiciously dirty and smelly.

==>

**04/04/10**

It is a STUFFED BUNNY. Much like the one held hostage briefly by Malkovich's Cyrus "The Virus" while taunting hard-luck protagonist Cameron Poe. And strikingly similar to the one scooped up from the soot of a burning Vegas strip by Cage's Poe and offered to his daughter, a gesture symbolic of a tattered exterior surrounding a heart of gold. Poe wasn't much to look at. But he was a good man.

But no, it is not merely LIKE that bunny. According to this NOTE OF AUTHENTICITY, it is the VERY SAME BUNNY.

This is so awesome.

Included is a note from your best bro Dave.

## so hey

**04/04/10**

```
from the desk of

so hey

since its your bday i had to get you back for the sick memorabilia you got me
so i got you this godawful thing and now i just know youre standing there
flipping yo...o youre welcom...
```

so hey

since its your bday i had to get you back for the sick memorabilia you got me so i got you this godawful thing and now i just know youre standing there flipping your shit over it so youre welcome.

its the actual gross bunny in the movie so that means nick cage actually grubbed it up with his clownish no talent fingers. i would suggest you put it somewhere and display it ironically but i know youre dead serious about this ridiculous shit so youll probably sleep with the damn thing and nibble its ear and stuff.

but the weird thing is thats whats cool about you. youre this naive guy like pinocchio tumbled ass backwards off the turnip truck and started liking ghostbusters. then the fairy godmother kissed your nose or some shit and you turned out to be not made of wood and also pretty cool to talk to. one day your gooberish ways are gonna land you in a jam and i know im going to have to get you off the hook but its cool i got your back bro.

then we'll meet and hug bump and get each others filthy wife beaters that much filthier so yeah

peace dawg

tg

## ==>

**04/04/10**

## ==>

**04/04/10**

```
reconsider...
```

## ==>

**04/04/10**

## John: Get pestered by Dave.

**05/04/10**

```
Alert : Dave
```

pesterlogTG: did you blast off like a spazzy douche yet or what
EB: yeah, of course!
EB: there was no way i wasn't trying out this sweet ride.

TG: god dammit what do i have to do to make you believe me
TG: fist bump my future self til i got bloody knuckles and write you an even sappier bday note in my own blood
TG: on a back to the future poster
EB: relax, i'm not going through the gate!
EB: i am just flying around, and having a good time in the sky.
TG: oh ok
TG: so you believe me then
TG: about future me
TG: and like
TG: him turning into a floating sword bird
EB: um...
EB: ok, i don't know anything about that...
EB: but it doesn't matter!
EB: you're my best bro, and if you say not to go then i won't go.
EB: hey, can you hold on?
EB: i'm getting trolled again.
TG: oh man and if weve just concluded anything its that talking to those dbags should be priority number one so yeah go right ahead
EB: ok, brb.

## John: Get trolled by CG.

**05/04/10**

```
Alert : CG
```

pesterlogCG: I KEEP SCROLLING BACKWARDS THROUGH YOUR ADVENTURE.
CG: TRYING TO PIECE TOGETHER HOW YOU BOTCH THIS UP SO BADLY.
CG: AND I KEEP FINDING THESE STRIKING POCKETS OF FOOLISHNESS.
CG: LIKE WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW.
CG: RIDING YOUR LITTLE RED ROCKET.
CG: LIKE YOU ARE A FRESHLY HATCHED HUMAN LARVA AND THIS IS JUST ALL A BIG SCHOOLHIVE RUMPUS RESPITE.
EB: humans aren't hatched as larvae dummy.
EB: we don't hatch at all.
EB: we are born as these like little pink monkeys called babies.
CG: BULLSHIT.
CG: THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME.
EB: what did i say?
CG: I'LL PASTE WHAT YOU SAID.
EB: i thought you didn't like going down that road?
EB: copy-pasting future/past conversations...
CG: WHY WOULD I HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT.
EB: i dunno, that's what you just told me.
CG: WHATEVER, LOOK:
CG: EB: this is really weird...
CG: CG: WHAT'S SO WEIRD ABOUT IT.

CG: EB: well, normally humans hatch...
CG: EB: from like these slimy pods.
CG: EB: then we wriggle out as a little pink larva.
CG: CG: OH REALLY.
CG: CG: HUH, MAYBE WE HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN I THOUGHT.
EB: hahaha!
EB: i was punking you dude!
EB: or at least i will be in our next conversation.
EB: thanks for the great prank idea.
CG: ARGH.
CG: WHY WOULD YOU TRICK ME ABOUT THAT, WHAT IS EVEN THE POINT.
EB: i don't know, it was just a friendly prank.
EB: don't you ever play pranks?
EB: i mean, of course you do, one of you just tried to prank me good.
CG: WHAT, WHO.
EB: pffffff, you'll find out.
CG: WELL FINE.
CG: I GUESS YOU GOT ME BACK, SORT OF.
CG: FOR MY TROLLING, EVEN THOUGH YOU HAVEN'T EVEN READ MY WORST TROLLING EFFORTS YET.
CG: BECAUSE THEY HAPPEN IN YOUR FUTURE.
CG: AND EVEN THEN YOU DIDN'T EVEN MIND MUCH, ALMOST LIKE YOU WERE DELIGHTED TO HEAR IT.
CG: KIND OF PERVERSE REALLY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
EB: well, we're friends by then, aren't we?
EB: or sort of like, uh, reverse anti-mutual friends.
CG: WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT EVEN MEAN.
EB: look, you're going to have to face it at some point...
EB: that you're learning the meaning of this human emotion called friendship.
CG: IS FRIENDSHIP REALLY AN EMOTION?
EB: yes, absolutely.
CG: I GUESS IT'S HARD TO SEE HOW WE BECOME FRIENDS.
CG: THIS IS SO FRUSTRATING.
CG: EVERY TIME I GO FURTHER BACK INTO YOUR PAST AND TALK TO YOU, YOU SAY STUFF THAT PERTAINS TO MY IMMEDIATE FUTURE.
CG: AND THEN YOU WON'T EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT'S GOING ON, BECAUSE IT'S ALREADY OLD NEWS FOR YOU.
EB: dude, you've been doing the same exact thing!!!
CG: I'VE DONE NO SUCH THING.
CG: I'VE BEEN EXCEPTIONALLY INFORMATIVE AND HELPFUL.
CG: IF JUSTIFIABLY ACRIMONIOUS.
EB: you never answer my questions, though.
EB: how am i supposed to know what's going on, or what you're alluding to?
CG: THIS GAME IS KIND OF A GAME OF A MILLION GUIDES.
CG: EVERYWHERE YOU TURN THERE'S ANOTHER WAY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON, SO PLEASE, GO SECRETE ME AN EARTH RIVER THROUGH YOUR

STRANGE HUMAN TEAR DUCTS.
CG: YOU'VE GOT SPRITES, EXILES, GUARDIANS, CONSORTS...
CG: TIME HOPPING FUTURE SELVES, MYSTICAL DREAM ORACLE DOPPELGANGERS...
CG: AND IF THAT WASN'T ENOUGH, YOUR PARTICULAR GROUP OF PLAYERS IS LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE US TO GIVE YOU THE SCOOP ON STUFF.
CG: THROUGH A SORT OF SUBVERSION OF THE WHOLE DAMN THING.
CG: EVEN THOUGH WE HATE YOU.
CG: AND EVEN THOUGH THE FACT THAT WE HATE YOU
CG: IS AN IMMUTABLE FACT AS UNALTERABLE AS THIS WRITHING KNOTTED HELL OF A TIMELINE CHOKING US ALL TO DEATH
CG: IT DOES NOT MEAN WE HAVE ANY REASON TO WITHHOLD ANY INFORMATION FROM YOU
CG: OR DISH IT OUT THROUGH CRYPTOBAFFLING MIND FUDDLERY.
CG: SO GO AHEAD, ASK ME ANYTHING.
EB: ok...
EB: what's the point of the game.
CG: ASK SOMETHING ELSE.
CG: ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT.
CG: IT WAS THIS WHOLE BIG CONVERSATION WE HAD.
EB: augh!
EB: fine.
EB: where are you now?
CG: IN THE MEDIUM.
CG: A SEPARATE SESSION FROM YOURS.
EB: no no, i know that!
EB: you already told me.
CG: I DID?
EB: yes, in your future.
CG: DAMMIT.
EB: what i mean is...
EB: are you in your house right now, or in one of your magical lands, or what?
EB: just curious cause you can see me, but i can't see or know anything about you!
CG: WE'RE HIDING IN THE VEIL.
CG: WHAT'S LEFT OF IT.
EB: what's that?
CG: IT'S A HUGE BELT OF METEORS
CG: ORBITING WAY OUTSIDE SKAIA, BEYOND THE ORBIT OF THE PLANETS
CG: DIVIDING THE MEDIUM FROM THE FURTHEST RING
CG: WHERE DERSE ORBITS.
EB: derse?
CG: THE DARK PLANET.
CG: PROSPIT'S THE LIGHT ONE NEAR SKAIA.
EB: well jeez, how am i supposed to know any of this??
CG: YOU'D PROBABLY FIND OUT SOONER OR LATER FROM YOUR DUMB GRANDMA.
CG: BUT BY FUSING WITH THE SPRITE SHE HAS TO WITHHOLD STUFF AND BE MYSTERIOUS AND ALL.

CG: TO MAKE YOUR ADVENTURE SEEM MORE "MAAAAAAGICAL!!!!"
CG: IT'S INFURIATING.
EB: ok, so the veil is a bunch of meteors...
EB: what do you mean "what's left of it"?
CG: OK, THERE COMES A TIME WHEN BLACK INEVITABLY BEATS WHITE
CG: ON THE BATTLEFIELD IN THE CENTER OF SKAIA
CG: THE WHITE KING IS CAPTURED OR KILLED OR SOMETHING
CG: THAT'S WHEN THE RECKONING STARTS.
EB: ok...
CG: THE RULERS OF DERSE
CG: THE BLACK KING AND QUEEN
CG: GET THE POWER TO SEND THE VEIL TOWARD SKAIA
CG: TO DESTROY IT
CG: THAT KIND OF STARTS YOUR BIG "COUNTDOWN"
CG: WHEN SHIT GETS SERIOUS.
EB: so then it's up to us to save it?
CG: YEAH, YOU HAVE THAT LONG TO KILL THE BLACK QUEEN AND KING
CG: AND SKAIA ITSELF SORT OF BUYS YOU SOME TIME
CG: BY ACTIVATING ITS DEFENSE PORTALS
CG: TO CATCH SOME OF THE METEORS
CG: THE THREAT GETS BIGGER THE LONGER YOU TAKE THOUGH
CG: SMALLER METEORS COME FIRST AND THEY GET PROGRESSIVELY BIGGER AND BIGGER
CG: AND THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH OF THEM SKAIA CAN ABSORB FOR YOU.
EB: ok, but it sounds like we've got plenty of time before that happens, right?
CG: THAT'S JUST IT.
CG: YOU DON'T.
CG: ORDINARILY YOU WOULD BUT
CG: YOUR RECKONING STARTS MUCH SOONER
CG: BECAUSE OF SOME DUMB THINGS YOU'VE DONE
CG: YOU COMPLETELY BLEW IT ALREADY AND YOU HAVE NO CHANCE OF WINNING ANYMORE
CG: WHICH ORDINARILY WOULD BE FINE
CG: JUST ANOTHER BUNCH OF LOSERS TO FAIL AT THIS GAME
CG: IT'S WHAT YOU DO LATER THAT CAUSES SO MUCH MORE TROUBLE THAN THAT
CG: AND NOW WE HAVE TO DEAL WITH IT TOO.
EB: oh no...
EB: what is it?
CG: ALREADY TOLD YOU.
CG: IT'S INEVITABLE AND COMPLETELY POINTLESS TO TALK ABOUT ANYWAY.
EB: yeah, well...
EB: maybe you're wrong!
EB: maybe there's something we can still do to stop it, if you just help us?
CG: I'M NOT WRONG, IT'S ALL RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF ME, YOU FUCK UP ROYALLY, END OF STORY.
EB: ok, we'll see about that, mr. sourbulge.

EB: hey, aren't you kind of uncomfortable sitting on a meteor?
EB: are you all huddled in a crater or something?
CG: NO, THERE'S ALL KINDS OF CRAZY SHIT IN THE VEIL.
CG: A LOT OF THESE METEORS ARE KIND OF LIKE...
CG: BIG SEEDS.
EB: seeds?
EB: um...
EB: well, what kind of crazy shit is there?
CG: STUFF LIKE...
CG: BUILDINGS
CG: FACILITIES
CG: LIKE LABS AND STUFF.
EB: weird.
CG: YEAH, THE VEIL IS KIND OF LIKE NEUTRAL GROUND FOR THE KINGDOMS, LIKE OUR PLANETS.
CG: SOME PLACES ARE USED TO GENETICALLY ENGINEER SOLDIERS AND AGENTS FOR THE TWO SIDES.
CG: USING GENETIC MATERIAL FROM THE EXOTIC MENAGERIE OF CHESS PIECES ON THE BATTLEFIELD.
CG: TO HELP FUEL THE WAR AND KEEP RAISING THE STAKES.
EB: wow, i don't think i'm following this.
CG: YEAH NO SHIT!
CG: BUT YOU'LL FIND OUT WHEN YOU GET THERE
CG: SINCE YOU WERE IN THE VEIL WHEN WE LAST TALKED.
CG: ANYWAY THAT'S MORE THAN ENOUGH INFO FOR YOU TO THINK ABOUT AND BE LESS STUPID IN TIME FOR CONVERSATIONS WE'VE ALREADY HAD.
CG: I'M OUT OF HERE.
EB: ok, but wait...
EB: can you give a message to GC for me?
EB: tell her nice try.
CG: WHAT
CG: WHY WOULD I GIVE HER A MESSAGE FOR YOU
CG: DO IT YOURSELF, I'M NOT A RELAY SERVICE.
EB: oh, well i thought you'd be cool with it since you asked me to give her a message for you last time.
EB: but whatever.
CG: I FIND THAT HIGHLY IMPLAUSIBLE.
CG: I'M NOT FALLING FOR ANY MORE OF YOUR HUMAN PRANKS.
CG: "NICE TRY" JOHN
CG: HAHAHAHAHAHAHA.

-- carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

## [S] Jack: Ascend.

**13/04/10**

| |
|---|
| Derse |

```
PARKING CITATION
HUGE BITCH
BLUH BLUH
B$10,000

MEOWWWEEEOEOEEM...
MEOW
GCATGCAT...
MEOWMEOW..

ROSE: Z
JADE: Z

END OF YEAR 1
4/13/2009 - 4/13/2010
```

## Locate fourth wall.

**15/04/10**

## Activate.

**15/04/10**

## AH: Engage in highly indulgent self-insertion into story.

**15/04/10**

What?

Oh hell no. This is always such a terrible idea. Leave me alone.

## AH: Examine wall.

**15/04/10**

You really wish your side of the wall had an off switch.

Which is to say, I really wish my side of the wall had an off switch.

## AH: Forget it. Go back to work.

**15/04/10**

Ok. You're just going to ask me to recap Homestuck though. I don't know why you'd want to sit there and watch me type.

This is going to be pretty long.

## AH: Recap first year of Homestuck.

**15/04/10**

```
Homestuck began on April 13th, 2009, the 13th birthday of
```

recap logHomestuck began on April 13th, 2009, the 13th birthday of our chief protagonist and future boy-skylark, John Egbert. Three days prior was supposed to be the day he received the Sburb Beta in the mail, but it was running late. It showed up later that afternoon, and after overcoming a variety of domestic adversities, he retrieved the game, along with a birthday package from his internet friend, Dave Strider.

John soon established a game connection with another friend, Rose Lalonde, who'd spent the day badgering him about playing with her, after unsuccessfully attempting to convince Dave to play. Upon connecting, Rose was able to manipulate John's environment, move his furniture around via

cursor, and restructure the shape of his room. John was unable to do this to Rose's environment however. He'd installed the client copy of the beta, and required the server copy for that.

The server copy was trapped in his dad's car, along with a birthday package from another friend, Jade Harley. Jade messaged John inquiring about the package. As of this moment, neither her package nor the server copy has been recovered by John. Rose had also prepared a package for John, but had not mailed it yet. It still sits in her room. Dave's package contained the authentic stuffed bunny from Con Air.

In addition to allowing Rose to control John's environment, Sburb provided an array of devices Rose deployed throughout John's house. These devices used together provided a system by which the players could manufacture any item using the code on the back of that item's captchalogue card, if they gathered enough grist to pay for it. Later, they would learn to combine item codes to master the art of punch card alchemy, whereby items could be fused together in purpose and design.

One device on being activated began a countdown, and released an entity called a kernelsprite. The countdown ticked down to the moment John's house would be struck by a meteor, destroying his neighborhood. To escape this demise, John had to use the devices to manufacture a special item that looked like a blue apple, and take a bite of it, in order to transport his entire house just before impact to the safety of a mysterious dark realm, where his house would situate itself atop a tall rock column high above a blanket of clouds. This realm is called the Medium.

Before he entered the Medium though, John and Rose prototyped his kernelsprite with the large harlequin doll his dad got him for his birthday, transforming the sprite to bear its likeness, including the ways the doll was disfigured via earlier hijinks. It had a slashed eye and one arm, and so too did the sprite. When John entered the Medium, the sprite's kernel hatched, thus imbuing all the enemies John and his friends would face with properties of the sprite. The lesser adversaries John faced first, Shale Imps, all wore harlequin garbs. They became more powerful and more radically mutated with each successive pre-Medium prototyping.

After entering the Medium, John's dad was kidnapped by imps. While John was looking for him, he accidentally prototyped the sprite with his grandmother's ashes, transforming it again. This prototyping had no effect on the enemies, since he was already in the Medium, and the kernel had already hatched. Instead, only the sprite was affected, and it took on the appearance, personality, and memories of his grandmother, becoming Nannasprite, a game-supplied albeit customized guide for John. She explained aspects of the game, about Skaia residing at the center of the Medium, beyond seven gates floating directly above his house, and about an eternal/timeless war fought there between dark and light, one that light was always destined to lose.

Rose, who'd been having frequent internet connection issues, lost her connection as she tried to lift John's car to retrieve the game and the package. The car fell into the abyss below. A storm caused her house to lose power along with its wireless internet connection. Her laptop was able to run on battery power for a time, while she tapped into the wireless signal from the laboratory next door. When her laptop ran out of power, she had to overcome more family strife (and endure a gift pony in the process), go outside in the rain, and plug it into the small generator outside the mausoleum of her dead cat, Jaspers. She continued her session with John inside the mausoleum, while the meteor-

sparked forest fire surrounding her house grew more intense.

From the house, Rose's mom opened a secret passage in the mausoleum to help her escape. The passage lead to the lab next door, where Rose found a stable, portable source of power and internet for her computer. She also found a terminal projecting the impact times and locations for the millions of meteors presently bombarding the planet, along with all the other live sessions of other players around the world. She also found a little girl's room, a mutant kitten she named Vodka Mutini, and a cloning machine operating through the science of ectobiology. Its terminal was locked on to her cat Jaspers at whatever point in his life the user specified.

She attempted to appearify Jaspers from a moment in her early childhood, before he whispered a secret to her. But doing so would have caused a paradox, so it appearified (paradoxified) a pile of slime instead. The machine used the slime to create a fetal paradox clone of Jaspers in a glass tube. On the monitor, Jaspers then told young Rose the secret, then vanished, only to show up dead weeks later and put in the mausoleum for years until the present. Rose left the laboratory moments before it was destroyed by a meteor impact. She transportalized back to her mom's room, proceeded to her room to wait for Dave to connect with her and rescue her from the next imminent impact.

Dave was charged with acquiring his bro's copy of the game to help Rose. Earlier he had lost his copy of the game to a mishap involving a crow. It flew in his window, seized the game, and Dave accidentally impaled it with a sword, sending the crow and the game out the window onto a landing far below his apartment. He searched his bro's room unable to find it, was briefly shadowed by Lil Cal, and then found a note beckoning him to meet on the roof for a confrontation. Dave and his bro dueled on the roof extensively, and Dave was thoroughly bested. Upon defeating Dave, his bro dropped the copies of the game, and flew off on his rocket board into the sky.

Dave used the copies to connect with Rose, and quickly deployed the devices while her house was on fire, surrounded by flaming tornadoes, and minutes away from being destroyed by a meteor. Rose prototyped her kernelsprite with Jaspers, specifically to understand the meaning of the secret he whispered to her years ago. She was advised to do this by Jade, who told her about the game in the first place. Dave then prototyped the kernelsprite again with the tentacled princess doll given to Rose on her birthday by her mom. Both of these prototypings would have an effect on the enemies once Rose entered the Medium and the kernel hatched. Rose used the alchemiter to create the special item - for her, a purple wine bottle - which she needed to break to enter. She eventually did, transporting her house just before the meteor collided.

The meteor left a crater. Over time, at the site of impact, a large, white structure that looked like a wine bottle grew there, and the crater filled up with sand as the climate of the post-apocalyptic Earth gradually changed. The "cork" of that bottle was a large metal cylinder with an interior much like an advanced science station, with a variety of devices and monitors inside. 413 years after the meteor impact, the Wayward Vagabond walked through the desert and discovered this station. Inside, he found canned rations, a firefly he named Serenity, an appearifier, and four monitors hooked up to a keyboard.

On one of the monitors was John, just after he'd entered the Medium. WV could type commands to John directly, much as the readers of this story could type commands for the characters to follow.

Most of John's actions upon entering the Medium were authored by WV, until he became preoccupied with other activities, such as building a town out of cans, playing chess with cans, and drawing chalk murals depicting the cosmological arrangement of Skaia, the Medium, the light and dark planets known as Prospit and Derse, and the four planets the kids would each occupy upon entering the game, called The Land of Wind and Shade (John), The Land of Light and Rain (Rose), the Land of Heat and Clockwork (Dave), and Jade's planet, which is yet to be seen.

He also activated a countdown in the station which caused it to blast out of the crater and fly to designated "home" coordinates. Along the way, it passed over the sand-filled crater that was the impact site for John's meteor, on the other side of the continent. John's meteor had caused a giant white tree to grow in the crater. The tree grew an apple-like station from a branch, which fell to the sand. The Peregrine Mendicant found this station. After WV flew overhead, PM activated her station's homing feature as well, which caused it to fly to the same destination. Along the way, she used her terminal to attempt to command Jade, who from the perspective of the terminal, had just arrived in the Medium. This caused the terminal to explode for unknown reasons, leaving a hole in the station. One of the station's robotic worms recovered one of PM's falling mailboxes, and she befriended it, after earlier slaying another one with her black regisword.

WV landed at the site of the ancient frog ruins across the now dried up Pacific Ocean. The site was once the island where Jade lived, but nothing of the island remained except for the ruins. The mountain her house was on, and the volcano next to it, were replaced by a large empty chasm. PM landed shortly after WV, and they met. They were confronted by the Aimless Renegade, who fired at them from the frog ruins with old weaponry he'd been hoarding, once belonging to Jade's grandpa. Millions of years ago, the frog ruins grew from a crater, struck by a meteor that emerged from a Sburb portal in space. Jade's radioactive, omnipotent, space-warping dog named Becquerel emerged from this crater as well.

Jade's grandpa pioneered this island, and built the house Jade lives in. Her grandpa has been dead for many years, and stands stuffed in front of the fireplace. She has been looked after by her dog who she calls Bec. She begins the day with several tasks to accomplish - to feed Bec, and to retrieve a birthday package mailed by John. She irradiates a steak, and heads outside to the site where the package will be dropped. She knows it will be dropped there because one of the reminders she wears on her fingers jogs her memory about it. She wears them to keep track of the many things she knows about the future, through dreams.

She falls asleep frequently and spontaneously. When she sleeps, her dream self is awake, and living on the moon that orbits the light planet, Prospit. Prospit very closely orbits Skaia, a huge sphere of blue sky and clouds, which nanna describes as a "dormant crucible of unlimited creative potential." When Prospit's moon eclipses Skaia, it drifts into Skaia for a time, mingling with the clouds. Dream Jade then witnesses many past and future events in the clouds. While asleep, she is often confused about what is real and what isn't. When she wakes up, she pieces together future events from her memory of the cloud visions, and from logs recorded by her dreambot. Her dreambot is a robotic surrogate that activates while she sleeps in her bed. It mimics in the real world the movement and actions of her dream self on the moon, and records a video log of what she sees while dreaming.

Prospit's moon has two towers of identical design, and similar design to Jade's house. Dream Jade

lives in one tower. Dream John lives in the other. Dream John is still asleep, and John has no knowledge of the dream world, which is to say, the entire game session he would initiate on his 13th birthday. When he goes to sleep, instead of waking up on the moon as Jade does, he remains slumbering in his dream room, tormented by his subconscious. This torment is expressed when he sleepwalks, and draws troubling scribbles on the walls of his room. When awake, he cannot see the scribbles, as is subconscious suppresses his awareness of them. It is not until he has a perception-altering revelation about his dad does he begin to see them. He initially believed they were new additions to his room, perhaps scrawled by imps. However they were present long before, visible in his room while he prepared Jade's birthday package months ago.

John prepared a package for each of his three friends, whose 13th birthdays were December 1st (Jade), 3rd (Dave), and 4th (Rose). He gave Rose a knitting set, and she then took an intense interest knitting. He gave Dave the pair of shades Ben Stiller wore in Starsky and Hutch, which he wore from then on, replacing the shades in the style his bro wore. He gave Jade a blue version of his own ghost shirt, and some pumpkin seeds to help her replace the pumpkins that kept disappearing from her garden. But she did not receive this on the birthday John intended. She received it in the past, on her birthday when she was very young, causing her to take an interest in gardening in the first place, to take a liking to blue apparel, and to eventually befriend John over the internet and lead him, Rose, and Dave down a path where they would ultimately play this game together.

Jade did retrieve his package in the present as planned, but immediately took it to another location where it disappeared. WV in the far future appearified it from that location on accident. The package contained further instructions for him. He was to bring it to PM, and she was to use her station's sendificator to send it to another place and time. After she did this, the package appeared in front of young Jade on her birthday. Jade orchestrated the sequence of events through knowledge of them by her cloud visions.

She orchestrated similar events for the package she sent to John, plotting the circuitous route through time and space it was meant to follow. She again utilized the exiles for help, while they were still in the Medium. The exiles, WV, PM, and AR, were all formerly agents of the kingdoms, before they were exiled by some means to post-apocalyptic Earth. AR, as an Authority Regulator in the Land of Wind and Shade, discovered the package and the beta copy in John's wrecked car as he gave it a parking ticket. PM, working as a Parcel Mistress, recognized the package from a correspondence she had with Jade on Prospit some time ago, and recalled it must be delivered to John. AR would not relinquish the package, though he did give her the beta, which she delivered into a pyxis to satisfy the carved request of a minitablet. John carved this tablet at the request of PM through the command terminal in the future.

AR brought the package to Derse, where it ultimately wound up on the desk of Jack Noir. Jack is the archagent of the dark kingdom, charged with overseeing affairs through his office's fenestrated wall portals, and processing paperwork. He is forced to wear a silly garment in keeping with prototyping themes by the Black Queen, an order he resentfully complies with. He oversaw the imprisonment of John's dad, who broke loose on multiple occasions. When Jack went to handle it personally, John's dad set Jack's hat on fire. In a surly act of gratitude, he released the prisoner. John's dad fled to the Land of Wind and Shade, fought large monsters, got his hat dirty and lost a shoe. He then carved tablet requests for new ones, which John filled via pyxis, unaware of who

requested them.

PM followed AR to Derse in hopes of retrieving the package. After wandering around, she encountered the Black Queen on her throne. Both the light and dark kingdoms each have a king and a queen. The queens sit on a throne, on Prospit and Derse respectively, ruling the planet. The kings command armies on the Battlefield, located at the center of Skaia. The queen takes on the attributes supplied by the prototypings due to the four-orbed ring she wears. When the ring is removed, the queen is restored to normal. PM showed the BQ a parking ticket she was pretending to deliver. The BQ directed her to Jack's office, where the ticket should be filed.

PM met Jack and asked for the package. Jack proposed a deal, and gave her a black regisword. If she would kill the White Queen and White King and bring him their crowns, he would give her the package. She accepted with little alternative. She then visited the WQ on Prospit and explained the situation, with no intention of carrying out Jack's mission. The WQ, understanding the futility of their situation and the need to recover the package, abdicated, and gave PM her crown and her ring. PM was instructed to go find the White King, retrieve his crown, and receive further instruction on what to do with the ring to protect it. WQ would then eventually exile herself to post-apocalypse Earth.

On post-apocalypse Earth, after AR fired on WV and PM from the ruins, he spotted WV's pumpkin, which WV had earlier appearified from Jade's house. He recognized the carving of Bec's silhouette on the pumpkin. Fearful of it, he surrendered. The three exiles soon became friends over a campfire and shared rations. WV and AR built Exile Town out of cans, mailboxes, and bullets. PM operated WV's station terminal to submit commands to John as he explored the Land of Wind and Shade. In the sky, another station teleported and fell to the ground. It was shaped like an egg, and originated from Dave's meteor impact site, in correspondence with the egg-shaped item he would use to enter the medium. Emerging from this station was the Windswept Questant, formerly the White Queen.

AR and WV sought to impress WQ by crafting a crown for her out of a mailbox. She refused the distinction, instead giving it to PM, who had successfully completed her mission to deliver Jade's package to John in the distant past. The means by which she went about this have yet to be seen.

John entered the Land of Wind and Shade (LOWAS) by having Rose build up his house to the first gate, fighting through many imps and ogres with his powerful new alchemized weapons, and entering the gate. This took him to a location beneath the clouds, far below his house. The LOWAS turned out to be a large windy planet, full of dark terrain, incandescent trees, networks of pipes, and oily rivers. In addition to hosting more powerful adversaries, the land is occupied by friendly consorts, a race of salamanders. They help John understand the mythos of the land, and inform him of the planet's persecution by a sleeping denizen, which is responsible for clogging the pipes with oil, and trapping fireflies under the clouds.

Each planet has a sleeping denizen, which the players must first wake, and then kill, in the course of their journey through the seven gates. Rose's planet, the Land of Light and Rain (LOLAR) is a multicolored ocean planet with white sandy islands and pink ruins, and has a denizen responsible for killing all life in the water. Dave's planet, the Land of Heat and Clockwork (LOHAC) is a lava planet, covered in industrial steel frame structures and turning gears, and has a denizen of yet

unknown qualities.

Killing the denizen releases a huge grist hoard buried at the core of the planet, which is then used to fuel a process known as The Ultimate Alchemy. Along the way, the kids are meant to learn about their destined roles in this quest as the Heir of Breath (John), Seer of Light (Rose), Knight of Time (Dave), and Witch of space (Jade). Over the course of their quest, the dark kingdom will inevitably defeat the light kingdom. The Black Queen and King will take control, and initiate The Reckoning. This affects a belt of meteors, called The Veil, which orbits far from Skaia, between the four planets and Derse, and is host to various lab facilities used by the kingdoms. The Reckoning causes the meteors to descend on Skaia, ultimately destroying it, unless the Black Queen and King can be defeated in time. Skaia however buys time by opening defense portals to catch many of the meteors, redirecting them elsewhere in space and time.

This is the generic template for the way the game is supposed to proceed. It can deviate from this model however, depending on the actions of the players, and the details of the game mythology presented is unique to each group of players and their session.

Long before John and his friends started playing the game, another group of players had been persistently trolling them, particularly Jade. They are furious about an action she will take that will cause major problems in the four kids' game session, and inevitably lead to their defeat. Specifically, Jade will send a package to John, apparently containing a powerful weapon he will need later. But the package winds up in the hands of Jack Noir, leading to dire consequences. They allude to other things she will do that will lead to not only trouble for the four kids, but the troll players as well.

The trolls consist of 12 kids from an alien planet, who went through the same process as John and his friends, escaping from the annihilation of their planet via meteors, and into the Medium to play the game. Their game session is entirely separate from that of the four kids. It has the same basic template, with its own Skaia, Prospit, Derse, Veil, and a planet for each troll, but separate game instances of these. They also have different instances of the same character templates, such as the kings and queens, and agents like Jack Noir.

The trolls have completed their game session with yet unknown results. They now reside on a meteor in their Veil, sitting at terminals trolling John and co. From their terminals they can choose any point in the past or future of the kids to troll, and observe what they're doing at that moment. As a group, their only stated objective is to harass the kids, which they do so haphazardly throughout different points in the kids' timeline. Though they can choose any point on the kids' timeline to talk, they are mostly resigned to the understanding that no matter what they do, they can't change the outcome of the kids' actions.

The four most vociferous trolls so far have been carcinoGeneticist, gallowsCalibrator, grimAuxiliatrix, and adiosToreador. (The other 8 being apocalypseArisen, twinArmageddons, arsenicCatnip, arachnidsGrip, centaursTesticle, terminallyCapricious, caligulasAquarium, and cuttlefishCuller, each yet to be heard from.)

carcinoGeneticist (CG) appears to have spearheaded the group's trolling campaign. While he was in

the thick of his game session, the exile commanding him from a terminal in the apocalyptic future was Spades Slick. This is one difference between his game session and John's, who had WV as an exile commanding him. In CG's session, his version of Jack Noir became exiled along the way, and took on the name Spades Slick. Three other agents were exiled, and the four of them formed a gang called the Midnight Crew, and spent years building up a dark city in the future wasteland of the trolls' dead planet. Another difference in the trolls' session is that at some point along the way, the Black Queen was also exiled, later joined a rival gang called The Felt, assumed special powers that make her highly inadvisable to kill, and came to be known as Snowman. It was not until Slick confronted The Felt in their mansion that he discovered the station terminal to command CG, and not before Snowman blinded him in one eye, severed his arm, and locked him in a vault.

Each troll has a different trolling strategy, and a different rhythm by which they hop around the kids' timelines to chat with them. CG's strategy, for the most part, was to begin trolling them at the very end of their adventure, the moment at which he was most angry with their actions, and then gradually work backwards, mostly talking to John. This proves to be mutually frustrating though, as John knows less and less about the situation the further into the past CG goes. Similarly, the further into the future John progresses, the more he has the advantage over CG by knowledge of his future conversations with him, and vice versa. Over the course of the opposing directions of the two sides of the conversation, John learns more about the nature of the game and why they're being trolled, and in spite of hostility, they gradually befriend each other through an inevitability alluded to on both sides of the conversation.

Early in the correspondence between John and CG, which is to say late for CG, CG discovers he needs to get in touch with Jade, who refuses to talk to him in that time period. So he delivers a message to her much earlier, months in her past, telling her she needs to contact him when she's in trouble. She will know to do this when her dreambot explodes in the future, an outcome that has not yet happened.

Two other trolls, grimAuxiliatrix and adiosToreador (GA and AT) have targeted only Rose and Dave thus far. GA has hopped arbitrarily back and forward in Rose's timeline to talk to her, and is attempting to cultivate a friendship with her that now seems rigged through a series of conversational time loops, while seeking counsel from Dave on how to befriend her. AT sought counsel from Rose on how to troll Dave more effectively, after getting severely counter-trolled by him. He is under the impression he rebounded nicely though.

gallowsCalibrator (GC) has stayed mostly linear in her trolling patterns, and has done so under the guise of helping the kids on their quest. She convinces John to take a shortcut through his land, shows him the denizen's palace, leads him to warp back to his house, then shows him how to fix the faulty rocket pack he made earlier through an alchemy mishap. She tells him to use the rocket pack to fly up to the seventh gate, enter the denizen's palace, and kill it in its sleep. He complied with this, and flew through the seventh gate, in spite of reservations from Dave, who'd just entered the Medium the moment before John took off.

GC also assisted Rose, just after she bested an ogre with ease. She counseled her on understanding her role as the Seer of Light, and the meaning of the voice in her head as an exile issuing commands from a terminal. In her case, it was the exiled White Queen issuing commands from the egg shaped

station in the future. Since Dave is Rose's server player, the terminal station from Dave's impact site issues commands to Rose. Just as the station at Rose's site, which WV found, issues commands to John, her client player.

After conversing with GA, Rose found Jaspersprite and interrogated him about the secret which she found so maddeningly mysterious years ago. He explained elements of the mythos of her land, and how she'd need to learn to play the rain to produce the musical analogue of a genetic code to reintroduce life into the ocean. In response to her question about his secret, he simply replied "Meow." She mistook this for more nonsense, but it was in fact the secret he told her years ago. The four letter sequence MEOW unlocked a genetic code in her subconscious, which she would spend years scrawling on her wall using those letters in place of the typically used GCAT letters, while completely oblivious to the scrawlings and their meaning just as John was. As Jaspers said, she would understand their meaning when her dream self wakes up.

Rose's dream self lives in a tower on the moon of Derse. Dave's dream self lives on the same moon in the other tower. It was suggested by Rose's future self, who is fully awake in the tower, that Dave had already been awake in his tower all along without realizing it. This was suggested in a conversation she had in the future with Dave. It was an alternative future timeline not meant to be.

This future timeline came about by this series of events.

Dave was able to enter the Medium by connecting with Jade as his server player. Jade got copies of the game from the frog ruins, after she delivered John's package to her past self. She snuck into the ruins while Bec was asleep, and retrieved the game from a lotus time capsule which had been ticking down for millions of years. The game was Dave's copy from the future, the same one that fell out the window with the impaled crow. Once she got the game, the time capsule started ticking down again, set to expire 413 years later, when the exiles are there. She dropped some items in the ruins, leaving them there for AR to find, and leaving her bass jammed in the elevator. Bec then found her there, took her back to her room, and grounded her there for the rest of the evening.

She quickly helped Dave set up the game, upgrading his alchemiter heavily, and crafting the special item he needed to enter the Medium, a red egg, which needed to be incubated and hatched to activate. She prototyped his kernelsprite with the impaled crow, which would affect the enemies later, including the Black Queen. The sprite built a nest on top of his apartment's antenna tower, and stole the egg to incubate it for hours. A very large meteor was soon bearing down on his city.

Dave then entered the Medium through a series of unseen events. Jade was asleep, thus forbidden by Dave from interacting with his environment at all. Jade complied for fear of retribution. Dave was faced with the Crowsprite, which appeared to be suggesting he prototype it again with the remains of Lil Cal. Dave consulted with John on this, who was about to rocket up to the seventh gate. John had no advice, and proceeded up through the gate against better judgment.

Dave prototyped the sprite with Cal. John entered the palace, presumably found the denizen, and was easily killed by it, as was the intent of GC's trick on him. This meant John could not establish a connection with Jade to rescue her from the looming meteor, and Dave and Rose lost contact with her, presuming her dead. Dave and Rose then spent the next four months in the Medium, advancing

as far as they could to collect information before Dave decided to travel back in time to change events.

Dave used his time tables to go back to the moment he was about to prototype with Cal. Both he and his past self strongly urged John not to go through the gate. John was reluctant at first, but soon reconsidered, and flew down beneath the clouds. Future Dave then gave Present Dave all his advanced gear, and prototyped the Crowsprite with himself to make Davesprite, thus serving as his own guide from the future.

Before going back in time, Future Dave convinced Future Rose to go to sleep. He suggested her dream self would be unaltered by the timeline shift, and in her dream state she would remember the events from the future. When Dave went back, Rose's future dream self assumed the position of Rose's present dream self. Rose fell asleep, and on Derse's moon, she instantly woke up. She then saw all the genetic scrawlings she did in MEOW letters, and understood their meaning.

Meanwhile on Derse below, the Black Queen again insisted that Jack Noir abide by the dress code. He refused, and the queen threatened him. He picked up Jade's package to John, removed what was inside, and used it to slice her ring finger off. He then killed the Black Queen, put on the ring, and donned the full upgrade supplied by the three prototypings.

He then became Jackspers Noirlecrow, which is a name I just made up now.

And then after that you started watching me type in this ridiculous study I photoshopped for myself with my cool horse painting propped up in the background.

## AH: I didn't read any of that. Do something less boring.

**15/04/10**

> MSPA Reader: Shut the hell up.

## AH: Retrieve arm from background.

**15/04/10**

Huh? Oh.

Cal, please. Not now.

## AH: Why don't you keep drawing Homestuck or something.

**15/04/10**

Oh, but I don't merely *draw* Homestuck...

(Type "==>", I am about to make a joke.)

## Ok. ==>

**15/04/10**

I *CONJURE* THIS INTREPID FANTASYSCAPE WITH TEARS BLED FROM THE WISDOM-WEARY EYES OF FIFTY THOUSAND IMAGINARY MAGICIANS. I PULL HEAVY DRAGS FROM THE BRUMES OF INSPIRATION WITH ENCHANTED BELLOWS MARAUDED FROM A GUILD OF CHURLISH MYTHICAL DWARVES. VAST BULBOUS RIDDLESPIDERS PUSH THE SILKEN STRANDS OF PURE WHIMSY THROUGH HIDEOUS ABDOMINAL SPINNERETS AND IT IS THAT WITH WHICH I WEAVE THIS AUDACIOUS COCOON OF

EXQUISITE LIES. AND WHEN IT HATCHES A GREAT MOTH OF TITILLATION WILL AWAKEN AND ROAR AND BEAT ITS WINGS, AND THE POWDER SETTLING DOWN WILL ARREST THE HUMORS OF AN ENORMOUS TERRIBLE OLD BEGGAR, RELAXING THE VULTUROUS LEATHERY VICEGRIP HE'S FIXED AROUND YOUR CAPTIVE MIND.

## AH: This is stupid. Stop being a wiseass and get drawing.

**15/04/10**

```
Ps


psd @ 100% (Layer 6, RGB/8)
% Doc: 856.9K/15.6M

4thwall.psd @ 100% (RGB/8)
100% Doc: 856.9K/12.4M

andrew.psd @ 100% (Group 2, RGB/8)


andrew2.psd @ 100% (Layer 4 copy, RGB/8)


Navigator | Histogram | Info

R G B
8-bit

C M Y K
8-bit

DOC: 1.8M/21.4M

Click and drag to draw freeform. Use Shift, Alt, and Ctrl for additional
options.


Color | Swatches | Styles


Normal
Opacity 100%

Lock
Fill 100%

Homestuck began on ...
Layer 15
Layer 9 copy
Layer 13
Layer 9
Layer 14
Layer 12
Layer 10 copy
Layer 10
Layer 11
Layer 8
Layer 7
Group 4 copy 4
Group 4
Layer 4 copy
```

Alright. It won't be that exciting to watch though.

I'll pull up Photoshop again. Here's the file I was using for the fourth wall.

What do you want me to draw?

## AH: Can you show us what's going on with John again?

**15/04/10**

```
Ps


john_rocket.psd @ 100% (fireflies, RGB/8)
100% Doc 856.9K/76.2M
```

Sure.

How about if I drag the content from one of the John files under the fourth wall layer, so we can make a more graceful transition out of this ludicrous, highly disruptive self-insertion arc?

## AH: That sounds like a good idea.

**15/04/10**

```
Save for Web & Devices

GIF 101.3K
100% dither
Selective palette


[Save]
[Cancel]
[Done]

Preset : Unnamed

GIF

Lossy : 0

Selective

Colors : 128

Pattern

Dither : 100%

✔ Transparency

Matte :

No Transparency

Amount : 100%

Interlaced

Web Snap : 0%
```

```
Color Table | Image Size

12%


Looping Options : Forever


1 of 5
```

Oh! And then you can type something like "Switch wall's view to show us what's going on with John."

Here, I'll prepare the GIF file for that. It'll just take a few seconds.

Go ahead. Say that.

## Switch wall's view to show us what's going on with John.

**15/04/10**

You decide that's entirely enough of that. If this website becomes any more self-aware in a playfully self-deprecating yet weirdly self-aggrandizing manner, you're going to go drown a bag of puppies in a sewer.

## ==>

**15/04/10**

```
Alert : GC
```

## John: Answer GC.

**16/04/10**

pesterlog-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] sent ectoBiologist [EB] the file "LOW4SM4P.FL4" --

EB: what's this?

GC: 1T'S YOUR WORLD M4P

GC: W1TH YOUR S3COND G4T3 L4B3L3D

GC: SO YOU C4N GO TH3R3

EB: oh man, let me drop everything and go there, because i'm in such a huge hurry to take more of your advice!

GC: JOHN PL34S3

GC: G1V3 M3 ON3 OF YOUR HUM4N BR34KS

GC: 1 F33L 4WFUL 4BOUT K1LL1NG YOU

GC: 3V3N THOUGH T3CH1N1C4LLY YOU N3V3R 3V3N D13D SO 1 DONT KNOW WH4T YOUR3 B1TCH1NG 4BOUT >:[

EB: yeah, well, dave said i did, and i believe him!

GC: TH4T 1S B3C4US3 H3 4ND YOU 4R3 B3ST PUP4 P4LS FOUR LYF3

GC: C4NT 1 B3 YOUR P4L TOO JOHN???

EB: i don't know, i thought you were ok for a while, but now you are kind of giving me the creeps!

GC: J3GUS JOHN

EB: what?

GC: 1 4M 1NVOK1NG TH3 N4M3 OF YOUR 34RTH J3GUS

GC: TO 3XPR3SS FRUSTR4T1ON

EB: you mean my earth jesus?

GC: 1 DONT KNOW
GC: DO 1
EB: do you have a troll jegus?
GC: JOHN
GC: W3 H4V3 TH3 B3ST TROLL J3GUS
GC: YOU DONT 3V3N KNOW
EB: wow, really?
EB: or is this a joke?
GC: 1TS 4 JOK3
GC: 1M NOT R34LLY SUR3 WH4T 4 J3GUS 1S >:?
EB: well...
EB: neither do i, i guess.
EB: it's pretty much not anything.
GC: JOHN
GC: W1LL YOU PL34S3 FOLLOW TH3 M4P?????
GC: L3T M3 34RN YOUR TRUST
GC: 1F YOU DONT L1K3 WH4TS ON TH3 OTH3R S1D3 OF TH3 G4T3
GC: YOU C4N JUST TURN 4ROUND!
EB: um...
EB: ok.
EB: i'll take a look.

## John: Open map.

**16/04/10**

```
Google LOWAS

(A) JOHN H3RE 1S YOUR HOUS3. 1
    CROPP3D THIS WORLD M4P FOR
    YOU SO YOU C4N F1ND WH3R3
    TO GO 343S1LY. FLY NORTH!!! >:]
    <- 4LSO H1 TH1S 1S M3

(B) TH1S 1S TH3 S3COND G4T3!
    GO 1N H3R3. 1 PROM1S3 YOU
    WONT D13 TH1S T1M3. UNL3SS
    YOU SCR3W UP 4LL BY
    YOURS3LF. >;]
```

## John: Proceed to the second gate.

**16/04/10**

## John: Enter.

**17/04/10**

```
Gate 2

1% → 2% → 3% → 4% → 5% → 6% → 7% → 8% → 9%
```

You spend the next twenty minutes staring at this image before you realize it's not a Flash file.

==>
**17/04/10**
==>
**17/04/10**
==>
**17/04/10**

```
ROSE: Z
```

## John: Get up.

**17/04/10**

```
ROSE: Z
Alert : Dave
```

Despite the pandemonium of your entrance, Rose is still sound asleep. She must be really tuckered out!

It looks like this little guy is awake and ready for action though. He is adorable. You decide to name him Dr. Meowgon Spengler.

## John: Answer Dave.

**17/04/10**

```
Alert : John
Alert : Davesprite
Alert : Dave
```

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

TG: wow ok
TG: youre a little early
TG: but thats fine i guess
TG: also you suck at rockets
EB: ARGH!
TG: what
EB: she tricked me again.
TG: who
EB: GC.
EB: she told me how to get to the 2nd gate.
EB: so i went through, but it took me to rose's house instead.
EB: another prank!
TG: dude you did go through the second gate
TG: i mean i dont know why you would listen to her again
TG: kind of moronic but thats a whole other issue
TG: she didnt trick you this time
EB: oh...
EB: then, i don't really get this.
TG: what were you expecting
TG: this is how it works

TG: the progression of gates is like this whole round robin thing
TG: cycling through each planet
TG: gate 2 on your planet leads to gate 2 on roses
TG: then you build up to gate 3 above her house which leads somewhere else on her planet
TG: you look for gate 4 somewhere there
TG: which leads to gate 4 above my house
TG: and so on
EB: wow, ok.
TG: ordinarily rose would have already gone through her gate 1
TG: but shes sleeping pretty hard obviously
TG: and ordinarily you wouldnt have gone through gate 2 until her house was built up
TG: so you wouldnt fall to your death
TG: but you got your cheat rocket so thats fine
TG: see we all got to coordinate on this thing
EB: ok...
EB: how do you know all this?
TG: fuck
TG: come on dude
EB: oh yeah...
EB: you're the orange dave.
EB: hey no offense, but do you think i could talk to the real dave for a second?
TG: god dammit
TG: i am the real dave
TG: you know the one who saved your life
TG: im more real actually cause ive been through some heavy shit already hopping around on red hot gears and i-beams for like a year
TG: and grinding shit out for your ungrateful ass
TG: here look check out this code from the future not that you deserve it WIin189Q
TG: youre fucking welcome
EB: wow, calm down!
EB: i'm sorry, that's not really what i meant...
EB: i mean, of course you're a real dave, but what i mean is...
EB: the dave from my time is also my friend, and i guess he's in the same boat i'm in, not knowing stuff and all.
EB: and i'd feel bad keeping him out of the loop!

-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

TG: yo
EB: oh, hey.
EB: i think i pissed off your future self.
TG: what did you do
EB: i said he wasn't the real dave.
TG: ahahahahaha
EB: i think i might have really hurt his feelings though!
TG: pff

TG: dont worry about it
EB: why not?
TG: cause i wouldnt give a shit
TG: and hes me
EB: ok.
EB: i'm in rose's room by the way.
TG: what
TG: really
EB: yeah, but she's asleep!
TG: ok
TG: dont go anywhere
TG: im coming down to the computer
EB: ok.

TG: dave is here he wants to use the computer
TG: probably to help you scope out roses room and snoop and stuff
TG: i mean thats what i would have done
TG: if you were alive
TG: so im gonna go
TG: use these flappy ghost wings and tear shit up in space or something
EB: sure!
EB: hey dave...
TG: what
EB: in case i forgot to say so before...
EB: thanks for saving my life!
TG: yeah

-- turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

## John: Snoop.

**17/04/10**

```
ROSE: Z
```

pesterlogTG: ok i dont know what youre doing here
TG: but i think we can both agree that youve got to rummage through as much of her shit as possible before she wakes up
EB: man, i don't know how i feel about that!
EB: i don't really like the idea of capering around her room while she's asleep, it feels weird.
EB: i'm going to wake her up.
TG: dude no come on
TG: shes out like a light anyway
TG: it was some like weird future thing that happened that made her sleep
EB: a future thing?
TG: yeah
TG: shit doesnt get more clear than that
EB: well, yeah, she won't wake up.

EB: so i guess so.
EB: but i'm not snooping!!!
TG: fine dont
TG: but here just do this one thing
TG: see those two notebooks on the floor behind you
EB: yeah.
EB: they look sorta like journals.
EB: i don't think i should read those!
TG: you dont have to read them im not telling you to
TG: what kind of prying tool do you take me for
TG: just pick them up
TG: you know like tidy up a bit since you made a royal fucking dump of her room just now
EB: uh, ok.

## John: Pick up books.

**17/04/10**

```
72KH?CNq
```

pesterlogTG: now i need you to do something else
TG: this is important
TG: like for important game reasons and stuff
TG: take the card the books are on
TG: flip it over
EB: umm...
TG: so you can see the code
EB: wait a minute!
EB: i see what you're trying to do.
EB: i won't tell you the code for rose's books!
TG: dude you dont have to tell me the code
TG: just flip it over and let me know if theres a code there thats all
EB: ok...
EB: i guess.
EB: yeah there's a code.
TG: alright cool
TG: you can ditch the books now if you want
TG: maybe put them back on the floor
TG: so rose doesnt think you were snooping
TG: seriously youve got some grubby fingers bro why dont you mind your own business there
TG: what is even with you
EB: HAHA DAVE,
EB: I THINK ALL THIS LAUGHING MADE ME POOP IN MY PANTS TOO HARD.
TG: isnt that your birthday package there
EB: oh, yeah, i think it might be.
TG: maybe you should look at it
TG: i dont think it counts as snooping since its technically yours
EB: yeah, maybe.

EB: i wonder if she finished...
EB: she was so tight lipped about the damn thing! i am really curious.

## Dave: Zoom in.

**17/04/10**

```
72KH?CNq


...Biologist ::

...birthday package there
...nk it might be.
...ould look at it
...counts as snooping
...y yours
...
...e finished...
...ht lipped about the
...really curious.
```

==>

**18/04/10**

==>

**18/04/10**

==>

**18/04/10**

==>

**18/04/10**

==>

**18/04/10**

```
YARN BONK
```

==>

**18/04/10**

```
DAVE: Z
```

==>

**18/04/10**

==>

**18/04/10**

==>

**18/04/10**

## John: Check Rose's bookshelf.

**18/04/10**

```
Alert : Dave
```

You eye your birthday package again curiously. It's awfully tempting to peek inside, but you feel guilty about it for some reason, even though it's yours anyway.

You suppose a perusal of her bookshelf would be harmless enough. Just a bunch of books. The knowledge within is meant for everybody.

Dave pesters you with the message, "TG: afdsjjjjjjjjvffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffff" which you decide not to bother dignifying with a whole pesterlog ordeal because it's probably just him being a truculent jackass again so screw him.

## John: Look at a book.

**18/04/10**

```
The #1 New York Times Bestseller

This Ocean Charles

"The big man[...] has the answers."

CHARLES BARKLEY
```

You find a book full of beautiful poetry and groundbreaking philosophical thinking by American Sports Legend, Charles Barkley.

These are words to cherish.

This is a man to treasure.

## John: Take book.

**19/04/10**

You captchalogue Rose's autographed copy of THIS OCEAN CHARLES. Jewels of wisdom like this don't just fall into your lap every day, and shouldn't be parted with lightly.

You doubt she'll mind if you borrow her book. She's always trying to get you to read her weird books anyway.

## John: Oh, just open the package already.

**19/04/10**

You can't take it anymore. You're going to see what's inside.

## ==>

**19/04/10**

## John,

**19/04/10**

```
John,

I never got to thank you properly for your gift. Yes, the words were there.
Language comprising the familiar veneer of gratitude rubbing off with each
tired favor traded for.
```

John,

I never got to thank you properly for your gift. Yes, the words were there. Language comprising the familiar veneer of gratitude rubbing off with each tired favor traded for. A God bless to a sneeze or a few pennies cradled in a receipt. Perhaps it's the deplorable romantic in me, but I thought your present, and your friendship, demanded reciprocation surpassing by some degree the utterly

meaningless.

The proper thanks I thought would be a demonstration that your offering was not in vain. Yes, maybe some would take your suggested alternative to my gloomy preoccupations as a passive-aggressive jab. But I know you didn't mean it that way. In fact, I'm sure reading about it now is the first time the notion has occurred to you. John, please stop rolling your eyes. The letter is down here.

The gift in this box is a resurrection. I used your present to thread life anew into a tattered heirloom. As long as I can remember, its black, greasy appendages have been tethered limply to its ratty, porous carriage. Too delicate to wash, too dear to discard. I used to love this rabbit. Now he's yours.

I trust you'll find this to be adequately sentimental. Happy birthday.

Rose

## John: Put the bunny back in the box.

**20/04/10**

```
Chaos Dunk
```

This gift from Rose is so cool. Two sweet bunnies on one birthday?? What are the odds. In a fit of enthusiasm you SHUT UP AND JAM the bunny back in the box, executing a textbook CHAOS DUNK.

Millions would have perished, if everything in the ocean weren't dead already, that is.

## John: Take box.

**20/04/10**

You gently CHAOS DUNK the fragile bunny back in the box and captchalogue it. It is such a nice present. You will have to write Rose a thank you note and tuck it under her hair band or something. Wait no, that would probably be creepy.

This bunny reminds you that you still have a salamander in your sylladex. She is holding the bunny Dave got you. It's sort of uncanny how similar they are, aside from the knitted enhancements. Seriously, what are the odds?? So weird.

## John: Deploy beloved daughter.

**20/04/10**

```
ROSE: Z
Alert : ☹
```

You release dear, precious Casey. She was probably getting antsy in that card. You think you'll leave her here with Rose. A dangerous quest is nothing to embark on with a sweet, innocent little girl stashed in your inventory.

You aren't actually sure if she is a girl though. You don't even know if salamanders can be girls. Aren't they hermaphrodites or something?

You don't know anything about biology. Unless it is biology that has to do with ghosts and slime.

But even then you don't actually know anything, you just sort of like to pretend you do.

Looks like a troll is bugging Rose.

## John: Answer troll.

**20/04/10**

pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

GA: Im Supposed To Antagonize A Few Members Of Your Trivial Species
GA: I Have To Start Somewhere
GA: And Somewhen
GA: So I Am Starting With You
GA: And Now
GA: Its Going To Be Pointless And Unpleasant
GA: Mostly For Me
GA: Actually You Know What
GA: Im Not Really Feeling This At All
GA: Goodbye
TT: she's not here right now, she's asleep!
TT: but ok, see you.
GA: Is This
GA: Your Human Sarcasm That Ive Heard About
GA: That You Always Use
GA: And That Is Basically A Terrible Way To Communicate
TT: umm... no?
GA: I Thought That Was The Thing You Did
GA: The Rose Human Specifically
TT: oh, yeah.
TT: that's me! i am the rose human. look at me, i am so smart with all these snooty words and complicated things to say.
TT: i am the queen of books.
GA: Okay These Are Definitely Insincere Statements
GA: Why Do You Work So Hard At Being So Awful
TT: fffuuhhhhhhhh
TT: i'm so burned, these burns are crazy.
TT: can we just cut to the chase and be friends already??
TT: these cat and mouse games are so dumb, you know we're just going to all be friends at some point anyway.
GA: Have We Spoken Before
TT: i don't know, uh, maybe???
TT: it's hard to keep track with all your time nonsense.
GA: Now That I Think About It It Is Pretty Conceivable That I Will Talk To You Again In The Past After This Conversation
TT: that's because you guys always do things the hard way.
TT: and the dumb way.
GA: I Should Figure Out How The Viewport Feature Of This Application Works

GA: So I Can See What Such A Primitive Creature Looks Like
TT: haha, well i know what you guys look like.
TT: you look kind of like...
TT: howie mandel from little monsters.
TT: even though, to be perfectly frank, he was kind of a big monster.
TT: because he was a big goofy adult.
TT: and fred savage was like his child prankster sidekick.
GA: Is This An Adversary You Have Encountered On Your Quest
TT: no, it's a movie.
TT: you should ask john about it, because he thinks it's awesome, which it is.
GA: It Seems You Put Stock In Johns Assessment Of Things
GA: Even Really Uninteresting Things That Are Pretty Terrible To Listen To
GA: He Is Either The Leader Of Your Party Or You Hold Whatever The Human Equivalent Of Mating Fondness For Him Is
TT: yeah, i got him this really cool bunny for his birthday, and it's really nicely knitted and everything.
TT: because i am basically in love with him, you are right.
GA: Uh Okay
TT: heh, just kidding. i'm sure john knows it's cause i am really thoughtful and i bet he really appreciates the present, and would say thank you if he were here!
GA: Okay Human Courtship Is Definitely A Strange Thing And Its Sort Of Blowing My Mind Listening To This
GA: I Think Ill Talk To Someone Else Now
TT: why don't you talk to john?
GA: Maybe
GA: When Along His Timeline Would You Recommend Communicating With Him
TT: oh man, i don't know.
TT: why don't you pick the time that will make the most complicated mess out of everything imaginable?
TT: you know that's what you're gonna do anyway.
GA: Considering That Youre Obviously Not That Smart
GA: And Basically Understand Whipping Bugwinged Fuckall About Even The Most Elementary Temporal Mechanics
GA: I Am A Bit Perplexed As To Why I Find Myself So Vehemently Fondling The Short End Of The Antagonism Stick Here
GA: Kind Of Irritating
GA: Im Going To Talk To Your Comrades
GA: This John Human
GA: And Figure Out Whats Going On
TT: ok.
TT: if you talk to him in the past...
TT: he'll understand even less buggywhipped fuckall about time, and he'll be confused.
TT: so maybe paste something from this conversation to him? i don't know.
TT: and if you talk to him in the future...
TT: he'll probably know all this stuff, like things you've said to him but haven't said yet!
TT: and then you'll be confused.

TT: sorry, that's just how this works.
TT: don't say i didn't warn you!
GA: Consider Me Fully Briefed On The Matter.
GA: Until Next Time Rose
GA: Next Time In The Past
TT: yeah, bye!
TT: (heheheh

TA: iif you move two a new town you have two go up two your neiighbor2 door and warn them about how 2tupiid you are.
TA: and giive them a chance two hiide all theiir iinnocent technology.
TA: and vandaliize your hou2e.

==>
**21/04/10**
==>
**21/04/10**

```
F1
```

==>
**21/04/10**

```
F1 BONK
```

==>
**21/04/10**

```
HASSLE HASSLE
```

## [S] Rose and Dave: Shut up and jam.
**21/04/10**

```
JAM!
```

Dave shows you some of his sweet gear. Wow he is so cool.

==>
**22/04/10**
==>
**22/04/10**
## Rose: First, be the pony. Second, follow Mom.
**22/04/10**
You are now the pony.

You stand outside some ruins which your beloved master's mother entered recently. Outside you find a striking scarcity of oats or greenery or anything at all that is delicious to chew on. This is as compelling a reason as any to follow her inside.
## Maplehoof: Enter.
**22/04/10**
You go in the ruins. Your clopping hooves echo throughout the cavernous and foreboding environment. But you are too stupid to be nervous.

Your powerful snout detects the scent of Rose's MOM. She went this way.
## Maplehoof: Follow scent.
**22/04/10**
Good grief, look at all this grist. A large and terrible monster must surely have been slain here.

## Maplehoof: Collect grist.

**22/04/10**

```
Cache Limit : 8000

⬡ 8000
⬡ 1200
□  8000
▲ 0
⬡ 0
▲ 8000
⬡ 8000
□  8000
▲ 1200
⬡ 8000
○ 1200
□  8000
:. 1
⬡ 200
○ 8000
▽ 8000
▽ 1

grist gutter

⬡ 123,860 → ,310 → 122,940 → ,670 → ,220 → 121,890 → ,550 → ,160
```

You pick up all the grist, and store it in Rose's GRIST CACHE.

This is entirely too much grist of too many exotic types for such a low level player. But you'll take it. You don't look a gift horse in the pink heart tattoo.

The grist overflow is gathered by the GRIST GUTTER utility supplied by GRIST TORRENT. It is stored and gradually redirected to other players.

## Maplehoof: Proceed.

**22/04/10**

Rose's MOM stands on a small platform and disappears.

You are a little nervous about transportalizing yourself. As a quadruped, grisly bisection strikes you as a very real possibility. Even though you're too dumb to think of such things.

==>

**22/04/10**

## John: First, be the hat. Second, find dad.

**22/04/10**

Rose stops being the pony just in time for John to start being the hat.

==>

**22/04/10**

THE BREEZE carries you to where you need to go.

==>

**22/04/10**

You settle in front of a man in sore need of a fresh hat.

He gathers the clean hat, along with a shoe he found through similarly serendipitous means to replace one he lost.

==>

**22/04/10**

==>

**22/04/10**

```
Colonel
```

==>

**22/04/10**

==>

**22/04/10**

==>

**22/04/10**

## John: Visit Rose's alchemiter.

**23/04/10**

You decide to try out the code Davesprite gave you.

## John: Make item.

**23/04/10**

```
FEAR NO ANVIL
⬡ 500,000  ⬡ 500,000  ⬡ 500,000  ⬡ 500,000  ⬡ 1
```

The thing is huge, and costs a fortune. Half a million pieces of BUILD GRIST, GARNETS, DIAMONDS, and GOLD, and a single piece of QUARTZ.

There's no way you can make that, let alone wield it, even with your ghost gloves.

## John: Shrink it down.

**23/04/10**

```
FEAR NO ANVIL

⬡ 5,000  ⬡ 5,000  ⬡ 5,000  ⬡ 5,000  ⬡ 1
```

You use the alchemiter's scaling upgrade to reduce it to a more manageable and affordable size.

You make a weapon called FEAR NO ANVIL.

## John: Pester Davesprite.

**23/04/10**

pesterlog-- ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] --

EB: so what is this?
EB: the thing the code made...
TG: really powerful hammer
EB: how do you know?
EB: i thought you couldn't use hammers.
TG: i cant
TG: better be though

TG: got it from hephaestus
EB: who's that?
TG: really tough to kill dude
EB: you killed him for it?
TG: nope
EB: how'd you get it then?
TG: shenanigans
EB: ok.

## Rose: Check out Dave's computer.

**23/04/10**

```
[PESTERCHUM]

[HEPHAESTUS]
```

It seems you have a visitor.

==>

**23/04/10**

==>

**23/04/10**

```
ROSE: Z
```

## TA: Fix GA's computer.

**23/04/10**

There's nothing to fix. Just got to open the viewport. It's easy.

==>

**23/04/10**

```
TROLLIAN

Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines


Chump Roll

o ectoBiologist
o ghostyTrickster
o tentacleTherapist
o turntechGodhead
o gardenGnostic


trolling : tentacleTherapist
```

==>

**23/04/10**

```
TROLLIAN

Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines
```

```
Chump Roll

o ectoBiologist
o ghostyTrickster
o tentacleTherapist
o turntechGodhead
o gardenGnostic


trolling : tentacleTherapist


viewing : tentacleTherapist


TT: and then you'll be confused.
TT: sorry, that's just how this works.
TT: don't say i didn't warn you!
GA: Consider Me Fully Briefed On The Matter.
GA: Until Next Time Rose
GA: Next Time In The Past
TT: yeah, bye!
TT: (heheheh
```

==>
**24/04/10**
Why, Doctor Meowgon... do you want to come along for the ride? It sure looks that way.

Ok, hop aboard then. Adventure awaits.

**John: Blast off.**
**24/04/10**
==>
**24/04/10**
==>
**24/04/10**
Where is he off to now?

At least you have this little fellow here to keep you company.

You will name him Viceroy Bubbles Von Salamancer.

**Dave: Be the puppet.**
**25/04/10**
You have no idea what the hell that means.

But yeah, you can kiss that obnoxious puppet goodbye. Maybe now you can get a decent night's sleep.

==>
**25/04/10**
==>
**25/04/10**
==>
**25/04/10**
Ok, this is the most ridiculous thing you have ever seen. What is taking place here is almost certainly illegal.

You're not sure which laws are being broken, but it is probably a lot.

**AR?: Follow.**
**25/04/10**
**John: Explore.**
**25/04/10**
==>
**25/04/10**
You spy a boat on the shore of one of the islands below. You wonder who could be out here rowing in the middle of the ocean.

**John: Investigate.**
**25/04/10**
Hoofprints in the sand. The mystery deepens.

## John: Enter.

**25/04/10**

```
CAULK LICH
```

There are many frightening and powerful monsters in here.

## John: Aggress.

**25/04/10**

```
CRAZY DAMAGE BONK
```

You stun them with the cool time powers of your awesome new hammer, and then dispatch them swiftly.

## John: Collect spoils.

**25/04/10**

The good Doctor Spengler helps you gather the riches.

## John: Proceed.

**25/04/10**

There's a platform over here. You guess you'll go stand on it oh wow it just made you disappear.

## ==>

**26/04/10**

## ==>

**26/04/10**

## ==>

**26/04/10**

## John: Explore lab.

**26/04/10**

Now what in the hell is going on in here.

## John: Explore lab further.

**26/04/10**

Now what in the hell is going on in here.

## John: Who cares, just ride the pony already.

**26/04/10**

YES. FUCK YES. HELL FUCKING YES.

## ==>

**26/04/10**

But seriously what in the hell is going on in here.

## John: But seriously, keep exploring.

**27/04/10**

You find a sweet getup. It's almost as if it was tailor made for you. How weird would that be???

## John: Put it on.

**27/04/10**

You equip the JUNIOR ECTOBIOLOGIST'S LAB SUIT.

## John: Examine nearby station.

**27/04/10**

NOW WHAT IN THE HELL IS GOING ON IN HERE???

Of course it's obvious what's going on in here. It's another one of those four monitored house-shaped terminal thingies.

## AR?: Resist urge to ride bro's rocket board.

**27/04/10**

You fail to resist the urge.

You start thrashing up stunts something uncannybrutal on your quest for "MAD JUSTICE YO" and get this way rude municipality under control. Shit is basically flying off the hook. It's like shit wants nothing to do with that hook. The hook filed for divorce from that shit and is now seeking custody of the hook and the shit's two kids.

## AR?: Pop a fucking wheelie.

**27/04/10**

These hops are unreal. Shit this flagrant should be illegal. It probably is.

But you don't care.

## ==>

**28/04/10**

## PM?: Prepare to depart for battlefield.

**28/04/10**

You have traveled to Prospit's moon to board a shuttle headed for the BATTLEFIELD. There you will seek the counsel of the WHITE KING.

## ==>

**28/04/10**

## ==>

**28/04/10**

## ==>

**28/04/10**

## ==>

**28/04/10**

You have unwittingly been tailed by a nefarious COURTYARD DROLL from Derse.

## CD?: Pick PM?'s pocket.

**28/04/10**

```
PM: !
```

## ==>

**28/04/10**

```
PM: ?
```

You pilfer the WHITE QUEEN'S RING.

## PM?: Depart.

**28/04/10**

None the wiser, you board the shuttle. Next stop, Skaia.

==>

**28/04/10**

```
Alert : ♦
```

You receive an incoming message from the DRACONIAN DIGNITARY. You tell him you've got the ring. He says good, bring it to him while he waits for an update from the HEGEMONIC BRUTE who's been tracing the king's movements down on the battlefield.

He asks if you're still wearing that ridiculous outfit. He says you don't have to anymore, by orders of the SOVEREIGN SLAYER.

You say...

You say you'd still rather wear the outfit.

He's got nothing to say about that.

==>

**29/04/10**

==>

**29/04/10**

```
CLOBBER
```

==>

**29/04/10**

```
ADDITIONAL PUMMELING
```

==>

**29/04/10**

```
DEAD GRANDPA SMACKDOWN
```

==>

**29/04/10**

```
SWEET
```

==>

**29/04/10**

```
CATCH
```

==>

**29/04/10**

==>

**29/04/10**

It's too late. She's gone. You'll have to remember to deliver it later, somehow.

==>

**29/04/10**

The best way to remind yourself that you're carrying a ring is to put it on your finger.

==>

**29/04/10**

==>

**29/04/10**

Of course that was just an imaginary transformation, since the ring doesn't work like that on humans. It was fun to pretend though.

## Meanwhile, in a Timeless Expanse...

**04/05/10**

Somewhere, a WARWEARY VILLEIN rues eternal struggle between feuding royalty.

The BATTLEFIELD holds little promise for the peaceful life of a simple farmer.

## [S] WV?: Rise up.

**04/05/10**

## Rose: Alchemize a whole bunch of cool stuff.

**06/05/10**

shit. lets be santa

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF


shit.
lets be
santa

great

boots


fuck


come ON


 *sign* ...


fuck.

who would even
make these.......

conksuck boots
anyway

imigrants??..


BIMP


and the night
before christmas........

and all through
then house
```

```
not a creature
```

## Rose: Combine hub and laptop.

**06/05/10**

```
HUBTOP
⬡ 30  □  100  ▲ 70
```

You make the HUBTOP.

That one was pretty obvious.

## Rose: Combine bronzed vacuum and umbrella.

**06/05/10**

```
BRONZED VACUUMBRELLA
⬡ 150  ○ 40  ⬡ 70
```

You make the BRONZED VACUUMBRELLA.

Useless.

But you're still getting warmed up.

## Rose: Combine salamander and eldritch plush.

**06/05/10**

```
HUGGABLE SOFT SALAMANDER PLUSH
⬡ 10
```

You make a HUGGABLE SOFT SALAMANCER PLUSH.

You award it to the Viceroy on account of good behavior.

## Rose: Combine ink bottle and Gushers.

**06/05/10**

```
BODACIOUS BLACK LIQUID SORROW GUSHERS
▲ 1000

Betty Crocker

FRUIT GUSHERS
NEW

BODACIOUS BLACK LIQUID SORROW
```

You make a box of BODACIOUS BLACK LIQUID SORROW GUSHERS.

Another Crocker nightmare rears its ugly head. The ink reverses the healing properties of the blue phlegm. These are pure poison.

## Rose: Combine hubtop and hair band.

**06/05/10**

```
HUBTOPBAND
□  500  ▽ 200
```

You make the HUBTOPBAND, a convenient hands-free computing device.

## Rose: Combine magnetic W and bottle of vodka.

**06/05/10**

```
MAGNETIC WODKA
⬡ 20  ▽ 10  ○ 50
```

You make a bottle of MAGNETIC WODKA. In addition to having high alcohol content, the liquid inside appears to have magnetic properties.

You...

You GUESS this could be useful?

## Rose: Combine wizard statue and ball of yarn.

**06/05/10**

```
SILKEN WIZARDBEARD YARN (WITH MAGICAL PROPERTIES)
⬡ 100  ⬡ 200  ⬡ 250
```

You make a ball of SILKEN WIZARDBEARD YARN (WITH MAGICAL PROPERTIES).

It has magical properties because it is made of a wizard.

Maybe you can make something with magical properties that is more useful than this.

## Rose: Combine wizard statue and knitting needles.

**06/05/10**

```
NEEDLEWANDS
▽ 1000  □  2000  ⬡ 3000  ⬡ 500
```

You make a pair of NEEDLEWANDS.

They crackle with the majyyk enyrjjies.

It is time to make something cool to wear.

## Rose: Combine knittings and velvet pillow and squiddle shirt

**06/05/10**

```
VELVET SQUIDDLEKNIT DRESS
⬡ 2100  □  700  ▲ 1
```

You make a stylish VELVET SQUIDDLEKNIT DRESS.

## Rose: Combine needlewands and grimoire.

**06/05/10**

```
THORNS OF OGLOGOTH
○ 6000  □  5000  ⬡ 4000  □  3000  ▲ 666
```

You make the THORNS OF OGLOGOTH.

The needles seem to shiver with the dark desires of THE DEEP ONE. Any sane adventurer would cast these instruments of the occult into the FURTHEST RING and forget they ever existed.

==>

**06/05/10**

==>

**06/05/10**

## Rose: Aggrieve encroaching malefactors.

**06/05/10**

==>

**06/05/10**

WELCOME TO THE PARTY MOTHERFUCKERS

## Jade: Build.

**11/05/10**

You take advantage of Dave's nap to make some architectural headway on his building.

==>

**11/05/10**

You are really proud of your floorplan. It is

so

cool

==>

**11/05/10**

Speaking of naps, you have been asleep for some time yourself. You suppose you'd better wake up soon.

But then, your neighbor in the other tower is supposed to be waking up soon too, and it sure would be a shame if you weren't around to greet him!

## Dave: Wake up and jam.

**12/05/10**

And by jam you mean alchemize of course.

Whoa your house is huge suddenly.

Anyway let's get this party started.

## Dave: Combine sunglasses and iPhone.

**12/05/10**

```
iSHADES
⬡ 50  ▲ 5
```

You make a pair of iSHADES.

This one was really obvious cause future Dave had a pair, but he took them with him when he prototyped himself. But now you have a pair too so that's cool.

## Dave: Combine timetables and computer.

**12/05/10**

```
TURNTOP
```

```
⬡ 600   ⬡ 1200   ○ 900   □  300   ▽ 1
```

You make the TURNTOP.

Convenient computing on the go. Sort of like you have with your iSHADES, but with all your important files and apps on there. Not to mention Sburb.

Plus MAYBE it has some weird time powers??? You have no idea. You'll mess with it later.

## Dave: Combine puppet tux + smuppet.

**12/05/10**

```
RED PLUSH PUPPET TUX
⬡ 30   □  60   ⬡ 3
```

You upgrade the PUPPET TUX future Dave made. He probably made it by combining one of your BRO'S badass marionette suits with your shirt, and scaling it up to fit. That's how you would have made it anyway.

You add a SMUPPET to the mix to make a softer and more stylish RED PLUSH PUPPET TUX. It is like walking around in snugly pajamas.

*ACTION PAJAMAS.*

## Dave: Combine broken Caledscratch and ruby contraband.

**12/05/10**

```
?????
⬡ 50,000   ⬡ 200,000   ▽ 10,000   ? 1,000,000
```

You combine a couple more items you got from future Dave's loot stash. The broken form of CALEDSCRATCH, and some RUBY CONTRABAND, whatever the hell that is.

The resulting item costs a fortune. You have no idea what it is.

## Dave: Preview item with holopad.

**12/05/10**

```
BROKEN SCARLET RIBBITAR
⬡ 50,000   ⬡ 200,000   ▽ 10,000   ? 1,000,000
```

You momentarily reconfigure your alchemiter upgrades to make use of the HOLOPAD EXTENSION. You pop the card in the slot and check it out.

The combination would produce the BROKEN SCARLET RIBBITAR.

## Dave: Combine whole Caledscratch and ruby contraband.

**12/05/10**

```
SCARLET RIBBITAR
⬡ 100,000   ⬡ 400,000   ▽ 20,000   ? 2,000,000
```

Out of curiosity you try it again with a whole sword.

You dial back CALEDSCRATCH'S little turntable, rewinding the sword to a point in its history

before it was broken. You then combine it with the red frog thingy to show the complete SCARLET RIBBITAR.

But there's no way you can afford to make that yet. It costs even more now.

Maybe you'll stick to combining items around your house for now, rather than stuff from your future sylladex. It'll be less confusing that way, and probably less expensive.

## Dave: Combine shitty sword and Hella Jeff drawing.

**12/05/10**

```
SORD.....
⬡ 0
```

You use one of your BRO'S really shitty swords from the fridge and a printout of Hella Jeff to make a SORD.....

This thing is so unspeakably shitty you are having a hard time even holding it.

come ON

## Dave: Combine Snoop Dogg photo and mini A/C and Caledscratch

**12/05/10**

```
SNOOP DOGG SNOW CONE MACHETE
⬡ 1,000  ⬡ 2,500  □  10,000  ⬡ 10,000  ▽ 1,000
```

You make the SNOOP DOGG SNOW CONE MACHETE.

When foes drop it like it's hot just turn up the blizzizzle nozzle so they chizzlax fo' rizzle.

## Dave: Combine skateboard and Hella Jeff drawing.

**13/05/10**

```
UNREAL AIR
⬡ 0
```

You make UNREAL AIR.

## ==>

**13/05/10**

And there it goes.

It is RIDICULOUS what kind of air this thing is getting. Dude come get the ruler check this out.

Yeah, it's not coming back.

## Dave: Make another one.

**13/05/10**

You just make another one.

You quickly stash it in a card so it can't escape from above.

## Dave: Combine Gamebro Magazine and timetables.

**13/05/10**

```
VINTAGE GAMEBRO
⬡ 5

GAMEBRO


Exclusive Bro Strategies

The Hottest Secrets: Shh

Challenge Your Thumbs to the MAXIMUM

Outrageous Video Stunts at Your FINGERTIPS

Where are all the Secrets? In Here Bro.
```

You turn back the clock and make a VINTAGE GAMEBRO.

You think you remember this one from your BRO'S stash. It's a classic.

## Dave: Combine batarang + Midnight Crew poster.

**13/05/10**

```
SUITARANGS
⬡ 20  ▲ 4
```

You make a whole pile of SUITARANGS because they are really cool and pretty cheap.

## Dave: Combine plush puppet tux + Midnight Crew poster.

**13/05/10**

```
FOUR ACES SUITED
▲ 50
```

You make FOUR ACES SUITED.

You aren't really sure which one you like better. The red one is softer, while the black one is sort of stiff and starchy. Anyone wearing this suit is all business.

Maybe you'll switch it up as your mood dictates.

## Dave: Combine plush puppet tux + Felt poster.

**13/05/10**

```
FELT DUDS
⬡ 50
```

This would make the FELT DUDS, if you had some of whatever that green grist is.

## Dave: Combine smuppet and Felt poster.

**13/05/10**

```
JUTTING OUT AND IMPUDENT FELT PLUSH
⬡ 15
```

You make a JUTTING OUT AND IMPUDENT FELT PLUSH.

You do an acrobatic fucking pirouette off the handle and into his heart. And he, into yours.

## Dave: Combine dead things in amber && smuppet.

**13/05/10**

```
FOAM MUTANT SMUPPET ENCASED IN AMBER
⬡ 33  ▲ 11
```

You make a FOAM MUTANT SMUPPET ENCASED IN AMBER.

Now we're getting somewhere.

## Dave: Combine dead things in amber || smuppet.

**13/05/10**

```
AMBER MUTANT SMUPPET ABOMINATION
⬡ 11  ▲ 33
```

For the sake of science, you ||-combine them instead of &&-combine.

You make an AMBER MUTANT SMUPPET ABOMINATION.

So cool. Now this is how you make shit work. Egbert and Lalonde should be taking notes.

## Dave: Combine fetus in a jar and Mr. T puppet.

**13/05/10**

```
FOAM METAL MR. T IN A JAR
⬡ 25  □  1
```

You make the FOAM FETAL MR. T IN A JAR.

Another backbreaking victory for science.

## ==>

**13/05/10**

You're looking pretty chill with your new freakshow entourage.

The underlings all look kind of put off by it though. You're kind of weirding them out.

## Dave: Combine camera and captchalogue card.

**14/05/10**

```
CAPTCHAROID CAMERA
⬡ 5,000  ○ 500  □  500  □  500  ⬡ 500  ▲ 500
```

You make the CAPTCHAROID CAMERA.

You can use it to snap a ghost image of any object without captchaloguing it. Spits it out on a brand new captchalogue card every time. Could be a useful way to take a large inventory of anything you encounter without cluttering up your sylladex. Also for grabbing codes for stuff you can't ordinarily pick up.

## Dave: Take photo of self.

**14/05/10**

```
SNAP
```

You take one of your patented ironic cool guy self portraits.

Man. So cool.

thats really all there is to say on the matter

## Dave: Combine fetus in a jar and self portrait photo.

**14/05/10**

```
DAVE'S BRAIN IN A JAR
? 1,000,000,000
```

That would apparently make DAVE'S BRAIN IN A JAR. Gross.

It costs a king's ransom though because of course the organ is virtually inimitable.

Doesn't stop you from captcharoiding its hologram though.

## Dave: Captcharoid the hologram of your own brain.

**14/05/10**

Ok, that's probably the weirdest thing you've ever done, but ok.

## Dave: Combine brain and SBaHJ drawing and captcharoid camera

**14/05/10**

```
SBAHJIFIER
xx  -1,000
```

You make the SBAHJIFIER.

Finally, something useful.

It cost you -1000 units of ARTIFACT GRIST.

## Dave: Try it out.

**14/05/10**

```
snap........

whuuurrrrr.........

SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

bro whered you go i was going to shoa you my chops.... ..
ahah dude are those wings?

time to fly up away to the sun you fucknig piece of gargbage

UM. OKAAAAAAAAAAAY?

the only thing thats left to really do is wtahc that ass whole fall
```

Looks like it automatically prints out a SBaHJ comic in some way related to whatever you take a picture of.

This should save you a lot of time. Specifically the five minutes it takes you to draw a comic. You're a busy guy.

**==>**

**14/05/10**

## Dave: Make copies of Rose's journals.

**14/05/10**

Can't forget the most important thing you came up here to make.

Gotta be gettin' your snoop on.

## Dave: Take a look.

**14/05/10**

```
MEOW

Complacency of the Learned
```

One book is titled "MEOW". The other is titled "Complacency of the Learned".

Gee, you wonder what could be in MEOW.

## Dave: Read it.

**14/05/10**

```
MWOEWEOWOEOEOEOWMW
MWMWMWOMMWOEWEOW
MOEWOMOEOEWMOWMWEO
WOEWMEWMMWOMEWEOW
EOEWOMOWEMWMOEWEOE
MWMOMMWEMWOMWEWW
MWMWOEWEOMWMWOWEO
WMEOMEWEMOMWEMWMO
EWMOEWMOEWMWEWOME
...EWMEWEMW...
```

journalogMWOEWEOWOEOEOEOWMWMWMWMWOMMWOEWEOWMOEWOMOEOEW
MOWMWEOWOEW
MEWMMWOMEWEOWEOEWOMOWEMWMOEWEOEMWMOMMWEMWOMWEWWMW
MWOEWEO
MWMWOWEOWMEOMEWEMOMWEMWMOEWMOEWMOEWMWEWOMEWMOEMWO
MEWMEWE
MWMOEOMMMOMOMOMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWMOWEWMEOMWEMMOWWMWW
MWMOEWEO
OOMOMOEEOMWMWEOWEOMWMOWMWEOMWEMWOWMWOEOMWEOMWWWMW
EWEWEWO
WOWEOOMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWMOWOEOEOWMWMWMWMWOMOEWOMOEOEW
MOWMWE
OWWMWMWOEWEOMWMWEWEOWEOEWOMOWEWEWOWOWEOWMOWEWMEOM
WEMMWEW
EWOWOWEOWMOWEWMEOMWEMMMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWWMWMWOEWEOMW

MWOMWEW
EWEWOWOWEOWMOWOEOEOWMWMWMWMWOMMWEWEWEWOWOWEOOMWEW
EWEWOWO
WEOWMOWWEWEWOWOWEOWMOWEWMEOMWEMMWEWEWOWOWEOWMOWEW
MEOMWEM
MMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWWMWMWOEWEOMWMWOMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWMO
WOEOEOWM
WMWMWMWOMWWMWMWOEWEOMWMWOMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWMOWWEWE
WOWOWEOWM
OWEWMEOMWEMMMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWWMWMWOEWEOMWMWOMWEWEWE
WOWOWEO
WMOWOEOEOWMWMWMWMWOMWWMWMWOEWEOMWMWWEWEWOWOWEOWM
OWEWMEOM
WEMMWWMWMWOEWEOMWMWOMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWMOWOEOEOWMWMW
MWMWOMWW
MWMWOEWEOMWMWOMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWMOWMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWW
MWMWOEWE
OMWMWOMWEWEWEWOWOWEOWMOWOEOEOWMWMWMWMWOMWMOWOEOEO
WMWMWMW

==>

**14/05/10**

To no surprise at all, this book is full of more MEOW letters. Looks like Rose is totally nuts. What else is new.

You guess you'll try out the other book. Looks like it's some sort of creative writing project.

## Dave: Read Complacency of the Learned.

**14/05/10**

```
Frigglish bothered his beard, as if
unkinking a hitch in a long silk windsock. A
more pedestrian audience would parse the
exhibit as nervous compulsion. Behavior to
petition contempt among the reasonable. He
was however not surrounded by the reasonable,
but the wise, a distinction in men that would
forever be the difference in history's garland
of treasured follies. As a matter of fact, his
cadre of fellow wizards were all putting
similar moves on their beards as well. The
practice would evince thoughtfulness -
sagacity, even - if they didn't do it all the
time. Standing in line at the bank. Shooing
squirrels from bird feeders. Few occasions
were safe.

Zazzerpan inspected the clue. A single
piece of evidence cradled in his coriaceous
old man palms. It was a human bo...
striking in the tale it to...
that to...
```

journalogFrigglish bothered his beard, as if unkinking a hitch in a long silk windsock. A more pedestrian audience would parse the exhibit as nervous compulsion. Behavior to petition contempt among the reasonable. He was however not surrounded by the reasonable, but the *wise*, a distinction in men that would forever be the difference in history's garland of treasured follies. As a matter of fact, his cadre of fellow wizards were all putting similar moves on their beards as well. The practice would evince thoughtfulness - sagacity, even - if they didn't do it all the time. Standing in line at the bank. Shooing squirrels from bird feeders. Few occasions were safe.

Zazzerpan inspected the clue. A single piece of evidence cradled in his coriaceous old man palms. It was a human bone, not striking in the tale it told alone so much as that told by the thousands like it festooning the marshy soil of the mass grave. The grisly expanse bore the texture of a decadent dessert, like one of Smarny's formidable custard trifles wobbled out on wheels for the holidays, to the dismay of a small nation.

"You're certain of this?" asked Frigglish. Despite what he was doing with his beard, he was, in fact, immersed in meaningful contemplation.

"I am afraid I am becoming more so with each terrible tick groused by that gaudy timepiece slung around your neck." In case it wasn't clear, Frigglish wore a clock Zazzerpan didn't care for. It was magic. "The massacre of Syrs Gnelph was not as written."

"What has you convinced it was the hand of our disciples in this blackness?" Executus chimed in.

"I believe... I..." a fat face stammered, eyes darting with the guilt of a thief in the throes of an unraveling alibi. "I can summon a... more *pressing* line of inquiry..." No, Smarny. Nobody was in the mood for a sticky bundt loaf just now.

Zazzerpan's ears fell insubstantial to any line of inquiry, pastry-oriented or otherwise. His abstruse contour carved a pondering shape in the fog carpeting centuries-dead. His eleven contemporaries too embraced the muted consternation of their great Predicant Scholar. Few wizards kept sharper adumbratives or read them with such lucidity. When Zazzerpan treated men with silence it was seldom unrepaid by the wise and reasonable alike.

It was harrowing to entertain. Zazzerpan the Learned's storied Complacency of Wizards was marked for grander descendence. Disciples hand-picked, vetted by Ockite the Bonafide and tested by Gastrell the Munificent. The twelve sweetest, most studious children a pair of elderly eyes could give their sparkle. Not the ragged guttersnipe so oft-harvested by the common Obscenity, those vituperative little beggars with hearts to corrupt as dropped bananas brown. That these chosen youngsters would turn was not merely unthinkable, but something of a roundhouse to the temporal bones of the Upper Indifference's high chamber of Softskulled Prophets.

His wisdom-savaged brow pruned further with recount of his many lessons to wouldbe successors. Lessons to advance humanity's elucidation and prosperity, an outcome this bleak trail now painfully obviated. There were few puzzles The Learned could not suspend and dissect in the recondite manifold beneath his extremely expensive pointy hat. Daring to pitch his cherished pupils in with the foul melange of history's rogues, the heretofore abstract scourge that built up civilizations with

ungodly magic and tore them down with joyful malice, would prove an intellectual trespass to make his calcium-deficient bones quake.

And more daring yet was the only question that now mattered. Could a bunch of bearded, scraggly old men in preposterous outfits hunt them down? He didn't have an answer. Only a simple observation so blunt and uncharacteristically jejune for the lauded sage it was breathtaking in its selfevidency.

"We're going to need more wands." (Wow. Think of something better.)

==>

**14/05/10**

This wizard story seems really involved and kind of confusing. You'll have to save your place and dig into it later, and then maybe ask Rose what the hell the deal with it is.

## Dave: Go get a bookmark.

**14/05/10**

You return to your room in search of a bookmark.

Oh, hey. Finally a use for that pointless juice stained beta that will never serve any purpose, past or future.

==>

**14/05/10**

You drop it on the john in case you're looking for some reading material later.

## Dave: Check on Rose.

**14/05/10**

## Dave: Pester.

**14/05/10**

pesterlogTG: whoa why are you burning your wizard fanfiction
TT: I'm not.
TT: This book contains a genetic code.
TG: oh ok
TG: then why are you burning that
TT: The gods from the Furthest Ring asked me to.
TG: is that some dumb wizard thing you just made up
TG: or something to do with tentacle monsters
TG: i cant keep track of what you like anymore
TT: How did you know I wrote a story about wizards, anyway?
TG: john told me
TG: he was all snoopin around your room while you were asleep and i was like no man dont
TG: so not cool
TG: then he was like haha dude check it out this book is full of wizard slash
TG: and i was like i dont even want to know this is such a crazy violation of privacy
TT: This story sounds suspicious.
TG: do you want me to chew him out about it i will because that was so outrageous i dont know where he got off being like that
TT: No, I don't actually mind.

TT: Too bad I missed him.
TG: i thought you hated wizards
TG: whats the deal with that
TT: I like wizards.
TT: What I don't like is my mother's obsession with feigning interest in them to antagonize me.
TG: oh man thats so messed up
TG: that you think that
TG: she probably digs wizards for real just like you and youre blowing shit out of proportion like pretty much always
TG: you and she could probably have been chatting up how awesome wizards were this whole time but no
TG: youre probably burning your nutjob meow book to spite her too arent you
TT: No, I told you.
TT: It's one of the gene sequences locked in my subconcious.
TT: The gods say it's critical to destroy it.
TG: oh yeah
TG: i thought that was a joke
TG: when did they say that
TT: When I was asleep.
TG: you mean when we were dancing and stuff in our dreams
TT: Yes.
TT: When I flew to your tower, I heard them.
TT: They're far above, in the dark sky.
TG: ive never seen or heard these things in my dreams
TT: Aren't you often distracted?
TT: By music and puppets?
TG: uh yeah
TT: Have you ever looked into the sky without your shades?
TG: no what a ridiculous question
TT: Maybe you should try it some time.
TG: ....
TT: You're the prince of the moon.
TG: .....
TT: I'm sure they've been meaning to seek a royal audience.
TG: .....
TT: What do all these dots mean.....
TG: dunno
TG: anyway yeah i guess ill do that
TG: get some sky monsters to boss me around sounds cool

## Davesprite: Also pester.

**16/05/10**

pesterlogTG: so really why are you burning that
TT: I just explained this to Other Dave.
TT: Do I have to explain everything to you twice now?
TG: no i know

TG: im using daves spare computer i saw the whole conversation through his pesterchum account
TT: Oh, I see.
TT: So instead of having to double explain, I merely have to put up with being double spied upon.
TT: What a relief!
TG: i just mean
TG: you didnt burn that book in the future
TG: that book was completely pointless
TT: I know.
TT: But now it's not.
TT: You appeared to make it relevant by traveling to the past.
TG: so does that mean the sleeping thing worked
TG: you remember the future
TT: I remember some things.
TG: ok cool
TG: so why is the cat code so terrible now
TT: I don't know.
TT: But the gods were pretty emphatic about it.
TG: well ok i guess its done but why are you so sure theyre right
TT: Have you ever known them to be wrong?
TG: i guess not
TG: but they sort of freak me out
TG: i mean listening to gross space mutants all day isnt my idea of an awesome time
TG: especially the ones that sing oh god
TT: Is that why you always kept the music turned up?
TG: no i flip out to ill jams because they kick ass
TG: obviously
TT: I guess we'll chalk another riddle up in the solved column.
TG: yeah case the fuck closed

TG: are you talking to future me
TT: Yes.
TG: ok im out of the loop again
TG: between you taking orders from dream beasts and bird wing me with like
TG: future secrets
TG: im doing some sort of spectacular fucking jackknife off the loop and getting a wink and a nod from barack obana
TG: im coming upstairs
TT: Ok.

**==>**
**16/05/10**
**==>**
**16/05/10**
## Dave: Chill with Davesprite.
**16/05/10**

spritelogDAVE: so it was pretty funny how i made a copy of roses evil book right before she burned it and now she doesnt know about it
DAVESPRITE: i know its crazy what kind of foresight this guy has
DAVESPRITE: im telling you coincidences like that are unreal they dont even happen
DAVESPRITE: most of the time
DAVE: the best thing about how i did that is how it in no way will ever come back to bite us in the ass ever
DAVESPRITE: dude our shit is SAFE
DAVE: so safe
DAVESPRITE: gonna sleep pretty sound tonight
DAVESPRITE: with that big fucking payload of safety you just got dropped on us
DAVESPRITE: gonna be all huggin my pillow and shit
DAVESPRITE: grinning like a goddamn bear full of honey
DAVE: safer than some flintstone vitamins in a bottle
DAVE: keep twisting junior all you get is clicks
DAVESPRITE: asshole thinks its candy
DAVESPRITE: doesnt even know he just stepped on a security rake and got a face full of fucking safety
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: anyway guess ill go back down and burn that book
DAVESPRITE: alright

## ==>

**16/05/10**

## Dave: Go back in time and stop the thief.

**16/05/10**

It looks like you already tried that.

Whoever took those books was a pretty cold blooded dude.

You figure you'll cool it on the time travel for a while. Don't want to see the Dave corpses start to pile up. Especially if one of them winds up being you.

## Dave: Throw yourself out the window.

**16/05/10**

```
DUMP
```

You ditch the body before Jade sees it. That would probably freak her out.

## John: Press a button on the control panel.

**19/05/10**

You push one of the nearby buttons. It activates the upper right monitor. The view is locked on to a particular location on Earth at a particular date and time.

Whoever was in the lab appears to have recently calibrated this device.

## John: Examine monitor.

**19/05/10**

```
12/01/1995
```

The monitor displays a town on the west coast of the United States. It appears to be your old neighborhood. But there is a factory there you do not recognize. The date is December 1st, 1995, a few months before you were born.

## John: Zoom in.

**19/05/10**

```
Betty Crocker
```

An old woman is escorted by her son on a lovely day. A target has been locked over the gentleman's mother.

## ==>

**19/05/10**

A meteor overhead looms unnoticed.

## ==>

**19/05/10**

```
CROCKER
```

They witness the destruction of the facility. Collateral damage to a corporation owned by a renowned billionaire explorer.

A mystery begins.

## John: Press blue button.

**19/05/10**

## ==>

**19/05/10**

You create a PARADOX GHOST IMPRINT of the woman you recognize to be your grandmother.

## ==>

**19/05/10**

The ghost sludge is sucked into a glass tube.

## John: => SWITCH 4

**19/05/10**

```
12/03/1995
```

You switch to a monitor displaying a view of a remote island in the Pacific, on December 3rd, 1995.

## John: Zoom in.

**19/05/10**

```
Jade
```

A renowned billionaire explorer approaches on his yacht. An old factory lost two days prior, but a new shipmate gained. Together they settle the island and plunder its secrets.

## ==>

**19/05/10**

A meteor overhead streaks unnoticed, headed toward an unseasonably warm city in the central United States.

## John: Press blue button.

**19/05/10**

You create a PARADOX GHOST IMPRINT of the man you spotted in the woods with your book. The ghost sludge is collected.

## John: => SWITCH 3

**19/05/10**

You switch to a view of an unseasonably warm city in the central United States, on December 4th, 1995.

## John: Zoom in.

**19/05/10**

```
12/04/1995
```

An outrageously awesome dude stands before a crater where his favorite record shop stood one day prior.

## ==>

**19/05/10**

He is prepared for the occasion with a small pair of outrageously awesome shades.

A meteor overhead races unnoticed, headed to a lake near a laboratory on the east coast of the United States. No aquatic life would survive.

## John: Press blue button.

**19/05/10**

You create a PARADOX GHOST IMPRINT of the outrageously awesome dude. The sludge is allocated to one of another pair of tubes.

## John: => SWITCH 2

**19/05/10**

```
04/13/1996
```

You switch again to a view of your neighborhood, on April 13th, 1996. It is the day of your birth.

There is more real estate you do not recognize near the recently devastated baked goods facility. It is a shopping mall you have never seen before.

## John: Zoom in.

**19/05/10**

```
Prankster's Gambit!
```

A professional lady and new mother has traveled from the opposite coast at the behest of a famous and wealthy scientist to study one of numerous recent celestial anomalies while he is on expedition.

She notices a meteor overhead, on collision course with a quaint family joke shop. A distinguished gentleman notices the lady and comes outside to greet her, oblivious to the threat above. The gentleman's mother remains inside, busying herself with a tall bookshelf, a ladder, and a rather hefty unabridged joke book.

## ==>

**19/05/10**

```
SASSACRE!
```

An old mother lost today, but a new son gained.

==>

**19/05/10**

```
SNIFF.
```

The gentleman discovers a clue. A powerful nose detects perfume. The lady has fled. The mystery deepens.

==>

**19/05/10**

But the monitor has not lost track of the lady.

## John: Press blue button.

**19/05/10**

```
AGATTCATGA...
```

You create a PARADOX GHOST IMPRINT of the professional lady. The sludge fills the final tube.

Once all the tubes are filled, an automated sequence begins to execute.

==>

**19/05/10**

Four young PARADOX CLONES are created.

## John: There's one more button to push.

**19/05/10**

Ectobiology sure does involve a lot of button pushing. At least it does when you're a junior ectobiologist.

Your loyal assistant Dr. Meowgon is all over this one.

==>

**19/05/10**

```
ATGCGGATCAGA...
```

One pair of tubes empties the sludge into the chamber below.

The other pair does as well.

Another sequence is activated.

==>

**19/05/10**

## John: Scale echeladder.

**20/05/10**

```
ECHELADDER

ECTOBIOLOBABYSITTER
SHARKBAIT SPARKPLUG
SCURRYWART
RUNGJUMPIN' RAGAMUFFIN
RASCALSPRAY
GRITTY MIDGET
UNREAL HEIR
JUNGLEGYM SWASHBUCKLER
```

```
ITS YOU YOU ARE THE STAR.
SCAMPERMASTER
BRITCHES RIPPER
OVERBITE UPSTART
CALLOUSED TENDERFOOT
MR. SNOOZYPRINCE MCSLEEPYPANTS
STOUTRUNT
```

You storm up your ECHELADDER to claim the coveted if difficult to pronounce rung: ECTOBIOLOBABYSITTER.

Your ladder is absolutely hemorrhaging the boondollars. Just what your porkhollow's fat ass needs.

==>

**20/05/10**

```
B$
```

You surpass ONE MILLION BOONDOLLARS and trade them all in for a single whopping BOONBUCK. This is of course going directly into the college fund for these youngsters.

Sure is heavy. Into the hollow it goes.

==>

**20/05/10**

==>

**20/05/10**

## Navigating the veil nearby...

**21/05/10**

An old man has much to do before he returns to Earth, dies, gets stuffed by his adopted-yet-biological daughter-slash-grand-daughter, and stuck in front of a fireplace.

Taking priority at the moment is shipping two passengers long overdue for a reunion.

==>

**21/05/10**

==>

**21/05/10**

==>

**21/05/10**

==>

**21/05/10**

```
fetch modus

wallet
```

==>
**21/05/10**
==>
**21/05/10**
==>
**21/05/10**
## CG: Troll John.
**21/05/10**

```
Alert : CG
```

pesterlogCG: SEE THIS IS A CASE IN POINT.
EB: what point?
CG: THE POINT I WAS JUST MAKING.
CG: ABOUT THE ULTIMATE RIDDLE.
CG: YOU BLITHERING FECULENT SHITHOLE.
CG: OK THAT'S YOUR CUE TO LAUGH AT ME SOME MORE I GUESS.
CG: BECAUSE YOU SEEM TO REALLY GET OFF WHENEVER I FLAME YOU.
CG: HUMANS ARE DERANGED.
EB: oh man, i must be getting closer to the conversations where you're trolling me harder!
EB: this is pretty exciting, i can't wait to see what you've got up your sleeve.
CG: YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN??? FUCK YOU ABOUT THAT.
EB: anyway, you weren't making a point about the ultimate riddle, dude.
CG: YES I WAS, AND NOW I'M LOSING MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT DIPSHIT.
EB: nope, we never talked about it.
EB: yet...
CG: OH HELL, THAT'S RIGHT.
CG: DAMMIT, I GUESS THIS IS GOING TO BE CONFUSING.
EB: oh, you're just starting to figure that out now?
CG: SEE I KIND OF PAINTED MYSELF INTO A CORNER.
CG: I STARTED TROLLING YOU AT THE END, JUST BEFORE THE RIFT.
CG: AND THEN JUMPED BACK A LITTLE.
CG: AND NOW I GUESS I'VE BECOME RAILROADED INTO WORKING BACKWARDS HERE.
CG: UNLESS I WANT TO DO THE SORT OF DUMB SCHIZOPHRENIC HOPPING AROUND LIKE THE OTHERS.
EB: oh my god, i know, you've already told me like a million times!!!
CG: I HAVE?
CG: WOW I CAN'T WAIT FOR ALL THESE AMAZING CONVERSATIONS TO TAKE PLACE.
CG: IT'S GOING TO BE LIKE THAT HUMAN VACATION WITH THE GIANT RED CHIMNEY ASSHOLE UP IN HERE.
CG: YOU KNOW, THE ONE WHERE A BUNCH OF MOANY NOOKSUCKERS SING AT A LITTLE PINE TREE I THINK.
EB: man, i've got to say i'm a little disappointed by this "masterful trolling" you were bragging about.
CG: I WAS BRAGGING?

CG: WHY WOULD I BOTHER WITH THAT SORT OF PEDANTIC HUMAN HORSESHIT.
CG: MAYBE YOU SHOULD CONSIDER THAT I WAS BRAGGING TO GET YOUR HOPES UP IN THE FUTURE.
CG: ONLY TO LET YOU DOWN.
CG: AND THUS TROLL YOU MASTERFULLY IN THAT RESPECT.
EB: maybe, but that would be pretty weak too!!!
CG: YOUR BRITTLE HUMAN CALCIUM BASED SKULL IS WHAT IS WEAK, AND IF YOU AND I WERE IN THE PROXIMITY OF A BLUNT INSTRUMENT I WOULDN'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE PROVING IT.
EB: w/e.
EB: so what was the "case in point" you were making, anyway?
CG: I WAS SCROLLING BACK AND NOTICED YOU WERE IN THE VEIL.
EB: whoa, i am?
CG: YEAH DUMBDUMB, YOU'RE TUMBLING AROUND ON A BIG GODDAMN METEOR.
CG: AND YOU JUST CREATED YOUNGER VERSIONS OF YOURSELVES AND YOUR GUARDIANS.
CG: PROBABLY BY MUCKING AROUND WITH THAT THING LIKE A DOOFUS.
EB: wait...
EB: these are baby versions of us?
CG: HAHAHAHAHAHA, SO CLUELESS.
CG: WHAT DID YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING THERE ANYWAY.
EB: well...
EB: i saw footage of my nanna, and some other people who i am pretty sure were like jade's grandpa and rose's mom and stuff from a long time ago.
EB: and then...
EB: there were all these little guys scurrying around.
EB: so they are like cloned copies of us?
CG: NO.
CG: THEY ARE LITERALLY YOU AND YOUR GUARDIANS.
CG: PARADOX CLONES.
EB: huh?
EB: what do you mean they are literally us?
EB: do they go back in time?
CG: YEAH, OBVIOUSLY. GREAT GUESS BRAIN HERO.
CG: BUT TECHNICALLY THEY AREN'T EVEN SENT BACK IN TIME BECAUSE WITH RESPECT TO THE MEDIUM YOUR UNIVERSE'S TIMELINE IS MEANINGLESS.
CG: SERIOUSLY WHY WOULD IT GIVE A CRAP ABOUT EARTH'S PAST OR FUTURE OR WHATEVER, FROM IT'S PERSPECTIVE IT'S JUST A BUNCH OF POINTS TO CHOOSE FROM.
CG: JUST LIKE YOUR CHRONOLOGY IS FROM OUR PERSPECTIVE.
CG: BUT I GUESS THAT'S A BUNCH OF SEMANTICS. WITH RESPECT TO YOUR PERSONAL CHRONOLOGY YEAH THEY GO BACK IN TIME.
CG: A PARADOX CLONE IS BY DEFINITION A CORRECTLY CLONED DUPLICATE THAT WILL INEVITABLY GO BACK IN TIME AND BECOME THE ORIGINAL TARGET THAT WAS CLONED.
CG: IF IT'S A MALFORMED CLONE, IT'S JUST A MEANINGLESS MUTANT THAT HAS NO

BEARING ON THE STABLE LOOP CONTINUUM.
CG: I DON'T SEE ANY TENTACLES OR EXTRA EYEBALLS OR WARPED BONE BULGES, SO THOSE GROSS LITTLE THINGS THERE ARE ALL YOU GUYS, WAITING TO GO TO EARTH AND GROW UP AND BECOME THE INSIPID BUNCH OF GRUBFISTED DOUCHEBAGS YOU ALL ARE NOW.
CG: AND THIS WAS THE POINT I WAS TRYING TO MAKE ABOUT THE ULTIMATE RIDDLE.
EB: what is the riddle anyway?
EB: maybe i can guess, i am good at riddles!
CG: HAHAHA, THINK AGAIN IGNORAMUS.
CG: IT'S NOT EVEN THAT GREAT.
CG: OR EVEN MUCH OF A RIDDLE AT ALL.
CG: IN THE COURSE OF YOUR ADVENTURE YOU WOULD HAVE ENCOUNTERED ALL THESE FRAGMENTS OF LIKE WEIRD POEMS AND SHIT.
CG: YOU FIND THEM ALONG YOUR QUESTS, WITH CLUES AND STUFF BURIED IN THEM TO HELP YOU SOLVE PUZZLES AND MOVE HUGE STONE COLUMNS AND MAKE STAIRCASES APPEAR AND LOTS OF NONSENSE LIKE THAT.
CG: AND IT'S ALL MASKED IN THIS FLOWERY SORT OF FROTHY POETIC JACKASSERY THAT NOBODY REALLY CARES ABOUT.
CG: AND I SURE AS HELL DON'T CARE ABOUT SPOILING IT FOR YOU.
CG: BUT WHAT ALL THESE LOFTY SYMBOLIC ALLUSIONS BOIL DOWN TO IS SOME GRANDER STATEMENT ABOUT WHAT YOU SEE HAPPENING HERE.
CG: THAT YOU WERE ALWAYS THE KEY TO SEEDING YOUR OWN EXISTENCE THROUGH THIS GAME.
CG: AND ANY HOPE THAT IT COULD HAVE PLAYED OUT DIFFERENTLY OR THAT YOU COULD HAVE AVOIDED THIS WHOLE MESS WAS ALWAYS JUST A RUSE.
EB: a distaction, perhaps?
CG: WHAT?
EB: nevermind.
CG: BECAUSE IF IT DIDN'T GO DOWN THIS WAY THEN HOW WERE YOU EVEN BORN, GET IT.
CG: WHICH IS ESPECIALLY PATHETIC SINCE PARADOX SPACE APPARENTLY WENT TO ALL THIS TROUBLE TO MAKE YOU JUST TO HAVE YOU FAIL AND DIE.
CG: REALLY THERE'S NOTHING MORE TRAGIC THAN THESE NULL SESSIONS FULL OF KIDS ENTERING THE GAME AND FULFILLING SOME COSMIC DESTINY SHIT JUST TO GET WIPED OUT AND LEAVE BEHIND AN EMPTY POINTLESS INCIPISPHERE FOR ALL ETERNITY.
CG: ACTUALLY IT'S SORT OF HILARIOUS.
CG: OR IT WOULD BE IF IT DIDN'T AFFECT ME PERSONALLY.
CG: BUT ANYWAY, THERE'S A LOT MORE TO THE RIDDLE THAN JUST THAT, LIKE WHAT WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT LAST TIME WE TALKED.
CG: BUT THAT'S SORT OF THE GIST OF THE THEMES IT DEALS WITH.
EB: ok.
EB: well, if i run into some salamanders who tell me all about this riddle and get really excited about it, i will try to act surprised.
EB: so this is the same kind of thing you went through?

EB: with, like, being your own paradox clones and creating your own parents and stuff?
CG: YEAH.
EB: how did that even work, with 12 of you?
CG: IT WAS REALLY FUCKING COMPLICATED AND I'M NOT GOING TO GET INTO IT.
CG: OUR FAMILY STRUCTURES ARE ALREADY WAY MORE COMPLICATED THAN YOURS WITHOUT EVEN GETTING SPOOKY TIME SLIME INVOLVED.
CG: BASICALLY WE HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON WHATSOEVER.
CG: EXCEPT MAYBE THIS...
CG: I WAS THE GUY IN YOUR POSITION, TO MAKE ALL THESE CLONES, AND FRANKLY IT ALL KIND OF FREAKED ME THE HELL OUT.
EB: huh...
EB: yeah, i guess now that you mention it, i am finding it all a little strange...
CG: OH, ONLY JUST NOW???
CG: FUCK YOU ARE FAST, I HOPE YOU GOT THE MAD BOONBUCKS TO PAY OFF THOSE SPEEDING TICKETS.
EB: no, no, i mean the ghost stuff and paradoxes are one thing of course...
EB: it's something else.
EB: it's just...
EB: this is really weird...
CG: WHAT'S SO WEIRD ABOUT IT.
EB: well, normally humans hatch...
EB: from like these slimy pods.
EB: then we wriggle out as a little pink larva.
CG: OH REALLY.
CG: HUH, MAYBE WE HAVE MORE IN COMMON THAN I THOUGHT.
EB: (hehehehe

YOU WOULD GET THE SATISFACTION OF KNOWING YOU WERE THE ONE TO COME UP WITH THAT BURN.
CG: SEE, YOU ARE DEALING WITH A PRO, YOU CAN'T OUT TROLL ME SO JUST FORGET ABOUT IT AND STOP TRYING.
EB: (hehehehe

EB: oh, wow.
EB: is that the title of a movie too?
CG: YES, IT'S THE TITLE OF EVERY DUMB MOVIE YOU EVER LIKED.
EB: ha ha, that isn't even true and doesn't make sense!
CG: ANYWAY, HOW COULD WE HAVE MADE A DARE IF I'M MOVING BACKWARDS ON YOUR TIMELINE.
CG: YOU WOULD DARE ME TO DO SOMETHING, THEN I WOULD DO IT NEXT TIME, BUT THEN YOU WOULDN'T EVEN REMEMBER THE DARE.
CG: BECAUSE WE DIDN'T MAKE IT YET.
CG: THAT'S WHAT ISN'T TRUE AND DOESN'T MAKE SENSE YOU DAMP BAG OF PUKE.
EB: well yeah, the dare never happened, i was joking around and made that up to give you hard time.
CG: YOU HAVE SOUNDING STUPID DOWN TO SUCH A SCIENCE.
CG: WHERE IS YOUR LAB COAT AND TEST TUBES DOCTOR BRAIN PROFESSOR?
EB: i am wearing a lab coat!
EB: sort of...
CG: YOU LOOK LIKE AN ELF.
EB: that's bullshit!
CG: YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SHOULD BE BLOWING INTO A FUNNY LITTLE SHELL, AND LIMBERING UP FOR A SILLY COOKIE DANCE.
EB: do you even have elves?
CG: YES, LET'S COMPARE WHICH FANTASY CREATURES THAT DON'T EXIST WE BOTH DO OR DON'T NOT HAVE.
CG: WHAT A GREAT FUCKING IDEA, JOHN!
EB: uh, what?
CG: YOU ASKED ABOUT THE RECKONING, SO WHY DON'T WE TALK ABOUT THAT INSTEAD OF ALL THESE PRETTY MUCH TERRIBLE THINGS.
EB: ok.
CG: YEAH, SO WHEN THE RECKONING STARTS HAPPENING, ALL THESE PARADOX CLONES GET SHIPPED OFF TO METEORS, FLUNG THROUGH SKAIAN DEFENSE PORTALS, AND SENT BACK TO EARTH.
CG: END OF STORY I GUESS.
CG: BYE.
EB: wait!!!
EB: so that means...
EB: we are all sort of like superman?
CG: UH YEAH, I GUESS.
EB: cool!
CG: YOU ALL TRACE THE MYTHOLOGICAL FOOTSTEPS OF YOUR BELOVED HUMAN SUPERMAN WHO'S REALLY JUST A MUSCULAR CAUCASIAN ALIEN.
CG: IT'S HILARIOUS HOW HUMANS WORSHIP HIM AS A PINNACLE OF HUMAN HEROISM AND VIRTUE BUT HE ISN'T EVEN HUMAN.
CG: ACTUALLY IT'S INCREDIBLY PATHETIC.
CG: BUT ALSO IN A WAY KIND OF ADMIRABLE.
CG: BECAUSE IT MEANS DEEP DOWN YOU ALL MUST REALIZE WHO YOUR DADDY IS.

CG: WE ARE, BITCHES.
EB: yeah, superman is pretty cool, i guess.
EB: did you know nicolas cage was almost going to play superman one time?
CG: OH MY THROBBING PHLEGM LOBE, WHO GIVES A BARFING FUCK ABOUT THAT.
CG: JOHN EGBERT, YOU HAVE ASSASSINATED MY PATIENCE.
CG: ADIOS LOSER.
EB: wait!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
EB: get back to me in a couple minutes, ok?
CG: SD;LKFJSD;LKFJSDLFKJ;
CG: FINE.

## ==>

**22/05/10**

```
FACEPALM x2 COMBO!
```

## AR?: Shred.

**23/05/10**

You are ripping up so many hellaceous shreds this fierceshitty biznasty is getting so deliriously rudebrazen it...

Ok you lost the handle on that sentence.

Oh my god, is that what you think it is?

## ==>

**23/05/10**

This thing is so completely illegal.

How could this atrocity be floating out here unnoticed all this time?

You are going to throw whoever is responsible into the slammer.

You always call jail the slammer when you are extra angry at crimes.

## AR?: Go in.

**23/05/10**

There is a large elevator platform ahead.

## AR?: Go down.

**23/05/10**

Below there is a dark cavernous room.

Near the platform is a TIME CAPSULE. It has deployed a SEED, and waits for something to be deposited, and for the clock to be set.

It is all harmless enough. Still no sign of any perpetrators.

## AR?: Search premises.

**23/05/10**

Deeper into the darkness of the room there is some complicated lab equipment. Again, nothing particularly unusual for this jurisdiction.

## AR?: Examine equipment.

**23/05/10**

```
04/21/1910
```

There is a large monitor. Displayed on it is a small human girl in a fancy house. The date is April 21, 1910.

==>

**23/05/10**

Eight days prior, the orphan girl was taken in by an aristocratic southern colonel and legendary humorist. He recovered the young lady from a crater where a bakery once stood, operated by the man's wife, a notable baked goods baroness.

==>

**23/05/10**

There is an explosion in the colonel's back yard.

Land sakes alive, we are cooking with petrol now!

==>

**23/05/10**

The colonel and his new grand daughter investigate.

The impact site is where a dog house stood moments ago. It was the magnificent abode of the man's beloved pet, HALLEY.

He takes a belt from the old julep flask. He'd sooner perish himself than lose that dear animal.

==>

**23/05/10**

```
BANG
```

People would think reports of the man's death were greatly exaggerated.

But they weren't.

==>

**23/05/10**

This is exactly why babies should not be allowed to dual-wield flintlock pistols.

==>

**23/05/10**

An old colonel lost, but a new brother gained.

==>

**23/05/10**

Ah ha! There's HALLEY. The youngsters adore their new guardian. Good dog. Best friend.

The young boy has difficulty pronouncing the name though. Sounds more like "Harley" when he says it.

## AR?: Fast forward.

**23/05/10**

Thirteen years later, the boy develops a taste for adventure. He and his guardian bid farewell. His sister is sad. She will be left all alone with the wicked pastry baroness. She can handle it, he tells her. He believes in her.

==>

**24/05/10**

This all seems pointless to you, and immaterial to the crime that has been committed.

Though you do find it odd that the appearifier target has been fixed over that especially stupid looking animal.

You hear the elevator platform. Someone is coming.

==>

**24/05/10**

It is a high ranking agent from your kingdom.

Could he be the man behind this crime? Could his intent be mutinous?

You know the agent to be far too dangerous to take into custody. You hide behind some equipment and observe.

==>

**24/05/10**

```
MEOW
```

He appears to be holding some notebooks. Also what appears to be a pair of juice-stained envelopes.

==>

**24/05/10**

```
DISCARD.
```

Only one of the books is useful to him. The envelopes are useless. And he couldn't make it through more than a paragraph of the other book. Some weird thing about wizards. He discards them.

The spare notebook lands on the floor. The envelopes land in the SEED.

==>

**24/05/10**

```
0,413,000,000:00:00:00:00:00
```

The TIME CAPSULE stores the seed, and on account of some default setting, is programmed to bloom several hundred million years from now.

The capsule then readies a new seed.

==>

**24/05/10**

The agent approaches another device near the large monitor.

## John: Get trolled by CG in sane and linear manner.

**24/05/10**

```
Alert : CG
```

pesterlogCG: OK, I GOT BACK TO YOU.
CG: ARE YOU HAPPY.
EB: sure, i guess.
CG: YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IT YET.
CG: BUT YOU ARE ABOUT TO START PASSING OUT BUNNIES LIKE THEY'RE CHEAP CIGARS.
CG: IT'S GOING TO BE AN EMBARRASSING DISPLAY.
EB: what are you talking about?
CG: YEAH, EXACTLY, NUMSKULL.
CG: LET'S JUST HAVE OUR CHAT, THEN IT CAN NATURALLY OCCUR TO YOU TO BE AN IDIOT IN THE DUE COURSE OF TIME.
EB: ok...
EB: i was sort of mulling it over while looking at all these babies with guns and sitting on ponies and things...
EB: and how the reckoning takes them back.
EB: and how you said our reckoning starts sooner.
CG: YEAH.
EB: are you sure it has to start so soon? can't we delay it?
CG: HAHAHAHA.
CG: IT STARTS IN A FEW MINUTES STUPID.
CG: SEE THAT COUNTDOWN CLOCK OVER THERE?
CG: YOU AREN'T DELAYING ANYTHING.
EB: oh... dang!
EB: i guess i better get off this meteor then!
CG: WELL I MEAN IT DOESN'T HAPPEN ALL AT ONCE.
CG: FIRST SOME SMALLER METEORS GO.
CG: THEN BIGGER ONES.
CG: SPREAD OUT OVER LIKE 24 HOURS OR SO.
CG: IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE...
CG: GO TIME.
CG: WHEN IT STARTS.
CG: LIKE IT'S TIME TO HURRY UP AND STOP FUCKING AROUND AND KILL THE BOSS, GET IT?
CG: THE ROCK YOU'RE ON DOESN'T BLAST OFF RIGHT AWAY.
CG: TOO BAD, BECAUSE IT WOULD HAVE SPARED YOU FROM MAKING A FOOL OF YOURSELF IN A COUPLE MINUTES, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, SPARED ME FROM HAVING TO WATCH.
EB: ok, well you keep saying how doomed we are and how all this bad stuff happens sooner, but you never say why!
EB: what happens in our game that's different from yours that makes things go so badly?
CG: JACK NOIR.

==>

**24/05/10**

pesterlogEB: who is jack noir?
CG: AN AGENT OF DERSE.
CG: WHO FLIPPED OUT AND ROSE TO POWER.
CG: HE KILLED YOUR BLACK QUEEN AND KING AND NOW HE'S IN CHARGE.
EB: so you didn't have him in your game?
CG: NO, WE DID.
CG: BUT HE WAS HARMLESS.
CG: ACTUALLY, HE WAS AN ALLY, SORT OF.
CG: HE SETTLED A GRUDGE AGAINST THE QUEEN BY HELPING US DETHRONE AND EXILE HER.
CG: AND THEN HE WOUND UP EXILED HIMSELF, AND SORT OF KEPT HELPING US THROUGH A COMMAND TERMINAL ON OUR OLD PLANET.
CG: HE'S KIND OF A HUGE ASSHOLE THOUGH.
CG: BUT BECAUSE HE TOOK THE QUEEN OUT OF THE PICTURE, WHEN WE GOT TO SKAIA WE ONLY HAD ONE MONARCH TO DEAL WITH INSTEAD OF TWO.
CG: OF COURSE IT WAS A NASTY GIANT 12X PROTOTYPED BLACK KING THAT TOOK FOREVER TO KILL, JUST BARELY IN TIME BEFORE THE BIGGEST METEORS CAME, BUT STILL.
EB: i see.
EB: so after he got exiled and all that, he came here into our game and caused all this trouble?
CG: NO, GOD.
CG: EGBERT YOU ARE THICKER THAN THAT HIDEOUS JOKE BOOK YOU WADDLE AROUND WITH.
CG: TRY TO THINK MORE ABSTRACTLY.
CG: THINK ABOUT VIDEO GAMES.
CG: WHAT'S AN EARTH GAME YOU LIKED TO PLAY?
CG: NAME ONE.
EB: ummmm...
EB: crash bandicoot?
CG: OK I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS, BUT I HAVE A FEELING IT'S A REALLY LAME EXAMPLE, BUT THAT'S FINE, IT'S NOT THE POINT.
CG: SO LET'S SAY YOU PLAY YOUR BANDICOOT AND I PLAY MY BANDICOOT.
CG: THEY ARE ESSENTIALLY THE SAME BANDICOOT, SAME APPEARANCE AND DESIGN AND BEHAVIORS.
CG: BUT THEY ARE STILL COMPLETELY SEPARATE BANDICOOTS ON SEPARATE SCREENS.
CG: SO WE BOTH HAVE OUR OWN ASS BANDICOOTS TO OURSELVES, THE SAME BUT DIFFERENT.
CG: OUR JACKS ARE THE SAME BUT DIFFERENT TOO.
CG: SAME GUY, DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES AND OUTCOMES.
CG: OUR JACK TRUMPED THE QUEEN, BUT GOT NO FURTHER.
CG: YOUR JACK GOT THE BEST OF BOTH OF THEM, AND IS NOW SOMETHING HIGHER THAN A QUEEN OR A KING...

EB: like an ace?
CG: SURE OK.
EB: ok, i think i get it.
EB: but how did he do that? what was different about what we did versus what you did?
CG: FRANKLY I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE ORIGINAL THING THAT TIPPED THE SCALE WAS.
CG: IT IS UNDER INVESTIGATION.
CG: BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER.
CG: THE WORST IS YET TO COME.
CG: FOR YOU.
EB: oh no!
EB: what is the worst thing?
CG: ALREADY TOLD YOU.
EB: dammit!
EB: oh, hey...
EB: sorry, hold on, this little lady is bugging me about something.
CG: YEAH YEAH, YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH AND GIVE HER THE LOUSY RABBIT ALREADY.
EB: oh!!!!!
EB: oh man, i just had THE BEST idea, this is so perfect.
EB: a blonde mother and daughter together, this is totally perfect.
CG: PERFECT FOR WHAT, FLEXING YOUR FORMIDABLE MENTAL HANDICAP LIKE A FUCKING HEAVYWEIGHT FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL MINUTES?
CG: OH WAIT, LET ME CHECK, THE ANSWER IS YES.
EB: it is like that scene in con air, i will give her the bunny like i am nick cage fresh out of the slammer.
CG: FUCK.
EB: i wish i had a filthy wifebeater on, oh well.
CG: JUST...
CG: AUGH.

## [S] John: Reunite with your loving wife and daughter.

**26/05/10**

```
CAGE CUSACK MALKOVICH

♫ How do I
♫  get through one night without you?
♫ If I had to live without you,
♫  what kind of life would that be?
♫ Oh, and I
♫  I need you in my arms, need you to hold.
♫ You're my world, my heart, my soul.
♫ If you ever leave,
♫  baby, that would take away everything

Trollian

♫  good in my life.
♫ Without you,
♫  there'd be no sun in my sky.
```

```
BONK
BONK
BONK

♫ There would be no love in my life.
♫ There'd be no world left for me.
♫ And I,
♫  oh baby, I don't know what I would do,
♫ I'd be lost if I lost you.
♫ If you ever leave,

HARD ROCK

SMASH

♫  baby, that would take away everything
♫  real in my life.

THIS IS STUPID
* <STRIKE>THIS IS STUPID</STRIKE>

yeah right!

TAKE US THERE CASEY!

♫ And tell me now,
♫  how do I live without you?
♫ I want to know!
♫ How do I breathe without you,
♫  if you ever go?
♫ How do I ever,
♫  ever survive?

BLUH BLUH

HERE COMES THE
GUITAR SOLO

Nick Smalley on guitar, ladies and gentlemen.

Yeah
Play that shit
Mmm
I hear you
I hear you in here, in my heart
Mmm, so good on my eardrums
Yeah
You got that telecaster twang...
```

# END OF ACT 4

**26/05/10**

**==>**

**26/05/10**

```
PSYCHE.
```

It'll be a few more pages.

==>

**27/05/10**

## Dave: Get trolled by GC.

**27/05/10**

pesterlogGC: D4V3 WH4TS 1T SM3LL L1K3
TG: what
GC: YOUR BLOOD
TG: fuck off
GC: D4V3
GC: G1V3 1T 4 L1TTL3 T4ST3 FOR M3
GC: T3LL M3 WH4T HUM4N BLOOD T4ST3S L1K3
GC: 1V3 B33N SO CUR1OUS >:]
TG: youre the annoying blind one arent you
GC: Y34H
TG: dave told me about you
GC: GOD
GC: TOO M4NY D4V3S
GC: 1TS L1K3 TH1S B1G 4SSHOL3 4ND COOL GUY P4RTY
GC: BUT SOM3ON3 FORGOT TO 1NV1T3 4LL TH3 COOL GUYS
GC: >;]
TG: man im telling you burns like that are unreal
TG: where do you even get a burn thats that sick
GC: I B3T YOU C4NT W41T TO B3 4 US3L3SS P13C3 OF SH1T 4LL D4Y 4ND F4LL DOWN 4LL TH3S3 BURNS
TG: no you messed that up
GC: D4V3 D4V3
GC: 1S TH1S YOU
GC: http://tinyurl.com/PUR3D4V3
TG: uh
GC: PFF4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H
GC: H4H4H4H4H4H4H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3
TG: did you try to draw shades on his face and miss
TG: whats even the point hes already wearing shades
GC: H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4
GC: 1TS SO P3RF3CT TH4T 1S SO YOU
GC: H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H
TG: this is moronic
GC: D4V3 T3LL M3 WH4T YOUR BLOOD SM3LLS L1K3
GC: OR 1LL M4K3 4NOTH3R ON3
GC: 4ND 1 KNOW TH3S3 HURT YOUR F33L1NGS
GC: >:D
TG: i dont know what it smells like or tastes like
TG: but i sure as hell know what it looks like
TG: like a fuckin symphony on my retinas
TG: shit is beautiful like a little vermilion picnic on my hands

TG: every day i open my eyes i find poetry in even the simplest things
TG: just one of those little joys in life you take for granted you know
TG: this miraculous gift of vision
GC: D4V3 D4V3
GC: CH3CK 1T OUT
GC: 1 F1GUR3D 1T OUT
GC: TH1S H4S GOT TO B3 YOU!
GC: http://tinyurl.com/TH1S1SSOOOOD4V3
GC: 444444444H4H4HH4H4H4H44H444H4HH4H4H4H4H4
GC: H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H33H3H3H3H34H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4
TG: i could give myself a hernia trying to be as big a douche as that guy
TG: i could try but it would wind up like a motorcycle stunt gone horribly wrong
TG: my broken body would flop and tumble around like a rag doll
GC: H4H4H4H4H4H4HH4H4H4H4H4H4H4H44H4H4H4H4H
GC: OH GOD 1 C4NT BR34TH3!!!!
TG: and yet as much as that guys the tooliest dude i could ever hope to meet he and i would still get along famously
TG: cause we can both see
GC: H3H3H3H3H3H3H3H333H3H3H3H3H
GC: H4H4H44H4H4H
TG: just him and me
TG: havin a see party
TG: like a couple of eagle eyed bros peepin shit up into the wee hours
GC: D4V3
GC: C4N 1 COM3 TO YOUR S33 P4RTY?
TG: i guess but youll have to be careful not to stumble around bumping into all the gorgeous masterpieces hanging around everywhere
TG: god so beautiful to look at with my perfect eyesight
GC: C4N 1 L1CK TH3 P41NT1NGS?
TG: yeah thats fine

```
SONY

my first Sony

SEGA MEGA DRIVE

KID CHAMELEON

Moby Games
16-BIT CARTRIDGE
FOR USE WITH THE SEGA MEGA DRIVE VIDEO ENTERTAINMENT SYSTEM

SEGA

mobygames.com
```

## Jade: Get trolled by AT.

**30/05/10**

```
TROLLIAN
```

```
Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines


trolling : gardenGnostic

AT: jADE, hI, iS YOUR ROBOT NEARBY,


trolling : ...

AT: hIII, ...
AT: yOU...
gIVEN T...
TT: Who...
AT: oH, ...
THINK...


trolling : turntechGodhead

AT: oKAYYYY. mY BR...
AT: r U READY,
AR: tO GET STRAIGHT...
SCHOOL FED UP THE BONE BULGE,
AT: bY A DOPE SMACKED, TRINKED OUT, SMOTHER
FUDGING,
AT: tROLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL,
TG: dont care
```

pesterlog-- adiosToreador [AT] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG] --

AT: jADE, hI, iS YOUR ROBOT NEARBY,
GG: ummmmmm.....
AT: wHERE YOU CAN TYPE, bECAUSE YOU ARE ASLEEP,
GG: oh! yes it appears so!!!
AT: oK, uHH, iN THAT CASE, aRE YOU HAVING A PLEASANT NAP,
GG: i guess! ive been pretty busy here
GG: ive had to stay asleep for a long time because john is supposed to wake up soon
GG: but he just wont wake up!!!!!
GG: im pretty sure im supposed to be the one to wake him but i dont know what to do :(
AT: uHHHHH,
GG: huh??
AT: oHH, sORRY,
AT: i WAS LOOKING TO SEE IF i COULD SEE HIM BE AWAKE IN THE FUTURE,
AT: bUT i CANT SEE IN HIS DREAMS, oR ANYTHING,
GG: oh.....
GG: well thanks for trying anyway!
AT: bUT YOU WILL WAKE UP SOON, iT LOOKS LIKE,
AT: sO MAYBE THIS MEANS YOU HAVE SUCCESS,
GG: i hope so!
GG: what am i doing when i wake up?

AT: oH, gOODNESS, tHERE IS SO MUCH GOING ON, aND THERE IS A LOT OF TROUBLE THAT YOU ARE IN,
GG: oh no!!!!!
AT: bUT, wHAT IT COMES DOWN TO IS, iS THAT YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME ANYWAY,
AT: tHIS IS YOUR LAST DAY,
AT: bEFORE YOU MAKE THE RIFT,
AT: aND THEN i CAN'T SEE WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THAT, aNYMORE,
AT: wHICH IS OK, wITH ME, bECAUSE, tO BE HONEST,
AT: sEEING YOUR WHOLE BIG CONFUSING FUTURE AND PAST IS, kIND OF OVERWHELMING,
GG: yes i know what you mean....
AT: iTS SO COMPLICATED, aND, i DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT i SHOULD BE ACCOMPLISHING,
AT: i THINK,
AT: uSING THESE GADGETS AND THINGS, aND MY TIME LINE ADVANTAGES, tO PLAY PRANKS ON YOU,
GG: that sounds like it would be fun!
GG: but you guys never even played pranks on me, you were always just kinda mean D:
AT: sORRY, }:(
AT: i THINK,
AT: tHE IDIOTIC THING ABOUT TROLLIAN IS,
AT: iF YOU USE IT TO TROLL PEOPLE, i THINK YOU ARE JUST AS LIKELY TO GET TROLLED YOURSELF,
AT: mAYBE EVEN MORE BADLY,
AT: wHICH i THINK IS WHAT IS GOING ON HERE, jUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME,
GG: well i know i havent trolled you guys!
GG: or not yet.....
GG: heheheh
AT: nO,
AT: bUT YOU SORT OF ARE,
AT: mY FRIEND IS GOING CRAZY, hE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU,
AT: hE LEFT YOU A MESSAGE, a LONG TIME AGO ON YOUR TIME LINE,
AT: tO TALK TO HIM, wHEN YOUR ROBOT BLOWS UP,
GG: oh yeah!
GG: i totally forgot about that
GG: does it really blow up or was that another trick?
AT: uHHHH,
AT: i DON'T KNOW, i CAN'T SEE IT BLOW UP IN YOUR FUTURE,
AT: nOT ON SCREEN,
AT: i MEAN,
AT: tHERE ARE LOTS OF EXPLOSIONS, aLL THE TIME, aNYWAY,
AT: tOO MANY EXPLOSIONS,
GG: hmmmmm
GG: you could ask me in the future!
AT: oK, i WILL ASK,

AT: oK,
AT: yOU SAID, yES, iT DID BLOW UP, aND YOU TALKED TO HIM,
AT: aND, uHHH,
AT: tHEN YOU SAID HE WAS ACTUALLY A PRETTY NICE GUY, wHICH i THOUGHT WAS WEIRD,
GG: is he not a nice guy?
AT: nOT, rEALLY,
GG: hmmm....
GG: well maybe hes just been through some tough times
GG: maybe we should give him the benefit of the doubt?
AT: uHHHH,
GG: for whatever its worth i think youre a pretty nice guy too!
AT: oKAY, tHANK YOU,
GG: also you seem to be the only one who ever thinks to talk to me while im asleep!
GG: why is that?
AT: oH, i GUESS,
AT: tHAT IT MAKES SENSE,
AT: bECAUSE YOU HAVE A ROBOT, tO LET YOU SAY THINGS THAT HAPPEN, oN PROSPIT,
AT: aND i'M CURIOUS,
AT: bECAUSE THE ONLY TIME i EVER HAD FUN PLAYING THIS GAME WAS WHEN i WAS ASLEEP,
AT: bUT NOW ALL OUR DREAM SELVES ARE DEAD,
AT: }:'(
GG: oh no!!!
GG: dream selves can die?
AT: yEAH,
GG: i never knew that
GG: or even thought about it....
GG: i guess it makes sense though
AT: uHH, yEAH,
AT: sO ENJOY YOUR NAP,
AT: wHILE IT LASTS,
AT: bYE,

==>

**30/05/10**

## Rose: Get trolled by GA.

**30/05/10**

pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

GA: Hello Again
GA: Are We Friends Yet At This Point In Time
GA: I Would Speculate That If We Are Not By Now Then It Is Probably Not To Be
TT: Pardon?
GA: Furthermore Which Rose Have You Chosen To Be This Time

GA: The Stupid Rose Or The Smart Rose
TT: I'm a little busy.
GA: It Sounds Like You Are Attempting To Be The Smart Rose This Time
GA: Please Take Note Of The Subtle Scorn Underlying The Selection Of The Word Attempting
GA: Smart Rose Should Get A Kick Out Of That
GA: Smart Rose Is All About Subtle Scorn Isnt She
TT: That sounds about right.
GA: Whereas Dumb Rose Doesn't Capitalize Letters Even When Discussing The Proper Names Of Human Monsters In Earth Cinema
GA: I Think You Should Establish A Greater Commitment To A Single Roleplaying Scenario
TT: Honestly, I was looking forward to playing along and reading your Dumb Rose script for our next conversation.
TT: But it turned out there was a perfectly logical explanation for it all.
TT: Imagine my disappointment.
TT: While I imagine yours, once you finally catch on.
GA: I Suddenly Dont Understand Anything
GA: What Are You Talking About
TT: I'd love to explain in detail and cause some sort of time paradox.
TT: But you see - and this revelation may be as startling as any -
TT: I'm a little busy.
GA: I Believe I Understand
GA: It Was I Who Did Something To Provoke Your Scorn In A Previous Conversation
GA: One Which I Have Not Had Yet
TT: Yes, that is definitely a conclusion you have just now drawn.
TT: The only thing left to do is ride out the next several conversations while you maintain that understanding.
TT: And while I maintain the chilly facade you have grown to so enjoy from Smart Rose.
TT: Which shouldn't be too difficult, because... have I mentioned?
TT: I'm busy.
TT: Goodbye.
GA: Fine

## Dave: Keep getting trolled by GC.

**30/05/10**

pesterlogGC: D4V3 D4V3
GC: 1 F1N4LLY GOT 1T
TG: oh hell
GC: 1 F1N4LLY F1GUR3D 1T OUT
GC: ONC3 4ND FOR 4LL
GC: TH1S 1S YOU!!!!!!!
GC: http://tinyurl.com/D4V34NDBRO43V3R
GC: FFFF444444444444H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4
GC: H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4
TG: that
TG: ok thats pretty amazing
GC: 4H4H4H4H4H4H44H4H4H4H4

GC: OH GOD 1T 1S SO P3RF3CT
GC: JUST 4 COOL DUD3 4ND H1S BRO R1GHT TH3R3
GC: 4DV3NTUR1NG THROUGH T1M3
GC: 4ND PL4Y1NG P1NB4LL
GC: 1N BRO H34V3N TOG3TH3R
GC: T3LL M3 TH4T 1SNT SO FUCK1NG P3RF3CT
GC: >8]
TG: hey speaking of which
TG: where is my bro anyway
TG: havent seen him at all since i got here
TG: davesprite doesnt know
TG: you can see everything that goes on right
TG: or like smell it or whatever
TG: how does that even work
TG: how do you use a computer and know whats going on it doesnt make sense
TG: my face doesnt make sense
GC: D4V3 YOUR *F4C3* DO3SNT M4K3 .....
GC: D4MM1T
TG: hahaha
GC: BUT 4CTU4LLY YOUR F4C3 *DO3S* M4K3 S3NS3
GC: TO MY NOS3
GC: 4ND MY TONGU3 >:P
TG: ew
GC: 1M SORRY D4V3 TH4T YOU W1LL N3V3R 3XP3R13NC3 TH3 S3NSORY BOUQU3T TH4T 1 3NJOY 3V3RY D4Y
GC: TH4T 1 3NSCONC3 MYS3LF 1N L1K3 4 W4RM 4ND COMFY B4THROB3 M4D3 OF FL4VOR 4ND M3LODY
TG: oh ok
TG: so the dumbest and most far fetched explanation imaginable ok got it
GC: 4NYW4Y 1 DONT KNOW WH3R3 YOUR BRO 1S
GC: 4S F4R 4S 1 C4N T3LL YOU N3V3R S33 H1M 4G41N B3TW33N NOW 4ND TH3 R1FT
GC: TOO B4D H3 WONT BE 4ROUND TO B41L YOU OUT 4G41N L1K3 H3 D1D WH3N YOU 3NT3R3D!!!
TG: man dont remind me about that
TG: so embarrassing
GC: 1TS OK 1 WONT T3LL JOHN 4BOUT 1T
GC: 1 KNOW TH4TS WH4T YOUR3 WORR13D 4BOUT
TG: ok cool
GC: BUT LOOK YOU DONT N33D TO B3 UPS3T 4BOUT NOT H4V1NG YOUR BRO TO L34N ON 4NYMOR3
TG: whos upset
TG: bout time the dude gave me a little space
GC: BLUH OK WH4T3V3R YOU S4Y BUT TH4TS NOT TH3 PO1NT
GC: TH3 PO1NT 1S 1 W1LL H3LP YOU 1NST34D D4V3
GC: 1S TH4T COOL >:]
TG: i guess

GC: 1 KNOW 3V3RYTH1NG TH4TS GO1NG TO H4PP3N TO YOU
GC: 1 C4N T3LL YOU B3FOR3 1T H4PP3NS
GC: SO YOU C4N B3 R34DY
GC: 4ND NOT H4V3 TO GO B4CK 1N T1M3 4ND G3T K1LL3D 4LL TH3 T1M3
GC: 4ND ST4ND ON 4 TO1L3T LOOK1NG 4T YOUR OWN BLOOD FOR T3N M1NUT3S
TG: alright so whats next
GC: F1RST YOU GO THROUGH TH3 G4T3
GC: 4ND WH3N YOU GO THROUGH YOU W1LL GO TO 4NOTHER PL4C3 1N YOUR W1LD CH3RRY L4V4 L4ND
GC: 4ND YOU W1LL QU1CKLY M33T SOM3 FR13NDLY CROCOD1L3S
GC: TH3Y W1LL TRY TO 34T YOU
GC: BUT TH4T 1S JUST TH31R W4Y OF B31NG FR13NDLY!
GC: YOU SHOULDNT B3 SC4R3D
TG: why would i be scared
GC: D4V3 PL34S3
GC: YOU 4R3 CRY1NG L1K3 4 L1TTL3 BOY
GC: 1TS 1S H4PP3N1NG R1GHT H3R3 1N FRONT OF MY NOS3
GC: YOUR T34RS T4ST3 D3L1C1OUS
GC: K1ND OF L1K3
GC: L1K3 SOM3TH1NG YOU WOULDNT KNOW 4BOUT
GC: 4 TROLL D3L1C4CY C4LL3D COTTON C4NDY
TG: we have cotton candy dumpass
GC: >8O

```
BACK TO THE FUTURE
THE PINBALL

BACKBOX NOW WITH QUICK-LOC LOCKING SYSTEM

FEATURING THE HIT MUSIC
DOUBLEBACK FROM ZZ TOP
& BACK IN TIME AND POWER OF LOVE BY HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS

Featuring Quality Coin Doors and Validators from COIN CONTROLS
```

## [S] Descend.

**31/05/10**

```
CA-CAW!!!

PECK PECK PECK

RECKONING
0:14 → :13

MEOWMEOWMEOW...

SQUIDDLES

REDCHEEKS ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ...

4/13/2009 - 5/31/2010
DAY 413
```

==>

**05/06/10**

END OF ACT 4

==>

**06/06/10**

```
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```

```
* Derived from MSPA Wiki
=====================================================================
================ [ZZZZ] Rose: Egress.
=====================================================================
================ This is my final entry. My co-players and I have
made every earnest attempt, with occasional relapse, to play this
game the right way. I have been meticulous in documenting the
process to help our peers and successors through the trials should
we fail. In my hubris I believed these classes were relegated to
the Earth-bound, but in even this quaint supposition I was in
error. Our otherworldly antagonists have assured us of our
inevitable failure repeatedly, while the gods whisper
corroboration in my sleep. I believe them now. I just blew up my
first gate. I'm not sure why I did it, really. I am not playing by
the rules anymore. I will fly around this candy-coated rock and
comb the white sand until I find answers. No one can tell me our
```

```
fate can't be repaired. We've come too far. I jumped out of the
way of a burning fucking tree, for God's sake. I have used a spell
to rip this walkthrough from Earth's decaying networks, and sealed
it in one of the servers floating in the Furthest Ring. The gods
may disperse the signal throughout the cosmos as they wish.
Perhaps it will be of use to past or future species who like us
have been ensnared by Skaia's malevolent tendrils. In case it
wasn't clear, magic is real. Pardon my egress. You're on your own
now. RL
```

## Hours in the future...

**07/06/10**

The warweary calls another broken planet home, another cloth his garb. Land and rags fit for the wayward.

A villein becomes a vagabond.

## the recent past is recalled...

**07/06/10**

An ACCURSED MASCOT is located among fallen brethren. Its visage, reviled.

## ==>

**07/06/10**

A RAG OF SOULS drifts from the heavens. Its owner, a mystery.

## ==>

**07/06/10**

A boy finds a dead friend. Her ring, recovered.

## ==>

**07/06/10**

The boy sees himself in a cloud. His destination, revealed.

## Hours in the future...

**08/06/10**

A mistress becomes a mendicant.

## the recent past is recalled...

**08/06/10**

```
Alert : ♠
```

A communication device is borrowed. A rendezvous, arranged.

## ==>

**08/06/10**

The slayer is summoned. The collateral, presented.

## ==>

**08/06/10**

```
SNAP
```

The droll is beckoned. The bargain, honored.

==>

**08/06/10**

The boy finds the castle. His courier's path, crossed.

==>

**08/06/10**

```
BOOF
```

The mail is delivered. An obligation, satisfied.

==>

**09/06/10**

The package is opened. Letters, read.

## John!

**09/06/10**

```
John!

From what i heartell youve been through a bit of an adventure by the time youre
reading this. Thats so great. I love adventure and i ...ottom boonbuck you d...
```

John!

From what i heartell youve been through a bit of an adventure by the time youre reading this. Thats so great. I love adventure and i would bet my bottom boonbuck you do too. I think we are birds of a feather john. I am pretty eager to meet you. Oh yeah i should have mentioned we are going to meet some day. I hear you like movies is that right john? I love movies too. Have you ever seen weekend at bernies? So friggin hilarious. Its hard to talk to jade about movies because she doesnt really know about movies but im sure you know that. Boooring. Ha ha just kidding jade you know i love you and i think youre a blast.

Okay speaking of jade we spent quite a long time working on this present for you. It was a big team effort. Okay i had to do quite a lot of arm twisting to get her to go along with helping me make such an oddball present for you and so well in advance. But i had my arm sort of twisted myself to get this going in the first place. But then she came around to the idea because she can see the future! Pretty amazing if you ask me. Itll all be clear later. Gadzooks with all this arm twisting ive been getting a good workout. We should wrestle when we meet john. I love to wrestle but i dont get a chance to wrestle with anyone that much. Do you like to get into fisticuffs john? Scrums and what not? Me too.

Anyway you should listen to jade from here on out john because she sure seems to know whats best for you. Whatever your adventure throws at you im sure shell tell you you can handle it. She believes in you.

There is another page to this letter...

==>

**09/06/10**

```
Oh kicking christ in a dirty diaper i almost forgot to mention whats in this
box. Sorry this shits so small. I mean obviously its small. Contents:
Royal Deringer
```

```
Quills of Echidna
Ahab's Crosshairs
```

There is another letter from a different author...

## dear john,

**09/06/10**

```
dear john,

happy birthday!!!!!!! :D

even though its super late and you probably went through a lot of trouble to
get it, i really hope this present cheers... looked so sad whil...
```

dear john,

happy birthday!!!!!!! :D

even though its super late and you probably went through a lot of trouble to get it, i really hope this present cheers you up! you looked so sad while you were reading my letter. um... which is to say, the one you are reading now. i can explain!!!

you see, when i go to sleep, in my dreams i wake up on the moon of a planet called prospit. by now you must know about this place! i have lived there in my dreams most of my life and i made so many friends there over the years. and you were there too! but you were asleep. the fact that you are awake now i think means all my friends are in trouble. you are awake because it is your job to help them. we will both help them!

but ummm..... i know these things because while i was on the moon, whenever it passed through skaia i could see lots of things in the clouds. the past, the future, stuff about our friends, and stuff about you! now that you are awake, and apparently at the center of skaia (??? WOW!!!) you should be able to see stuff in the clouds too. maybe you already have!

about this present! my penpal helped me work on it. he included a letter too! hes really funny and silly, i like him a lot and i think you would too. it took a long time between the two of us. and sure the present looks like a fun and completely ridiculous thing to get, but it is also really important! you are getting it exactly when you need it most. maybe thats hard to believe but its true! i saw it happen already. i dont see everything john, and i definitely dont know everything thats going to happen. but when i do know something, i always try to do my best to help people in the future! when im supposed to that is. youll get the hang of it.

john i am REALLY looking forward to seeing you when you wake up!!!!! its been nice playing with my prospitian friends and all, but also kind of lonely knowing you were in the other tower sleeping and having lousy dreams. :( im not sure where i am when you are reading this but im sure ill make it down to where you are soon! (jeez how did you get down there??? oh well ill find out) i cant wait to fly around the moon with you and show you all my favorite places. itll be so much fun!!!!!!!!! :D

<3
jade

==>

**09/06/10**

==>

**09/06/10**

==>

**09/06/10**

A boy's grief is interrupted. His ring, sought.

==>

**09/06/10**

The toy has taken a new master. The tactician, a misstep.

==>

**09/06/10**

Check.

## Hours in the future...

**09/06/10**

A regulator becomes a renegade.

## the recent past is recalled...

**09/06/10**

A temple is fled. And soon, revisited.

==>

**10/06/10**

A nearby laboratory is also revisited. Its satellites, dispatched.

==>

**10/06/10**

```
JOHN: Z
```

A sleeping boy is found. Rumbling, ominous.

==>

**10/06/10**

The lab is in flight. Its exits, inoperative.

==>

**10/06/10**

Another public servant makes a sacrifice. A citizen's safety, secured.

==>

**10/06/10**

A tyrant is retreating. A battleship, landing.

==>

**10/06/10**

==>

**10/06/10**

==>

**10/06/10**

```
JADE HARLEY
```

A grandfather mourns. A family tradition, honored.

==>

**10/06/10**

A queen mourns. A kingdom, bid farewell.

## Hours in the future...

**10/06/10**

Her journey through the windswept must be walked alone. Her entourage, bid farewell.

A queen becomes a questant.

## and then years...

**10/06/10**

==>

**11/06/10**

A key is employed.

==>

**11/06/10**

A command station, repaired.

==>

**11/06/10**

==>

**11/06/10**

==>

**11/06/10**

==>

**11/06/10**

```
--- ....
-- -.--
```

==>

**11/06/10**

==>

**11/06/10**

==>

**11/06/10**

==>

**11/06/10**

There's another cloud.

==>

**11/06/10**

And inside, a dark laboratory, unused for years.

==>

**11/06/10**

```
HARLEY

JADE HARLEY
```

And inside, a FOURTH WALL, pilfered from a bureaucrat's office and absconded with years ago.

It isn't turned on.

But if it was, this is almost certainly what we would see.

## Recap 2.

**11/06/10**

```
TAP TAP BANG BANG
```

recap logPicking up from where we left off...

I typed a really long recap. Then some other stuff happened.

GC (gallowsCalibrator) helped John fly to the second gate, which took him to Rose's world, LOLAR. He crashed into Rose's room, where he found her asleep. He snooped through her room, and Dave tricked him into giving him the code to duplicate Rose's writing journals. John opened the package Rose made for his birthday. It contained the bunny from Con Air, the same one John got from Dave, but older and dirtier, and modified with Rose's knitting. She'd had the bunny since she was very young.

John leaves Casey the salamander (Bubbles Viceroy Von Salamancer) in the room. He briefly speaks with GA (grimAuxiliatrix) from Rose's computer, and pretends to be Rose. She believes he is, triggering a convoluted series of conversations between her and the real Rose in both the past and future, in no particular order. GA gets help with her computer from TA (twinArmageddons) in time to see Rose at her computer, having woken up.

Before she woke up, Dream Rose was awake on Derse's moon. She now had memories from her future self's doomed alternate reality. She flew to Dream Dave's tower, and got his attention with a ball of yarn, causing real Dave to fall asleep. They had a dream dance party. Dream Rose threw Dream Cal out the window. Bro's rocket board caught Dream Cal. AR? followed the board and Cal to a transportalizer on Derse, which lead to a meteor lab in the veil.

Meanwhile on LOLAR, Rose's mom defeated a huge monster. The pony, Maplehoof, followed her and collected the grist windfall. Both mom and the pony then transported to the meteor lab. John's dad found a clean hat John had deposited into a parcel pyxis. Dad followed Jade's grandpa, who was carrying John's Sassacre book, into some ruins. They both transported to the meteor lab too. Meanwhile, John used the grist collected by the pony to make a normal sized version of a giant hammer, Fear No Anvil, which Davesprite gave him the code for. Dream Rose saw John on Dream Dave's computer, and woke up. She went out to see him, but he had already blasted off. He took the mutant kitten, Vodka Mutini (Doctor Meowgon Spengler), with him.

John found the ruins that mom and the pony went into. He went in and killed some powerful monsters with his new hammer. He transported to the meteor lab as well.

In the lab he found no one, except the pony. Some other stray items were on the floor. Dad's dirty hat, the Sassacre book, Dream Cal. He found some apparatus used to genetically engineer

footsoldiers and agents for the white and black armies from chess piece DNA. He also found a junior ectobiologist's lab suit, and a series of terminals much like those the exiles would find in the far future. He would use this apparatus to create paradox clones of himself, his friends, and their guardians.

Meanwhile AR? surfed bro's rocket board to a different meteor containing the frog temple that would later root itself near Jade's island. Inside he found the same time capsule she would find later. He also found some more lab equipment used for ectobiology. This equipment would soon be used to create Becquerel, a mutated combination of the genes from an ordinary dog in the early 20th century, and the DNA code in one of Rose's journals. AR? hides in the lab when he hears one of Jack's henchmen, the Draconian Dignitary. DD is carrying Rose's duplicated journals which he stole from Dave, and Dave's beta which was used as a bookmark. He discards the beta into the time capsule. Millions of years later (from the capsule's perspective) Jade would retrieve that beta and use it to connect with Dave, allowing him to enter the medium.

Dave created the journal duplicates after an extensive alchemy binge. Rose too had a similar alchemy session, and both kids upgraded their weapons and gear. Rose made a pair of needlewands, crossed with her grimoire, and took up the art of dark magic. She used this magic to burn her journal, thus destroying the genetic code. She was advised to do so by the gods of the Furthest Ring, whom she was now able to communicate with in her dreams. The gods live far beyond the veil, and advise the children of the moon of Derse, and serve as the counterpart to the role Skaia plays for the children of Prospit's moon. They deemed the code which would inevitably be used to create Becquerel to be dangerous.

Dave decided to destroy his copy too. But when he went back to his room, he discovered they were stolen. He also found his own dead body, which apparently was him from the very near future attempting to go back in time and stop the thief, DD. Dave decided not to attempt any more time travel, and disposed of the body. GC (gallowsCalibrator) discussed the matter with him, and pledged to help him by telling him his future along the way, so that he would not have to face the death of more future selves, or suffer the sort of embarrassment he went through while entering the medium.

Previously unseen, the way Dave entered the medium was as follows. As the large meteor was bearing down on his city, Dave climbed the radio tower on top of his building with his broken sword in hand to reach the nest built by the Crowsprite. The sprite guarded the egg, which unknown to Dave, simply needed time to hatch before he could enter. The sprite pecked his head and he fell. He was saved by bro's rocket board. Meanwhile, bro was on top of the meteor, riding it as it descended. He used his sword to chop it in half, splitting it into two pieces, diverting the initial impact from their building to two separate impact sites. He thus bought a little more time for the egg to hatch, which it did, just before their location was consumed by the blasts.

On Prospit's moon, PM? prepared to depart for the Battlefield at the center of Skaia, to seek the king's counsel on what to do with the queen's ring. She was tailed by another of Noir's lackeys, the Courtyard Droll. CD picked her pocket and stole the ring. PM? departed via shuttle to Skaia. Dream Jade then clobbered CD, and recovered the ring. She tried it on, but its power has no effect on humans. Later, CD would travel to the Battlefield and continue tailing PM?.

The Battlefield is a planet at the center of Skaia. It undergoes a transformation with each player that enters the medium, and each new prototyped kernel introduced. It starts as a simple 3x3 chessboard with two kings in perpetual stalemate, and expands to a larger board and more exotic collection of pieces with the first player entering. Then it become a much larger cube with the second player. And then an even larger sphere, with oceans, trees, mountains and pastures with the third. It presumably will transform again with the fourth.

The armies of the black and white kingdoms duel there. Soldiers are airlifted from meteor facilities in the veil to supply the manpower. Enormous mutant chess-like monsters stalk the landscape. The two kings command their armies from the field. They each have a scepter that serves a similar purpose to the queens' rings. When activated, a scepter causes a king to be a giant, and bear the properties of all the prototypings. A king is able to deactivate a scepter, to hand it off to another so that they will not be affected in that way. When the black king captures the white king's scepter, the Reckoning begins. The Reckoning sends all the meteors in the veil toward Skaia, in stages. First the small ones, then gradually, the bigger ones, over a 24 hour period.

There was a Warweary Villein on the Battlefield who was a simple farmer and was tired of the conflict. WV? united a band of soldiers from both armies to lead a rebellion against the black king. Before they could attack the king, Jack Noir, now empowered by the black queen's ring, intercepted the coup. He destroyed the king's scepter, and killed the king. Jack then killed the entire rebellion army, sparing only WV?. Perhaps to leave a survivor to tell the story, or perhaps out of respect for a fellow mutineer. Only he knows. Meanwhile, PM? met with the white king. He disabled his scepter, and gave it to her along with his crown. PM? now had the crowns of the white king and queen, and the white scepter, but discovered she had misplaced the white queen's ring. Jack's muscle, the Hegemonic Brute, had been tailing the white king. HB then followed PM?, and attacked her. She dropped the scepter off a cliff. She would regroup and chop off HB's head with the regisword Jack gave her to kill the white monarchs. CD, who had been tailing both of them, recovered the white scepter, and delivered it to Jack. Jack used it to initiate the Reckoning, and would proceed to go on a more extensive rampage, devastating the Battlefield and Prospit.

Back in the meteor lab, John began the ectobiology session which appeared to have been prepared for him in advance by the guardians who had just been there. The four monitors were all locked onto the kids' guardians at certain points in time, each on the day of one of the kid's "birth". On Jade's birthday, nanna was locked onto in John's neighborhood, by the Betty Crocker factory. The meteor carrying baby Jade crashed into the factory and destroyed it. Her grandpa, the owner of that factory, would adopt her. John's dad witnessed, and would spend years investigating. On Dave's birthday, grandpa was locked onto while he was on his yacht, pioneering the island for the first time. He was sailing with baby Jade. Overhead, there was the meteor carrying baby Dave, which would crash into bro's favorite record shop. On Rose's birthday, bro was locked onto as he stood over the crater where he would find baby Dave. He would give him a tiny pair of pointy shades. Overhead, there was a meteor carrying baby Rose, which would land in a lake and destroy it. Rose's mom would retrieve and adopt her. Months later, on John's birthday, mom would bring Rose to John's neighborhood to investigate the destruction of grandpa's factory, and related stellar phenomena. The target was locked on her. Dad came out of the family joke shop to greet her, leaving nanna inside. The meteor carrying baby John destroyed the shop, killing nanna. Dad would

adopt John, and Rose's mom disappeared. Dad retrieved her scarf, and filed the clue away for his ongoing investigation.

John attempted (unwittingly) to appearify all four guardians. But since removing them from those moments would have caused a paradox, he instead paradoxified their ghost slime imprints. This slime was collected into two pairs of containers. One pair collected nanna and granpa's slime. The other pair collected mom and bro's. The device then created baby paradox clones of the four guardians. These babies would then later be sent back in time to become those guardians themselves.

Once those four clones were created, another sequence activated. The two pairs of slime tubes emptied into vats below. The nanna/grandpa slime mixed together, and separately, the mom/bro slime mixed together as well. An additional four paradox clones were created from those two slime concoctions. Baby John and Jade were created from the nanna/grandpa slime. Baby Rose and Dave were created from the mom/bro slime. These four babies would also go back in time to become the four kids, via meteors, in the sequence and on the dates listed above.

All eight babies would each ride their own meteors, launched from the veil after Jack started the Reckoning, and into the defense portals deployed by Skaia to protect itself. The defense portals each lead to Earth, as Skaia defends itself, in a way, by sacrificing Earth. While most meteors are sent to the time period when the kids begin the game, many lead to a number of different time periods. Some thirteen years prior to the game (used by the kids), some nearly a century prior (used by nanna and grandpa), some millions of years ago (used, eventually, by the frog temple meteor), and some to the far future (used by the exiles).

And all eight of them would travel with an object or animal. John with his Sassacre book, which would become the much older-looking family heirloom stored in dad's safe, with Nannasprite's inscription to John on it. Rose with the dirty bunny Dave gave John for his birthday. Dave with the pony, Maplehoof. Jade with the knit-repaired bunny Rose got John for his birthday, which Rose cherished since "birth". Nanna with dad's dirty hat. Mom with Mutini (Meowgon). Grandpa with two flintlock pistols which older Grandpa left behind for him in the lab (which would eventually both wind up in Jade's room). And bro with Dream Cal, which would later be fitted with a new personalized shirt, and would become real Cal, the same doll that would haunt Dave's waking life, and consequently, his dreams.

All of these babies and their items would automatically be transported to their own meteors at the onset of the Reckoning. John made absolutely sure to give baby Rose and Jade their bunnies when he saw an opportunity to reenact a scene from one of his favorite movies, much to the dismay of a watching CG (carcinoGeneticist).

While AR? was in the frog temple lab, he would see more of young nanna and grandpa's story. On 4/13, 1910, exactly 99 years prior to John's "birth", baby nanna's meteor destroyed a bakery owned by Betty Crocker. Nanna was adopted by Crocker's husband, Colonel Sassacre, and taken to live in his mansion. 8 days later, grandpa's meteor destroyed the dog house belonging to Sassacre's dog, Halley. Halley was elsewhere, and was unharmed. When Sassacre and nanna went to investigate the crater, Sassacre was shot and killed accidentally with one of grandpa's pistols. Halley then showed

up (who young grandpa would tend to pronounce "Harley" due to his speech impediment), and would largely serve as their guardian for the next 13 years, with presumably some parental influence from the wicked Crocker. On his 13th birthday, grandpa would run off with Harley to find adventure. Nanna would stay behind, contend with the batterwitch, and master the art of baking as well as take up her deceased grandfather's tradition of pranksterism.

Harley was locked onto by the frog temple's equipment. DD activated the device, and produced a paradox clone of Harley combined with the controversial MEOW code to create puppy Bec. The spectacle terrified AR?, leaving a major impression on him. He would recognize Bec's silhouette carved on WV's pumpkin years later. The pumpkin commanded his fear, and caused him to surrender.

Meanwhile, the grown-up versions of mom and dad were on board a flying battleship belonging to grandpa, who piloted it toward Skaia. Dad gave mom her long discarded scarf, from the day he lost his mother and found his son. The two guardians traded gestures of affection.

Jade remained asleep through it all, trying to stay on the moon as long as she could until she figured out how to wake John up. She talked about this with AT (adiosToreador), who revealed he preferred his dream life on Prospit more than any aspect of the game, and regretted all the trolls' dream selves were now dead. Jade expressed surprise at the notion of dream self mortality.

After Jack used the full power of the ring to devastate the battlefield and the two armies, he turned his attention on Prospit, inflicting severe damage the same way. He then cut the chain connecting the moon to Prospit, sending the moon plummeting through the atmosphere of Skaia, and breaking up in the process. Dream John, still asleep, fell out of his tower and drifted down ahead of the falling moon. Dream Jade flew to intercept him, and spent a moment attempting to wake him before the moon's collision was imminent. At the last minute she flung Dream John out of the blast radius, but was not able to clear the blast herself. She died.

The blast left a massive crater on the Battlefield. This was the first thing Dream John saw when he woke up.

The death of Dream Jade caused her dreambot to malfunction and explode, destroying her room. Still asleep, Jade fell from her tower as Bec watched from a distance, and an enormous meteor loomed overhead.

Elsewhere, on Dave's world LOHAC, bro dueled with Jack briefly. It was a stalemate, until bro plunged his sword into the large floating record platform they were fighting on. This released a mysterious energy from the cracks. Bro escaped.

Rose completed her final GameFAQS walkthrough entry, and used magic to seal it in a server in the Furthest Ring, to be accessed by players in worlds beyond their own. She had destroyed her first gate on a whim, and resolved to search for answers to remedy the hopelessness of their doomed session. Meanwhile, Dave entered his first gate, riding into it with his awesome skateboard, Unreal Air.

The four exiles arrived on Earth years after its apocalypse, but years before they found their respective command stations. WV wrapped himself in John's dream blanket, which became dirty and unrecognizable over time. He found it along with a Jack-like doll on the Battlefield, which formerly sat in Dream John's bedroom, haunting his dreams. WV? ripped it apart. PM wrapped herself in a Prospit banner, which too faded in time. AR wrapped himself in caution tape, using his own supply, as well as some fresh rolls he was lucky enough to discover near the ruined frog temple in one of grandpa's old crates. This was after he escaped that same temple in the medium, and found the meteor lab in which John slept. That meteor then took off for Skaia, via the Reckoning. AR? taped John to the rocket board, and cast him off before the meteor went through a portal. Thus AR became exiled. WQ exiled herself with an entourage on a royal cruiser, and landed on Earth. She departed on a solo quest, leaving her people to their own devices. She discovered her command station, a large egg, broken in two pieces in the two large craters made by Dave's split meteor. She used a key to repair the egg station, and teleported to the present location of the exiles, the frog ruins at night, 413 years after the apocalypse of Earth.

On the Battlefield, Dream John found Dream Jade's body. He was sad and confused, and took her ring as a keepsake. Later, grandpa would land his ship on the Battlefield, find and recover her body, and use it to create a stuffed trophy as a memorial, as per the proud family tradition. He would depart in his ship, and leave mom and dad behind.

John saw a vision in a cloud directing him where to go. It was a castle where he would rendezvous with PM?. PM?, after beheading HB, used his radio to summon Jack. He came, and she traded the two white crowns for the green box, Jade's present to John. He appeared pleased to uphold the bargain, either out of the misunderstanding that he was still under control of its contents, or out of respect for PM?'s tenacity and brutality in pursuing the prize. Only he knows.

PM? delivered the package to John, and then left, not thrilled by the trials caused by its recovery. John opened it to find letters from Jade, and her pen pal, who helped her make the present for him over several years. The gift was the pen pal's idea, and he himself was coerced into the plan by someone else. The box contained a modified version of the stuffed bunny John had received for his birthday twice already. it was the same knit-repaired bunny John sent back in time with baby Jade, and she presumably kept it as a cherished childhood toy ever since. It was now upgraded with mechanical parts, fully mobile and autonomous. It was also included with four powerful weapons, the Royal Deringer (broken sword), the Quills of Echidna (wands), Ahab's Crosshairs (rifle), and the Warhammer of Zillyhoo (hammer). Each was shrunken down to be "bunny sized".

As John mourned Jade's death over her letter, he was interrupted by Jack's sword. Jack was after the ring. But the heavily-armed mechanical bunny intervened, recognizing John as its new master. Jack, knowing the danger of the toy, was forced to retreat.

Finally, a cloud showed John what he was supposed to do with the ring. It was held by a mysterious black hand. In the far future on Earth, the exiles gathered around Exile Town. WQ asked WV for something. WV revealed he had been storing the complete, quad-prototyped ring in the sleeve of his Trusty Knife. It had been there all along, much to Serenity's surprise.

And then I started working on Act 5.

## ACT 5 ==>

**12/06/10**

Elsewhere in paradox space, we examine another planet, forgotten by time.

But we will strive to remember. What was this planet's name?

## Enter name.

**12/06/10**

```
}}LLABKCUF RODODRUT{{
```

Oh, ha ha! Nice one, smartypants. Really hilarious.

But let's get real here. No more clowning around.

## Try again.

**12/06/10**

```
}}TENALPLLORT{{
```

That is much better. In fact, as it happens, your guess is precisely correct. What are the odds??

We examine the planet ALTERNIA. Somewhere on this planet, there is a young troll.

## Hivebent

**12/06/10**

```
TROLLIAN BETA
```

This young troll stands in his respiteblock. It just so happens that today, the 12th bilunar perigee of the 6th dark season's equinox, is the day of this young troll's larval awakening, also known as his wriggling day. Though it was six solar sweeps ago he was given life, it is only today he will be given a name!

Six Alternian solar sweeps, for convenient reference, is equivalent to thirteen Earth years.

Earth, also for convenient reference, is a planet that does not yet exist.

What will the name of this young troll be?

## Enter name.

**12/06/10**

```
}}NIATSKOON KEEREGLUB{{
```

You enter something predictably derogatory and this guy gets fed up by your shenanigans in record time.

This guy has a lot of troll pals and their adventures are going to be quite extensive and convoluted, to an even greater degree than one perhaps may be accustomed. He thinks that if you think that we have time to drag out every little gag and expected pattern along the way, you've got another thing coming. He thinks you should cram that sobering understanding in your chitinous windhole, and tamp it down hard with your ugly stupid looking cartilage nub.

## Try again.

**12/06/10**

Your name is KARKAT VANTAS. As was previously mentioned, it is your WRIGGLING DAY, which is barely even worth mentioning. It is an anniversary, if anything, to lament the faults of your existence, of which there are assuredly plenty.

Equally plenty, and somewhat related to that topic, are your INTERESTS. You have a passion for RIDICULOUSLY TERRIBLE ROMANTIC MOVIES AND ROMCOMS. You should really be EMBARRASSED for liking this DREADFUL CINEMA, but for some reason you are not. You like to program computers, but you are NOTORIOUSLY PRETTY AWFUL AT IT. Your programs invariably damage the machines on which they are executed, which is just as well, since you like to believe you specialize in COMPUTER VIRUSES. When you mature, you aspire to join the ranks of the most lethal members of your society, the THRESHECUTIONERS. You like to practice with your REALLY COOL SICKLE, but just wind up looking like KIND OF A DOOFUS BY YOURSELF IN YOUR ROOM.

You like to chat with some of your other troll pals, most of which drive you BATSHIT UP THE FUCKING BELFRY. You have been trying out a new chat client beta called TROLLIAN, and you are NOT REALLY SURE WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT IT YET. Your trolltag is carcinoGeneticist and you speak in a manner that is ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY ORNERY, ALL THE TIME.

Later, you will play a game with 5 other friends, and go on a big adventure with them. This game, for convenient reference, is a game that DOES NOT YET EXIST.

But it will soon.

What will you do?

## Karkat: Examine slimy purple pod.

**13/06/10**

It is your RECUPERACOON full of nourishing SOPOR SLIME. Every young troll enjoys the cozy embrace of such a vessel each night, and the relaxing ooze helps assuage the terrible visions of blood and carnage that plague the dark subconscious of your species.

It is so inviting... a few minutes couldn't hurt.

## Karkat: Get in.

**13/06/10**

Ok, this sure is cozy and all, but you can't be napping all day like a chump. Dammit, you're a busy guy. You are sort of a big deal.

Goddamn slime. Now you have to change your clothes too. What were you thinking?

Luckily all your clothes are the same. Trolls think fashion is stupid.

## Karkat: Examine movie posters.

**13/06/10**

Ok, it's time to get serious here. Sweet Troll Jegus. Let's get real and get down to some major business.

You space out and get caught up reading the titles of the films for about five minutes. Wow these movies are great. You don't care what anyone says. Pure magic.

Is that...

Is that John Cusack?

The thing that most people don't realize is that John Cusack is a universal constant.

## ======>

**13/06/10**

This movie...

Ok, this one even you have a hard time defending. But still, it's so good.

The best thing about it is how Troll Sandler doesn't make you want to punch anything.

Like, nothing at all, really hard or anything.

## Karkat: Captchalogue sickle.

**13/06/10**

You grab your trusty SICKLE with your ENCRYPTION MODUS. To retrieve it, you'll need to hack the code to open the CARD VAULT left behind.

This will obviously prove to be a completely ridiculous and untenable way of managing an inventory, and lead to a great many follies. Later on, you would swap your modus with your hacker friend, a guy who unlike you happens to be competent with programming. It would only make sense.

But for the time being it makes your life kind of a nightmare. There are so many stupid things that happen because of this modus. So many, you just have no idea.

## Karkat: Take card vault.

**13/06/10**

GOD.

*DAMMIT.*

You hear some unhappy grumbling through the hole below. This was not the coolest thing you could have done just now.

## Karkat: Examine large black book.

**13/06/10**

You make quite sure NOT to captchalogue it, and simply pick it up and read it.

## ======>

**13/06/10**

```
~ATH - A HANDBOOK FOR THE IMMINENTLY DECEASED

CHAPTER ONE

PREAPARE YOUR ~ATH FILE:
"DIG YOUR GRAVE"


A BONE TO PICK!
"For death begins with
life's first breath and
life begins at touch of
death"
- Troll Will Smith



~ATH(THIS) {

  // ADDITIONAL GRAVES...

} EXECUTE(NULL);

THIS.DIE();
```

It is a thick programming manual called "~ATH - A HANDBOOK FOR THE IMMINENTLY DECEASED."

~ATH is an insufferable language to work with. Its logic is composed of nothing but infinite loops, or at best, loops of effectively interminable construction.

The above page in the intro section documents the simplest possible ~ATH code structure. Any code deviating from this basic structure will not compile.

You have a whole bunch of code samples you've been messing around with on your computer. It's been frustrating at best, and debilitating to your machine at worst.

## Karkat: Leave your room.

**13/06/10**

You step outside your respiteblock, onto one of your hive's numerous extraterraneal landing slats. You were allowed to design this hive when you were young, after you emerged victorious from your trials deep in the brooding caverns. You have lived here with your CUSTODIAN ever since.

It's almost as if your people have placed great cultural importance on teaching children to become architecturally adept while very young. It has been this way since ancient times. No one seems to know why that is.

Getting to build your own hive at a young age using whatever meandering design you chose likely has left you jaded to the notion of customizing your abode. You certainly wouldn't get all that worked up about a game that happened to allow you to do such a thing.

At least not for that reason.

## Karkat: Examine neighborhood.

**14/06/10**

```
HIVEBENT
```

The lawnrings are empty. Blood skims the voids in your porous cranial plates, as if grazing the hollow of a threshed stem, or say, an abandoned cocoon. A sour note is produced. It's the one Agitation plays to make its audience squirm.

It is your sixth wriggling day, and as with all five preceding it blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

Look.

## ======>

**14/06/10**

You don't have time for fancy poetry. It's almost as useless as those arm-swing flappy things on mailboxes, assuming you even knew what those were, which you don't. Trolls don't have mail. Mail is almost as useless as poetry to them. Poetry is the swing arm flappy dealy of words, and mail is the red tilty lever doodad of giving people shit.

Frankly you don't know about things skimming voids or grazing hollows or whatever. You've got AMBITION. You were meant to be a bigshot. To be in charge of something huge and really important, and to be totally ruthless about it. You just haven't found the dominion in which you're destined for greatness yet. Or even a vague concept of it. You haven't found your purpose. But you will tonight.

You stew in your own impotent aggravation in the cool dusk breeze. During the dark seasons, it remains dusk for most of the day. It can stay dark for many bilunar perigees at a time. But even if it didn't, you would still have this feeling...

You have a feeling it's going to be a long night.

## Karkat: Go back inside.

**14/06/10**

```
}}BURG
EMAG{{
```

You head back into your block and hit up your computer station. No word from any of your loudmouth pals. No news is good news. Sweet music to your auricular sponge clots.

## Karkat: Check out magazine.

**14/06/10**

```
}}BURG
EMAG{{

}}SKAEL
EVISULCXE{{
```

It's the latest issue of GAME GRUB.

This one appears to boast about "exclusive leaks". They all boast about that. You're not even really sure what it means.

## Karkat: Check out DVD.

**14/06/10**

```
The Thresh Prince of Bel-Air
```

It is a DVD of one of your favorite series, THE THRESH PRINCE OF BEL-AIR.

It's about a green threshecutioner cadet who sasses up the bluebloods in his flaysquad pretty good. Their blood is literally blue. Lousy snobs. But Troll Will Smith shows them all how to loosen up. He is pretty much your hero.

Troll TV shows have shorter titles than troll movies because TV is a much newer form of media in their society. Which is a good thing because it would be pretty hard to make this funny joke otherwise.

## Karkat: Get down to business on computer.

**14/06/10**

```
Alert : ♈
```

Ok enough messing around time to get some work done maybe a little programming or oh god.

It figures that installing this new beta chat client would open the floodgates. All your moron friends are going to be hounding you relentlessly. Not that they needed an excuse before.

You wonder what this chump wants.

## Karkat: Answer troll.

**14/06/10**

pesterlogterminallyCapricious [TC] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

TC: wHaT iS uUuUuP mY iNvErTeBrOtHeR?
CG: WHAT IN THE SWEET ALMIGHTY TAINTCHAFING FUCK DO YOU WANT.
TC: NoT a MoThErFuCkInG tHiNg BrO.
TC: oThEr ThAn I bE cHeCkIn OuT hOw My BeSt MoThErFuCkIn FrIeNd Is At Yo.
CG: I REALLY CAN'T STAND YOU AND I HATE HOW YOU TYPE, IT JUST BOTHERS ME SO MUCH, HAVE I MENTIONED THAT?
TC: YoU SaY iT pReTtY mUcH eVeRy TiMe We TaLk YeAh.
TC: but uh, i don't have to...
TC: uhhh see?
TC: but i mean man this feels so motherfuckin unnatural and shit.
TC: YoU jUsT gOt To Be GoInG wItH wHaT fEeLs RiGhT aT wHeRe YoUr HeArT's Up In, YoU kNoW?
TC: bEsT fRiEnD.
CG: I WONDER WHAT KIND OF SHITTY THING I DID TO DESERVE SUCH AN AWFUL BEST FRIEND.

CG: OR MAYBE WHAT TERRIBLE THING I'M GOING TO DO AND GET PUNISHED FOR IN ADVANCE.
CG: MAYBE I'M JUST LIKE PREEMPTIVELY THE WORST FUCKING PIECE OF TRASH WHO EVER LIVED AND DON'T EVEN KNOW IT YET, BUT HEY LOOK, YOUR FRIENDSHIP IS EXHIBIT A I GUESS.
TC: It'S sUcH a BeAuTiFuL tHiNg.
TC: ThIs TrOlL dIsEaSe CaLlEd FrIeNdShIp.
CG: FRIENDSHIP ISN'T A DISEASE SHITSPONGE.
CG: IT'S LIKE...
CG: A MISTAKE.
CG: A BIG JOKE OF NATURE.
TC: iT's A mIrAcLe.
CG: OH NO, DON'T.
CG: DON'T START WITH THE MIRACLES AGAIN.
TC: MaN eVeRyWhErE i LoOk...
TC: aLlS i SeE iS mOtHeRfUcKiN mIrAcLeS.
TC: It'S sO sPiRiTuAl, AlL tHeSe mIrAcLeS aNd ShIt.
TC: oK lIkE jUsT bE tAkIn tHiS fUcKiN tItS bOtTlE oF fUcKiN fAyGo I jUsT cRaCkEd Up OpEn.
TC: AnD hOw It'S bEiNg AlL lIkE hIsSiNg AnD sHiT.
TC: mOtHeRfUcKiN hIsSiNg MaN, wHo WeNt AlL aNd ToLd It To Do ThAt?
TC: HoW wOuLd It EvEn Do ThAt, It'S cRaZy.
TC: iT's A mIrAcLe.
CG: IT'S CARBONATION YOU IGNORANT DOUCHE.
CG: TRY GETTING SCHOOLFED SOME TIME INSTEAD OF SLURPING DOWN THAT WEIRD SWILL ALL DAY AND FONDLING YOUR STUPID HORNS.
TC: No No BrO, i DoN't WaNnA kNoW, dOn'T eVeN tElL mE.
TC: kNoWiNg ShIt JuSt StEaLs Up AlL tHe FuCkIn MaGiC fRoM mY mIrAcLeS lIkE a MoThErFuCkIn ThIeF.
TC: AnD tHaT aIn'T cOoL.
CG: THE ONLY MIRACLE IS THAT YOU LIKE THAT DISGUSTING SLUDGE, WHERE DO YOU EVEN GET THAT STUFF.
CG: IT'S ALSO A MIRACLE HOW YOU DRESS LIKE AN IMBECILE AND ARE BASICALLY THE STUPIDEST ASSHOLE I'VE EVER KNOWN.
CG: ACTUALLY YOU'RE RIGHT, THERE ARE MIRACLES EVERYWHERE, I'VE BEEN A FOOL.
TC: sEe MaN, i Am StRaIgHt Up TeLlInG yOu.
TC: MiRaClEs.
TC: iT's LiKe, AlRiGhT, cOmPuTeRs, RiGhT?
TC: WhAt ThE fUcK?
TC: mIrAcLeS iS wHaT.
CG: FUCK YOU.
CG: FUCK YOU FOR ME JUST READING THAT.
TC: AnYwAy WhAt'S uP wItH yOuR bAd SeLf, FoR sErIoUs HeRe.
TC: iSn'T sOmEtHiNg BiG aLl GoInG dOwN?
CG: WHAT?

TC: i HeArD sOmEtHiNg bIg WaS gOiNg AlL dOwN.
TC: JuSt AlL bE tElLiNg Me AlL wHaT mOtHeRfUcKiN iT's Up AnD aLl AbOuT.
CG: STOP SAYING ALL. ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT TA'S THING?
TC: yEaH!! fUcK yEaH mAn, So MyStErIoUs.
TC: I'm NeVeR bEiNg GeTtInG cEaSeD tO bE aMaZeD bY aLl ThEsE fUcKiN mYsTeRiEs LiFe'S gOt FoR uS.
CG: UUUUUUGH.
CG: ANYWAY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S UP WITH THAT.
CG: MAYBE I'LL TALK TO HIM TONIGHT ABOUT IT. MAYBE I WON'T.
CG: IT'S PROBABLY JUST ANOTHER ONE OF HIS PROJECTS THAT WINDS UP BEING COMPLETELY USELESS AND A HUGE WASTE OF MY TIME.
TC: yEaH mAyBe BuT hE's YoUr BeSt FrIeNd ThOuGh So It'S aLl CoOl.
TC: AnYwAy I tHoUgHt ThIs SoUnDeD lIkE a PrEtTy BiG mOtHeRfUcKiN dEaL mY mAn.
TC: aAaUuUhHh...
CG: WHAT.
TC: Aw BrO nEvErMiNd, I jUsT fUcKiN dId LiKe To ScArE tHe ShIt OuTtA mYsElF hErE.
TC: tHeSe DaMn HoRnS.
CG: YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THOSE THINGS.
CG: THEY MAKE IT MORE EMBARRASSING TO KNOW YOU.
CG: WHICH IS A FRIGGIN MIRACLE THAT THAT'S EVEN POSSIBLE.
CG: LIKE, WOW, GOD SURE COOKED UP A DOOZY THERE.
CG: TWINKLY EYED SON OF A BITCH JUST KEEPS YOU GUESSING, DOESN'T HE.
TC: MaN yOu KnOw YoU wAnNa GiVe My HoRnS a GoOd SqUeEzE. :o)
CG: ACTUALLY YOU KNOW WHAT WILL BE THE MIRACLE TO END ALL MIRACLES?
CG: IT'LL BE IF I EVER MEET A KID I DESPISE MORE THAN YOU.
CG: THAT WILL MAKE ME A MOTHERFUCKIN CONVERT.
CG: I'LL SEE LIGHT SO BRIGHT I'LL NEED GC TO WALK ME AROUND SO I DON'T BUMP INTO SHIT.
CG: SIGN ME UP FOR YOUR IDIOTIC CLOWN RELIGION OK.
TC: hAhAhAhA yOu fUcKiN gOt It BrOtHeR!

**======>**

**15/06/10**

Whoa what the motherfuck, who's this motherfuckin' motherfucker?

It's cool, life is like that sometimes. It's full of mysteries. You'll be doing one thing then something else hits you just like that and you roll with it. That's what you do when life hands you lemons. You sure as fuck don't make lemonade because who the fuck knows where that fuckin' shit comes from?

It's squeezed out of miracles is where.

So what's this motherfucker's name?

## Enter name.

**15/06/10**

Your name is GAMZEE MAKARA.

You get pretty excited by CLOWNS OF A GRIM PERSUASION WHICH MAY NOT BE IN FULL POSSESSION OF THEIR MENTAL FACULTIES. You belong to a RATHER OBSCURE CULT, which foretells of a BAND OF ROWDY AND CAPRICIOUS MINSTRELS which will rise one day on a MYTHICAL PARADISE PLANET that does not exist yet. The beliefs of this cult are SOMEWHAT FROWNED UPON by those dwelling in more common lawnrings. But you don't care, you got to be going with what feels right at where your heart's up in, you know? You like to practice on your ONE WHEEL DEVICE, which you are GOD AWFUL AT because your FEET DO NOT REACH THE PEDALS. You enjoy a FINE BEVERAGE, and like to do A LITTLE BAKING SOMETIMES. You've got ALL THESE HORNS all over the place, and sometimes you step on them and SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF YOURSELF.

You like to chat a lot with your pal Karkat, who is usually pretty cranky, but he is your BEST FRIEND. You have a lot of OTHER GREAT FRIENDS who you also like a lot. Your trolltag is terminallyCapricious and you speak in a manner that is JuSt A lItTlE bIt WhImSiCaL.

What will you do?

## Gamzee: Captchalogue bottle of Faygo.

**15/06/10**

You snag a bottle of FAYGO. To consume the beverage is what your fellow devotees refer to as KICKIN' THE WICKED ELIXIR.

It is captchalogued through your MIRACLE MODUS. You have absolutely no idea how this thing works.

And you don't want to know.

## Gamzee: Captchalogue computer.

**15/06/10**

You take your HUSKTOP.

Sometimes you just like to pick stuff up and watch the colors. It's so beautiful. Life is beautiful.

## Gamzee: Ride one wheel device.

**15/06/10**

You decide to give this diabolical contraption another shot. Maybe one of these days you will get one more suited to your proportions. For now this is all you have to work with.

You just have to figure out how to stay on the thing without flying off the handle.

## ======>

**15/06/10**

```
HONK
```

You do some sort of acrobatic fucking pirouette off the handle and into a big pile of horns.

## Gamzee: Sample delicious pie cooling on the counter.

**15/06/10**

It is still piping hot but you can't help yourself. You sneak a taste of the SOPOR SLIME PIE.

You aren't supposed to eat that slime. It does funny things to a troll's head.

But you were never taught that on account of a lousy upbringing. Your custodian was always out to sea.

That is where he is now. Maybe you will go outside and see if you can spot him.

## Gamzee: Take a juggling club.

**15/06/10**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

clubkind
```

You grab a JUGGLING CLUB. You'll need it if you are going to go out. It is dangerous to leave unarmed.

## Gamzee: Go outside.

**15/06/10**

You leave your hive and head out to the beach. There is no sign of your custodian.

You should not stay out here very long. The SEA DWELLERS are quite hostile.

## ======>

**15/06/10**

```
Alert : ♎
```

Someone is bugging you. This is exciting. You're always down for shooting the wicked shit with anyone that who'll put up with you.

Now if only you could figure out how to get your HUSKTOP out of this stupid thing. It'll be a miracle if you can manage.

## Gamzee: Retrieve husktop.

**15/06/10**

```
POOF!
```

You say a short prayer to your beloved MIRTHFUL MESSIAHS, and splash a pinch of SPECIAL STARDUST in your face.

## ======>

**15/06/10**

```
LAUNCH
```

Your sylladex launches your beverage far, far into the ocean.

## ======>

**16/06/10**

You wonder if you can just...

Just sort of reach over...

And...

## Gamzee: Answer troll.

**16/06/10**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterloggallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling terminallyCapricious [TC]

GC: H3Y G4MZ33Z YOU W4NT TO PL4Y G4M3Z3Z W1TH M3??
TC: hEy YeAh ThAt SoUnDs LiKe ThE mOtHeRfUcKiN sHiT's BiTcHtItS!
GC: >8\
GC: 1T SUR3 1S H4RD TO 1GNOR3 TH3 W31RD TH1NGS YOU S4Y SOM3T1M3S!
GC: BUT 1M GONN4
GC: TH3 ONLY R34SON 1M 4SK1NG YOU 1S B3C4US3 YOUR N4M3 1S L1K3 G4M3
GC: 4ND NO OTH3R R34SON
GC: G3T 1T??? >:]
TC: HaHa WeLl I hEaRd Of WoRsE fUcKiN rEaSoNs To Be GeTtIn AlL aBoUt To Do SoMeThInG.
TC: :o) hOnK
GC: NO TH4T SHOULD BOTH3R YOU, TH4T R34SON
GC: WHY DONT TH1NGS L1K3 TH4T BOTH3R YOU??
GC: NO WOND3R V4NT4S C4NT ST4ND YOU
GC: BUT WHO C4R3S 4BOUT H1M, W3R3 GO1NG TO H4V3 SOM3 MOTH3RFUCK1NG SH1TTY B1TCH3S PL4Y1NG TOG3TH3R!
GC: OR WH4T3V3R YOU S41D
TC: sO iS tHiS tHe GaMe I'vE hEaRd AbOuT?
TC: ThE bIg MyStErY?
GC: Y34H
TC: wHoA oK uHhH...
TC: ThIs Is GoInG tO bE fUcKiN iNsAnE.
TC: bUt CaN wE pLaY a LiTtLe LaTeR?
TC: I'm OuTsIdE kEePiNg An EyE oUt HeRe FoR tHe OlD gOaT.
TC: yOu KnOw HoW iT iS wItH fAmIlY.
GC: NO, NOT R34LLY!
GC: 4DURRRR DURR DURP
TC: Oh YeAh...
GC: DURRRRRRRRRRRRR
GC: W4Y TO GO, HOW DO3S TH4T STUP1D BOTTL3D SYRUP OF YOURS T4ST3 W1TH YOUR HOOF SO F4R UP YOUR MOUTH???
GC: >:]
TC: sOoOoOoOrY.
TC: AnYwAy I'lL gO iNsIdE iN a WhIlE, wHy DoN't YoU gEt KaRkAt To FiRe Up ThAt MoThErFuCkEr WiTh YoU?
TC: hE lIkEs GaMeS.
GC: OH NOOOOO.
GC: GOD C4N YOU 1M4G1N3 4LL TH3 B1TCH1NG 4ND MO4N1NG?

GC: 1 US3D TO TRY TO PL4Y STUFF W1TH H1M BUT WOW D1D 1 L34RN MY L3SSON.
TC: AlRiGhT, wElL i'Ll TrY tO gEt In AnD gEt Up On My ChIlL rEaL sOoN aNd We CaN pLaY.
TC: jUsT gIvE mE a MiNuTe!
GC: BULLSH1T!
GC: YOU KNOW YOUR3 JUST GO1NG TO S1T TH3R3 ON TH3 B34CH 4ND SP4C3 OUT 4ND LOS3 TR4CK OF T1M3.
GC: H3LLO?
GC: G4MZ?????
TC: WhAt?
TC: oH mAn SoRrY.
TC: I sPaCeD oUt, DiD yOu KnOw HoW bEaTuFuL tHe SoUnD oF tHe OcEaN iS?
TC: hAvE yOu EvEr EvEn SeEn ThE oCeAn?
TC: oR i MeAn SmElLeD iT...
TC: SoRrY.
GC: >:[

## Karkat: Get some programming done.

**16/06/10**

```
TROLLIAN


AAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGH.~ATH

import universe u;
import author Karkat;

~ATH(U) {

  ~ATH(Karkat) {
  } EXECUTE(NULL);

} EXECUTE(NULL);

THIS.DIE();


ChumpRoll
 o apocalypseArisen
 o adiosToreador
 o twinArmageddons
 o carcinoGeneticist
 o arsenicCatnip
 o grimAuxilliatrix
 o gallowsCalibrator
 o arachnidsGrip
 o centaursTesticle
 o terminallyCapricious
 o caligulasAquarium
 o cuttlefishCuller
```

Finally some peace and quiet. Now you can bear down on your coding. This will surely last all evening, without interruption.

You reopen one of your ~ATH projects you started recently. You are still horsing around with the conditions for terminating the loops.

What many ~ATH coders do is import finite constructs and bind the loops to their lifespan. For instance the main loop here will terminate on the death of the universe, labeled U. That way you only have to wait billions of years for it to end instead of forever.

You have bound a subloop to the lifespan of the code's author, which is you. Any routine at the end will execute when you die. You figure this might be handy for coding something to release a final will and testament. Or maybe some doomsday virus. You spend a lot of time thinking of ways to make the perfect doomsday virus.

Conveniently absent from ~ATH's extensive import library are entities with short lifespans. Like a rapidly decaying particle that only lasts a millisecond sure would be handy. Or even a fruit fly or something. But no, coding with this language is all about finding ways to trick it into doing what you want.

Your hacker buddy is obnoxiously good at it. He's sent you some files which you still don't understand, but you're not going to admit that. He is even better at making viruses than you, which really gets stuck in your nook.

## Karkat: Check out one of his files.

**16/06/10**

```
check_thii2_2hiit_out.~ATH

bifurcate THIS[THIS, THIS];
import universe U1;
import universe U2;

~ATH(U1) {

  ~ATH(!U2) {

} EXECUTE(~ATH(THIS){}EXECUTE(NULL));

  } EXECUTE(~ATH(THIS){}EXECUTE(NULL));

[THIS, THIS].DIE();
```

This code, when executed, immediately causes the user's computer to explode, and places a curse on the user forever, along with everyone he knows, and everyone he'll ever meet.

Not surprisingly, later on you would run this code in a fit of stupidity.

You don't know how he does stuff like this. What does this even mean? It's nonsense. Is it even syntactically viable?? Are you allowed to color text like that??? ARGH. Maybe you should ask him about it some time.

Oh speak of the devil. Here he is bugging you about something. Time to put on your game face and pretend you don't think very highly of his abilities.

## Karkat: Answer troll.

**16/06/10**

```
Alert : ¤
```

pesterlogtwinArmageddons [TA] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

TA: KK dont fliip your 2hiit about thii2 but iim 2ettiing you up two play a game wiith 2ome people.
CG: WHY WOULD I FLIP MY SHIT ABOUT THAT.
TA: becau2e you fliip your 2hiit about everythiing.
CG: WELL WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS.
CG: HERE IS MY SHIT, AND YET IT REMAINS UNFLIPPED.
CG: JUST SITTING THERE ON THE SKILLET, GETTING BURNED ON ONE SIDE.
CG: IT'S A MIRACLE.
TA: oh no are you iinto miiracle2 now two becau2e iif you are youre fiired preemptiively from the game.
CG: FUCK NO.
TA: ok niice.
CG: MIRACLES ARE LIKE POOP STAINS ON GOD'S UNDERWEAR.
TA: eheheh makiing fun of people2 reliigiion2 i2 the be2t thiing two do.
CG: THAT'S WHY HE HIDES THEM, THEY'RE FUCKING EMBARRASSING.
CG: GOD LAUNDERS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.
TA: ehehehehh riight on but let2 2hut our mouth2 a 2econd and talk about thii2 game.
TA: iitll only be a 2econd really you dont have two do two much.
CG: OK, GOOD, BECAUSE I'M PRETTY BUSY TONIGHT.
CG: WHAT IS THIS THING ANYWAY, WHY ALL THE SECRECY.
TA: well the 2hort 2tory ii2 that iit2 an iimmer2iive 2iimulatiion that you play wiith a group.
TA: the long 2tory ii2 that the fate of our ciiviiliizatiion depend2 on u2 playiing iit.
TA: heh ii gue22 the long one wa2 2horter than the 2hort one FUCK.
CG: THAT SOUNDS LIKE MELODRAMATIC BULLSHIT BUT COMING FROM YOU COLOR ME UNSURPRISED.
TA: 2crew you vanta2 thii2 2hiit2 more real than kraft grub2auce.
CG: RIGHT OK.
CG: SO YOU MADE THIS GAME?
TA: no no.
TA: more liike ii adapted iit.
CG: FROM WHAT.
TA: 2ome crazy technology AA dug out of 2ome ruiin2.
TA: havent you talked two her about iit?
CG: MAN, NO.
CG: I CAN'T TALK TO HER, SHE'S SO SPOOKY.
CG: I DON'T KNOW WHY MOST OF OUR FRIENDS ARE SUCH PSYCHOS.
TA: probably iit2 becau2e mo2t troll2 are.
TA: iif you heard what ii heard every niight ii mean WOW FUCK.
CG: NO LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT YOUR WEIRD MUTANT BRAIN.
CG: AND DON'T SCAN MINE OR WHATEVER, IT'S OFF LIMITS YOU DOUCHE.
TA: ii told you liike a biilliion tiime2 ii cant do that you nub2lurping fuckpod.
CG: WHY ARE YOU TWO UP TO THIS SECRET STUFF.
CG: WHY HAVEN'T YOU TOLD ME ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?
TA: KK iim 2orry but really iit2 kiind of a priivate matter between me and her and iid appreciiate iit iif that wa2 re2pected.

CG: OH GOD.
CG: STOP BEING SO SENSITIVE.
CG: IT'S A REPUGNANT QUALITY.
TA: ok how about you take your own adviice you are 2uch a blubberiing hypocriite.
TA: youre lucky iim 2o fuckiing magnaniimou2 and chariitable cau2e otherwii2e there2 no chance iid wa2te my tiime on you.
CG: WHAT A LOAD OF SHIT, THIS ACT THAT YOU ACTUALLY THINK YOU'RE A HOTSHOT, YOU KNOW YOU HATE YOURSELF.
TA: nobody hate2 hiim2elf more than you iidiiot.
CG: YEAH WELL I HATE YOU WAY MORE THAN I HATE MYSELF, AND THAT'S FUCKING SAYING SOMETHING.
CG: IN FACT I HATE YOU MORE THAN I HATE MYSELF AND YOU HATE YOURSELF AND YOU HATE ME COMBINED.
TA: oh fuck that noii2e iin every leakiing oriifiice iit2 got you know ii hate the combiined product of you and my2elf more than you could ever begiin two hate me and my2elf and you and your2elf on your wor2t day 2o FUCKIING DEAL WIITH IIT.
CG: OK, TIME OUT FOR THE IDIOT.
CG: THE IDIOT GETS A TIME OUT AND SHUTS UP FOR A SECOND.
CG: THAT'S YOU.
CG: JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO ABOUT THIS GAME.
TA: ok well iill 2end you a download 2oon.
TA: iim 2ett1ng up two team2.
TA: liike two 2eparate competiing team2 2o that there2 a better chance of at lea2t one group wiinniing.
TA: and al2o ii gue22 two 2ee which one can wiin fa2ter.
CG: OK LET ME GUESS.
CG: THERE'S A RED TEAM AND BLUE TEAM, RIGHT?
TA: yeah.
TA: youre on the red team.
TA: ii wiill be the leader of the blue.
CG: OK, THEN I GUESS I CAN PICK MY TEAMMATES THEN?
TA: uh...
TA: bro youre not the red team leader.
TA: ii piicked GC for that.
CG: WHAT??????????????????
TA: dude ii diid NOT thiink youd be iintere2ted iin thii2 dont act all offended.
CG: OH WOW NOW I SEE.
CG: REALLY FUCKING CLEVER, PICKING THE BLIND GIRL TO LEAD THE TEAM YOUR COMPETING WITH.
CG: I KNEW YOU WERE CHEATER LOWLIFE FUCKING SCUMBAG WITH NO SCRUPLES OR SELF ESTEEM AND WERE BASICALLY WORTHLESS ON EVERY LEVEL, BUT SOMEHOW I'M STILL DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.
TA: yeah ii am 2uch an iidiiot for not rewardiing your bubbly per2onaliity and iimpeccable people 2kiill2 wiith a leader2hiip giig.
TA: what an iincon2iiderate knuckle2ponged a22hole ii have been.
CG: I AM A HATCHED LEADER AND YOU KNOW IT.

TA: ii know your fiilthy 2eedflap ii2 flutteriing iin the profane breeze that2 2hootiing out your 2tiinkiing meal tunnel.
TA: ii do know that much.
CG: HOW DO YOU GET OUT OF YOUR COCOON IN THE MORNING KNOWING YOU'RE THE WORST THING A UNIVERSE WAS EVER RESPONSIBLE FOR?
CG: ALSO IT MUST BE HARD WITH YOUR HANDS TO PERSISTENTLY BOTHERING EVERY MUTATED SET OF GENITALS PEPPERING THAT GHASTLY HUSK YOU PAWN OFF AS A BODY.
CG: HAS A FEMALE EVER LOOKED AT YOU WITHOUT AT ONCE TURNING SKYWARD AND ERUPTING LIKE A VOMIT VOLCANO, ANSWER ME THAT.
TA: thii2 ii2 2o iimmature, iim ba2iically ju2t laughiing here at how iimmature you are.
TA: liike ii really giive a fuck who the red leader ii2.
TA: you want two be the leader fiine talk two GC about iit.
CG: I GUESS THESE CONVERSATIONS WE HAVE DO GET KIND OF EMBARRASSING IN RETROSPECT.
CG: ARE WE NOT FRIENDS ANYMORE BECAUSE OF STUFF I SAID.
TA: eheheheh you LIITERALLY a2k me that every tiime are you jokiing.
TA: ii cant even tell anymore.
CG: IT'S A JOKE MORON.
CG: HONESTLY I'M JUST GLAD NOBODY ELSE IS PRIVVY TO OUR CONVERSATIONS.
CG: ACTUALLY WHY DON'T WE MAKE A PACT TO DELETE THIS ONE FROM OUR LOGS, I'M JUST SHUDDERING HERE SCROLLING UP AND READING THIS.
TA: yeah ok.

**======>**

**16/06/10**

```
GRuuuuummBLE
```

Sounds like someone downstairs is getting pretty crabby. This is not an encounter you are looking forward to. You'll probably put it off as long as you can manage.

**======>**

**16/06/10**

**======>**

**16/06/10**

```
BL4R
```

Why, who's this young lady?

## Enter name.

**16/06/10**

Your name is TEREZI PYROPE.

You are pretty enthusiastic about dragons. But you have a PARTICULAR AFFECTION for their COLORFUL SCALES, which you gather and use to decorate your hive. Though you live alone, deep in the woods, you surround yourself with a variety of plushie pals known as SCALEMATES. You often spend your days with them in rounds of LIVE ACTION ROLE PLAYING. You used to engage in various forms of MORE EXTREME ROLEPLAYING with some of your other friends

before you had an accident.

You take an interest in justice, holding particular fascination for ORCHESTRATING THE DEMISE OF THE WICKED. You have taken up study of BRUTAL ALTERNIAN LAW, and surround yourself with legal books. You have no need for copies printed in TROLLBRAILLE, because you can SMELL AND TASTE THE WORDS. You hope one day to join the honorable ranks of the LEGISLACERATORS. Your trolltag is gallowsCalibrator and you SP34K W1TH TH3 NUM3R4LS TH3 BL1ND PROPH3TS ONC3 US3D.

You are presently the leader of the RED TEAM, poised to begin a mysterious game with 5 other friends, in direct competition with another 6 of your friends, comprising the BLUE TEAM.

What will you do?

## Terezi: Cut to the chase and begin LARPing immediately.

**17/06/10**

```
H1S HONOR4BL3 TYR4NNY
```

It's pretty hard to live action role play when there is no one who is alive nearby. But all of your Scalemates are alive to you.

At least you pretend to believe that to annoy people.

You prepare a new campaign for one of your favorite scenarios, COURTBLOCK DRAMA. His HONORABLE TYRANNY presides. On trial is an especially detestable fellow, SENATOR LEMONSNOUT. You have sparred with this scumbag before. Tonight he faces justice.

You will play the role of the prosecuting attorney. On Alternia, there is no such thing as a defense attorney, or a defense. In a courtblock, the word defense itself is offensive.

## Terezi: Interrogate.

**17/06/10**

**======>**

**17/06/10**

**======>**

**17/06/10**

Most of the interrogation is in the intimidating silence.

## Terezi: Slap him around a bit.

**17/06/10**

```
SLAP.
```

**======>**

**17/06/10**

```
SLAP.
```

You don't want to slap too hard. Enough to sting, but not to bruise. It must be methodical, business-like. And persistent. You only stop when you smell tears.

## ======>

**17/06/10**

```
SNIFFFF...
```

Mr. Senator, you smell very nice. Your luscious yellow scales are like the sweetest gumdrops to the prosecution's nose.

But your deceit *STINKS*.

Did you honestly think you could dip your corpulent snout into the imperial beetle coffers like that and get away with it?? Did you think your revolting abuse of the public trust would go unnoticed??? *THINK AGAIN, GOOD SENATOR. WHILE THE PROSECUTION MAY BE BLIND, REST ASSURED THE LEAGUE OF LEGISLACERATORS SEES ALL.*

## Terezi: Call a witness.

**17/06/10**

Oh, well played, Lemonsnout. *Well played.* The prosecution's key witness, murdered. *How convenient!* The courtblock has little choice but to acknowledge your cunning. You have earned just a teensy sliver of your respect back. For now.

But wait...

## ======>

**17/06/10**

```
SHOCKING DEVELOPMENT
```

Oh my!

What have we here???

## ======>

**17/06/10**

The prosecution begs your pardon, dear senator, but you appear to have dropped something. A personal satchel, perhaps? *CHOCK FULL OF ILLICIT, EMBEZZLED BEETLES, WITH WHICH YOU HAVE THE UNMITIGATED CHEEK TO WALTZ BEFORE HIS TYRANNY, CONCEALED BENEATH YOUR ILL-GOTTEN FINERY??????*

The prosecution requests a short recess from His Honorable Tyranny so that all law abiding and Mother Grub fearing citizens may go outside and *puke*.

## Terezi: Sentence the criminal.

**18/06/10**

```
FLIP
```

As the prosecutor, it is your job to reach a final verdict and sentence the reprehensible felon, while His Tyranny watches in silence and submits grim approval.

But you take pity on this miserable bureaucrat. You are feeling merciful. You will give him a fighting chance.

You will flip a DOUBLE-HEADED TROLL CAEGAR to decide his fate. You do this quite often when making important decisions. Kind of like Batman's nemesis, Two-Face. Or that guy from No Country for Old Men. It turns out there are lots of badasses out there flipping coins. But those are Earth things and you've never heard of them. It's safe to say you borrowed this gimmick from one of the many, many troll things out there that's got hard boiled dudes flipping coins for major stakes. You base the habit on whichever one smells the most badass.

## Terezi: Flip.

**18/06/10**

```
PLING

WOOSH WOOSH
```

The coin tumbles through the air. Lemonsnout is sweating bullets!!!

======>

**18/06/10**

A favorable flip. The senator exhales in relief.

======>

**18/06/10**

But, what are you so happy about, Mr. Lemonsnout?

He looks a bit confused. He quivers his lowly proboscis at the coin.

See? The coin has exonerated him.

======>

**18/06/10**

Coin? What coin?

Surely you jest, Mr. Senator. The prosecution sees no coin.

======>

**18/06/10**

*SHE'S BLIND, REMEMBER?*

======>

**18/06/10**

```
HURKH...
```

======>

**18/06/10**

## Terezi: Adjourn.

**18/06/10**

```
SLURP!
```

Another triumph for justice. The courtblock is adjourned. You offer final salutations to His Tyranny in the customary manner.

Ok, that's not customary at all. You're just kind of weird.

It's just that your red chalk is THE MOST DELICIOUS CHALK. You cannot get enough of it. Anyone who says there is a more delicious chalk out there simply reeks of deceit.

======>

**18/06/10**

You sure had to go to a lot of trouble to do that.

## Terezi: Go get cane.

**19/06/10**

```
strife specibus

canekind
```

You take your WALKING CANE, which you use as a weapon kind of like Earth Daredevil who you've never heard of. You will use it to wallop enemies when you enter the Medium.

======>

**19/06/10**

Like this.

## Terezi: Begin recruiting red team members.

**19/06/10**

Your nose begins scouring your chumproll through the saliva smears on your monitor for potential teammates so you can start playing. Hmm, no not her. Nope, not her either. DEFINITELY not that guy.

Ok how about this girl. You like to roleplay with her sometimes via chat. You pretend you are a member of the mysterious and noble DRAGONYY'YD RACE, while she does her own goofy thing.

You don't have it in your heart to tell her that your chat RPing is meant f4c3t1ously I mean facetiously.

## Terezi: Troll AC.

**19/06/10**

```
Alert : ᘏ
```

pesterloggallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling arsenicCatnip [AC]

GC: *GC L4NDS ON YOUR WH3LP1NG STOOP 4ND R4PS ON YOUR C4V3 W1TH H3R NOBL3 4ND 3L3G4NT T4LON*
GC: *4ND ONC3 W1TH H3R M1GHTY SNOUT FOR GOOD M34SUR3*
AC: :33 < *ac saunters from her dark cave a little bit sl33py from the recent kill*
AC: :33 < *ac uses one of her mouths to lick the fresh blood off her paws*
AC: :33 < *and the other one to blow you a kiss!*
GC: >8O
GC: *GC W1TH 4 M1GHTY WH1SK OF H3R M1GHTY T41L PLUCKS TH3 K1SS OUT OF TH3 41R M1GHT1LY*
GC: *GC POCK3TS TH3 K1SS 1N H3R 3NCH4NT3D RUCKS4CK FOR L4T3R, TO DO SOM3TH1NG M4G1C4L, L1K3 M4K3 GOBL1N W1SH3S COM3 TRU3*
AC: :33 < *yes! ac finds that to be a most admirable use of a kiss!*

AC: :33 < *she thinks that goblin wishes n33d to come true too just like any other kind of purrsons wishes*
AC: :33 < *ac begs your pardon while she rips apart this tasty beast to prepare a meal for her cubs*
GC: *GC 3Y3S THE B34ST HUNGR1LY 4ND M1GHT1LY*
AC: :33 < uh oh!
GC: *GC 3Y3S THE CUBS HUNGR1LY!*
GC: *4ND M1GHT1LY*
GC: *3SP3C14LLY M1GHT1LY*
AC: :33 < dont you dare!
AC: :33 < i mean
AC: :33 < *ac shouts dont you dare!*
AC: :33 < *indignantly*
GC: *BUT 1T 1S TOO L4T3! GC SCOOPS UP 4 PLUMP CUB W1TH H3R GL1ST3N1NG M4J3ST1C T41L 4ND FL13S OFF M4G1C4LLY*
GC: *TH3 1NNOC3NT CUB 1S CRY1NG 4ND CRY1NG 4ND CRY1NG*
AC: :33 < *ac says noooooooo and looks a bit crestfallen*
AC: :33 < *ac gets a clever idea to slake the majestic dragons mighty hunger*
AC: :33 < *she prepares the lions share of the slain armored cholerbear for gc*
GC: >:? *GCS M4GN1F1C3NT CUR1OS1TY H4S B33N P3RK3D*
GC: 1S 1T 4 BULL CHOL3RB34R??
GC: OOPS *SH3 4SK3D TH4T*
AC: :33 < *ac pawses a moment and nods knowingly with a couple of smug grins on her face*
AC: :33 < *she confirms it is ind33d the bulliest of bears!*
GC: *GC 1NST4NTLY LOS3S 1NT3R3ST 1N TH3 PUNY CUB 4ND DROPS 1T TO TH3 GROUND F4R B3LOW!*
AC: :33 < *but as it happens the really cute cub lands in a bush safe and sound, whew!*
GC: *GC'S 4L4RM1NG 4ND SPL3ND1F3ROUS G1RTH S3TTL3S OV3R THE SUCCUL3NT CHOL3RB34R ST34K*
GC: *WH3N SH3 F1N1SH3S TH3 S4VORY R3D M34T SH3 L1FTS H3R PROUD W1S3 H34D 4ND OP3NS H3R GR34T B1G MOUTH 4ND SP34KS TH3 4NC13NT TONGU3 OF 4 THOUS4ND W1SDOMS*
GC: *SH3 S4YS:*
GC: H3Y DO YOU W4NT TO PL4Y 4 G4M3 W1TH M3?
AC: :33 < *ac crinkles up her nose and prepares for a really unprecedented marathon of baffling feline obstinacy*
AC: :33 < *her dragonyyydy suitor will make neither rhyme nor reason of her purrplexing behavior for even an instant!*
GC: NO NO TH4T W4S 4 R34L QU3ST1ON
GC: W4NT TO PL4Y 4 G4M3??
AC: :33 < oh! h33h33
AC: :33 < ok if you mean a computer game then yes that sounds like fun
GC: OK YOU C4N B3 ON MY T34M
AC: :33 < team?
AC: :33 < who else is playing?
GC: 1 H4V3NT D3C1D3D Y3T
GC: 4 WHOL3 BUNCH OF US 1N TWO T34MS

AC: :33 < oh
AC: :33 < well it does sound like it will be a lot of fun but i think i should get purrmission first
GC: BL4R!!!!!
GC: TH4TS SO STUP1D
GC: H3S NOT TH3 BOSS OF YOU
AC: :33 < i know!
AC: :33 < but still im kind of scared of him and i think purrhaps its best to just run it by him first so there isnt a kerfuffle about it or anything
GC: TH1S 1S STUP1D 1N SUCH 4 T3RR1BL3 MYR14D OF DUMB W4YS
GC: YOU SHOULDNT B3 4FR41D OF 4NYON3
GC: YOU K1LL B1G 4NIM4LS W1TH YOUR B4R3 H4NDS!
GC: 4ND 1N 4NY C4S3 H3 L1V3S NOWH3R3 N34R YOU SO TH3 WHOL3 TH1NG 1S 3XTR4 STUP1D
AC: :33 < i knooow
AC: :33 < but i dont think itll be a big deal
AC: :33 < ill just mention it casually and itll be fine im sure and then we can play in just a little bit!
GC: >XO
GC: F11111N3
GC: 1N TH3 M34NT1M3 1 W1LL GO ROUND UP SOME MOR3 P3OPL3 TO PL4Y
AC: :33 < k!

## Terezi: Troll TC.

**19/06/10**

```
Alert : ♑
Alert : ♎
```

pesterloggallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling terminallyCapricious [TC]

GC: H3Y G4MZ33Z YOU W4NT TO PL4Y G4M3Z3Z W1TH M3??
TC: hEy YeAh ThAt SoUnDs LiKe ThE mOtHeRfUcKiN sHiT's BiTcHtItS!
GC: >8\
GC: 1T SUR3 1S H4RD TO 1GNOR3 TH3 W31RD TH1NGS YOU S4Y SOM3T1M3S!

You then proceed to have the rest of this conversation we already read. No luck in getting this guy to play with you right now either.

You guess that leaves...

## ======>

**19/06/10**

```
Alert : Karkat
```

Oh no. Not Karkat. You were only going to ask him as a last resort. You wonder what he wants? You will try to avoid mentioning the game. Hopefully he hasn't caught wind of it yet.

## Terezi: Deal with Karkat.

**20/06/10**

```
Alert : ♋
```

Alert : ♎

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

CG: HEY GUESS WHAT, BIG NEWS.
CG: LIKE HOLY SHIT STOP THE PRESSES THIS IS A HUMONGOUS DEAL SORT OF NEWS.
GC: BL44444RRRRR WH4T 1S 1T
CG: YOU'RE NOT THE RED TEAM LEADER.
CG: THAT'S ME.
CG: I'M THE LEADER.
CG: IT'S BEEN DECIDED.
CG: ON AN OFFICIAL BASIS.
GC: OK SO 1 GU3SS 1M SUPPOS3D TO M4K3 4 B1G ST1NK 4BOUT TH1S 4ND S4Y W4H W4H 1 W4NT TO B3 TH3 L34D3R >:[ >:[ >:[
CG: WHAT, NO.
CG: I MEAN YOU CAN BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD BECAUSE I'M THE LEADER AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO EVACUATE THROUGH YOUR PROTEIN CHUTE ON THE MATTER.
GC: W3LL 1T M4Y SURPR1S3 YOU TO KNOW TH4T 1 DONT G1V3 4 CR4P WHO G3TS TO B3 L34D3R B3C4US3 UNL1K3 YOU 1 4CTU4LLY H4V3 4 FUCK1NG SM1DG3N OF M4TUR1TY 4ND S3LF R3SP3CT
CG: THAT'S A LIE, YOU'RE MORE OF A MELODRAMA SPAZ QUEEN THAN ME AND YOU KNOW IT AND THIS STUFF YOUR SAYING IS A PRETEND STUNT.
CG: YOU'RE LIKE A ROCKET PROPELLED SPAZ MAGGOT SPRINGLOADED UP THE ASS OF A PSYCHEDELIC FUCKING FREAKOUT WEASEL ON IDIOT DRUGS SO LETS NOT PLAY MAKEBELIEVE GAMES HERE.
CG: LEADER.
CG: ME.
GC: UUUUUUUUHNG
GC: K4RK4T 1 DONT C444R3
GC: YOU C4N B3 TH3 STUP1D L34D3R 1 JUST W4NT TO PL4Y TH1S G4M3
CG: OK, GREAT.
CG: IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION I HAVE SELECTED YOU TO BE MY SECOND IN COMMAND.
GC: R333334444LLY????
GC: SWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON >;] <3 <3 <3
CG: FUCK YOU OFFER RESCINDED.
GC: OK BUT S3R1OUSLY
GC: 1 WOULD H4V3 SUGG3ST3D YOU B3 TH3 L34D3R BUT HON3STLY 1T COM3S W1TH S3R1OUS R3SPONS1B1L1T13S 4ND 1 W4SNT SUR3 1F YOU W3R3 UP TO 1T
CG: HOW COULD YOU THINK THAT.
CG: I'M AN INCREDIBLE LEADER WITH ALL KINDS OF PRIORITIZATION AND COMMAND SKILLS.
CG: I'M GOING TO ROCK THE COCK OFF THIS WEATHERVANE AND THE BLUE TEAM WILL WISH THEY NEVER SLITHERED OUT OF THE MOTHER GRUB'S HEINOUS

UNDULATING ASSHOLE.
CG: SO JUST GIVE ME THE FULL BRIEFING, WHAT DO YOU KNOW.
GC: OK TH3 TH1NG YOU N33D TO KNOW 1S TH3 L34D3R ST4RTS OUT BY RUNN1NG THE CL13NT 4PPL1C4T1ON
GC: WH1L3 1 TH3 LOWLY S3COND OFF1C3R CONN3CTS TO YOU W1TH TH3 S3RV3R WH1L3 1 R3M41N G3N3R4LLY 1N 4W3 OF YOUR M4NLY GR4ND3UR
GC: 4ND 1 S1T 4T MY COMPUT3R DO1NG M3N14L CHOR3S 1N SUPPORT OF YOUR H3RO1C 3SC4P4D3S WH1CH HON3STLY 1 DONT TH1NK YOUR3 R34DY FOR BUT WH4T3V3R
CG: SEE THIS IS WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
CG: THIS IS WHAT I WAS MADE FOR.
CG: BEING IN CHARGE OF ADVENTURE, RUNNING AROUND AND STUFF, AND FUCKING SHIT UP LIKE A GODDAMN HERO WITH A RIPPERWASP IN HIS JOCK.
CG: LET'S GET CRACKING HERE.
CG: LAUNCH YOUR SERVER OR WHATEVER, I'LL INSTALL THE HERO PROGRAM.
GC: TH3 CL13NT
CG: YEAH.
GC: OK 1F YOU 1NS1ST
GC: F4R B3 1T FROM M3 TO STOP YOU FROM B31NG SO D4SH1NG 4ND COUR4G3OUS
GC: 4ND TO B3 P3RF3CTLY HON3ST 4 L1TTL3 B1T H4NDSOM3 >:]
CG: YES, EXACTLY.
CG: NOW YOU ARE MAKING SENSE.
CG: THIS IS THE KIND OF THING THAT SANE PEOPLE SAY.
CG: KEEP AT IT, THERE'S HOPE FOR YOU YET.
GC: OK 1LL TRY
GC: 4NYTH1NG TO G3T YOU TO STOP B31NG SUCH 4 B4BY
CG: WHAT'S A BABY.
GC: OH
GC: 1TS L1K3 4 MYTH1C4L L1TTL3 P1NK MONK3Y
GC: SOM3TH1NG MY LUSUS DR34MS 4BOUT
CG: I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T HAVE ONE.
GC: 1 DONT
GC: Y3T
GC: 1M NOT 4LLOW3D TO
CG: WHY NOT?
CG: WHY HAVE YOU NEVER MENTIONED THIS ANYWAY?
CG: HONESTLY TEREZI IT SOUNDS LIKE MORE FROTHING LOONEYBLOCK NONSENSE.
GC: 1F 1 3V3R D1D H4V3 ON3 1T WOULD M34N TH3 WORLD W4S COM1NG TO 4N 3ND
CG: OH THANK GOD YOU JUST SAID SOMETHING NORMAL, I WAS STARTING TO WORRY THERE.
CG: WHEW BACK IN SANE LAND.
GC: 1TS TRU3! >:P
GC: 1 DONT COMPL3T3LY UND3RST4ND 1T BUT TH4TS WH4T 1T TOLD M3
CG: WE NEED TO GET YOU OUT OF THAT FUCKING TREE AND INTO A PROPER GODDAMN LAWNRING.

CG: YOU'VE BEEN STUNTED LIVING UP THERE, BY THE WHISPERS OF FUCKING BARK GNOMES OR SOMETHING.
CG: I THINK ONE OF MY NEIGHBORS WAS JUST CULLED RECENTLY, MAYBE YOU COULD LIVE THERE.
GC: NO W4Y SCR3W L4WNR1NGS!!!
GC: MOR3 L1K3 Y4WNR1NGS
GC: 1 LOV3 MY TR33!
GC: BUT YOUR3 W3LCOM3 TO V1S1T SOM3 T1M3
GC: 1TS 3SP3C14LLY N1C3 1N TH3 TH1RD 4UTUMN
CG: OK WELL
CG: SPEAKING OF THAT
CG: I SHOULD GO DOWNSTAIRS AND DEAL WITH THIS GRUMPY CUSTOMER.
CG: IT'S GOING TO FONDLE MAJOR SEEDFLAP, BUT HOPEFULLY IT'LL BE QUICK.
CG: YOU CAN ESTABLISH YOUR CONNECTION AND DO YOUR TRIVIAL SIDEKICK STUFF I GUESS IN THE MEANTIME.
GC: OK! >:D

## A little later...

**20/06/10**

```
KARKAT → DURR
```

After the KNIGHT OF BLOOD'S heroic arrival to the LAND OF PULSE AND HAZE...

## ======>

**20/06/10**

You quickly crafted a new weapon, HOMES SMELL YA LATER. Plus some other cool stuff.

## Karkat: Deal with Terezi.

**20/06/10**

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

CG: YOU CAN SEE ME RIGHT.
CG: TELL ME WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE.
GC: NO 1 C4NT S33 YOU DUMB4SS
CG: OH YEAH.
CG: ANYWAY, PRESS YOUR NOSE AGAINST YOUR SLOBBERY SCREEN AND TELL ME WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE.
GC: SM3LLS PR3TTY T3RR1BL3!
CG: THAT'S BECAUSE YOU JUST TOOK A HARD DRAG OF MY LOAD GAPER WHICH FOR SOME REASON I HAVE DISCOVERED OUTSIDE ON THIS LITTLE ISLAND.
GC: YOU M34N YOUR TO1L3T?
CG: WELL OOH LA LA.
CG: EXCUSE MY DISDAIN FOR YOUR BLUE BLOODED VERNACULAR.
GC: WH4T COLORS YOUR BLOOD?
CG: WHOA NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
CG: SERIOUSLY WAS THAT A SERIOUS QUESTION?
CG: UNBELIEVABLE.
GC: 1 W1LL F1ND OUT SOM3 D4Y

CG: WHAT IS WITH YOUR OBSESSION WITH COLORS.
CG: IT'S BAD ENOUGH YOU WASTE ALL MY HARD EARNED GRIST RAMBLING MY HIVE AROUND LIKE THAT NOT EVEN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE FUCKING GATE.
CG: BUT THEN YOU GO AND SPEND IT ON AN UGLY PAINT JOB.
CG: I KILLED A LOT OF IMPS FOR THAT GRIST.
GC: K4RK4T, PL34S3
GC: DONT PR3T3ND YOU D1DNT 3NJOY GO1NG 4ROUND K1LL1NG TH1NGS
GC: 4ND TH4T YOU WOULDNT 3NJOY K1LL1NG 4 WHOL3 LOT MOR3
GC: PR4NC1NG 4ROUND W1TH YOUR L1TTL3 S1CKL3 B31NG 4LL 4DOR4BL3
CG: YEAH RIGHT.
CG: MORE LIKE...
CG: ADORABLOODTHIRSTY.
CG: I'M PRANCING AROUND BEING THAT, OK?
GC: >:]
CG: ANYWAY THIS IS AWFUL, THIS IS NO WAY FOR A LEADER TO BE TREATED.
GC: SORRY TH1S 1S WH4T YOU W4NT3D
GC: TH3 L34D3R 1S TH3 F1RST ON3 1N
GC: TH1S 1S WH4T TH3 L34D3R 1S SUPPOS3D TO DO
CG: NO, THIS IS NOT ANYTHING EXCEPT FOR WHAT BULLSHIT IS.
CG: A LEADER SHOULDN'T BE AT THE MERCY OF THE HIVE RENOVATION WHIMSY OF A PSYCHOTIC BLIND GIRL.
CG: WHEN DO I GET THE CHANCE TO FUCK UP SOMEONE'S HIVE.
CG: I SHOULD BE THE NEXT ONE TO CONNECT TO A CLIENT.
GC: NO YOU C4NT!
GC: YOU H4V3 TO B3 TH3 L4ST ON3 TO CONNECT TO COMPL3T3 TH3 CH41N
CG: MORE LIES.
GC: TH1NK OF 1T TH1S W4Y
GC: 1M YOUR S3RV3R PL4Y3R SO PR1OR1TY H4S TO B3 ON M3 G3TT1NG 1N TH3 G4M3
GC: B3FOR3 1 G3T K1LL3D BY M3T3ORS
GC: 1N WH1CH C4S3 YOUD B3 SCR3W3D 1N TH3R3
GC: TH3N TH3 N3XT GUY COM3S 1N, TH3N TH3 N3XT
GC: 4ND YOU BR1NG TH3 L4ST ON3 1N
CG: WHOA WAIT, WHAT?
CG: METEORS?
CG: WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT.
CG: WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH METEORS.
GC: OH BOY YOU N33D TO G3T W1TH TH3 PROGR4M K4RK4T
GC: H4V3 YOU T4LK3D TO 44
CG: 44 WHAT?
GC: 4POC4LYPS34R1S3N SORRY
CG: NO, OF COURSE NOT.
GC: OR T4
GC: OR 4G 1 GU3SS
GC: OR C4
GC: R34LLY TH3R3S L1K3 TH1S WHOL3 CONSP1R4CY 4BOUT TH1S
GC: 4S 1M F1ND1NG OUT

CG: WELL WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL ME SO I DON'T HAVE TO TALK TO ANY OF THOSE DOUBLETALKING ASSHOLES.
GC: 1 C4NT!
GC: 1 GOTT4 ST3P OUT OF TH3 TR33 FOR 4 MOM3NT
GC: WH3N 1 COM3 B4CK 1 W1LL 3NT3R TH3 G4M3
GC: CY4!

## A little while ago...

**20/06/10**

**======>**

**20/06/10**

**======>**

**20/06/10**

**======>**

**20/06/10**

```
DESECRATE
```

You're not sure why you did that, really.

There'll probably turn out to be a reason. There's a reason for everything. Understanding this lets you be reckless.

Whoever you are.

## A little later...

**21/06/10**

```
Big 24 oz
```

Somewhere else entirely...

**======>**

**21/06/10**

```
Big 24oz
Faygo
Redpop
```

Rubbish from the LAND DWELLERS. Makes you sick.

Whoever you are.

## And later still...

**21/06/10**

We return to the Land of Pulse and Haze, so that we can rewind a bit. Before all that paint got slopped on your hive and before that mysterious hole was made.

Man how'd that hole get made??

(It was when Karkat ran TA's cursed ~ATH program and his computer blew up. That's what happened. We'll see this happen later. It will be startling and unexpected.)

## Karkat: Deal with crabby customer.

**21/06/10**

You go downstairs and confront your custodian, which is another term for a frightening beast known as a LUSUS NATURAE.

Your lusus has looked after you since you were very young in lieu of any biological parents, whom you have never known. No young troll ever knows his or her blood parents, nor could such lineage ever be accurately traced. Adult trolls supply their genetic material to the FILIAL PAILS carried by imperial drones and offered to the monstrous MOTHER GRUB deep underground in the brooding caverns. She then combines all the genetic material into one diabolical incestuous slurry, and lays hundreds of thousands of eggs at once.

The eggs hatch into young larval trolls which wriggle about to locate a cozy stalactite from which to spin their cocoons. After they pupate, the young troll with his or her newfound limbs undergoes a series of dangerous trials. If they survive, they are chosen by a member of the diverse and terrifying subterranean monster population native to Alternia. This creature becomes the troll's lusus, and together they surface and choose a location to build a hive. The building process is facilitated by CARPENTER DROIDS left on the planet to cater to the young. But only for building. They're on their own otherwise.

The vast majority of adult trolls are off-planet, serving some role in the forces of ongoing imperial conquest, besieging other star systems in the name of Alternian glory. The culture and civilization on the homeworld is maintained almost entirely by the young.

Trolls sure are weird!

## [S???] ======>

**21/06/10**

```
}}FEIRG{{
```

You leap into the domestic fray in an attempt to mollify your nannying aggressor. After a lot of kicking and fussing and gnashing of teeth and carapace, you just pull out a few CHILLED ROE CUBES from the fridge to settle the beast down.

Trolls and their custodians have a peculiar arrangement of codependence. The lusus behaves as a lifelong bodyguard, caretaker, and visceral sort of mentor, while the young troll must learn to function as a sort of zookeeper.

We decide to agree this conflict is not a big enough deal to warrant a detailed examination of the action, or an embedded musical accompaniment. We also agree that while that would have been pretty sweet, we are also in kind of a hurry here. But if it were to be accompanied by something audible, it would probably sound something like this. We decide to listen to that track, close our eyes, and imagine what might have been.

Wow that sure was awesome.

Anyway, moving on.

**======>**

**22/06/10**

In fact, we are in such a hurry, you could almost say we need to get moving...

**======>**

**22/06/10**

*ON THE DOUBLE*

## Yeah.

**22/06/10**

There's this pretty cool dude, ok? Some people seem to think he's cool. Sometimes. He guesses they're right. I mean, maybe. If they say so. Actually, you know what? They're right. This guy's dynamite lit in a box of hot shit. Screw the haters. Anyway, he's standing around being all chill, like cool dudes are known to do sometimes, when they're not moping around or nursing migraines or whatever. A cool dude like this probably has a real cool name. Or at least a name that doesn't completely fucking suck. Like at least not the kind of name that belongs to someone you'd want to just perpetually wail on. Maybe just a name that makes you cringe a little, but you guess you can deal with it if you've got to. It's just a guy's name, it's not like it really matters. Who cares? But he probably wouldn't just tell you what it was if you asked. He'd be way too moody for that. In fact, this guy probably thinks you've got some attitude and probably doesn't want a damn thing to do with you.

You could always try to guess his name. But instead of that, here's a better idea. Why don't you just fuck off and go to hell?

Here, name this kooky broad instead.

**======>**

**22/06/10**

Ok, what's her name?

Wait...

You've got to be kidding me.

Looks like we're going back to the other guy again. Alright, hang on...

**======>**

**22/06/10**

It appears this cool and moody dude had a change of heart. He feels pretty bad about flying off the handle like that, as if shit wanted nothing to do with the handle. Shit would like to reconcile with the handle, and perhaps seek marital counseling.

So what's his name gonna be?

## Enter name.

**22/06/10**

Your name is SOLLUX CAPTOR.

You are apeshit bananas at computers, and you know ALL THE CODES. All of them. You are the

unchallenged authority on APICULTURE NETWORKING. And though all your friends recognize your unparalleled achievements as a TOTALLY SICK HACKER, you feel like you could be better. It's one of a number of things you SORT OF BEAT YOURSELF UP ABOUT for NO VERY GOOD REASON during sporadic and debilitating BIPOLAR MOOD SWINGS. You have a penchant for BIFURCATION, in logic and in life. Your mutant mind is hounded by the psychic screams of the IMMINENTLY DECEASED. Your visions foretell of the planet's looming annihilation, and yet unlike the typical sightless prophet of doom, you are gifted with VISION TWOFOLD.

For now.

You have developed a new game, adapted via CODE PARSED FROM THE RUNES AND GLYPHS IN AN ANCIENT UNDERGROUND TEMPLE. You believe this game to be THE SALVATION OF YOUR RACE, though you are not sure how yet. To ensure success, you will distribute the game to two teams of friends, a RED TEAM and a BLUE TEAM. You will lead the latter group. Your trolltag is twinArmageddons and you tend two 2peak wiith a biit of a lii2p.

What will you do?

## Sollux: Equip throwing stars to strife specibus.

**22/06/10**

Why would you do that?

A high level psionic has no use for any particular specibus allocation.

## Sollux: Fling stars specibus-ward.

**22/06/10**

You make short work of the specibus and...

Oh God, one of your BEEHOUSE MAINFRAMES. The silicomb was sliced clean through by your foolish maneuver. What were you thinking???

The workers pair up and dance angry messages to you in beenary code.

## Sollux: Taste honey.

**23/06/10**

No!!!!!!!!!

You do not under any circumstance eat the MIND HONEY. The consequences are highly unpleasant.

You cultivate this honey for your lusus. It helps him not be such a complete idiot all the time. Merely most of the time instead.

## Sollux: Calm those bees down.

**23/06/10**

```
2NAP

BEES: Z
```

Nap time.

## Sollux: Get to work at computer.

**23/06/10**

You are always up to your nook in the newest and hottest games. It is hard to walk around the place without squishing them. Whenever that happens you are screwed, and you have to grow a new one from scratch. Or just pirate it you guess.

But tonight is no night for games.

Well, ok, it is.

But just one game in particular, and this game is no joking matter. It is delirious bugnasty.

## Sollux: Recruit team leader.

**23/06/10**

```
Alert : ♊
Alert : ♎
```

pesterlogtwinArmageddons [TA] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

TA: TZ you want two be the leader of one of the team2?
GC: YOU M34N FOR YOUR G4M3 TO S4V3 TH3 WORLD?
TA: yeah.
GC: OK 1 P1CK TH3 R3D T34M!!! >8D
TA: ok ii diidnt 2ay anythiing about a red team, or even that there were two team2, but fiine.
GC: OBV1OUSLY YOU W3R3 GO1NG TO S3T UP R3D 4ND BLU3 T34MS COM3 ON
TA: you dont know what iim goiing two do, 2top beiing a2 though you can read my miind.
TA: iit2 not a power you have, your 2trength2 are beiing bliind and triickiing people about 2tuff.
TA: and ii gue22 beiing generally 2avvy and pretty decent at other 2tuff, but that2 why iim piickiing you and not 2ome other fuckiing 2chlub from retardatiion row.
GC: SOLLUX, PL34S3
GC: YOU 4R3 MR 4PPL3B3RRY BL4ST 4ND 3V3RYON3 KNOWS THOS3 4R3 YOUR F4VOR1T3 FL4VORS
GC: 3V3N THOUGH YOU TYP3 1N YUCKY MUST4RD
GC: WH1CH 1S W31RD >:\
TA: maybe there ii2 more two me than you thiink.
TA: maybe ii am not the two triick hoofbea2t you want two make me out a2.
TA: maybe ii ju2t want two giive the red and blue thiing a re2t for a change and not make iit 2o iit2 liike, oh look iit2 that prediictable fuck wiith tho2e two 2tupiid color2, iit2 amaziing how much everyone fuckiing hate2 hiim.
TA: maybe red and blue arent that great and ii hate them 2uddenly, have you thought of that.
TA: maybe iim more of an aubergiine guy plu2 whatever that putriid color is you type wiith, what ii2 that, turqoii2e?
TA: maybe iit2 makiing me turquea2y.
TA: maybe the new name for that color ii2 2ummer 2hiithead mii2t, have you con2iidered that?
TA: but iim 2tiickiing wiith red and blue 2o maybe you 2hould 2uck on iit.
GC: M4YB3 M4YB3 M4YB3
GC: M4YB3 M4YB3 1S 4 STUP1D WORD

GC: M4YB3 TH4TS TH3 B1G M4YB3 W3 SHOULD 4LL POND3R TON1GHT
GC: OV3R SOM3 HOT SHUT TH3 H3LL UP T34
GC: SO YOU TH1NK 1M S4VVY?? >:]
TA: yeah ii thiink 2o.
TA: piick out whoever you want for the red team and iill lead the blue team.
TA: iill 2end you the download 2oon, talk two you later.
GC: W41T!
GC: M4YB3 YOU SHOULD T3LL M3 MOR3 4BOUT TH3 G4M3 F1RST?
GC: HOW 3X4CTLY 4R3 W3 S4V1NG TH3 WORLD?
TA: ii dont know yet.
TA: ii ju2t know what iive 2een iin my vii2iion2.
TA: that the world wiill end and our whole race diie2 and thii2 ii2 how we 2ave iit.
TA: and aa can back me up on thii2 2o dont be all doubtiing me about iit.
GC: 1 4M NOT DOUBT1NG YOU
GC: 1 TH1NK YOU 4R3 R1GHT!
GC: MOSTLY
TA: mo2tly, what doe2 that mean?
GC: W3LL WH3N YOU T4LK 4BOUT HOW YOUR3 GO1NG TO D13 TOO
TA: ii am goiing two diie.
TA: ii mean we all are.
TA: but e2peciially me.
TA: ii am goiing two get my a22 2erved two me twofold.
TA: double the 2erviice.
TA: liike two dude2 on doublebutler ii2land.
TA: gettiing worked over by a 2iiame2e twiin ma22eu2e.
TA: but before ii diie, iim goiing two go bliind liike you.
TA: iit ha2 two happen liike that.
TA: iim not 2ure why, but ii thiink iit2 liike...
TA: fulfiilliing 2ome requiirement for a true prophet of doom.
TA: iin order for the vii2iion2 two be riight, that ha2 two happen, and the uniiver2e wiill make 2ure iit wiill.
TA: iit2 kiind of liike how a prophet earn2 hii2 2triipe2, by beiing bliind, liike how an angel earn2 iit2 wiing2.
GC: WH4TS 4N 4NG3L
TA: 2ome terriible mythiical demon.
TA: wiith the2e awful feathery wiing2.
GC: Y1K3S
TA: paradox 2pace u2e2 them two u2her iin the end.
GC: HOW DO3S 1T KNOW WH4T 4NG3L TO US3... .....
TA: huh??
GC: >:?
TA: 2o yeah.
TA: we wiill all diie but mo2t e2peciially me, end of 2tory.
GC: BUT
GC: DONT T4K3 TH1S TH3 WRONG W4Y BUT HOW C4N YOU B3 TOT4LLY SUR3 4BOUT 4LL TH4T?

GC: HOW DO YOU KNOW SOM3 OF TH3 R34L V1S1ONS YOUR3 H4V1NG 4R3NT G3TT1NG K1ND OF T4NGL3D UP W1TH UHHH
GC: SORT OF TH3 W4Y YOU 4R3 4BOUT YOURS3LF
TA: what do you mean.
GC: HOW YOU G3T MOP3Y 4ND YOUR3 4LW4YS TH3 V1CT1M OF SOM3TH1NG 4ND HOW SOM3T1M3S YOU TH1NK YOU SUCK WH3N YOU R34LLY DONT
GC: M4YB3 TH4T 1S CLOUD1NG YOUR V1S1ON?
TA: ok that2 ju2t 2ome per2onal priivate emotiional ii22ue2 and iim dealiing wiith that, and hone2tly iid appreciiate you not alway2 throwiing that iin my face every goddamn opportuniity you get.
TA: liike thii2 ii2 a biig ciircu2 act two you, and that ii2 your 2peciial clown piie.
GC: S33, GOD
GC: SO S3NS1T1V3
TA: 2eriiou2ly talk two aa 2he wiill corroborate everythiing.
TA: you and 2he are pretty tiight arent you?
GC: NOT R34LLY 4NYMOR3
GC: SH3 US3D TO B3 4 LOT OF FUN
GC: BUT NOW T4LK1NG TO H3R, 1 DONT KNOW
GC: 1T JUST SOM3HOW 4LW4YS M4K3S M3 S4D >:[
TA: ok well toniight2 not about fun, thii2 ii2 2eriiou2.
TA: deliiriiou2ly 2o.
TA: we are iin 2meariiou2 2hiit2taiin ciity.
GC: SCR3W YOU 4ND YOUR SH1TST41NS
GC: 1 W1LL H4V3 4 FUCK1NG BL4ST 4ND YOU C4NT STOP M3
GC: BLU3 T34M 2222222CUM >:]
TA: oh 2h11t 11t2 onnnnnn 2uck4.

## ======>

**24/06/10**

## ======>

**24/06/10**

```
D00K
```

That...

Ok that was completely meaningless. What was the point?

Whoever you are.

## Sollux: Deal with apocalypseArisen.

**24/06/10**

```
Alert : ♈
```

pesterlogapocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

AA: did y0u set up the teams
TA: 2tiill workiing on iit but yeah more or le22.

TA: we 2hould all be playiing 2oon.
TA: and ii gue22 leaviing thii2 diimen2iion.
TA: that ii2 what happen2, riight??
AA: yes
TA: 2o ii gue22 you 2hould be pretty happy when we fiinally get out of here?
AA: i d0nt kn0w ab0ut that
TA: oh.
TA: wiill you at lea2t be able two leave the voiice2 behiind?
AA: i d0nt kn0w ab0ut that either
TA: ii2nt that kiind of depre22iing?
TA: the thought that they miight 2tay wiith you tiil you diie?
AA: n0t really
AA: im 0k with it
AA: im 0k with a l0t 0f things
AA: even 0ur inevitable failure
AA: th0ugh it will briefly masquerade as vict0ry
TA: wow FUCK.
TA: that wa2 2o much more depre22iing than the thiing ii ju2t 2aiid.
TA: terezii wa2 riight, you are 2uch a drag two talk two the2e day2.
AA: she was right ab0ut a l0t 0f things
TA: wow what a my2teriiou2 thiing two 2ay, ii am 2o iintriigued.
TA: do me a favor and 2pare me your 2pooky conundrum2 twoniight, youre kiind of pii22iing me off.
AA: but y0u like t0 talk t0 me
AA: this a fact n0t a questi0n
AA: they t0ld me
TA: oh your 2ource2 have 2poken!
TA: relay a me22age for me, tell them two go haunt my huge creakiing bone bulge.
AA: why d0 y0u like t0 talk t0 me
TA: oh ii dont know, maybe becau2e we are 2uppo2ed two 2ave the world twogether???
TA: ii al2o talk two you becau2e iin ca2e you havent notiiced ii de2pii2e my2elf and perpetually 2eek two dupliicate through emotiional paiin the cacophony of phy2iical paiin my hiideou2 mutant braiin cau2e2 me every day.
TA: oh my god ii ju2t had a breakthrough!!!
TA: thank you 2o much for thii2, iit wa2 great.
TA: that wa2 a joke, here type "ha".
AA: ha
TA: now type iit agaiin.
AA: ha
TA: there you go, you are now offiiciially the liife of the party.
TA: eheheh ii ju2t took an embarra22iing viideo of you cuttiing loo2e there, boy ii 2ure hope thii2 juiicy nugget doe2nt wiind up on the iinternet!
AA: 0_0
AA: s0llux i actually w0uld like it if you were happy
TA: ok. thank you for 2ayiing 2o.
AA: y0u seem sad and angry all the time

AA: what d0es anger feel like
AA: i f0rg0t
TA: have you ever been angry?
TA: ii dont remember you gettiing angry about anythiing.
AA: maybe i never was
AA: i feel like i was th0ugh
AA: 0nce
TA: why dont you a2k karkat, he2 way angriier than me.
TA: for that matter why dont you get on HII2 ca2e about iit iin2tead of MIINE.
AA: i think his anger serves a greater purp0se
AA: its part 0f his destiny and thus 0urs
AA: it will help him t0 sab0tage his 0wn designs
AA: which are very much in 0pp0siti0n t0 the br0ader purp0se
AA: and will s0w the seeds 0f 0ur failure
AA: a failure which will ir0nically pr0ve t0 be missi0n critical
TA: iif you thiink we are goiing two faiil why wouldnt you get mad about that?
TA: at the voiice2 2endiing you down thii2 bliind alley the whole tiime?
AA: they never lied th0ugh
AA: this is h0w it had t0 be
AA: i have t0 be t0tally h0nest
AA: th0ugh at n0 p0int did i ever lie
AA: but thr0ugh 0missi0n
AA: this game will n0t save the w0rld
TA: the fuck??
AA: and th0ugh it is still very imp0rtant even in 0ur defeat
AA: unf0rtantely it is much cl0ser t0 serving as the instrument 0f 0ur pe0ples demise than that 0f their salvati0n
AA: and we twelve will behave simultane0usly as the pawns and the 0rchestrat0rs of the great und0ing
TA: ii dont want two play anymore then.
AA: y0u will th0ugh
TA: fuck that ju2t watch, thii2 2hiit ii2 du2ted.
TA: check me out, all du2tiing iit liike a 2aucy fuckiin maiid.
AA: it cann0t be st0pped
AA: mete0rs are en r0ute
AA: y0u kn0w this s0llux
TA: who care2, iim yankiing the grubtube on thii2 overpunctured biitch.
TA: iim telliing red team leader two forget the whole thiing.
TA: iim quiittiing a2 blue team leader.
TA: iif you want two 2hamble through thii2 macabre fanta2y of your2 2olo be my gue2t.
AA: y0u were never g0ing t0 be the team leader th0ugh
AA: which is t0 say
AA: the first t0 enter
TA: are you me22iing wiith me??
TA: you do realiize iim p2ychiic two.
TA: ii could pull 2o much triippy 2hiit out of my 2piinal creviice, iit would make your head 2piin

liike dervii2h iin a fuckiing blender.
TA: 2o GET OFF YOUR HIIGH HOOFBEA2T.
AA: im c0ming up
TA: huh???
TA: up where.
TA: hello??????????????

## Sollux: Abort.

**24/06/10**

```
Alert : ♊
Alert : ♋ , ♎
Alert : ♊
```

pesterlogtwinArmageddons [TA] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

TA: hey change of plan, we arent playiing thii2 game anymore.
TA: you dont have two bother recruiitiing, 2orry two wa2te your tiime.
GC: 1M NOT TH3 L34D3R 4NYMOR3
GC: K4RK4T 1S
TA: he ii2?
GC: H3 THR3W 4 T4NTRUM 4BOUT 1T SO 1 L3T H1M B3 TH3 R3D L34D3R
TA: ok that wa2 faiirly prediictable but that2 fiine.
TA: iill talk two hiim about iit.
GC: WH4TS GO1NG ON?
TA: nothiing, thii2 game 2uck2 and aa ii2 full of crap.
TA: 2orry about all thii2.
GC: >:?

twinArmageddons [TA] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

TA: hey change of plan, we arent playiing thii2 game anymore.
CG: HEY.
CG: GUESS WHO THE RED LEADER IS?
CG: I'M THE LEADER. IT'S ME.
CG: YOUR PLAN TO CRIPPLE YOUR RIVAL TEAM HAS FAILED.
TA: ii know, 2he told me, ii dont care.
TA: the game ii2 bad new2, iit wiill cau2e the end of the world, not 2top iit.
TA: 2o forget iit, ju2t go back two whatever you were doiing.
TA: wriitiing your 2hiitty code or whatever.
CG: HAHAHA! SO PATHETIC.
CG: THIS IS YET ANOTHER FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO WEAKEN YOUR OPPOSITION.
CG: TEREZI AND I HAVE ALREADY ESTABLISHED A CONNECTION AND WE ARE MAKING GREAT PROGRESS HERE.
CG: WE ARE A GREAT TEAM, AND I AM A FANTASTIC LEADER.
CG: WE WILL BEAT THIS GAME IN NO TIME, WHILE YOUR TEAM IS CLEARLY STILL ASLEEP AT THE THORAX.
TA: oh god.

TA: no you iidiiot, ii dont care about the game anymore.
TA: ii ju2t quiit, iim not playiing, you 2hould two.
CG: AMAZING.
CG: YOU'RE EITHER BEING REALLY PERSISTENT WITH THIS TRANSPARENT RUSE, OR YOU REALLY ARE JUST THAT SAD AND INCOMPETENT.
CG: NEITHER CASE DESERVES MY RESPECT OR MY FRIENDSHIP.
CG: IN FACT, YOU KNOW WHAT, FRIENDSHIP CANCELED.
CG: THERE IT'S OFFICIAL, BYE BYE FRIENDSHIP!
TA: oh liike you havent 2aiid that liike a biilliion tiime2.
TA: you arent iin any po2iitiion two que2tiion my competence.
TA: youre the wor2t programmer iive ever 2een, you dont know anythiing about computer2, why do you bother.
TA: the only thiing youre good at ii2 yelliing and makiing huge mii2take2.
TA: and beiing UGLY AND HORRIIBLE IN EVERY WAY, AND HAVIING 2TUPIID LIITTLE NUBBY HORN2.
CG: TO BE HONEST I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT YOUR PROGRAMMING OR HACKING.
CG: WHAT IS A HACKER EVEN? JUST SOME SMUG ASSHOLE IN MOVIES DOING FAKE THINGS AND MAKING UP WORDS.
CG: IT'S NOT EVEN A REAL THING TO BE, IT'S JUST SOME BULLSHIT TITLE YOU GAVE YOURSELF SO YOU CAN FEEL JUST A TINY BIT LESS LOATHESOME.
TA: oh no, more chiildii2h burn2, ii dont have two prove anythiing two you, iim a great hacker, periiod.
CG: NO IT'S ALL SO CLEAR NOW, YOU WERE A FRAUD ALL ALONG.
CG: WHAT DOES ALL THIS NONSENSICAL CODE YOU WROTE EVEN DO?
CG: IT'S ALL NONSENSE.
CG: LIKE A BLUFF. YOU JUST SAY, OH KARKAT WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHAT I WROTE IS BULLSHIT BECAUSE HE'S TOO DUMB TO FIGURE IT OUT.
CG: WELL YOU'RE BUSTED, THESE VIRUSES HERE I BET DO NOTHING AT ALL.
TA: waiit, KK...
CG: I BET IF I RAN THEM NOTHING BAD WOULD HAPPEN.
CG: MIGHT EVEN IMPROVE MY COMPUTER'S PERFORMANCE!
TA: no don't.
CG: HOW ABOUT THIS IDIOTIC PROGRAM WITH THE RED AND BLUE CODE, WHICH IS A MEANINGLESS THING TO DO WITH CODE ANYWAY.
CG: WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN? IT'S ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR SCAMS.
CG: WHY NOT SNEAK SOME BAD CLIP ART INTO THE FILES TOO, AND PRETEND THAT'S CODE???
TA: oh god, no dont run that, iim 2eriiou2.
CG: WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?
TA: iim not 2ure, but iit would be really, really bad iif you ran iit, ju2t dont.
CG: AH HA. JUST AS I THOUGHT, YOU CAN'T EVEN COME UP WITH A GOOD LIE WHEN I PRESS YOU ON IT.
CG: YOUR BLUFF HAS BEEN CALLED.
CG: COMPILING AS WE SPEAK, IT WILL AUTORUN WHEN IT FINISHES.
CG: AND NOW I HAVE TO GO ATTEND TO SOMETHING OUTSIDE, BECAUSE TEREZI IS

DOING SOMETHING JUST UNSPEAKABLY STUPID RIGHT NOW.
CG: WHOOPS, FORGET I SAID THAT. IT WAS PRIVILEGED INFORMATION.
TA: you are the dumbe2t grubfucker on the planet, ii 2wear.
CG: LATER DOUCHE BAG.
TA: KK DO NOT RUN THAT CODE.
TA: hello??????????????

carcinoGeneticist's [CG'S] computer exploded.

TA: oh my god.

## ======>

**24/06/10**

You are highly startled by the totally unexpected explosion.

## ======>

**24/06/10**

Karkat and his friends and everyone they would ever meet thereafter would experience great misfortune on account of the curse unwittingly implemented through Sollux's esoteric MOBIUS DOUBLE REACHAROUND VIRUS.

Every troll's lusus would soon die. All but one of their kernelsprites would be prototyped with a dead lusus, each prior to entering the Medium. Upon entry, they would each have a bittersweet reunion with the creature after the kernel hatched, triggering the sprite's metamorphosis. For the first time, the trolls would be able to have verbal conversations with their custodians, and would be guided by them along their journeys.

Unfortunately, the underlings and warring royalty would gain the benefits of the monstrous prototypings as well. Each sprite, except for one, would only be prototyped once. The players would learn quickly that while one pre-entry prototyping per player was absolutely necessary for ultimate success, additional pre-entry prototypings merely empowered their enemies unnecessarily.

## ======>

**24/06/10**

The game has no explicit rule that demands something dead for prototyping. But in practice, the kernelsprite has particular attraction to the deceased or the doomed. Across every session ever played, exceptions to this pattern are extremely rare.

## Sollux: Lament.

**24/06/10**

Why did you send Karkat that code? It was such a bad idea. You suppose it was a boastful gesture to get a friend to think more highly of you. But why would flaunting your superior skills accomplish this? It was foolish.

You ought to wipe all these clever viruses you wrote off your computer. They can only bring more trouble.

## Sollux: Delete.

**24/06/10**

```
$ rm -rf viiru22e2
```

```
$ rm -rf moreviiru22e2
$ rm -rf reallybadviiru22e2
$ rm -rf omgholy2hiitneverevercompilethe2e
$ rm -rf weak2auceviiru22e2
$ vii unhackable.~ath

import universe U;
~
~
~ATH(U) {
~
} EXECUTE( O );
~
THIS.DIE();
~
~
~
```

While deleting your virus folders, you pause on one oddball file you have lying around.

You did not write this virus. You copied it from an obscure server, far beyond your planet's global network. This application is running on that server perpetually.

It is an extremely simple ~ATH program. Its main loop is tied to the lifespan of the universe. When the universe dies, a mysterious subprogram will be executed. You have no way of knowing what that subprogram does. It runs on a protected part of the server. It is completely unhackable.

You delete the file, but it won't do much good. The program is already running elsewhere. Luckily, whatever harm it will do will not be done for many billions of years. And even then, what harm could a virus do after the expiration of the universe? This file always struck you as quite odd.

======>

**24/06/10**

But Sollux, even with his vision twofold, does not have the perceptional luxuries of our vision omnipresent.

When executed, the subprogram will summon an indestructible demon into the recently voided universe. This monstrous being with the power to travel through time is inconvenienced very little by his arrival upon THE GREAT UNDOING. He has the entire cadaver of the expired universe to pick apart at his whim. From its birth through its swelling maturity and tapering decay. In a reality he is known to have marked for predation, he will go about assembling followers through various epochs, even going as far as personally establishing the parameters for his future summoning.

Sollux couldn't know that the virus is essentially a formality.

The demon is already here.

======>

**25/06/10**

```
GRUUUU...
MMBLE...
```

Sounds like your lusus is agitated about something up there. You already gave him his serving of honey today. If he thinks he can get more, well that's just greedy.

You wonder what could be bothering him?

**======>**

**25/06/10**

You keep your enormous BICYCLOPS chained to the roof of your COMMUNAL HIVE STEM. It is the only place there is room for him. Dueling with him on the roof during feeding time is a daily ordeal.

**======>**

**25/06/10**

## Be the other girl.

**26/06/10**

You are now one of the five other girls.

**======>**

**26/06/10**

**======>**

**26/06/10**

**======>**

**26/06/10**

## Stop being the other girl.

**27/06/10**

You are now no longer the other girl, or any of the other five for that matter.

What's the name of this dude sitting in his FOUR WHEEL DEVICE?

## Enter name.

**27/06/10**

```
Pupa Pan
```

Your name is TAVROS NITRAM.

You are known to be heavily arrested by FAIRY TALES AND FANTASY STORIES. You have an acute ability to COMMUNE WITH THE MANY CREATURES OF ALTERNIA, a skill you have utilized to CAPTURE AND TRAIN a great many. They are all your friends, as well as your warriors, which you pit in battle through a variety of related CARD AND ROLE PLAYING GAMES. You used to engage in various forms of MORE EXTREME ROLEPLAYING with some of your other friends before you had an accident.

You like to engage in the noble practice of ALTERNIAN SLAM POETRY, possibly the oldest, most revered, and certainly freshest artform in your planet's rich history. You have a profound fascination with the concept of FLIGHT, and all lore surrounding the topic. You believe in FAIRIES, even though they AREN'T REAL.

Your trolltag is adiosToreador and you uHH, sPEAK IN A SORT OF, uHH, fALTERING MANNER,

What will you do?

## Tavros: Cut to the chase and play card games immediately.

**27/06/10**

```
PYOOF
```

You kickstart a rousing match of FIDUSPAWN, with the only friend you've got to play with in person, your loyal lusus TINKERBULL.

You take a look at the favorable hand you dealt yourself and crack a mischievous smile. With a HOST PLUSH at the ready, you quickly lob an OOGONIBOMB and catch your adversary off guard!!!

## ======>

**27/06/10**

## ======>

**27/06/10**

```
Lunge
```

## ======>

**27/06/10**

## ======>

**27/06/10**

```
scuttle off
```

## ======>

**27/06/10**

```
Bulge
```

## ======>

**27/06/10**

```
NEIGH
```

HORSARONI, I CHOOSE YOU!!!!!!

## Tavros: Command faithful steed.

**28/06/10**

```
WHINNY

RIP!
```

With a brooding whinny, Horsaroni shuffles his mighty hooves and makes short work of the fidusucker, boosting his vitals!

Horsaroni is now primed and raring for battle. Look out Tinkerbull!!!

## Tavros: Horsaroni: Spawntech -> Slumberbuddies.

**28/06/10**

You use your awesome bestial communion abilities and bend the ferocious stallion to your whim. Tinkerbull can't stand the suspense!

## ======>

**28/06/10**

```
Horsaroni, Tinkerbull: Z
```

Nap time!

Everybody wins. Horsaroni gains a bunch of levels. In no time he will be ready to breed and you can put him out to stud.

## ======>

**28/06/10**

Good game everybody. That was a lot of fun. Time to do some other stuff you guess.

## Tavros: Roll up your ramp.

**28/06/10**

This is how you get up to your recuperacoon when it's time to rest. It's kind of a production getting in and out.

## Tavros: Hop in.

**28/06/10**

You can't fit all the way in because of your huge horns. It makes it hard to get any solid shuteye.

Oh great, now you're covered in slime. Why did you do this? You're going to have to change your clothes. There goes another solid hour down the tubes.

Aw damn and there goes your four wheel device down the ramp. That happens a lot.

## Tavros: Take lance.

**29/06/10**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

lancekind
```

After a major cleanup rigmarole and a lot of crawling around your respiteblock, you equip your JOUSTING LANCE.

## ======>

**29/06/10**

You like to practice your jousting outside. One day you hope to prove yourself worthy of recruitment into the halls of the dreaded imperial CAVALREAPERS. Assuming you are not slated for culling first on account of your disability. Or really any other arbitrary reason.

## Tavros: Admire posters.

**29/06/10**

```
Pupa Pan

Alert : ♏
```

You wheel over to your favorite poster featuring PUPA PAN, which is your favorite thing. You have always fantasized that one day intrepid young Pupa would come and take you away, and together you would fly to a beautiful paradise planet of legend, that has all sorts of fanciful stuff like pirates, treasure, a cruel villain with a missing arm and a missing eye, and these weird aliens called "indians". You have left your window open since you were very young, just in case Pupa stopped by one night and decided to splash a pinch of SPECIAL STARDUST in your face.

You have had this interest far prior to your accident. Being paralyzed isn't what made you want to be able to fly. That would be dumb and would make no sense.

Being paralyzed does sort of make you want to be able to walk, though.

## Way in the future...

**29/06/10**

Over the course of your long journey, at one point you were fitted with a cool pair of robolegs. The guy who likes to build robots built them for you.

But then, he does like to break them more than he likes to build them. It's usually why he builds them in the first place.

Occasionally though, he will allow philanthropy to override misanthrobopy.

## ======>

**29/06/10**

You were lucky enough to have a friend who didn't mind getting her hands dirty on account of your best interest.

A friend with a chainsaw.

## ======>

**29/06/10**

The guy who likes to build robots just stood there and watched. It would always make everyone uncomfortable whenever he would just stand there.

And watch.

## And way back again...

**29/06/10**

```
Alert : ♏
Alert : ♑
```

But before that you had to scoot around in your wheel device throughout the various worlds of the Medium, and endure all sorts of follies related to your disability, which on account of their great plurality and marginal relevance we will not get to see. Just as well.

Wow, look what happens when you space out and contemplate the future like that. The messages start piling up.

# Tavros: Deal with AG.

**29/06/10**

```
TROLLIAN

ChumpRoll

- apocalypseArisen
- adiosToreador
- twinArmageddons
- carcinoGeneticist
- arsenicCatnip
- grimAuxialiatrix
- gallowsCalibrator
- arachnidsGrip
- centaursTesticle
- terminallyCapricious
- caligulasAquarium
- cuttlefishCuller


trolling : arachnidsGrip

AG: Taaaaaaaavros.
```

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling adiosToreador [AT]

AG: Taaaaaaaavros.
AT: hEY,
AG: Red team is going to 8ite the dust!
AG: And I know you are on the red team.
AT: wHOA, rEALLY,
AG: Yeah, you totally are.
AG: My team's got no use for a 8oy that can't make no use of his legs!
AG: You were f8ed for a team of losers, full of 8lind girls and lame 8oys and cranky iiiiiiiim8eciles.
AG: ::::)
AT: oK, yOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT,
AT: bUT i SHOULDN'T BE TALKING TO YOU,
AG: Oh????????
AT: i PROMISED I WOULDN'T TALK TO YOU ANYMORE,
AG: Whaaaaaaaat. Promised who?
AT: rUFIO,
AG: Omg, who's that????????
AG: I h8 this guy already!
AT: hE'S, uHH,
AT: oKAY,
AT: sOMEONE SAID i SHOULD GIVE MY SELF ESTEEM A NAME,
AT: aND TO BE CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT i SAY, tO MAKE SURE i DON'T HURT HIS FEELINGS,
AG: Haha! So he's imaginary! A fake.
AG: Like a made up friend, the way fairies are.
AG: Made up make believe fakey fake fakes.

AG: Who told you to do something so fraudulent?
AT: gA,
AT: bUT i DON'T KNOW IF SHE WAS JOKING ABOUT IT,
AT: iT MIGHT BE A JOKE, uHH, i DON'T KNOW, bUT i DID IT ANYWAY,
AG: Oh maaaaaaaan, what a meddler.
AG: I h8 her meddling! Why is she always meddling?
AG: I don't know if it was a joke, 8ut man.
AT: uH,
AG: I don't think it was a joke. It was more like.....
AG: Ok, complete this analogy.
AG: Laughing is to a joke as meddling is to .....?
AT: uUHHH,
AG: Exactly! That's what she just did to you.
AG: It is worse than a joke. It is worse than anything you can do.
AG: Next time tell her to can it! That's what I do.
AG: But she keeps 8ugging me. 8ugging and fussing and meddling. What's her deal!
AG: I guess it's flattering that she wants to talk to me so much though. I guess I don't mind. It's cool.
AG: Anyway Tavros, you've been amazingly 8oring as usual, so I'm going to go.
AT: oKAY,
AG: This show needs to get on the freaking road.
AG: 8elieve it or not, the 8lue team doesn't have a single player in the session yet!
AG: While you guys have like two or three or such!
AG: Un8elievable, I wonder what the holdup is. Oh well, let's face it! You guys need the head start.
AT: uHH,
AG: Ok, anyway, good luck to you. It will be just like old tiiiiiiiimes.
AG: :::;)
AG: Adios, Toreasnore!!!!!!!!

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling adiosToreador [AT]

AT: bYE,

## Tavros: Rap with TC.

**29/06/10**

```
Alert : ♉
Alert : ♑
```

pesterlogterminallyCapricious [TC] began trolling adiosToreador [AT]

TC: mOtHeRfUcK mY bRoThEr, Im So SoRrY i KiNd Of ZoNeD oUt ThErE.
AT: hI, tHAT'S OK.
AT: i WASN'T EXPECTING YOU TO NOT BE ZONED OUT FOR ANY REASON.
AT: sO i GUESS, i DON'T UNDERSTAND YOUR APOLOGY.
TC: AlRiGhT, fUcK yEaH, iT's AlL gOoD aNyWaY.
TC: i JuSt ZoNeD oUt WhEn I wAs SuPpOsEd To Be AlL aBoUt BeInG tO tElL yOu YoU'rE aLl On My TeAm.

AT: uH, yEAH, tHE RED TEAM YOU MEAN,
TC: ShIt MoThErFuCkIn YeAh My WiCkEd MoThErFuCkEr!
TC: :o) hOnK hOnK hOnK
AT: oK, tHAT'S GREAT, i JUST HEARD ABOUT THIS,
AT: fROM SOMEONE i DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT,
AT: bUT IT STILL BASICALLY QUALIFIES AS GOOD NEWS,
TC: :o) HoNkHoNkHoNkHoNkHoNk
AT: }:o), hEH,
TC: hAhAh FuUuUuCk, YoU sToLe My FuCkIn NoSe BrO!
TC: WhAt GoT yOu EvEn Up ThE gUmPtIoN tO aLl FuCkIn Do ThE sHiT lIkE tHaT?
AT: eRR, i DON'T KNOW, iT'S JUST,
AT: kIND OF THE OBVIOUS THING TO DO,
AT: sTICK THE CIRCLE IN FRONT OF THE DOTS, aND, bEHIND THE BENDY ONE,
AT: pLUS, oH YEAH, mY HORNS,
TC: hAhAhAhA.
AT: mAYBE WE CAN SLAM ABOUT IT,
TC: YeAh, I cOuLd KiCk ThE sHiT oUt Of SoMe RhYmEs BrO.
TC: aLl StIr Up SoMe FuCkIn HeLl MiRtH aNd RiP oPeN a FuCkIn BaG oF hArShWhImSy.
AT: yEAHHH, yOU CAN TALK ABOUT THE CLOWN THINGS, wHICH,
AT: i DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND EVER, bUT THAT'S OKAY,
AT: bECAUSE IT'S KIND OF FUNNY,
AT: wHEREAS, i'LL ADDRESS SOME TOPICS PERTAINING TO MY INTERESTS,
AT: aND i GUESS, pERSONAL MOTIFS,
TC: YeAh! FuCk YeAh, ThAt Be HoW sHiT's AlL uSuAlLy Up AnD fUcKiN lOcKeD bRo.
TC: bUt FiRsT hErE's ThE tHiNg WiTh ThE gAmE.
AT: oH YEAH, i ALMOST FORGOT, aBOUT,
AT: tHE RED TEAM GAME,
TC: YeAh Ok If I rEmEmBeR rIgHt ThIs Is HoW wE'rE jUgGlInG tHiS sHiT.
TC: lOt'S oF fUcKiN bAlLs In ThE aIr, HaHaHa.
TC: TeReZi CoNnEcTeD tO kArKaT, sO hE's FuCkIn ChIlL.
TC: tHeN i'M sUpPoSeD tO cOnNeCt To HeR sOoN tO gEt HeR aLl ChIlL tOo.
TC: BuT sHe'S iN tHe WoOdS dOiNg SoMeThInG.
TC: wHeN sHe CoMeS bAcK sHe StArTs PlAyInG.
TC: So In ThE mEaN mOtHeRfUcKiN tImE i'M sUpPoSeD tO gEt YoU tO cOnNeCt To Me.
TC: bUt I fUcKiN sPaCeD oUt AnD fOrGoT.
TC: BeCaUsE i GuEsS i WaS wAy ToO mOtHeRfUcKiN cHiLl AlL uP iN tHiS sHiT, hAhAhAhAhA!
AT: yEAH, i UNDERSTAND,
TC: sO jUsT dOwNlOaD tHiS mOtHeRfUcKeR i'M sEnDiNg YoU sO wE cAn KiCk ThIs BiTcH dOwN tHe StAiRs.
AT: oKAY, i'LL DO THAT, aND,
AT: iN THE MEANTIME, sHALL i,
AT: cUE UP THE,
AT: sTRICT BEATS????? }:D
TC: AwWwWw BrOtHeR nOw YoU aLl FuCk AnD uP aNd DoNe It.
TC: yOu ArE fUcKiN wHeEl DeEp In A bIg SlOpPy MaSsAcRe PiE tOpPeD wItH

mOtHeRfUcKiN wHiPpEd RhYmE.
TC: HoW sTrIcT aRe ThOsE bEaTs At, MoThErFuCkEr?
AT: wELL, i,
AT: tURNED UP THOSE BITCHES TO PRETTY STERN,
AT: sET BEATS TO LECTURE, aND, i'M KIND OF GOING HOG WILD ON THE CURMUDGEON KNOB,
AT: wHICH, i HAD RECENTLY INSTALLED,
TC: gOd DaMn!!!
TC: TeLl Me MoRe WhIlE i GeT mY rEaCh On FoR tHiS fRoStY bReW.
AT: oKAY,
AT: iMAGINE AN ARRAY OF BEATS THAT SET LIMITS,
AT: tHEY GOT A RULEBOOK, iT DOESN'T PAY TO SKIM IT,
AT: bECAUSE, tHERE'S NOT A LOT OF LATITUDE,
AT: tHEY WON'T STAND FOR AN ATTITUDE,
AT: aND, cROSSING THEM'S A HABIT YOU'D,
AT: (nOT REALLY WANT TO GET INTO BECAUSE, uHH),
AT: tHEY'D GET PRETTY MAD AT YOU,
TC: fUuUuCk, So FuCkIn FrEsH.
TC: YoU nEeD tO bE sLaPpEd FuCkIn SiLlY wItH a MoUtH lIkE tHaT! hAhA.
AT: aND, iF YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH IT,
AT: tHEN i SUGGEST YOU GO AND RAP IT DUDE,
TC: oK i WiLl.
TC: JuSt LeT mE sNeAk Up On ThIs BoTtLe Of FaYgO aNd SnAp ItS nEcK lIkE iM a FuCkIn LaUgHsSaSsIn.
TC: oK.
TC: ArE tHoSe BeAtS sTiLl ChIlL?
AT: yEAH,
TC: aRe ThEy MoThErFuCkIn StRiCt???
AT: yEAHHHHH,
TC: AiGhT.
TC: cRaCk.....
TC: HiSsSsSsSsSsSsSs.
TC: mOtHeRfUcKiN kIcK iT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

You both then proceed to have one of the worst rap-offs in the history of paradox space.

======>
**30/06/10**
You make your way through the burning woods to meet the lusus you never had.

It's time for her to hatch. It's now or never.

======>
**30/06/10**
Since the world is about to end anyway, you suppose it no longer matters if the DOOMSDAY SCALE is tipped.

======>

**30/06/10**

The counterweight is the skull of an ancient mother grub, slain thousands of solar sweeps ago.

The egg contains a rare species of dragon which remains blind until maturity, using its other senses to survive. It has balanced the skull here for millennia, waiting for the warmth of a meteor-sparked forest fire before hatching.

In case it wasn't clear, dragons are real.

======>

**30/06/10**

While she slept in her egg, she would communicate with you in your sleep.

After your accident, she would use your dreams to teach you to detect the world around you without vision.

======>

**30/06/10**

As you learned, your dreams became more vivid. Where before there was darkness, odors and flavors painted a striking picture. You found yourself surrounded by bright honey walls, and in the sky was a huge tasty ball of cotton candy, which is this sweet troll delicacy we wouldn't know anything about.

The first time you caught a glimpse of this world in your dreams, there was no turning back.

======>

**30/06/10**

The young lusus would take to the sky and promptly get herself killed. This would be much more shocking and maybe a little bit more sad if we didn't already know it was going to happen.

We already knew this. But of course, you didn't.

======>

**30/06/10**

```
UNSURPRISING DEVELOPMENT

GENUINE DISTRESS!
```

The dragon never smelled it coming.

She would fall to your treehive. On your return, she would be scooped up by a sympathetic ally and deposited into the kernelsprite.

Then you and she could talk! There would be plenty to discuss.

======>

**30/06/10**

```
6:12 → :11 → :10 → :09 → :08 → :07
```

The doomsday device would display the amount of time you had to get back to your hive and enter the Medium before the forest was destroyed.

At the time, it wouldn't occur to you to wonder whether the device was directly responsible for the apocalypse, or merely served as its precisely calibrated harbinger. And it certainly wouldn't occur to you to cast doubt on any perceived difference between those two things.

It wouldn't until later, when you better understood the game you were about to play.

## Be the other other girl.

**01/07/10**

You are now the other other girl.

## Render the girl in a more symbolic manner.

**01/07/10**

That's better. We can now be properly introduced.

Who's this spooky lady?

## Enter name.

**01/07/10**

Your name is ARADIA MEGIDO.

You once had a number of INTERESTS, which in time you have LOST INTEREST IN. You seem to recollect once having a fondness for ARCHEOLOGY, though now have trouble recalling this passion. It nonetheless has led you to find your PRESENT CALLING, which came through the discovery of these MYSTIC RUINS on which you presently stand, and which you recently DESECRATED OUT OF BOREDOM.

Guiding you to this calling were the VOICES OF THE DEAD, which you have been able to hear since you were young. The voices have become louder as THE GREAT UNDOING approaches. This trend in escalation began after an ACCIDENT involving a CERTAIN KIND OF ROLE PLAYING, which might have been another of your interests once upon a time. It doesn't matter much anymore.

The accident resulted in the DEATH OF YOUR LUSUS, which prompted you to leave your home and take up these ruins as residence. On the instruction of your ANCESTORS, you have recovered MYSTERIOUS TECHNOLOGY from the ruins, and convinced a friend to adapt it into a GAME THAT WILL BRING ABOUT THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR CIVILIZATION. And by convinced, you suppose you mean tricked.

He has tentatively named the game SGRUB, which is a word that is NOT TERRIBLY ELEGANT. If it were marketed by a legitimate game company instead of rapidly patched together by a young hacker, it would ostensibly be given a better title. He is presently mobilizing twelve friends to play it, including him and yourself. He believes he will lead the blue team. But he is wrong.

Your trolltag is apocalypseArisen and there is typically a pr0n0unced h0ll0wness t0 y0ur w0rds.

What will you do?

## Aradia: Retrieve computer.

**01/07/10**

```
fetch modus

Ouija®
```

It's not up to you to decide what you retrieve from your sylladex. It's up to the spirits.

======>

**01/07/10**

```
}}[sey]      AJIUO     [on]{{

}}M L K J I H G F E D C B A{{
}}Z Y X W V U T S R Q P O N{{

}}0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1{{

}}EYBDOOG{{


}}GNIB{{
```

Looks like the spirits are being cooperative today, if a bit cryptic, as usual.

======>

**01/07/10**

Who's this douchebag?

======>

**01/07/10**

```
Alert : ♍
```

You found this baffling artifact some time ago on one of your digs. The creature on its facade is completely mystifying. You have taken to using it as your primary computing device on account of its bizarre novelty, as well as convenient portability.

Oh, look who's bothering you again.

She's always bugging you. Bugging and fussing and meddling. What's her deal! You guess it's flattering that she wants to talk to you so much though.

You're ok with it. You're ok with a lot of things.

## Aradia: Humor GA.

**02/07/10**

```
Alert : ♍
```

pesterloggrimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

GA: Hi Again Aradia
AA: 0h n0000000

GA: So I Guess Tonight Is The Night You Blow Everything Up
AA: 0_0
GA: Is There Nothing I Can Do To Change Your Mind
AA: n0
AA: 0r yes
AA: yes theres n0thing
AA: and n0 y0u cant
AA: but y0u sh0uldnt pretend as if y0u believe this has anything t0 d0 with the state 0f my mind
AA: 0r the decisi0ns it will make 0r has already made
GA: Yeah I Guess Not
GA: I Thought Id Be Friendly Though
GA: And Remind You That You Do In Fact Have A Hand In All The Terrible Things That Are About To Happen
GA: Because Thats What Friends Are For
GA: And The Fact That What Ensues Will Be Terrible
GA: Is An Immutable Fact I Am Stating For The Record
GA: And The Fact That We Will Not Be On The Same Team Is Similarly Immutable
GA: It Does Not Mean That Teamwork Is What Isnt Taking Place Here
AA: s0rry i didnt f0ll0w that
GA: Ill Be Here To Help
GA: If You Need Me
AA: 0k
AA: thanks

## ======>

**02/07/10**

```
TROLLIAN

[System]

crOSby

6:12 AM
```

Tick tock tick tock tick tock.

Waiting for the apocalypse is so booooooring.

You guess you'll check on Sollux to see how he's coming along with those teams.

## Aradia: Check on Sollux.

**02/07/10**

```
Alert : ♊
Alert : ♈
```

pesterlogYou then had a conversation we already read, which began like this:

AA: did y0u set up the teams

And ended like this:

AA: im c0ming up

And then you went up.

## Aradia: Go up.

**02/07/10**

## ======>

**02/07/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

Hmm, you wonder what she wants.

What's with all these girls bugging you? Bugging and fussing and meddling.

## Aradia: Get bugged by AG.

**02/07/10**

```
Alert : ♈
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

AG: Araaaaaaaadiiiiiiiia!
AA: 0h b0y thats way t00 many of the same letter in a r0w twice
AG: I know!
AG: So we're a8out to get started right?
AG: Have you tricked Sollux yet?
AG: Do you have Mr. Two Eyes all 8efuddled and flustered in your we8 of lies?
AG: Or Mr. Four Eyes?
AG: Hmmmmmmmmm.
AG: I don't know. Which nickname do you think would 8e suita8ly derogatory in this case Aradia?
AA: h0w ab0ut
AA: eight eyes
AA: minus seven
AG: ::::P
AA: i didnt trick him
AA: its n0t like that
AG: Ok, whatever. The point is.
AG: Once you have pulled the finely woven silken mesh over his dum8 different colored eyes, you and I will start playing the game and 8e the 8lue team leaders.
AG: That's how this will work right????????
AG: Wait do you mind if we are co-leaders? I forgot to ask! I just assumed it was ok with you.
AA: i d0nt care
AG: Great. That's the spirit!
AG: And when I 8ring you into the game, whatever the hell that means, then we can send each other stuff right? That is how this works right?

AA: yes
AG: Awesome!
AG: 8ecause I have a present for you. It's a surprise, and it's going to 8e great. From me to you.
AG: Just from me. From me alone and no8ody else.
AG: I can't wait to see the look on your face when you see.
AA: 0k well im sure it will be very th0ughtful
AG: Hey speaking of which, what will the name of our team 8e?
AA: uh
AA: the blue team
AG: No no no no no. I know that.
AG: I mean the name of OUR team. You and me. Just uuuuuuuus.
AG: ::::)
AA: i havent given it any th0ught
AA: n0r did i think such a thing was up f0r c0nsiderati0n
AA: but if y0u want t0 pretend we b0th have a separate team t0gether
AA: and name that team
AA: then kn0ck y0urself 0ut
AG: I just thought it would 8e really fitting.
AG: Kind of like a fresh start, you know?
AG: I don't know, what are our shared interests? I guess I never really thought a8out this! I guess I'm used to thinking of you as the enemy. There must 8e some overlap in profiles.
AG: Come ooooooon, let's 8rainstorm!
AA: 0_0
AG: Man, it'll 8e great. We'll 8e unstoppa8le. Surely you must admit it will 8e nice to re8ound from the Team Charge de8acle!
AA: i never think ab0ut that anym0re
AG: Oh maaaaaaaan, I'm so dum8! Here I am running my mouth and opening up old wounds, while at the very same time trying to make amends! What an idiot.
AA: its 0k
AG: Hey speaking of which, that loser isn't going to 8e on the 8lue team is he?
AA: which l0ser
AG: Your old team 8uddy!
AA: n0
AG: Oh thank fucking goodness! Talk a8out dead weight. You made the right choice, leader! I mean co-leader.
AA: i didnt exclude him f0r that reas0n
AA: 0r at all
AA: y0ure just n0t getting it
AA: y0u never listen
AG: Man, now I've got this huge 8eefgrub lodged in my nook just thinking a8out him.
AG: I'm going to go give him a hard time.
AG: Let me know when you're live! Later.

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

AA: d0nt d0 that its really childish
AA: uh w0w

## Be the mysterious spider girl.

**02/07/10**

You try to be the mysterious spider girl and fail.

She's way too mysterious for you to be her yet! Seriously, what's up with those glasses? What's up with that robo-arm? What's her deal!

She guesses it's flattering that you want to be her though. She guesses she doesn't mind. It's cool.

We'll learn all about her a little later.

## Sollux: Get back to Aradia.

**03/07/10**

```
Alert : ♈
Alert : ♊
```

pesterlogtwinArmageddons [TA] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

TA: aradiia ii would liike two apologiize, ii flew off the handle there.
TA: iit wa2 liike the handle wa2 a bald guy goiing really fa2t, and ii wa2 hii2 twoupee.
TA: 2o iim 2orry, iit wa2 my fault.
AA: its 0k
TA: ii hope we are 2tiill friiend2.
AA: yes we are
TA: 2o anyway, ii thiink even though ii quiit a2 leader iim 2tiill goiing two play the game now.
TA: becau2e iit2 eiither that or get totally creamed by all the2e fuckiing 2pace boulder2.
TA: hey maybe we can make the be2t of the game anyway, even though ii guess we are goiing two lo2e.
AA: n0 im s0rry
AA: y0u cant s0llux
AA: n0t yet
TA: oh my god!!!
TA: youre goiing two giive me 2hiit agaiin???
TA: after ii crawled on my belly liike that all groveliing at you.
TA: liike 2ome low cla22 guy wiith... whatever color blood ii2 lower on the hiierarchy than miine.
TA: what2 wor2e than yellow?
TA: fuck thii2 confu2iing ca2te 2y2tem.
TA: anyway 2crew you, iim playiing thii2 game riight now.
AA: n0 y0ure n0t
AA: trust me
TA: waiit what2 thii2...
TA: are you heariing that 2pooky me22age from the grave?
TA: iit ii2 from my abiiliity two giive a 2hiit.
TA: whiich ju2t diied.

TA: thii2 ii2 where you laugh agaiin!
AA: c0me t0 the wind0w
TA: why.
AA: because im 0utside
TA: b2.
AA: take a l00k
TA: ii dont 2ee anythiing out there.
AA: c0me cl0ser y0ull see me
AA: i pr0mise
TA: god ii am ju2t bulge deep iin the fecal matter of a wiildly iincontiinent hoofbea2t but ok, iill iindulge you.
TA: here ii go!

## Sollux: Look out window.

**03/07/10**

Ok, looking out this lousy stupid goddamn window.

Lousy stupid goddamn psychics.

## ======>

**03/07/10**

```
snap
```

## ======>

**03/07/10**

```
SOLLUX: Z
```

Nap time.

## Much later...

**03/07/10**

```
BICYCLOPS: Z
```

When you would finally wake up, you'd discover all of your teammates had connected to each other and entered the Medium. You would be the last to enter. Your long nap would facilitate a series of important dreams that would prove essential in support of your teammates.

But here and now, the destruction of your hive would be imminent unless you could quickly establish a connection to the first player of the group and complete the chain.

## Sollux: Wake up.

**03/07/10**

The mind honey.

Thpppptthhhhhh.

Some of it got in your mouth.

## ======>

**03/07/10**

*YOU DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCE EAT THE MIND HONEY*

**======>**

**03/07/10**

**======>**

**03/07/10**

**======>**

**04/07/10**

Since that moody kid is busy flipping his bifurcated lid, we might as well take a moment to get to know this silly cat girl.

Gosh who is she??

## Enter name.

**04/07/10**

Your name is NEPETA LEIJON.

You live in a CAVE that is also a HIVE, but still mostly just a CAVE. You like to engage in FRIENDLY ROLE PLAYING, but not the DANGEROUS KIND. Never the DANGEROUS KIND. It's TOO DANGEROUS! Too many of your good friends have gotten hurt that way.

Your daily routine is dangerous enough as it is. You prowl the wilderness for GREAT BEASTS, and stalk them and take them down with nothing but your SHARP CLAWS AND TEETH! You take them back to your cave and EAT THEM, and from time to time, WEAR THEIR PELTS FOR FUN. You like to paint WALL COMICS using blood and soot and ash, depicting EXCITING TALES FROM THE HUNT! And other goofy stories about you and your numerous pals. Your best pal of all is A LITTLE BOSSY, and people wonder why you even bother with him. But someone has to keep him pacified. If not you, then who? Everyone has an important job to do.

Your trolltag is arsenicCatnip and :33 < *your sp33ch precedes itself with the face of your lusus who is pawssibly the cutest and purrhaps the bestest kitty you have ever s33n!*

What will you do?

## Nepeta: Retrieve claws from arms.

**04/07/10**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

clawkind
```

You are always wearing your CLAW GLOVES. You never know when you might encounter some unsuspecting prey. Or when some prey might encounter an unsuspecting you!

On Alternia, everything is considered unsuspecting prey by everything else.

## Nepeta: Scratch lusus behind ears.

**04/07/10**

```
POUNCE: Z
```

```
SKRITCH SKRITCH!

<PURR <PURR
```

She sure enjoys a good scratch! POUNCE DE LEON is the best kitty cat. You and she go on adventures together in search of the FOUNTAIN OF CUTE. You ride your sure-pawed mount into the rugged frontier. And sometimes she rides you when she gets tired, which is frequently.

It sure will be sad when she dies. But who knows when or how that will happen. We might not even really have the time to find out!

## ======>

**04/07/10**

Later there was a cave-in.

## Nepeta: Examine computer.

**04/07/10**

```
Alert : ♋
```

You saunter over to your DRAWING TABLET COMPUTER. You use this to draw... on a computer!!! It would be cool if this could somehow be adapted to serve as a fetch modus as well. That would be so much more fun than the frustrating one you're using now.

You wonder what this grumpy fellow wants? Probably something to do with that game. That seems to be all ANYBODY'S talking about lately!

## Nepeta: Answer Karkat.

**04/07/10**

```
TROLLIAN

trolling : carcinoGeneticist

CG: HEY.
AC: :33 < *ac perks up curiously*
AC: :33 < *she wiggles her rear end a bit and
```

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling arsenicCatnip [AC]

CG: HEY.
AC: :33 < *ac perks up curiously*
AC: :33 < *she wiggles her rear end a bit and then chases something she s33s bounce into one of karkats shoes*
CG: KARKAT CAN'T BELIEVE HE HAS TO SINK THIS LOW.
CG: KARKAT CAN'T BELIEVE HE'S ASKING AN AUTISTIC GIRL IN A CAVE TO JOIN HIS TEAM.
CG: KARKAT MYSTIFIES IN INFINITE BEFUDDLEMENT OVER THE FACT THAT YOU ARE PRESENTLY THE BEST REMAINING CANDIDATE FOR THE RED TEAM.
AC: :33 < i am???
AC: :33 < i mean *ac says i am??? wondrously*
CG: YES AND KARKAT CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE THAT.
CG: KARKAT THINKS ABOUT THAT A BIT AND HIS JAW DROPS OPEN AND BREAKS A

HUGE COLUMN OF BRICKS LIKE A FUCKING KUNG FU MASTER.
AC: :33 < *ac gathers up all the brick pieces and builds a cute little house and invites karkat inside*
CG: OK GOOD, IT'S GOOD THAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT BUILDING.
CG: EVEN IF IT'S IN THE MOST INANE POSSIBLE CONTEXT.
CG: YOU'RE GOING TO BE DOING A LOT OF IT.
AC: :33 < yesss that sounds fun
AC: :33 < ok what do i do?
CG: OK, BRIEFING:
CG: ME, TEREZI, GAMZEE AND TAVROS ARE ALL PLAYING NOW.
CG: THE CONNECTION ORDER IS AT -> TC -> GC -> CG.
CG: WE NEED SOMEONE TO CONNECT TO TOREADOR AND GET HIM IN THE GAME.
CG: I HAVE GA LINED UP FOR THE RED TEAM BECAUSE SHE IS ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING SANE ONES LEFT TO PLAY.
CG: OK, THE ONLY SANE ONE.
CG: BUT SHE DOESN'T WANT TO CONNECT YET BECAUSE OF SOME MYSTERIOUS BULLSHIT, SO I WAS LIKE WHATEVER, WHAT ELSE IS NEW.
CG: SO I GUESS THAT LEAVES YOU.
CG: TEREZI SAID SHE HAD YOU LINED UP TO PLAY BACK WHEN SHE WAS THE FAKE LEADER, SO I SAID FINE.
CG: SO JUST CONNECT TO TAVROS AND LATER WE'LL WORRY ABOUT GETTING YOU IN.
AC: :33 < alright! i will talk to him about that
AC: :33 < oh
AC: :33 < *ac pawses and looks up with a little bit of chagrin*
AC: :33 < i forgot i have to talk to someone else about this
AC: :33 < i have b33n purrcrastinating :((
CG: OH GOD.
CG: ARE YOU REALLY SERIOUS.
AC: :33 < its not that big of a deal!
CG: THIS BOGGLES MY MIND.
CG: HOW CAN YOU BE BEST FRIENDS WITH THE ONLY GUY ON THE PLANET WHO'S A BIGGER ASSHOLE THAN ME.
AC: :33 < hes not so bad!
CG: HE'S SCUM.
CG: BUT DO WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT TO DO I GUESS.
CG: TAVROS IS WAITING.

## Nepeta: Consult with friend on the matter.

**05/07/10**

```
Alert : ♏
Alert : ♑
```

pesterlogarsenicCatnip [AC] began trolling centaursTesticle [CT]

AC: :33 < *ac twitches her friendly whiskers at ct*
CT: D --> Hi
AC: :33 < *ct purrplexes over where he put that important wrench that he n33ded for building a

fancy robot or something*
AC: :33 < *he says, now where did that silly old wrench go??*
CT: D --> 100k
CT: D --> What are you e%pecting to accomplish with this
AC: :33 < *but oh look! ct p33ks around the corner to find that a very playful kitty has stolen the robot wrench and is now kicking it vigorously with her hind legs!*
CT: D --> This is f001ishness upon one hundred thousand prior, equally unsolicited f001ishnesses
CT: D --> You'll stop now
AC: XOO < rawwrrrrr
AC: :33 < youre so lame!
CT: D --> I'm not
CT: D --> I'm fine
AC: :33 < no! lame
CT: D --> No I'm not
AC: :33 < lame
CT: D --> No
AC: :33 < youve never played a fun purrtend game with me ever even once!
AC: :33 < even karkat does it sometimes, even if he does mean it in a grumpy and insincere way
AC: :33 < but at least its still fun!
CT: D --> Yuck
CT: D --> Don't pol100t my incoming data stream with his name, or any sort of e%cremental language you pick up from his ilk
AC: :33 < i s33 right through your stupid act, who are you trying to kid!
AC: :33 < look how you go out of your way to use words that have x's in them so that you can use your silly purrcent signs
AC: :33 < or use these absurd words that you can shoehorn a '100' into, even if its not strictly replacing 'loo'!!!
AC: :33 < you are so transpurrent
AC: :33 < i can tell you like to play games, d33p down you are a guy who likes to play games!
AC: :33 < i can smell a guy who likes to play games from so fur away with this nose, you have no idea X33
CT: D --> If you're 100king for a 100phole through which you may e%tract concessions from me, you'll have to 100k elsewhere
AC: :33 < s33! what the hell???
CT: D --> Nepeta, what did I say about that awful language
CT: D --> I won't stand for it, and you'll stop
AC: :33 < oops
AC: :33 < sorry :((
CT: D --> Your fraternization with the base classes have 100sened your morals, can't you see this
AC: :33 < no! i dont care, they are fun
AC: :33 < and i dont know anything about classes or bases or blood color, it doesn't matter!
AC: :33 < what does gr33n blood even mean! it doesnt mean anything to me and it shouldnt mean anything to anyone else!
CT: D --> Well, green b100d is ok, but it's not great
CT: D --> But that's why you're lucky to have me to 100k out for you
CT: D --> Because you don't know better, and you can't fight the role the mother had in store for

you
AC: :33 < rawrgh, you are such a hypurrcrite!
AC: :33 < you pretend to be so high and mighty but i know you're not and i know you like games
AC: :33 < look at that silly little bow and arrow you always type!
AC: :33 < its always there, you never furget
AC: :33 < why would you do that if it wasnt a playful fun thing, i am so on to you!
CT: D --> My bow and arrow are highly dignified symbols
AC: :33 < lol! bs!!!
CT: D --> Archery is among the highest and most e%ceptional crafts, held in tremendous regard by the most a100f classes for centuries
AC: :33 < you suck at archery
CT: D --> No
AC: :33 < yes
CT: D --> No
AC: :33 < yes
CT: D --> No I don't
AC: :33 < yessssss yes yes yes
AC: :33 < have you ever even successfully fired an arrow?
AC: :33 < like actually got one to leave the bow??
CT: D --> I think
CT: D --> We need to stop talking about archery
AC: :33 < nuh uh
CT: D --> Yes
AC: :33 < no
CT: D --> We will stop talking about archery
CT: D --> The topic is making me
CT: D --> Sweat
AC: :33 < eww
AC: :33 < youre so gross
CT: D --> No, you're the one who e%ercises distasteful practices
AC: :33 < nooo, thats you
AC: :33 < everyone knows youre a weirdo and a cr33p!
AC: :33 < thats why youre lucky to have me to k33p an eye on you
AC: :33 < no one else can stand you!
CT: D --> You e%terminate beautiful, innocent creatures by the hundreds
CT: D --> I can't condone such wretched behavior
CT: D --> Beasts are meant to be 100ked upon with adoration
AC: :33 < but
AC: :33 < i eat them!
AC: :33 < i dont kill anything i dont eat, that would be mean
CT: D --> I guess that's basically acceptable in principle, but I still find it a bit unsavory
AC: :33 < well i think YOUR habits are unsavory!
CT: D --> No they're not
AC: :33 < yuh HUH
CT: D --> You're wrong about me, Nepeta
CT: D --> I do like to play games

CT: D --> But they must be e%tremely important games with very high stakes
CT: D --> Not the kind played by trans100cent green wigglers who let 100se an e%cremental surge hard in their wiggler-bottom diaperstubs
CT: D --> As it happens I have arranged to play just such a game tonight
CT: D --> Aradia and I have a private engagement to be co-leaders of the b100 team
AC: :33 < oh yeah??
AC: :33 < *well just by purrchance it happens that ac has a private and sneaky engagement to play this game as well!*
AC: :33 < *and by a purrsnickety twist of fate, she will be on the R33D TEAM, with her other great friends who like to play their childish diaperpoop games!!!!*
AC: :33 < :PP
CT: D --> Absolutely not
AC: :33 < absolutely :PP
CT: D --> I forbid this
CT: D --> You will take your position on the b100 team with me
AC: :33 < yeah right! i will take my purrsition into this funny pounce ball and tackle you!
CT: D --> That's nonsense, you're nowhere even remotely within my pro%imity that would be necessary to e%ecute such a maneuver
AC: :33 < *ac rolls her eyes almost as hard as she is rolling around in this really interesting smell*
CT: D --> The thought of you fraternizing with and abetting those stink-b100ded h001igans strikes me as scandal beyond measure
CT: D --> I'm afraid you're too delicate to withstand that sort of corruption
CT: D --> It's forbidden
AC: :33 < nuh uuuuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhh
CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> You won't
AC: :33 < no
AC: :33 < i will
CT: D --> You won't
AC: :33 < you cant stop me!
CT: D --> I am telling you not to
CT: D --> And you will be on my team
CT: D --> That's final
AC: XPO < blllllraaaaaawwwwwlllllrrrrghgghghgh
CT: D --> Quiet
AC: :33 < why do you do this, why are you so confurdent about your stupid commands?
AC: :33 < dont you know you cant ACTUALLY tell me what to do??
AC: :33 < its not like you even have any special mind pawers or telepurrthy or anything!
CT: D --> No
CT: D --> I do not
CT: D --> And yet
CT: D --> You will do as I say
AC: :33 < yes well we will just s33 about that!
CT: D --> Yes we will
CT: D --> You will join me on my team shortly
CT: D --> Stand by for further instru%ion

AC: :33 < hissssssss!
CT: D --> You're angry, and I appreciate that
CT: D --> But it doesn't matter
CT: D --> Di%ussion over
AC: :33 < :((

## ======>

**05/07/10**

```
BLUH
```

## Nepeta: Give Tavros the bad news.

**05/07/10**

```
Alert : ♌
Alert : ♉
```

pesterlogarsenicCatnip [AC] began trolling adiosToreador [AT]

AC: :33 < *ac curls up in tavroses lap*
AT: oKAY, *i,
AT: fOR THE TIME BEING, aND,
AT: fOR THE SAKE OF THIS FANTASY SCENARIO, i PRETEND,
AT: tHAT MY CAT ALLERGIES AREN'T THAT BAD,*
AC: :33 < *ac takes a long nap*
AC: :33 < *and then wakes up and frowns because she has bad news*
AT: *oH NO,*
AT: iS,
AT: wHAT i SAY,
AT: aBOUT THE BAD NEWS, nOT THE NAP,
AC: :33 < tavros im sorry i cant be on your team :((
AC: :33 < im not allowed
AT: oH,
AT: tHAT'S OKAY,
AT: tHEN i GUESS HE SAID NO, tHEN,
AC: :33 < yes unfurtunately
AC: :33 < rarg im so mad!
AT: iT'S PROBABLY FOR THE BEST,
AT: tHAT YOU LISTEN TO HIM,
AC: :33 < i dont know
AC: :33 < you think so?
AT: wELL,
AT: iF YOU DIDN'T LISTEN TO HIM BEFORE,
AT: yOU MIGHT HAVE PLAYED GAMES WITH US BEFORE,
AT: aND SOMETHING BAD MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO YOU,
AC: :33 < hmm purrhaps
AC: :33 < but i still f33l bad
AT: i'LL FIND ANOTHER PLAYER, iT'S NOT A BIG DEAL,
AT: gOOD LUCK, bEING,

AT: oN THE BLUE TEAM,
AC: :33 < ok thanks :((

## ======>

**05/07/10**

You fondly recall your days of far more intensive role playing. It seems like so long ago now. Aside from a few unfortunate moments, it was a lot of fun. If you had to do it all over again, you suppose you would select better company. Maybe this game you are playing tonight will rekindle some of that excitement.

## ======>

**05/07/10**

Tinkerbull?

## Some time ago...

**06/07/10**

```
FLASHBACK

Pupa Pan

Flarp
```

You stand in your room on a healthy pair of legs and in a plucky little outfit. You are a low level BOY-SKYLARK, and you wield an inexpensive DAGGERLANCE, which is the closest thing to a jousting lance you can wield that is still compatible with your favorite class.

You are about to play a popular game called FLARP, which unlike most games published by major developers, was given a graceful and aesthetically pleasing name. It's a title under the EXTREME ROLE PLAYING genre, and playing it without caution can have serious real world consequences! But that's what makes it fun.

When you activate Flarp's grub, the campaign programmed for tonight will begin. TEAM CHARGE will duel TEAM SCOURGE as usual. This is going to be great.

## Tavros: Contact fellow Team Charge member.

**06/07/10**

```
Alert : ♈
```

pesterlogadiosToreador [AT] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

AT: aRADIA,
AT: mY GRUB IS LAYING NOW, sO
AT: i'LL BE READY SOON,
AA: c00l!
AA: mine t00
AA: i d0nt kn0w where terezi is th0ugh
AA: shes running late
AT: oH, uHH
AT: sHOULD WE WAIT,
AA: n0

AA: ill be here cl0uding her campaign f0r her regardless
AA: with 0r with0ut her!
AA: her l0ss if she d0esnt make it
AA: itll give y0u a chance t0 gain s0me gr0und
AT: oKAY,
AA: y0u picked a t0ugh class tavr0s!
AA: n0ne 0f the really useful c0mbat abilities c0me int0 play until y0u reach a very high level
AA: but i supp0se it will be rewarding when y0u get there
AT: yEAH, i THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, bUT,
AT: iT'S THE CLASS i THINK IS MOST FUN, aND, bATTLE SKILL IS NOT ALL THERE IS,
AT: tO BEING A GREAT ADVENTURER,
AA: i c0uldnt agree m0re
AA: y0u might be the 0nly flarper in the w0rld wh0 really understands the true spirit 0f the game
AA: every0ne else is s0 aggressive and treasure hungry!
AA: but thats what makes beating them all the m0re satisfying
AT: yEAH, i GUESS,
AA: remember y0ur cl0uder isnt g0ing t0 pull any punches t0night
AA: d0nt fall f0r her mind games
AA: ill be here t0 assist 0f c0urse
AA: if y0ure in tr0uble d0nt hesitate t0 ask f0r help
AT: yEAH, i WON'T,
AT: tHANKS, aRADIA,
AA: n0 pr0blem!

## Tavros: Hatch campaign.

**06/07/10**

Your campaign's GAMING FLAPSTRACTIONS hatch out of their eggs. These comprise all the data and procedures you will need for your adventure tonight.

## ======>

**06/07/10**

```
DISPERSE
```

They disperse throughout the terrain surrounding your hive. They follow both preprogrammed and live instructions by your CLOUDER, a member of Team Scourge, whose role is to provide you with a challenging scenario, while your teammate does the same for Scourge's other player.

## Tavros: Go outside and begin adventure.

**06/07/10**

You take your starting position in the field. The game is afoot, and anything can happen now. It's up to you to consult your maps and work with your teammate to discover the objective of the quest, find treasure, and slay monsters.

Your STAT BAT has bonded with you. This keeps track of every attribute for your character, including vitals. While these attributes in principle remain abstractions, due to the fact that this is EXTREME role playing, they will always relate in some way to your real life attributes as well. You've got to be careful out here!

## A little later...

**06/07/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling adiosToreador [AT]

AG: Wellllllll?
AT: uHH,
AG: Hey 8oy-Skytard, are you going to just stand there all night?
AG: Make your move, make your move, make your move!
AT: i JUST THINK,
AT: tHESE MONSTERS ARE TOO STRONG,
AT: sORRY, bUT, tHEY DON'T SEEM APPROPRIATE FOR THIS CAMPAIGN,
AG: Weak! Weaky weaky weak.
AT: uHH,
AT: wEAKY, iS THAT A REAL,
AT: tHING TO SAY,
AG: Yes. Your 8l8tant excuse making is the weakiest lame that ever shit the coward 8ed.
AG: Roll your dice. Make your move.
AG: Advance or a8scond!
AT: i CAN'T ABSCOND,
AT: tHERE'S NO,
AT: uHH, aBSCONDING PLACE,
AG: 8ut a8sconding is what you do 8est!
AG: I 8n't managed to cloud a scenario yet you couldn't squawk out of in a 8lazing trail of cluck8east feathers.
AG: You cannot hope to 8eat Tavros Nitram in an a8scond-off.
AG: He is simply the 8est there is!
AT: uHH, tHAT SOUNDS FLATTERING, tHEORETICALLY,
AT: bUT, i DON'T THINK,
AG: Hey pipe down!
AG: Make your move!
AG: Advance or a8scond, advance or a8scond!
AG: Roll, Tavros! Roll!!!!!!!!
AT: oKAY,
AT: hOLD ON, fOR ONE MOMENT,

## ======>

**06/07/10**

pesterlogadiosToreador [AT] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

AT: aRADIA,
AT: hEY,
AT: aRE YOU THERE,
AT: uHHH,
AT: hMM,

adiosToreador [AT] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

AT: hEY,
AT: tEREZI,
AT: i HAVE A PROBLEM,
AT: uHHHHHHH,

arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling adiosToreador [AT]

AG: No one can help you, Taaaaaaaavros!
AG: ::::)
AT: oKAY,
AG: Time to decide!
AT: wHERE IS EVERYBODY,
AG: What does that have to do with your present cowardice?
AT: i DON'T KNOW,
AT: pROBABLY NOTHING,
AG: Are you going to roll?
AT: hMM,
AT: nO, i CAN'T,
AG: Why not?
AT: bECAUSE, i WAS THINKING ABOUT THE NUMBERS, aND,
AT: iT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR THERE TO BE A FAVORABLE OUTCOME,
AT: nO MATTER WHAT THE DICE DO,
AG: So, you give up?
AT: yEAH, mAYBE,
AG: Why not roll and make it official?
AG: Why would you want to cheapsk8 me out of 8onuses like that? It's so thoughtless.
AT: uHH,
AG: Am I going to have to take matters into my own hands?
AG: To make your move for you?
AT: i THOUGHT,
AT: yOU COULDN'T USE POWERS,
AT: i MEAN, rEAL LIFE POWERS, nOT GAME ONES,
AT: iT'S AGAINST THE RULES,
AG: 8ut if you are going to 8reak the rules and refuse to roll, what choice do I have!
AG: I h8 that it had to come to this 8ut what can I do!

======>

**06/07/10**

pesterlogAG: Tavros, have I mentioned how cute you look in that plucky little outfit?
AG: Why if I didn't know 8etter, I'd say I was playing with Pupa Pan himself!
AG: Isn't that what you want, Tavros? To 8e like Pupa?
AG: Of course you do! What 8oy wouldn't want to 8e like Pupa! So dashing and 8rave.
AG: He is everything you are not!

AG: For one thing, he can flyyyyyyyy.
AG: Do you want to flyyyyyyyy, Tavros?
AG: Have you ever tried to fly? I 8et you haven't!
AG: How a8out we take to the skies, Pupa!
AG: Hahahaha, oh you like that idea, Pupa? Yes, you do. I can feel it in your simple, mallea8le 8rain.
AG: You want to fly so 8ad!

======>
**06/07/10**
pesterlogAG: Fly, Pupa!!!!!!!!
AG: Flyyyyyyyy!
AG: Hahahahahahahaha!

======>
**06/07/10**
pesterlogAG: Aaaaaaaahahahahahahahaha!
AG: Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!!!!!!!!
AG: Haaaaaaaahaaaaaaaahaaaaaaaahaaaaaaaahaaaaaaaahaaaaaaaahaaaaaaaahaaaaaaaa!
AG: Adios, Toreadum8ass.
AG: :::;D

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling adiosToreador [AT]

======>
**06/07/10**
pesterlogadiosToreador [AT] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

AT: aG JUST JUMPED ME OFF A CLIFF,
AT: wITH MY BRAIN,
AT: aND, uHH
AT: mY LEGS, aLSO,
AT: aND NOW, tHEY FEEL,
AT: iNVISIBLE,
AT: wOW, i'M SURE THERE WAS A BETTER WAY TO SAY THAT,
AT: aNYWAY,
AT: tHAT'S REALLY ALL THERE IS,
AT: tO REPORT ON THE SUBJECT,
AT: oF ME GETTING HURT,
CG: HEY ASSHOLE, STOP PLAYING GAMES FOR GIRLS.

carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling adiosToreador [AT]

## Back in the present...
**07/07/10**

```
Alert : ♎
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogBut not too far into the present. Right around this moment, with Karkat and the toilet, during a conversation we have already read, which ended like this:

GC: OH BOY YOU N33D TO G3T W1TH TH3 PROGR4M K4RK4T
GC: H4V3 YOU T4LK3D TO 44
CG: 44 WHAT?
GC: 4POC4LYPS34R1S3N SORRY
CG: NO, OF COURSE NOT.
GC: OR T4
GC: OR 4G 1 GU3SS
GC: OR C4
GC: R34LLY TH3R3S L1K3 TH1S WHOL3 CONSP1R4CY 4BOUT TH1S
GC: 4S 1M F1ND1NG OUT
CG: WELL WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL ME SO I DON'T HAVE TO TALK TO ANY OF THOSE DOUBLETALKING ASSHOLES.
GC: 1 C4NT!
GC: 1 GOTT4 ST3P OUT OF TH3 TR33 FOR 4 MOM3NT
GC: WH3N 1 COM3 B4CK 1 W1LL 3NT3R TH3 G4M3
GC: CY4!

gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

AG: Psssssssst.
AG: Hey 8rave leader.
CG: OH MY GOD, WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO ME.
AG: Can I join your team?
CG: YES I'M GLAD YOU ASKED, BECAUSE THERE IS A WIDE OPEN SLOT FOR THE MOST VILE BACKSTABBING SOCIOPATH WHO EVER LIVED.
CG: YOU REALLY HELPED ME OUT OF A JAM BY STEPPING FORWARD.
AG: Vile 8acksta88ing sociopath? Karkat, did you copy and p8ste that phrase directly from your personal ad descri8ing what you are looking for in a lady?
CG: HA HA HA!
CG: MORE CAGEY CUTESY BULLSHIT.
CG: LIKE I'M NOT UP TO MY LOBE STEM WITH THAT ALREADY HAVING TO DEAL WITH TEREZI.
CG: YOU BOTH MUST HAVE BEEN INSUFFERABLE WHEN YOU WERE A TEAM.
CG: YOUR OPPONENTS PROBABLY ALL JUST TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF PUTTING UP WITH YOUR FANGY GRINNED DRIVEL.
CG: THAT'S PROBABLY HOW IT ALL WENT DOWN WHEN THE SHIT HIT THE THRESHER.
AG: That's not a 8ad guess! 8ut man! Karkat you sure are giving me a hard time.
AG: I don't see how we're supposed to 8e 8ecoming friends if you recoil from my olive 8ranch like I'm twitching a mummified 8ovine phallus in your direction.
CG: BECOMING FRIENDS, WHAT THE FUCK.

CG: WE WILL NEVER BE FRIENDS, MORON.
AG: Not even h8 friends?
CG: NO. MORE LIKE TWITCHY EYED PROJECTILE VOMITING IN UTTER DISGUST FRIENDS, WHILE I PERFORATE MY BONE BULGE WITH A CULLING FORK.
AG: Yessssssss. I'll take it!
CG: GET LOST.
AG: Anyway, I was just joking a8out wanting to 8e on your team.
AG: I'm already on the 8lue team.
CG: OH! OH REALLY?????
CG: WAIT, LET ME COUNT OUT EIGHT OF THESE THINGS, HOLD ON. ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
CG: THERE, I AM NOW AN ENORMOUS TOOL FOREVER.
AG: Yes, Aradia and I have an arrangement. We will 8e co-leaders.
AG: (But really I will 8e the leader! Heh heh. Shh! Don't tell anyone!)
AG: What do you think, Karkat? Can you take on two dangerous laaaaaaaadies at once?
CG: YAWN.
AG: Come on! Aren't you a little nervous that I will oppose you? You should 8e!
CG: NO YOU'RE JUST A RUN OF THE MILL LITTLE PSYCHO GIRL, A TROLL CAEGAR A DOZEN.
CG: I'LL BE TAKING APART THE BLUE TEAM WITH BRUTAL EFFICIENCY, YOU'LL SEE.
CG: YOU NEVER PLAYED ONE OF YOUR DUMB GAMES WITH ME SO YOU NEVER HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF SEEING WHAT I CAN DO.
CG: ENJOY THE SHOW, SWEETHEART.
CG: JUST DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT USING YOUR MIND CONTROL TRICKS ON MY PLAYERS.
CG: REMEMBER YOUR TRUCE?
AG: Pshhhhhhhh. Those days are far 8ehind me.
AG: Anyway, I can't control just any8ody. They've got to 8e impressssssssiona8le. Like you!
CG: YOU CAN'T CONTROL ME.
AG: Sure I can. I just choose not to.
CG: YEAH OK.
AG: I find your mind totally unpalata8le to 8rowse. Looking into your 8rain is like pawing through a smelly dumpster.
AG: Full of 8roken glass and razor 8lades!
AG: And poop. D::::
CG: WHATEVER, DON'T EVEN TRY IT.
CG: I'VE GOT THE BETTER SCOURGE SISTER ON MY TEAM AND IF YOU BREAK YOUR TRUCE YOU'LL HAVE TO ANSWER TO HER.
CG: THE FUNNY THING IS SHE WAS ALWAYS WAY BETTER THAN YOU EVEN WITHOUT ANY POWERS.
CG: YEAH THAT'S RIGHT, I KNOW YOUR WHOLE STORY.
CG: YOU WERE ALWAYS JEALOUS SHE COULD MANIPULATE PEOPLE SO WELL WITHOUT RESORTING TO CHEAP MIND TRICKS.
CG: HAHA, I CAN TELL THIS BURNS YOU AND I CAN'T EVEN PAW THROUGH YOUR DUMPSTER!
CG: CHALK IT UP AS ANOTHER INFURIATING VICTORY FOR GUTTER BLOOD OVER ARISTOCRACY.

CG: OH WHAT'S THAT, NOTHING TO SAY?
CG: WOW SPEECHLESS I GUESS. YOU'RE PROBABLY CRYING RIGHT NOW. THAT WOULD MAKE MY FUCKING DAY.
CG: HEY LOOK AT ME BEING THE ONE TO TALK SHIT AT WARP SPEED THEN LOG OFF BEFORE YOU CAN REPLY.
CG: BYE, IDIOT.

carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling arachnidsGrip [AG]

carcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling arachnidsGrip [AG]

AG: Oh, 8ack so soon! Did your thum8 slip on the 8utton????????
AG: I guess you can't get enough of me.
AG: ::::)
CG: YOU MADE ME DO THAT.
CG: AND YOU KNOW IT.
AG: You 8n't got nothing on me and you can't prove shit!!!!!!!!
AG: Anyway, Karkat, I just wanted to say.
AG: <3

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

## Karkat: Be the other asshole.

**07/07/10**

You are now the other... oh.

Oh god.

You decide that we could probably stand to delay this guy's introduction a little longer. Why don't we see what someone else is up to.

Anyone.

## HURRY

**07/07/10**

You switch to a vague teaser of the final unseen troll in the nick of time.

## ======>

**07/07/10**

```
PROD PROD CULL CULL
```

## ======>

**07/07/10**

## Aradia: Go home.

**08/07/10**

You head back to your hive to get the blue team's session started.

It's been a while.

## ======>

**08/07/10**

You revisit the remains of your quaint rural hive. Your lawnring and the small excavation sites you dug up for practice are all overgrown with vegetation.

You haven't been here since the night of the accident. On that night you found your CALLING. The voices of the dead grew louder, urging you to return to the ruins you discovered not long before. You left so abruptly, you didn't even have time to bury your lusus.

But that's fine, because trolls don't typically bury their dead. Leaving bodies to be consumed by wild animals is more customary.

## Aradia: Begin session.

**08/07/10**

You have an arrangement to begin the session as co-leader with one of the blue bloods. You understand this player intends to make a power grab, and take sole possession of the leadership role. Such subterfuge is typical of their caste. But you're perfectly ok with this. It's one of the many things you're ok with.

You allow your co-player to take the lead and enter the Medium first. You understand that the leadership role is essentially meaningless, aside from offering the distinction of being the first player to enter. You also understand that entering the game second was always your intention.

## Aradia: Connect to server player.

**08/07/10**

You have a server player connect to you, someone you personally selected for the role. The devices required for entry are deployed.

The kernelsprite awaits prototyping. But unlike all eleven other players, your dead lusus is not available. You have to use something else.

## Aradia: Tier 1 prototype.

**08/07/10**

Prototyping with the frog head before entering the Medium would prove to be critical for later success. Just another of many assurances whispered by the dead. You've long since stopped questioning them, or doubting the future significance of even spontaneous acts of frivolous desecration.

Compelling your nonplussed server player to perform this task might have proven difficult. Luckily your telekinesis, an ability greatly magnified through your CALLING, would be sufficient to move the massive object, whereas the game cursor likely would not.

Your server player simply watched in mystification.

## ======>

**08/07/10**

She really just had no idea what the hell was going on.

## Aradia: Enter.

**08/07/10**

You enter the Medium, taking your place in the LAND OF QUARTZ AND MELODY as the MAID OF TIME.

Meanwhile, your client player has been exploring another world. The blue blood has a present for you. The present cannot be duplicated via alchemy at this stage of the game. It would cost too much grist, a detail which this player had not been aware of. The player would have to progress to the second gate of their own world, arrive through the gate above your hive, and deliver it in person.

Facilitating this delivery was one of the reasons why it was important for you to enter second.

## ======>

**08/07/10**

Your server player's confusion is only in part due to learning the ropes of a new game. There is a more significant reason for her befuddlement.

While she followed your advice and went through the simple motions of game setup, at no point were you visible on her monitor. She saw your damaged hive. She saw the alchemiter and other devices she deployed. She saw the strange computing device on the floor, bearing the visage of a species she didn't recognize. She even saw a great big stone frog head fly through the air all by itself, and become the Frogsprite.

And though she would ask why, and you would always delay the answer, the fact remained.

She couldn't see you.

## Aradia: Tier 2 prototype.

**08/07/10**

She couldn't see you up until the moment after the sprite's second prototyping.

Because you were dead all along.

## ======>

**08/07/10**

We are all completely blown away by this stunning revelation.

Wow. Dead. Really? Like a ghost?

Huh.

## Nepeta: Interrogate frog girl.

**09/07/10**

```
Alert : ♑
Alert : ♈
```

pesterlogarsenicCatnip [AC] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

AC: :33 < aradia i can s33 you!
AC: :33 < that is you right
AA: yes
AC: :33 < why are you the floating frog all of a sudden?

AA: im dead
AA: my spirit merged with the fr0gsprite
AC: :33 < wow
AC: :33 < dead
AC: :33 < really?
AA: like a gh0st
AC: :33 < huh
AC: :33 < well i hope this doesnt make me sound dumb
AC: :33 < but i am completely blown away by that stunning revelation!
AA: y0u d0nt s0und dumb
AC: :33 < whew! :33
AC: :33 < how did you die?
AA: i ign0red the advice 0f a friend
AA: and made s0me bad ch0ices
AC: :33 < *ac rumples up her nose in purrplexment at aa's really vague and spooky answer*
AC: :33 < but actually thats good because i kind of think i dont want to know
AC: :33 < its making me sad to think about :((
AA: 0k
AA: nepeta can y0u please keep this a secret
AC: :33 < yes i purrmise i wont tell anyone about it
AC: :33 < and by purrmise i mean promise just so you know im serious!
AA: thank y0u
AA: ribbit
AA: wh00ps
AC: :33 < h33 h33 h33!!!

## Aradia: Be the huge bitch.

**09/07/10**

```
HUGE BITCH
```

Bluh bluh.

## Enter name.

**09/07/10**

```
flarp
```

Your name is VRISKA SERKET.

You are a master of EXTREME ROLE PLAYING. You can't get enough of it, or really any game of high stakes and chance. You have persisted with the habit even in spite of your ACCIDENT. But then again, you don't have much choice.

Your lusus is VERY HUNGRY, ALL THE TIME. She can only be appeased by the FLESH OF YOUNG TROLLS. You cloud campaigns for teams of Flarpers, utilizing your abilities for ORCHESTRATING THE DEMISE OF THE IMPRESSSSSSSSIONA8LE. Your victories supply you with treasure, experience points, and SPIDER FOOD.

You are something of an APOCALYPSE BUFF, which is something you can be on Alternia. You are fascinated by end of the world scenarios, and enjoy constructing DOOMSDAY DEVICES for the hell of it. You are drawn to means of DARK PROGNOSTICATION and the advantages they offer, particularly in gaming scenarios. Your abilities in this department were hobbled with the loss of your VISION EIGHTFOLD, and you have since sought alternatives through various BLACK ORACLES. You consult with these ominous globes, but routinely destroy them in frustration over the PUZZLING GUARANTEED INACCURACY of their predictions. Breaking them has developed into a habit BORDERING ON FETISHISTIC, and with each you destroy, you add to an insurmountable stockpile of TERRIBLE LUCK. You have to stop. But addiction is a powerful thing.

Your trolltag is arachnidsGrip and your st8ments tend to 8e just a little 8it overdramaaaaaaaatic.

What will you do?

## Vriska: Check out cool drawing on wall.

**10/07/10**

```
Yeah !!!!!!!!
```

You drew your own role playing character for fun, as many Flarpers are prone to do. She is the best character, and you wish you were her. Oh wait, you are her! Your wish has been granted. Probably as a special boon for being so great at everything.

Her name is Marquise Spinneret Mindfang, scourge of land dwellers and sea dwellers alike, and worst nightmare to silly BOY-SKYLARKS everywhere. She has accumulated more treasure and gained more levels than any member of the PETTICOAT SEAGRIFT class ever. She gained all the levels. All of them.

Yeah!!!!!!!!

## Vriska: Proceed to computer.

**10/07/10**

```
D4'd!
```

You have a lot to do. So many irons in the fire OW!

Lousy dice. You just can't ever seem to go anywhere in your hive without stepping on an errant D4. Pointy little bastards.

It's just your bad luck, you guess. You've had such terrible luck ever since your accident. And it just keeps getting worse. As far as you're concerned, the world can't end soon enough.

## ======>

**10/07/10**

As you were saying. So many irons in the fire. Such a tangled web. It is a web full of flaming irons and mixed metaphors.

Tonight is a big night. You have a lot of meddling to catch up on tonight. Bugging and fussing and meddling.

## Vriska: Take dice.

**10/07/10**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

dicekind
```

You equip your enchanted dice set, the fabled FLUORITE OCTET.

It consists of eight D8, plundered from a ghost ship during a particularly challenging campaign. In ancient times such weapons were employed by roving bands of GAMBLIGNANTS, deadly marauders with a passion for chance. They all died off though. Took too many crazy risks.

Rolling the dice will execute a wide range of highly unpredictable attacks. Very high rolls can be devastating to even the most powerful opponents.

Of course with the luck you've had lately, you couldn't make a good roll to save your life. Got to do something about this awful luck.

Gotta catch a br8k!!!!!!!!

When you get worked up about stuff you put 8's in places that don't really make a lot of sense phonetically.

## Vriska: Begin meddling.

**11/07/10**

```
Alert : ♍
```

Time to get this show on the road. There are SO MANY people to meddle with tonight.

After you ditch an unwelcome solicitor first, that is. Doesn't she realize how rude it is to meddle??

You'll fuss with her meddling later.

## ======>

**11/07/10**

```
Alert :
```

What now?

Oh, him. You thought he'd washed his hands of you. Strange timing that he's bugging you tonight after so long without a peep from him.

## Vriska: Deal with this guy.

**11/07/10**

pesterlog

AG: Oh my god, why are you talking to me????????

AG: Still sticking with the white text I see. So smooth and stylish!

AG: I forgot how much I loved highlighting it to read all the 8oring things you have to say.
AG: It's like a fun game for super extra handicapped retarded people. Like opening a present! Find out what o8noxious thing the mystery tool typed.
AG: What is it!

AG: You didn't exploit me.
AG: You are just a petty douche with a 8ad temper who likes to pl8y g8mes, and all I did w8s humor you.

AG: So full of yourself!!!!!!!!

AG: Don't ch8nge the su8ject!!!!!!!!

AG: XXXXO
AG: I'm going to log off in a 8ig huff and you have to promise not to use that nasty trick where you log me 8ack on out of petty douchey spite!
AG: And then we can go 8ack to never ever talking, 8ecause man! That was heaven when it was like th8t!!!!!!!!

AG: Mm hmm. Slow down! Man.
AG: I am just wearing out so many pens taking all these important notes! Fuuuuuuuuck!
AG: Fuck you for ruining all my good note-taking pens and giving me this terri8le cramp in my good note-taking hand!!!!!!!!

AG: Blech. What a sno8. You're worse than my meddley meddler meddlefriend.

AG: I thought you said you would 8e 8rief????????

AG: Zzzzzzzz. 8ye, assh8le.

## ======>

**11/07/10**

```
8UNP
```

More hollow comebacks. As hollow and wishywashy as the inside of one of these dumb black globes. What use is all that attitude against a guy who's never wrong? It's so depressing, you can't even work up the energy to smash this stupid thing.

Maybe you could stand to have some camaraderie wasted on you, even if it comes from a meddley meddler meddlefriend.

## Vriska: Endure meddling.

**11/07/10**

```
Alert : ♍
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling grimAuxiliatrix [GA]

AG: Whaaaaaaaat.
GA: Just Wanted To Know
GA: Is Your Lusus Dead Yet
AG: Huh? What kind of question is that!
AG: Is this a trick? Are you trying to sa8otage me? Are you in cahoots with someone????????
GA: Uh No
AG: Cahoooooooots!!!!!!!!
AG: Cahoots I say.
GA: You Sure Do Seem To Be Saying Cahoots
GA: Im Just Asking
GA: Because Mines Dead
AG: What? Oh no.
AG: How did that happen?
GA: It Was Just Her Time
AG: Really? Are you sure it wasn't sa8otage? I would suspect sa8otage if I was you.
GA: No There Was No Plot Or Conspiracy Or Any Trace Of Saboteurs Operating Through The Special And Magical Union One Can Only Describe As Being In Cahoots With Another
GA: When A Virgin Mother Grub Abdicates And Renounces Brooding
GA: Her Time Will Be Relatively Short
GA: I Always Knew This
AG: ::::(
AG: She was so cool, you had the coolest lusus of anyone I know.
AG: I wanted to meet her some day.

GA: Maybe You Still Can
AG: Yeah, meet her corpse! I guess that's not so bad a consol8tion prize.
AG: Seeing a 8ig dead cool mother gru8. Wow!
AG: You were so lucky. My lusus sucks! Haha.
AG: Why did you ask if she's dead, anyway? Do you know something????????
GA: They Are All Dying
GA: Or Are Going To Soon
GA: I Believe Its A Preemptive Consequence Of The Game We Are About To Play
GA: If A Preemptive Consequence Is A Concept That Can Be Said To Hold Any Meaning
GA: But From What I Understand If It Is Applicable In Any Sphere At All Then This Game Holds That Sphere
AG: Okaaaaaaaay, I don't really get that. So you can just go ahead think I'm some dum8 flighty 8road again.
GA: I Wasnt Going To Think That
GA: You Know What I Dont Think Even I Really Understand What I Just Said So Nevermind
AG: Now you have me a little worried. Man! I hope she's ok.
AG: Why would this happen? This is just my luck. Have some died 8esides yours????????
AG: And uh, you know who's, I guess. ::::o
GA: Yes A Few
GA: Karkat Thinks Its His Fault
GA: He Believes His Actions Triggered An Inauspicious Chain Reaction
AG: You mean a curse?
GA: Sure
AG: Wow, between his curse and my shitty luck we are so screwed.
GA: Im Not Surprised To See You Endorse His Paranoia Without Hesitation
GA: But I Was Attempting To Illustrate A Point In Bringing It Up
AG: Whew! There goes another one sailing over the idi8t girl's head! Ok, lay it on me.
GA: These Events Are Inevitable And Regardless Of Whatever Emotional Entanglements Obfuscate Their Significance They Will Ultimately Serve An Important Purpose
GA: The Curse Had Nothing To Do With It
GA: And Karkats Notion Of A Curse Is Inseparable From His Perception Of Events As Intrinsically Negative And As Tailored To His Personal Dissatisfaction
GA: And Your Bad Luck Is The Same Way
GA: I Believe Anyway
AG: Uh. Ok.
GA: What Would Happen If You Just Cleaned Up A Bit
GA: Dont You Think You Would Step On A Few Less Hard Triangles
AG: Why do you try to help me and stuff? What's the point!
AG: It's kind of bothersome. And insulting sometimes!
AG: So I have a messy room. 8ig deal. My luck fucking 8lows! It's got nothing to do with it and you just don't even know.
AG: Meddler. Why you so meddley, Miss Meddlesome McFussyfangs????????
GA: Because Youre Dangerous
AG: No way! I'm just fine. Why don't you can it.
GA: Every Time You Tell Me To Can It I Think Its Funny
GA: I Mean Its Just A Funny Thing To Say Dont You Think

AG: ::::P
GA: Its Ok To Be Dangerous
GA: Lots Of People Are
GA: And Dangerous People Can Be Really Important
GA: Maybe Even The Most Important Sometimes
GA: But It Just Means Theres Got To Be Someone Around To Keep An Eye On Them
GA: And If Not Me Then Who
GA: Everyone Has An Important Job To Do
AG: Ok, so you're spying on me. Kind of creepy! Man, m8y8e you should get a l8fe.
AG: Or you know, if you're so h8gh 8nd might8 an8 th8nk you're so gr8at, m8y88 you c8uld oh I d8n't kn8w.....
AG: TRY AND ST8P ME FROM DO8NG B8D THINGS????????
GA: That Wouldnt Work
GA: If I Tried To Stop You You Would Regard Me As An Enemy
GA: Instead Of Merely As A Nuisance
GA: And What Good Would That Do
GA: So Im Afraid Mcfussyfangs It Must Be
AG: U88888888h!
AG: Ok, gr8. Fine! I'm going to check on my lusus now.
AG: 8ut I'm starting to think you are full of shit, and I am quite sure she will 8e QU8TE FIN8!
GA: Youre Right Anything Can Happen I Guess
GA: But Just So You Know Im Sorry For Your Loss In Advance

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling grimAuxiliatrix [GA]

arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling grimAuxiliatrix [GA]

AG: Aaaaaaaah!
AG: Man, why d8dn't I just get th8 last w8rd and sign off real qu8ck like I usu8lly do????????
AG: Let you sne8k th8t stink8n' littl8 ninja quip in th8r8. Ah! So m8d.
AG: Lousy st8pid godd8mn supportive fri8nd!

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling grimAuxiliatrix [GA]

## Vriska: Check on lusus.

**11/07/10**

You go down the like fifty million stairs to her nest below. You wonder if any other kind on the planet has such a high maintenance lusus? You DOUBT it.

======>

**11/07/10**

You pass by one of your completed doomsday devices. You promised you'd build it for an especially powerful and influential member of the nautical aristocracy, in return for his collusion during your campaigns. Some guy you were in cahoots with! You guess none of it matter now though.

It was tough to build, and isn't perfect yet. Luckily one of your pals nearby is pretty handy with

technology. He can be tapped for parts and favors frequently.

You wonder if any other kid on the planet has as many irons in the fire as you.

YOU DOUBT IT.

======>

**11/07/10**

See, look at this. She's fine. Fine and huge and hungry as ever.

You... guess you're relieved? Yes, of course. Whew! Why wouldn't you be. It would be devastating if anything happened to your dear sweet custodian.

======>

**11/07/10**

======>

**12/07/10**

======>

**12/07/10**

You guess there's no delaying this guy's introduction anymore.

As long as we're in the neighborhood.

## Enter name.

**12/07/10**

Your name is EQUIUS ZAHHAK.

You love being STRONG.

You are so strong, you would surely be the class of the elite legion of RUFFIANNIHILATORS. And while such a calling would be quite honorable, you would prefer to join the ranks of the ARCHERADICATORS, perhaps the most noble echelon the imperial forces have to offer. Unfortunately, you SUCK AT ARCHERY. You have not successfully fired a SINGLE ARROW. Every time you try, you BREAK THE BOW. You are simply too strong. You have broken so many bows, it has developed into a habit BORDERING ON FETISHISTIC. You have to stop. But addiction is a powerful thing.

You have a great appreciation for THE FINE ARTS. You use your aristocratic connections to acquire PRICELESS MASTERPIECES, painted in the oldest and most respected Alternian tradition of NUDE MUSCLEBEAST PORTRAITS. These striking depictions of the EXQUISITE FAUNA native to Alternia remind you of the PUREST PHYSICAL IDEAL that must be sought by anyone who professes a LOVE OF STRENGTH. When those of lesser bloodlines turn up their uncultured noses at such stunning material, it MAKES YOU FURIOUS.

Practically everything MAKES YOU FURIOUS. You have so much rage, it can only be expressed through STAGGERING QUANTITIES OF PHYSICAL VIOLENCE. You build strong and sturdy robots, set them to kill mode, and BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF THEM in caged brawls. Sometimes you LOSE TEETH. But they usually grow back.

Your trolltag is centaursTesticle and with your bow and arrow ever at the ready, you D --> Take e%ception to 100d language unbefitting of b100 b100ds

What will you do?

## Equius: Check on lusus.

**12/07/10**

```
EQUIUS: Aurthour!
```

Now where did that craven excuse for a custodian go. It makes you furious when he goes missing like this. Probably off somewhere nursing his bruises. You swear, the old boy is made of glass. You are starting to get agitated.

Aurthour! Where are you???

## ======>

**12/07/10**

Oh, there he is. He was just preparing an ice cold glass of nutritious LUSUS MILK for you, with a thick foamy head on it, just the way you like it.

You cannot hope to beat Aurthour in a butler-off. He is simply the best there is.

## Equius: Thank Aurthour.

**12/07/10**

```
PAT. PAT.
```

You accept the frosty beverage and give the good fellow a grateful pat, as gently as possible.

## ======>

**12/07/10**

Seriously, he's like a soft summer peach.

## Equius: Drink lusus milk.

**12/07/10**

```
SHATTER
```

Lusus milk is the secret to being STRONG.

Actually it isn't. You like to think that though. The truth is you're really strong because you're kind of a freak. You were chosen by one of the strongest lusus species on the planet. It was the only sort of custodian that could handle raising you.

Whoops there goes the glass, as usual.

## ======>

**12/07/10**

```
HISSSSSSSS
```

And as usual, it sends you into a rage. The spilled milk quickly evaporates.

Got to do something to calm yourself down. Let off some steam.

## Equius: Equiup a bow.

**12/07/10**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

1/2bowkind
```

You mean equip.

A little archery practice ought to cool you off. But of course the piece of shit snaps like a twig the moment you pick it up.

Actually, the feel of the brittle wood giving way under the astonishing might of your mangrit is starting to calm you down already.

You equip it to your 1/2BOWKIND SPECIBUS, which is pretty much useless.

## ======>

**12/07/10**

```
strife specibus fistkind
strife specibus bowkind
strife specibus 1/2bowkind

strife portfolio
```

You also keep a plain old BOWKIND SPECIBUS in the event that you are able to fire an arrow some day. Because a boy can dream, right?

But for more practical purposes, you keep a FISTKIND card on hand. You stow them all in your STRIFE PORTFOLIO.

Remember the STRIFE PORTFOLIO? It still exists. It didn't stop existing or anything.

## Equius: Answer.

**13/07/10**

```
Alert : ß
```

You proceed to have a conversation we read not all that long ago. It went mostly like this.

CT: D --> Yes AC: :33 < no CT: D --> Yes AC: :33 < no CT: D --> Yes AC: :33 < no CT: D --> Yes AC: :33 < no CT: D --> Yes AC: :33 < no CT: D --> Yes AC: :33 < no CT: D --> Yes AC: :33 < no

But when all was said and done, you are quite sure you convinced your good friend to stay on the right team. Not the team full of degenerates with swill coursing through their veins. You're starting to get worked up again.

Routine helps calm you down. Maybe you will talk to another friend. You talk to him every day for some reason. Though it's not exactly right to call him a friend, since you despise him. Your

relationship with the fellow is difficult to describe.

It should be noted that in troll language, the word for friend is exactly the same as the word for enemy.

## Equius: Talk to friend/enemy.

**13/07/10**

```
Alert : ♋
```

pesterlogcentaursTesticle [CT] began trolling terminallyCapricious [TC]

CT: D --> Have I ever told you what a reprehensible disgrace you are
TC: hAhA, fUcK yEaH, oNlY eVeRy MoThErFuCkIn DaY bRo!
CT: D --> I'm not in a very good mood
CT: D --> There are a few things I'd like to get off my chest
TC: MoThErFuCkIn SpIlL iT, dOn'T bE aLl KeEpIn ThAt ShIt BoTtLeD uP
TC: lIkE a FuCkIn AlL sHaKeD uP bOtTlE oF fAyGo.
TC: FuCk DoGg I'm ThIrStY.
TC: i'M dOwN tO mY lAsT bOtTlE aNd I dOn'T fUcKiN kNoW iF i CaN gEt AnYmOrE iN tHiS mOtHeRfUcKiN mAgIc LaNd So I dOn'T kNoW.
CT: D --> What you do appear to know is e%actly how to ma%imize my livid contempt for you
CT: D --> With your revolting language and your sense of decorum
CT: D --> At such breathtaking odds with the richness and perfe%ion of your b100d
CT: D --> I just hate you so much
TC: ThAt'S cOoL, i CaN't AlL bE mAkInG nOt EvErYbOdY hApPy AlL tHe TiMe.
TC: iF wE eVeR mEt I cOuLd BaKe YoU a FuCkIn PiE aNd We CoUlD cHiLl AnD mAyBe We'D bE bEtTeR bRoS tHaT wAy.
CT: D --> And the degrees to which you pollute your precious b100d
CT: D --> With your bottled fizzy sugar and soporific to%ins
CT: D --> Maddening
CT: D --> You will stop
TC: WhOaAaA, i WiLl?
TC: hOw Do YoU kNoW tHaT?
CT: D --> No, you don't understand
CT: D --> It's not a predi%ion, it's an order
CT: D --> I command you to stop
TC: Oh, AlRiGhT bRoThEr.
TC: yOu MoThErFuCkIn GoT iT.
CT: D --> What
CT: D --> Are you serious
TC: yEaH.
TC: I mEaN, yOu GoT tO sHoW sOmE fAiTh In YoUr FrIeNdS, cAuSe ThEy'Re AlL tHe OnEs WhO'rE bEiNg To LoOk OuT fOr YoU.
TC: sO fUcK iF yOu SaY i'M nOt DoInG tHe ShIt RiGhT, tHeN wHaT tHe MoThErFuCk Do I kNoW!
CT: D --> No
CT: D --> This is una%eptable

CT: D --> Ok, let's start over
CT: D --> I apologize
CT: D --> I was completely out of of line, and I'm sorry
CT: D --> I have no right to talk to you like that, or tell you what you can't do
TC: aWw, No WoRrIeS!
CT: D --> It's not my place
CT: D --> Your habits notwithstanding, I am lesser than you
CT: D --> An inferior
TC: hAhAhA. oK.
CT: D --> Don't you understand that you're better than me
CT: D --> Can you please act like it
CT: D --> That's not a command, it's just a polite request I guess
TC: oK, i CaN tRy, BuT mAn I dOn'T kNoW iF i KnOw HoW tO bE lIkE a BeTtEr MoThErFuCkEr ThAn AnY oThEr MoThErFuCkEr.
CT: D --> 100k, it isn't that difficult
CT: D --> Try to be cognizant of your desires and needs
CT: D --> And attempt to regard those around you as simple vehicles meant to bring about your gratification
TC: WoW, wHaT?
CT: D --> What are you doing
TC: uHhHhHh.
CT: D --> Right now
CT: D --> It sounds as if you have begun playing with the red team
CT: D --> Is this true
TC: yEaH!
TC: fUcK yEaH. i'M aLl Up In ThE fUcKiN sHiT oF tHiS wIcKeD mYsTiCaL mOtHeRfUcKeR.
TC: i BoNkEd An ImP oN tHe HeAd WiTh A cLuB.
TC: AnD tHeN a LiTtLe LaTeR i ScArEd OnE wItH a HoRn.
TC: :o)
CT: D --> Good
CT: D --> This is very good
CT: D --> It really pleases me to hear tales of physical subjugation
CT: D --> I presume these were lesser beings, toiling in the lower ranks of some hierarchy
TC: wElL yEaH, tHeY'rE uNdErLiNgS.
TC: AnD tHeRe'S SoMe SuBjUgGlAtIoN iNvOlVeD fOr FuCkIn SuRe!
TC: bUt NoW wE kInD oF sEtTlEd DoWn AnD mE aNd ThE iMpS aRe ShArInG sOmE pIe
TC: tHeSe MoThErFuCkErS aRe PrEtTy DoPe AcTuAlLy, I lIkE tHeM.
CT: D --> Ok
CT: D --> It pleases me considerably less to hear things like that
CT: D --> But I've already stated I have no right to be disappointed by your conduct, so I will try to control myself
TC: aW sHiT bRo, I dOn'T wAnT tO bE aLl LiKe To DiSaPpOiNt YoU!
TC: WhAt CaN i Do To MaKe A bRoThEr FuCkIn ShApE hIs ShIt Up?
TC: iF i CoUlD mAkE yOu SmIlE iT'd Be ThE bEsT fUcKiN mIrAcLe I eVeR dId PaRt Of.
TC: hOnK hOnK hOnK! :o)
CT: D --> Hmm

CT: D --> Would it be too much to ask
CT: D --> For you to maybe
CT: D --> Boss me around a little
TC: UuUhHhHhH.
TC: yOu MeAn LiKe RoLe PlAyInG?
CT: D --> If it would help to couch it in those terms
CT: D --> Then yeah, I guess so
CT: D --> But not the especially juvenile kind
CT: D --> Let's keep it serious and professional
TC: i'Ll TrY, bUt I'm NoT mUcH fUcKiN aNy GoOd At It I tHiNk.
CT: D --> Just
CT: D --> Say anything
CT: D --> As long as it's authoritative
TC: oK.
TC: uH, hEy YoU, dOn'T gO nEaR tHe MoThErFuCkIn OcEaN, cAuSe I aLl ToLd YoU nOt To A bUnCh Of TiMeS!
TC: ShIt Is StRaIgHt Up DaNgErOuS, aNd I'm GeTtInG mY hArSh On AbOuT iT.
CT: D --> Hmm
CT: D --> Decent
CT: D --> I don't live near the ocean though, so it's hard to immerse myself in the scenario
TC: aLrIgHt, WeLl, WhAt ArEn'T yOu AlL nOt SuPpOsEd To Do?
TC: WhAt KiNd Of MiScHiEf Do YoU gEt YoUr BaD fUcKiN sElF uP tO?
CT: D --> I do so many bad things
CT: D --> Just awful things
CT: D --> I'm incredibly impudent and a superior needs to put me in my place
TC: uMmMm, Ok WeLl.
TC: DoN't Be DoIn AlL tHoSe BaD fUcKiN tHiNgS bRo!
CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> Yes, that's good
CT: D --> Like that
TC: cUt ThAt ShIt OuT, i'M sO aLl MeAnInG tHiS! hAhAhA.
CT: D --> E%cellent
CT: D --> Now tell me this, highb100d
CT: D --> I've been roughhousing a little too hard lately
CT: D --> I've made a bit of a mess and anyone in a position of authority would surely be % about it
TC: Uh.
TC: %?
CT: D --> Cross
TC: oHhH.
CT: D --> What do you make of it
CT: D --> This wretched misbehavior
TC: fUcK mAn, I aM sO mOtHeRfUcKiN sAlTy AbOuT aLl ThAt BuSiNeSs YoU sAiD!
TC: FuUuUuCk, Im LiKe AlL mOvInG mY mOuTh AnD tHe WiCkEd NoIsE iS cOmInG oUt In ThE fRoNtIeSt WaY pOsSiBlE.
TC: aNd It'S gOiNg At YoUr DiReCtIoN, cAuSe ThAt'S tHe DiReCtIoN tO fUcKiN bE aNgRy At!
CT: D --> Yes

CT: D --> So good
CT: D --> I am presently whipped into a state of contrition
CT: D --> One befitting of our class disparity
CT: D --> But I'm starting to perspire again so it's best that we stop
CT: D --> Thank you for indulging me
TC: hAhA, nO pRoBlEm BrO.
TC: It'S cOoL wE cOuLd AlL uP aNd MoThErFuCkIn OpEn Up A lItTlE bIt WiTh EaCh OtHeR.
TC: lIkE bRoS.
TC: If ThErE's StUfF yOu WaNt To GeT oFf YoUr ChEsT dUdE, lIkE i SaId I'm FuCkIn HeRe FoR a MoThErFuCkEr.
TC: kInD oF lIkE a MiRaClE, hOw It'S aLwAyS tHeRe.
TC: It NeVeR gOeS aWaY, yOu KnOw?
CT: D --> No
CT: D --> But I comprehend the sentiment
CT: D --> I have lots of thoughts, but they're difficult to communicate
CT: D --> If you'll listen
TC: sUrE! :oD
CT: D --> Honestly I'm confused by the social order
TC: mAn, Me ToO. i DoN't KnOw WhAt Of FuCkIn WhAt CoLoR iS wHaT, sO i DoN't BoThEr WiTh ThInKiN oN tHaT mOtHeRfUcKeR.
CT: D --> See, that's what I mean
CT: D --> How is it possible for one of your distin%ion to be so ignorant
CT: D --> And loathesome
CT: D --> Whereas
CT: D --> A member of the most abject, verminous b100dline of all
CT: D --> Can conduct herself with such grace and possess nothing but admirable mannerisms
CT: D --> I find these striking ju%tapositions perple%ing, and I confess strangely into%icating
CT: D --> I wonder if I have gone mad
CT: D --> To form such a pact with her
TC: WoW, i GoT nO fUcKiN cLuE wHaT yOu'Re TaLkInG aBoUt
TC: wHo Is ShE?
CT: D --> I shouldn't be talking about this
CT: D --> You're the enemy

centaursTesticle [CT] ceased trolling terminallyCapricious [TC]

## Vriska: Be in cahoots with Equius. Cahoooooooots.

**13/07/10**

```
Alert : ♑
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling centaursTesticle [CT]

AG: Equiiiiiiiiuuuuuuuus.
CT: D --> What
AG: Hey! I'm a8out to meddle with so many losers right now.
CT: D --> How many

AG: So many! All the losers. All of them.
CT: D --> Good
CT: D --> Use your cunning and venom to make them envy our nobility
AG: Oh man, was that sarcasm? That sounded like sarcasm!
CT: D --> No
CT: D --> Humorous insincerity is for pedantic wigglers
AG: Pshhhhhhhh, I know! I know you never make jokes. I was the one 8eing sarcastic, you stooge!
AG: I was 8eing sarcastic a8out you 8eing sarcastic. Duh.
CT: D --> That's because you're a little worse than me
AG: The fuck I am! Anyway. Hey!
AG: Did you finish Aradia's present yet? I'm a8out to fuss with her and I want to know if I can keep my promise or if you're gonna make a liar out of me.
CT: D --> It's finished
CT: D --> I'll deliver it shortly
AG: Great! Thanks, 8uddy. I'll 8e w8ting here for you.
CT: D --> I'm happy to help
CT: D --> But I don't understand why you're intent on gratifying that worthless peasant
AG: 8ecause I promised I would and it's none of your damn 8usiness! Man.
AG: Quit your prying! Always fidgeting and poking and prying.
CT: D --> Fine
CT: D --> Then let's proceed with the plan in a curt and professional manner
AG: Agreeeeeeeed.
AG: So just to review!
AG: We will let Aradia perpetr8 her cute little ploy on Sollux and usurp his power.
CT: D --> Yes
AG: Isn't it funny when these chumps try to get all tactical and underhanded? It's really adora8le!
CT: D --> I guess it is pretty quaint
AG: Anyway. She makes her little powergra8, and that's when we 8oth step in and usurp her as co-leaders.
AG: Right????????
CT: D --> That's the plan
AG: Ok, good. Then the 8est team will 8e led 8y the two highest 8loods, the way it should 8e!
AG: Or at least, the highest 8loods who aren't shitty clown worshippers or under water freaks. Sound good?
CT: D --> Yes, we're in absolute agreement
AG: Yes.
CT: D --> Yes
AG: Yes.
CT: D --> Yes
AG: Yeeeeeeees!!!!!!!!
CT: D --> Stop
AG: Gr8! What a gr8 team we are.
AG: Heeeeeeeey.....
AG: You wouldn't 8e planning anything sneaky, would you????????
CT: D --> No, don't be absurd
CT: D --> Are you

AG: What! How could you suggest such a thing! Man, so insulting.
CT: D --> Ok
AG: Perfect. We have the perfect plan, and no one is plotting any sort of dou8lecrossings or 8acksta88ery or anything like that.
CT: D --> There are no %%ings up my sleeve
CT: D --> Also, I don't have sleeves
CT: D --> I am as transparent as can be, and my word is my bond
AG: I know! Don't worry, dude. I trust you completely.
CT: D --> You know
CT: D --> I can feel you trying to read my mind
AG: 8ullshit!
AG: Pro8a8ly just another one of your many daily rage aneurysms.
AG: Why don't you cool your jets and have a glass of gross muscle8east milk????????
CT: D --> Get out of my head, it's making me angry
CT: D --> Try to remember who built your arm for you
AG: Oh g8d!
AG: D8n't you d8re!!!!!!!!

## ======>

**13/07/10**

```
ROBO SLAP
```

## Equius: Go check on Aradia's present.

**13/07/10**

You delve deeper into your hive where you store many of your robotic projects. The lair doubles as the caged arena where you battle them.

Under the tarp is the completed gift. You of course have no intention of delivering this to your neighbor as promised. You naturally will doublecross your accomplice, just as you assume she has plans to doublecross you. You assume she is assuming the same of you. Business as usual for blue bloods.

You will deliver it to Aradia yourself to gain her favor, and then doublecross her and take your rightful position as team leader. How ironic that someone of your blood purity must work to win the favor of the lowest sort of peasant. Humiliating. Strangely titillating, even. But in the end, class order will be restored.

## Equius: Remove tarp.

**13/07/10**

You reveal her sparkling new chassis. You have paid a great deal of attention to quality and detail in this model. She is perfect.

You don't know what to make of the feelings she stirs. For one like you to entertain thoughts of attraction for such genetic filth would be utter depravity.

Exquisite, delectable depravity.

======>

**13/07/10**

```
fg
```

Why, Aradia. It appears the red glass of your eye has caught the pink and green glint of the moons in their perigees. The sweet poetry almost makes a man forget how the grime that once filled your veins made his stomach turn. It is a good omen for illicit lovers. Could you imagine the scandal if anyone found out?? No one must ever know.

But worry not. Your heart will pump no more of that despicable red sludge. You have been given a new heart. You can be taught the ways of the class you were always meant for. No one is beyond redemption.

Be grateful, dear Aradia. For the first time in your meaningless life you have met a man with true compassion.

======>

**14/07/10**

And just what do you think YOU'RE looking at??? Keep your cold, mechanical judgment to yourself. As if your own record is so spotless! Don't forget who made you. Oh, what's that? My, that is a smart mouth you have. That was the last straw. An example must be made of this insubordination.

======>

**14/07/10**

```
E%AMPLE
```

======>

**14/07/10**

```
ROBOSPLODE
```

======>

**14/07/10**

```
POP!
```

The CATENATIVE DOOMSDAY DICE CASCADER is unfortuitously activated.

```
6

x2 → D12

x35 → D3360
x2922 → D9,817,920
x5,101,804 → D ~50 TRILLION
```

======>

**14/07/10**

The lousy thing breaks.

You seriously cannot believe how unbelievably shitty this doomsday device is.

## ======>

**14/07/10**

```
SNAP
```

## ======>

**14/07/10**

## ======>

**14/07/10**

## ======>

**14/07/10**

AURTHOOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUR!

# Moments earlier...

**14/07/10**

# Vriska: Meddle with Terezi.

**14/07/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

AG: It looks like tonight we will have to 8reak our truce. Or at least suspend it. Hope you don't mind!
GC: HOW DO YOU F1GUR3 TH4T
AG: Because tonight we will play a game together. For the first time in I don't even know. Forever!
GC: TH3 TRUC3 W4SNT 4BOUT NOT PL4Y1NG G4M3S TOG3TH3R DUMMY
GC: 1T W4S 4BOUT NOT ST4BB1NG 34CH OTH3R 1N TH3 B4CK 4NYMOR3
GC: 4ND STOPP1NG TH3 3NDL3SS CYCL3 OF R3V3NG3
GC: 4ND 4BOV3 4LL NOT US1NG YOUR POW3RS TO HURT P3OPL3 WHO DONT D3S3RV3 1T!
AG: Man, you like to give me such a hard time a8out all that. I can't catch a 8reak!
AG: Can't you see I'm trying to put all that 8ehind me and make amends with every8ody?
AG: No, of course you can't see that. What am I saying!
GC: 1T'S H4RD TO B3L13V3 YOU W1TH 4LL TH3 LY1NG YOUV3 DON3
GC: YOUR BLU3B3RRY BUBBL3GUM WORDS ST1LL SM3LL PR3TTY GOOD BUT YOUR D3C31T ST1NKS! >8O
AG: ::::(
AG: I'll prove it to you. I'm giving Aradia a present that will make her feel all 8etter finally.
AG: Then I'll 8e in the clear. Phew! Totally redeemed. You'll see. I mean smell.
GC: 1 DONT KNOW WHY YOUR3 BOTH3R1NG TRY1NG TO H3LP H3R
GC: SH3 WONT C4R3
GC: WH4T3V3R 1T W4S YOU D1D TO H3R 1 TH1NK YOU BROK3 H3R BR41N
GC: 1TS SO T3RR1BL3
AG: Man, why can't you cut me some slack for once????????
AG: It's not like I even did anything that 8ad to you.
AG: I lost seven eyes 8ut you only lost two! I would say you came out ahead in the 8argain.
GC: 1 KNOW

GC: 4ND 4CTU4LLY
GC: 1 N3V3R R34LLY GOT TH3 CH4NC3 TO TH4NK YOU >:D
AG: Ugh! Your sarcasm really stings when here I am just trying to 8e nice. Ok, I guess I deserve it.
GC: 1M S3R1OUS THOUGH
GC: BUT 1 DONT 3XP3CT YOU TO G3T TH4T
AG: Aaaaaaaah!
AG: Fine, 8e that way. But you shouldn't sit there and pretend we're so different.
AG: Remem8er Team Scourge? How convenient all that must 8e to have forgotten! You were so nasty.
AG: Oh man, if you crossed Terezi Pyrope you were fucked!!!!!!!!
GC: Y34H 1F YOU W3R3 4 B4D GUY
GC: W3 W3R3 SUPPOS3D TO B3 L1K3 4 V1G1L4NT3 DUO D1SP3NS1NG JUST1C3
GC: 4ND YOU COULD T4K3 TH3 B4D GUYS HOM3 4ND F33D TH3M TO YOUR STUP1D SP1D3R
GC: BUT 1NST34D YOU JUST F3D H3R 3V3RYBODY!
GC: 4ND L13D 4ND L13D 4ND L13D
AG: Yeah, those were the days.
AG: I mean, days full of mist8kes and r8gret!
AG: But it was still a lot of fun. Watching you dismantle huge teams of Flarpers with nothing 8ut politics and head games.
AG: Without even using any special powers! Wow.
GC: M3H
AG: Come ooooooon!
AG: What do I have to do here?
GC: 1 DUNNO
AG: Well if you want to know what I think, you should start changing your tune.
AG: Cause even though you got all these highfalutin morals and fancy reserv8tions, you know as well as me that a killer is a killer is a killer!
AG: There 8n't no ch8nging your ways for good, and one d8y you're going to flail that silly l8ttle cane of yours and not find n8thin to 8ump into, and fall f8ce first into the shit ag8in.
AG: And you're going to do something t8rri8le to some8ody and wish you could t8ke it 8ack 8ut you c8n't!!!!!!!!
AG: And then you'll work hard to win 8ack their trust, and you'll try and try and tr8, and you'll see how hard it is!
AG: You'll seeeeeeee!
GC: 1 DOUBT 1T
AG: You'll see.
AG: I am whispering that and it is echoing and ominous.
AG: You'll seeeeeeee.....
AG: You'll seeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee
AG: eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.....
GC: OH W1LL YOU C4N 1T S3RK3T!
AG: Hahahahahahahaha.

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

GC: >XO

arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

AG: Whoa, what was that????????
GC: WH4T W4S WH4T
AG: There was a loud noise outside my hive!
AG: It sounded like an explosion.
GC: WOW R34LLY
AG: And then another one!
AG: And now something that sounds like an avalanche!!!!!!!!
GC: W3LL 1F 1 H4D TO GU3SS
GC: 1 WOULD S4Y
GC: 1T W4S PROB4BLY TWO 3XPLOS1ONS 4ND TH3N 4N 4V4L4NCH3
AG: That dum8ass is probably punching ro8ots again.
AG: I will go outside and look.
GC: OK
GC: TRY NOT TO G3T BURN3D OR CRUSH3D TO D34TH OR 4NYTH1NG TH4T WOULD B3 4WFUL
AG: You got it! :::::::)

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

## And much earlier than that...

**14/07/10**

```
FLASHBACK

Alert : ♈
```

pesterloggallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

GC: HOW 1S H3
AA: 0k
AA: he cant walk th0ugh
AA: pr0bably never will
GC: >:[
GC: M4YB3 H3 COULD B3 F1X3D
GC: W1TH ROBO PROSTH3T1CS
GC: 1F YOU D1DNT M1ND G3TT1NG H3LP FROM...
GC: UH >:\
AA: n0!
AA: neither he 0r i sh0uld have ever had anything t0 d0 with th0se hateful sn0bs
AA: it was a big mistake
AA: n0 0ffense 0_0
GC: TH4TS OK
GC: 1M 4 L1TTL3 TOO T34L FOR TH31R T4ST3S 4NYW4Y >:]
AA: i d0nt see why theyd lift a finger t0 help him

AA: they hate us b0th s0 much
AA: im s0 mad!
GC: 1 HOP3 YOUR3 NOT TH1NK1NG OF DO1NG 4NYTH1NG 1N R3T4L14T1ON
GC: 1TLL 3ND B4DLY
GC: YOU SHOULD L3T M3 H4NDL3 1T
AA: im n0t scared 0f her
AA: she cant c0ntr0l me
AA: shes tried it d0esnt w0rk
GC: 1 KNOW
GC: BUT TRUST M3 1F YOU P1SS H3R OFF SH3LL F1ND 4 W4Y TO G3T YOU
GC: TH1S 1S R34LLY TR1CKY JUST L3T M3 D34L W1TH 1T
AA: but it was my fault
AA: i was distracted when i c0uld have helped him
GC: 1 W4S TOO
GC: W3 W3R3 BOTH D1STR4CT3D BY TH3 S4M3 TH1NG
AA: yeah
AA: wh0 was he anyway
GC: PR3TTY SUR3 1T WAS VR1SKAS FR13ND
AA: what was he d0ing there
AA: watching us
GC: WHO KNOWS
GC: H3S NOT R34LLY H3R FR13ND THOUGH
GC: YOU SHOULD S33 HOW H3 T4LKS 4BOUT H3R B3H1ND H3R B4CK
GC: SH3 H4S NO 1D34 HOW B4D H3S PL4Y1NG H3R
GC: BUT TH3N 1 DONT TH1NK H3 KNOWS HOW B4D SH3S PL4Y1NG H1M 31TH3R
GC: S33 1TS COMPL1C4T3D
GC: YOU R34LLY N33D TO ST4Y OUT OF 1T 4ND L3T M3 D34L W1TH TH1S
AA: i guess s0
AA: i feel p0werless sitting here d0ing n0thing th0ugh
AA: its like she wins even if y0u get her back!
GC: DONT TH1NK OF 1T TH4T W4Y
GC: 1 KNOW HOW TO STOP H3R
GC: TRUST M3
AA: i guess 0ur gaming days are 0ver then
AA: us f0ur at least
GC: Y3P
GC: 1M PR3TTY MUCH DON3 W1TH H3R

======>
**15/07/10**
======>
**15/07/10**
It's probably best you listen to the advice of your friend.

And yet, the voices are as lucid as ever. They urge you to make her pay.

## Aradia: Make her pay.

**15/07/10**

It's a shame it had to come to this. You don't like summoning the spirits of the dead to settle scores.

But if she had to face her victims again, maybe she'd finally learn to feel remorse.

======>

**15/07/10**

======>

**15/07/10**

```
Alert :
```

## Vriska: Answer white text guy.

**15/07/10**

pesterlog

AG: Well what! I am surrounded 8y ghosts and kind of fre8king out a8out it!

AG: I don't know, I guess I will just curl into a little 8all and cry and hope they go aw8y!
AG: Is that what you want to hear you sick f8ck????????

AG: Who????????

AG: Will that make them go away?

AG: I don't have to do shit!
AG: May8e I don't mind ghosts. May8e they'll 8e gr8 company once I get used to them!

AG: Ok, so why don't YOU kill her! 8e my guest! Wow, thanks for offering. Wh8t a pal!

AG: Oh really, well you seemed pretty excited a8out killing Tavros too.
AG: And you even helped! So I guess that is how you work after all.

AG: I know I did! I still do, I guess. I dunno.
AG: 8ut I was never gonna kill these people. They were like, off limits I guess?
AG: These games were just supposed to 8e fun and serve no other purpose!

AG: Yeah ok, you getting off on talking a girl into killing her 8uddies sure is important!
AG: Los8r.

AG: I'm 8eginning to think you really 8elieve that! So delusion8l. You're just a path8tic, lonely gamer who 8uys into his own character profile 8S.

AG: Hahahahahahahaha!
AG: You're the dum8est omniscient person I ever met.
AG: Sure you know a lot, 8ut I know for a FACT there's stuff you don't know.

AG: 8ecause you need to add more 8l8tant lies to patch up all the holes in your sad cover story.

AG: ::::P
AG: Yeah, 8ut I'm getting closer to 8eating you. You'll see.

## Vriska: Make her pay.

**15/07/10**

```
TROLLIAN

trolling : ?????????

AG: Yeah, 8ut I'm getting closer to 8eating you. You'll see.
Look at that. The short amount of time I have reserved for arguing with a child
has expired.
I will go.
But maybe you're right. Maybe you are a person with free will and you won't
kill your friend.
What do I know?
Enjoy your haunting.
```

Of course he's right. Not much point in living with all these moaning spooks just to spite some guy you don't give a shit about.

But how to go about it? Can't control her. It can be difficult to manipulate the mind of the psychically gifted.

Let's see, who else is there. Terezi? Forget about it! What about that guy? Nah. Her? Nope. Not him either.

How about this guy? Unfortunately, you can only control him about half the time.

Then again, that should be all the time you need.

======>

**15/07/10**

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

AG: Araaaaaaaadiiiiiiiiaaaaaaaa.
AA: what
AG: Nice trick! With the ghosts and all. Man, you got me pretty good.
AA: id rather n0t talk t0 y0u
AG: Fair enough!
AG: Just wanted to say I'm sorry, that's all.
AA: im n0t the 0ne y0u sh0uld ap0l0gize t0
AG: Yeah I know. I'll make it up to him some day. Don't worry!
AG: Anyway, hey guess what?
AG: I've got a message for you from your 8oyfriend.
AG: He's outside your hive right now!
AA: n0t falling f0r it
AG: Take a look.
AA: i d0nt see anything 0ut there
AG: Well ok, I'm just the messenger. If you want to risk missing him then suit yourself.
AG: L8er!!!!!!!!

======>

**15/07/10**

It must be a trick! He surely would have told you if he was making the trip all the way out here from his hive stem.

======>

**15/07/10**

======>

**15/07/10**

Sollux??

======>

**15/07/10**

======>

**15/07/10**

pesterlogAG: Arrivederci, Megido.

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

======>

**16/07/10**

## Be the white text guy.

**16/07/10**

You try to be the white text guy, but fail to be the white text guy. No one can be the white text guy except for the white text guy.

The white text guy is known as D c Scratch.

He is an officer of an indestructible demon known as Lord English. His job is to pave the way for the arrival of his master, who will be summoned upon the termination of the universe. He has worked at this task for many centuries, and will continue to do so until THE GREAT UNDOING.

Scratch is Alternia's FIRST GUARDIAN. Every planet destined for intelligent life has such an entity meant to protect it, and facilitate the planet's ultimate purpose. A first guardian is typically almost as old as the planet itself, and each has a unique, circuitous origin through the knots of paradox space. They can be born into a great diversity of forms, though they all share a common, especially potent genetic sequence. The code grants them near omnipotence, and when merged with a host of great intelligence, near omniscience as well.

What will he do?

It's up to him. All we can do is stand here.

And watch.

======>

**16/07/10**

What's he up to now? Hard to say since we're not telling him what to do. Guardians can never be told what to do. Neither the omnipotent kind, nor the ordinary kind who raise kids in houses. It's a universal law of reality.

Looks like he's pondering over his next move in a game he is playing with some wicked troll girl down on the planet. Usually these matches are no contest, but she has been getting closer to beating him lately, and he has no idea how this is possible.

Uncertainty, though rare, is quite a troubling sensation for the omniscient.

======>

**16/07/10**

```
Alert : ♎

TAP TAP TAP
```

What's this? It appears someone is contacting him. More bothersome uncertainty. How is it this youngster is able to relay an unsolicited message? He doesn't even have an account name.

======>

**17/07/10**

```
GC: H3Y WH1T3 T3XT GUY
GC: 1 H4V3 4 T1P FOR YOU
```

pesterlogGC: H3Y WH1T3 T3XT GUY
GC: 1 H4V3 4 T1P FOR YOU

GC: R34LLY?

GC: UH OK
GC: TH4TS N34T 1 GU3SS

GC: OH MY GOD WH1T3 T3XT GUY!
GC: SHUT UP! >:O
GC: 1M TRY1NG TO G1V3 YOU 4 M3SS4G3 H3R3

GC: OH WHAT 1S 1T

GC: YOU 4R3 SO W31RD
GC: WHY WOULD 1 DO TH4T

GC: 1 DOUBT 1T

GC: SOUNDS K1ND OF S1LLY 4ND FR1VOLOUS
GC: BL4R WHY DO YOU K33P D3R41L1NG M3!
GC: YOUR3 R1GHT SOLLUX 1S WORK1NG W1TH M3 4ND W3 H4V3 1MPORT4NT BUS1N3SS FOR YOU TO CONS1D3R
GC: W41T
GC: YOU S41D W3 B3L13V3 OUR FR13ND 1S D34D
GC: 1S SH3 NOT?

GC: WOW WHY D1D 1 BOTH3R 4SK1NG
GC: NO WOND3R SH3 SN4PP3D SH3S GOT TO D34L W1TH YOUR STUP1D R1DDL3S 4LL TH3 T1M3
GC: 4NYW4Y C4N YOU JUST H3LP M3 G3T R3V3NG3 SO W3 C4N C4LL 1T 4 N1GHT

GC: B3C4US3 YOULL W4NT TO
GC: WH3N YOU H34R WH4T 1 H4V3 TO S4Y

GC: H4V3NT YOU WOND3R3D HOW SH3 C4N COM3 CLOS3 TO B34T1NG YOU 1N G4M3S L4T3LY
GC: HON3STLY 1M SURPR1S3D YOU H4V3NT D3DUC3D 1T Y3T
GC: W1TH YOUR SH1NY WH1T3 SUP3RBR41N

GC: SH3S CH34T1NG
GC: SH3 4LW4YS CH34TS 1F SH3 C4N F1ND 4 W4Y
GC: L4T3LY SH3S US3D TH3 S4M3 4DV4NT4G3 SH3 US3S 4G41NST M3 WH3N W3 PL4Y G4M3S
GC: BUT SH3 TOLD M3 4BOUT 1T
GC: SH3 T3LLS M3 LOTS OF STUFF L1K3 TH4T PROB4BLY TO RUB 1T 1N MY F4C3
GC: BUT SH3D N3V3R R1SK T3LL1NG YOU

GC: HOLD ON
GC: 1 H4V3 TO T4LK TO YOUR P4RTN3R 1N CR1M3 FOR 4 S3COND >:]

GC: >:P

## Terezi: Orchestrate demise of the wicked.

**17/07/10**

She went too far this time and she knows it. She's got to pay. Justice is long overdue.

The only sad part is how easy it's going to be. It will take no skilled manipulator to orchestrate her downfall. She's a waste of your talents.

## Terezi: Contact partner in crime.

**17/07/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterloggallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling arachnidsGrip [AG]

GC: H3Y VR1SK4
GC: 4NYTH1NG TO S4Y
AG: Ummmmmmmmm, no?

AG: A8out what?
GC: 4BOUT K1LL1NG H3R
GC: 4FT3R YOU S41D YOU WOULDNT
AG: Oh, that? I thought we were done talking a8out it!
AG: We concluded I messed up and I'm completely horri8le in every way.
AG: I can only feel SO AWFUL, you know. Here, I'm 8anging my head against the desk now.
AG: 8ang 8ang 8ang. Are you happy?
GC: NOT R34LLY
AG: Uuuuuuuugh, what do you want from me????????
GC: 1M NOT SUR3
GC: 1 GU3SS 1M LOOK1NG FOR SOM3 R34SON TO CH4NG3 MY M1ND
GC: 1 DONT KNOW WH4T YOU C4N S4Y TH4TLL DO 1T
GC: 1 SORT4 HOP3 TH3R3S SOM3TH1NG THOUGH
AG: You should lighten up a 8it. May8e even congratul8 me!
AG: Wow, great jo8 Vriska! Single handedly taking out Team Charge like that.
AG: No more competition from those low class clowns!
GC: N4H TH4T W4SNT 1T
AG: Ok, well, change your mind a8out what!
AG: What are you going to do, Pyrope!
GC: 1 W4S PROB4BLY JUST GO1NG TO K1LL YOU
AG: Hahahahahahahaha!
AG: You mean from your tree? With all your AMAAAAAAAAZING POWERS?
AG: Tell me, what sort of powers do tree girls have? Swinging from vines and stuff?
GC: MY TR33 DO3SNT H4V3 V1N3S >:[
GC: SOM3T1M3S 1 L3T OTH3R P3OPL3 SW1NG FROM ROP3S THOUGH >:]
GC: Y34H 4NYW4Y YOULL B3 D34D 1N 4 COUPL3 M1NUT3S
AG: Yeah right!!!!!!!!
AG: Complete and total muscle8east shit!
GC: 1F YOU DONT B3L13V3 M3
GC: WHY DONT YOU CONSULT W1TH YOUR L1TTL3 4DV4NT4G3
GC: 1T S33MS TO H4V3 4LL TH3 4NSW3RS
AG: I don't need to do that to know you're 8luffing.
GC: Y34H
GC: BUT
GC: YOU KNOW YOUR3 GONN4 4NYW4Y
GC: 4DD1CT1ON 1S 4 POW3RFUL TH1NG >:]
GC: S33 Y4

gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling arachnidsGrip [AG]

## Vriska: Consult little advantage.

**17/07/10**

She can't be serious. What could POSSIBLY lead to your demise in a matter of minutes?

WHAT COULD IT POSSIBLY BE???

======>

**17/07/10**

You consult with your MAGIC CUE BALL, an extremely rare treasure you recently plundered from an ancient crypt, and one of many rumored to be hidden across the globe. Each at one time belonged to the strange and powerful man fabled to live on the green moon, but have since managed to escape his vision.

It is said to make predictions with alarming precision and specificity. Unfortunately it lacks a portal on its surface that allows you to view the prediction.

So who could say for sure whether its predictions were accurate? It would require someone with x-ray vision.

Or, just maybe...

======>

**17/07/10**

Someone with VISION EIGHTFOLD.

You channel your powerful eyesight through your customized lenses and whisper to the faithful little oracle: Should you be worried about Terezi's threat?

======>

**17/07/10**

```
YES
```

## Terezi: Inform Mr. Vanilla Milkshake about his missing orb.

**17/07/10**

pesterlog SHE HAS WHAT?

GC: >:o

======>

**17/07/10**

Ok, little ball. Fine. If you're so smart, then answer this! How is it going to happen!

HOW????????

======>

**17/07/10**

```
I WILL EXPLODE IN YOUR FACE
```

======>

**17/07/10**

======>

**17/07/10**

```
8OOM
```

## In the aftermath of more recent misfortune...

**17/07/10**

One retrieves his dead custodian from the rubble below.

Another finds hers struggling to survive.

======>

**17/07/10**

You guess you've got to put her down.

The question is, do you have the luck to get it done?

Would a sufficient roll even qualify as good luck in this case? You don't know.

## Vriska: Roll.

**17/07/10**

Maybe the dead girl is on to something. Maybe the only way to beat your bad luck is not caring about the outcome.

======>

**17/07/10**

```
TUMBLE

1 MUSCLEBEAST
2 BLIZZARD
3 WEASEL
4 LEVITATION
5 REROLLX2
6 DUTTON
7 NAPTIME
8 GUILLOTINE
```

Seven of the FLUORITE OCTET land, narrowing the field down from the full 8^8.

One tumbles through the air. It will decide among the eight remaining techniques.

======>

**17/07/10**

```
GUILLOTINE DE LA MARQUISE
```

======>

**17/07/10**

```
SLORSH
```

Au revoir, spidermom.

======>

**17/07/10**

```
COLLAPSE
```

Your mercy killing triggers another avalanche. More rotten luck!

## ======>

**17/07/10**

## Vriska: What's her deal????????

**18/07/10**

```
Alert : ♈
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

AG: What's your deal????????
AA: what d0 y0u mean
AG: Did you just zap Equius into the game? His hive disappeared!
AA: are y0u n0t happy ab0ut that
AG: Hell no! I was supposed to get your surprise present from him! Um, that he was keeping for me! 8ut only temporarily!
AG: And then we were going to jump in the g8me tog8ther! As co-le8ders! Remem8er????????
AA: y0u were ab0ut t0 be killed by his hive
AA: pr0ceeding with that plan w0uldnt have made sense
AA: we certainly d0nt need tw0 dead players
AG: 8ut!
AG: Aaaaaaaah!
AG: You knew this was going to happen! You were planning it all along! You're planning all this. I know a schemer when I see one!
AA: yes it was the plan
AA: it had t0 g0 this way
AG: No! It had to go the way we said it would. I was going to give you the present I convinced him to m8ke for you. Me! It wo8ldn't have got m8de if not f8r me!
AG: And then you could have a 8ody again and everyth8ng would 8e fine. Then we could go 8ack to 8eing friends again.
AA: were we ever really friends
AG: Yeah!!!!!!!!
AG: I don't know. I felt like we were even if you didn't think so.
AG: I guess I'm not very good at acting like a friend. Or saying stuff like, hey friend! You're my friend! It doesn't really occur to me.
AG: 8ut we were! Why would you play with me if you didn't think I was your friend?
AA: i d0nt remember
AA: it d0esnt matter
AG: 8arf. More of this apathetic 8aloney. Why don't you cut the ghost girl act already? I get it! You're dead and spooky.
AA: ribbit
AG: Hm.
AG: Uh, okay?
AG: Haha. Pretty odd!
AA: s0rry
AG: That's cool, you can ri88it if you want. In a weird way it almost makes you sound normal!
AG: So what now? I guess you and Equius co-lead since he managed to usurp me. That cunning

8astard.
AG: I guess I follow you into the game instead? Fine 8y me! I'll follow you guys. Just give me my orders, 8oss.
AA: n0
AA: y0ure n0t 0n the blue team
AG: Oh what the fuuuuuuuuck!
AA: y0u were never g0ing t0 be
AG: I get it. I finally see now. This is your revenge.
AG: You finally did it, Megido. You got me pretty good. Well played.
AA: its n0t revenge
AA: y0u were always supp0sed t0 be 0n the red team
AA: y0ull believe me later
AA: when y0u wake up
AG: What a load of SHIIIIIIIIT. You've 8een plotting your revenge since day one. And I fell for it like a sucker. Can't say I 8lame you.
AA: ive never th0ught ab0ut revenge at all
AG: 8ut why not!
AG: I killed you!!!!!!!!
AA: i d0nt care
AG: AAAAAAAAH!!!!!!!!
AG: You're so infuri8ing! Why c8n't you just h8 me? It would 8e a lot easier th8t way.
AG: Or at least feel 8othered or annoyed or S8METHING! God!!!!!!!!
AG: May8e I sh8uld just rip my he8rt out of my chest and pound it to a 8loody pulp here on my desk with my sup8r strong ro8ot arm.
AG: Pound pound pound pound pound pound pound pound!
AG: Look at that, more nasty 8lue 8lood all over me. Why not! Might as well op8n the floodg8s and p8nt my whole hive with this oh so envia8le cerulean SWILL.
AG: 8ecause clearly it's up to me to feel em8tions for the 8oth of us, you misera8le soulless witch!
AA: 0_0
AG: I h88888888 you!
AG: H8 h8 h8 h8 h8 h8 h8 haaaaaaaate!
AG: I only regret killing you cause it m8de you so 8ORING!!!!!!!!
AA: s0rry
AG: I don't want to 8e on the red team. ::::(
AG: It's full of jerks who just think I'm a 8ig jerk.
AA: they need y0u th0ugh
AA: and its where y0u need t0 be
AA: karkat will be in t0uch with y0u s00n
AG: Oh god, I can't w8 for THAT convers8tion.
AA: als0 if its any c0ns0lati0n
AA: the teams are meaningless anyway
AG: What? Why would that 8e consol8tion? It's more vague spooky nonsense!
AG: Fuck you for me trying to help you.
AG: Fuck the 8lue team, fuck your conniving, fuck Equius's dou8ledealing and the stupid muscle8east he rode in on, and fuck you for s8ving my life.
AG: FUUUUUUUUCK YOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUU!!!!!!!!

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

## ======>

**19/07/10**

And soon, in a place known as the LAND OF CAVES AND SILENCE...

## Equius: Let her know the deal.

**19/07/10**

```
Alert : ♈
```

pesterlogcentaursTesticle [CT] began trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

CT: D --> Aradia, here's the deal
CT: D --> Now that the game has begun, the plan will be modified slightly
CT: D --> We will not be co-leaders of the b100 team
CT: D --> I alone will be the leader
CT: D --> Is that understood
AA: thats fine
CT: D --> Good
CT: D --> Wait
CT: D --> You have no objection
CT: D --> Are you sure
AA: n0
AA: im 0k with it
CT: D --> Do you typically embrace such a passive attitude when your superiors give you orders
AA: i d0nt usually receive 0rders fr0m superi0rs 0r 0therwise
AA: but really its fine
CT: D --> Hmm
AA: what
CT: D --> I think I should get a towel
CT: D --> I'm perspiring heavily again
AA: why
AA: whats wr0ng
CT: D --> Never mind
CT: D --> I'm trying to stay professional about this
AA: ab0ut what
AA: what are y0u talking ab0ut
CT: D --> Forget it
CT: D --> It's just pleasant to consort with one of lesser breeding who clearly understands her place
AA: ive underst00d f0r s0me time that this will be my r0le
AA: t0 functi0n as y0ur server player
AA: and that y0u w0uld be the team leader as the first in the chain
CT: D --> Perfect
CT: D --> Then we are on the same page
CT: D --> I 100k forward to seeing how well you serve me, server player
AA: uh

AA: thats n0t quite the meaning 0f the w0rd server
CT: D --> What do you mean
AA: as y0ur server i manipulate y0ur envir0nment t0 help y0u advance
CT: D --> I don't understand
CT: D --> Are you
CT: D --> Are you saying
CT: D --> That
CT: D --> You are in a position of control over me
AA: i supp0se s0
CT: D --> Oh
AA: what
CT: D --> Oh my God
AA: 0_0
CT: D --> This is
CT: D --> Impropriety of a caliber I cannot even
CT: D --> It's
CT: D --> You are as low on the hemosprectrum as possible
CT: D --> To consider that someone so low could be in a position of authority over me is
CT: D --> It's just so
CT: D --> Disgusting
AA: y0u really are quite a sn0b
CT: D --> No it's
CT: D --> FILTHY
AA: 0_0
CT: D --> I need some air
CT: D --> Or some cold milk
CT: D --> Or a towel, I need a towel
CT: D --> Where the fuck are all my fresh towels
CT: D --> I mean
CT: D --> Fiddlesticks, please pardon my language
CT: D --> It won't happen again
AA: y0u l00k really agitated
AA: are y0u sure y0ure alright

======>

**19/07/10**

pesterlogCT: D --> I'm fine
CT: D --> I'll be fine
CT: D --> I just need to breathe
CT: D --> And to break something possibly
AA: break s0mething
CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> It helps me rela%
AA: 0h
AA: i think i understand
CT: D --> Do you

AA: i like breaking things
AA: i didnt used t0 but n0w i d0
AA: its fun
AA: um
AA: hell0
AA: are y0u sure y0ure 0k
CT: D --> Yes
AA: y0u really d0 l00k like y0ure sweating pretty hard
CT: D --> I just need a blasted towel
CT: D --> Where ever did that Aurthour get off to
AA: maybe y0u sh0uld break s0mething
AA: t0 try t0 calm d0wn
CT: D --> Perhaps
AA: d0 y0u want me t0 break s0mething
CT: D --> Whoa what
AA: i c0uld break s0mething if y0u want
CT: D --> Do you
CT: D --> Want to break something
AA: kind 0f
CT: D --> I, uh
CT: D --> Ok

======>

**19/07/10**

pesterlogAA: equius im ab0ut t0 thr0w an abluti0n trap thr0ugh y0ur wall
AA: heads up
CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> Yes that was wonderful
AA: it was pretty c00l
CT: D --> But could you please refrain from dipping into the vernacular of commoners
CT: D --> In fact, this is an order from your leader
CT: D --> Call things by their proper names
AA: what
AA: y0u want me t0 call it a bath tub
AA: that s0unds ridicul0us
CT: D --> Nevertheless, do it
AA: fine
CT: D --> Now
CT: D --> Could you please
CT: D --> Uh
CT: D --> Do that again
AA: what
AA: y0u want me t0 thr0w the trap thr0ugh y0ur wall again
AA: i mean the tub
CT: D --> Yes
AA: is that an 0rder

CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> Wait
CT: D --> I don't know
AA: what d0nt y0u kn0w
CT: D --> Maybe I don't want to order you to
CT: D --> Maybe I want
CT: D --> You to do whatever things that you want to do
AA: i really have n0 idea what y0ure talking ab0ut
CT: D --> You could cause quite a bother for me, with the power you wield
CT: D --> I can do nothing to stop you, peasant girl
CT: D --> It's so magnificently depraved
AA: y0u are s0 weird
AA: and this is c0ming fr0m a gh0st
AA: ribbit
CT: D --> What was that
CT: D --> Are you role playing now
CT: D --> Stop, it's unbecoming
AA: s0rry
CT: D --> You're better than that
CT: D --> And by better, I mean worse
CT: D --> Much, much worse
CT: D --> Downright coarse and degenerate
CT: D --> Just reprehensibly sordid
AA: 0_0
CT: D --> Actually
CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> You may role play and proceed to deepen this already irretrievable debauchery
CT: D --> In fact I command it
CT: D --> I command you to have free will and do as you please
CT: D --> And continue being bothersome and unpredictably destructive
CT: D --> I mean
CT: D --> If you want
AA: im n0t really r0le playing
AA: im part fr0g
AA: but 0k
AA: i guess i can break s0me m0re stuff
AA: ribbit
CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> Ribbit again
AA: i cant really c0ntr0l the ribbits

======>

**19/07/10**

pesterlogCT: D --> I will make haste through this mysterious realm and find your gate
CT: D --> It will pose no challenge for me at all
AA: yeah i kn0w

CT: D --> I will then give you your new body, and you may take your rightful place as my subordinate
AA: sure
CT: D --> Actually
CT: D --> Now I'm beginning to wonder
AA: what
CT: D --> Whether I want you to be my subordinate
CT: D --> Hmm
CT: D --> I hope this doesn't sound too strange
AA: everything y0u say s0unds strange
CT: D --> Maybe I would like you to be the co-leader again
AA: 0k
CT: D --> In fact
CT: D --> Oh my goodness, I can't believe I'm entertaining this thought
CT: D --> It feels just vile
CT: D --> Try not to roll your eyes at me
AA: i d0nt have pupils
CT: D --> Would you mind terribly
CT: D --> Being the leader
AA: fine
CT: D --> But
CT: D --> Don't tell anyone
CT: D --> You will be the leader of me, and I will lead all else
CT: D --> You would in effect be the secret leader
AA: yeah sure
AA: thats pretty much h0w it is anyway
CT: D --> Yes, that's the spirit
CT: D --> You take to authority well for one of your b100d
AA: i d0nt have bl00d
CT: D --> Not yet
CT: D --> But soon your heart will beat anew, and through it, fresh b100d and fresh passion
AA: 0_0
AA: w0w uh
AA: can y0u just bring me the r0b0t already
CT: D --> On my way

centaursTesticle [CT] ceased trolling apocalypseArisen [AA]

AA: ribbit

## Equius: Proceed to second gate.

**19/07/10**

```
STRONGJUMP!


RUIN
```

## ======>

**19/07/10**

This poses no challenge for you at all.

## Equius: Enter.

**20/07/10**

```
STRONG FALL
```

## Equius: Deliver present.

**20/07/10**

spritelogARADIASPRITE: it l00ks nice
EQUIUS: D --> Yes
EQUIUS: D --> It is perfect in every way
ARADIASPRITE: ribbit
EQUIUS: D --> Do you
EQUIUS: D --> Have a clean towel anywhere

## Aradiasprite: Enter soulbot.

**20/07/10**

## ======>

**20/07/10**

spritelogEQUIUS: D --> I think it suits you
EQUIUS: D --> Much more so than the form of a levitating ghostly amphibian
EQUIUS: D --> How does it feel
ARADIABOT: it feels
ARADIABOT: different!
EQUIUS: D --> Ok
EQUIUS: D --> But I mean
EQUIUS: D --> Do you feel anything else
ARADIABOT: uh
EQUIUS: D --> Any sort of
EQUIUS: D --> Stirring sensations
ARADIABOT: stirring?
EQUIUS: D --> Yes
EQUIUS: D --> Such as
EQUIUS: D --> Sensations which may be stirred by flowing b100d and a beating heart
ARADIABOT: im n0t sure
EQUIUS: D --> Can you detect anything within you might describe as
EQUIUS: D --> Smoldering passion
EQUIUS: D --> I mean
EQUIUS: D --> Just out of curiosity
ARADIABOT: wait
ARADIABOT: what is that
EQUIUS: D --> What's what
ARADIABOT: this feeling
ARADIABOT: 0h g0d
ARADIABOT: 0H MY G0D WHAT DID Y0U D0!

======>

**20/07/10**

spritelogARADIABOT: did y0u pr0gram this r0b0t t0 have feelings f0r y0u?
ARADIABOT: R0MANTIC FEELINGS???
EQUIUS: D --> Hrrrk
ARADIABOT: ANSWER ME BLUE BL00D SCUM
EQUIUS: D --> I
EQUIUS: D --> Yes
EQUIUS: D --> Uh
EQUIUS: D --> It's a chip in your heart
EQUIUS: D --> Is that not ok
ARADIABOT: get it 0ut
EQUIUS: D --> Urrk
EQUIUS: D --> I guess I can
EQUIUS: D --> Uninstall it if you would just
ARADIABOT: GET IT 0UT!!!
EQUIUS: D --> Sorry
EQUIUS: D --> I'll
EQUIUS: D --> Hrrrrrrk
ARADIABOT: GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT GET IT 0UT

======>

**20/07/10**

```
PLUNGE

RIP
```

======>

**20/07/10**

```
P0UND P0UND P0UND
```

======>

**20/07/10**

```
SMACK SMACK SMACK
```

======>

**20/07/10**

======>

**20/07/10**

======>

**27/07/10**

## Nepeta: Update wall.

**27/07/10**

```
oh nOOOoo

oh yessssss!
```

```
hmmmm!

probably not.

DURRR!
```

You consult your SHIPPING WALL. Clearly some changes are in order. You must admit you didn't see this one coming, even with your remarkable matchmaking acumen.

You should probably recolor all the Aradia panels so she looks like a robot too. It is a major commitment keeping up with all your ships, but it is worth it.

## Karkat: Recruit Vriska.

**27/07/10**

```
Alert : ♋
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling arachnidsGrip [AG]

CG: OK THIS IS GOING TO SOUND PREPOSTEROUS GIVEN OUR LAST CONVERSATION.
CG: AND I GUESS PRACTICALLY EVERY CONVERSATION PRECEDING IT.
CG: AND I'M PROBABLY GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOMETHING COMPLETELY DISGUSTING LIKE APOLOGIZE.
CG: AND EVEN THOUGH I'LL HATE MYSELF FOR IT I WILL TOTALLY MEAN IT, I PROMISE.
CG: LIKE, REALLY REALLY MEAN IT.
AG: You're going to ask me to join your team, aren't you.
CG: YEAH.
CG: HOW DID YOU KNOW.
AG: I don't seem to have much choice now! Aradia kicked me off the good team.
CG: HAHAHAHA WOW THAT IS GREAT.
CG: WAIT, SORRY.
CG: NO WAIT, I DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE, THAT'S RIGHT. YOU HAVE NO CHOICE NOW.
CG: I APOLOGIZE TO MYSELF FOR OFFERING YOU A SHITTY MEANINGLESS APOLOGY.
CG: APOLOGY ACCEPTED, KARKAT. LET'S BURY THE THRESHER WITH A TOTALLY PLATONIC BRO BULGE BUMP.
CG: BUMP HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.
AG: You dork.
AG: Do you really think your usual pedantic quips are going to 8ug me now????????
CG: I'M NOT TRYING TO BUG YOU I'M TRYING TO GET YOU TO JOIN MY DAMN TEAM, NOW STEP IN LINE SERKET.
AG: I was just 8etrayed and a8andonded 8y my two accomplices and 8est pals, and on top of that I am soaked in the 8lood of my lusus which I just had to decapit8 myself.
AG: So listening to a cra88y asshole 8e all tickled with his own mediocre retorts isn't going to spoil my evening!
CG: OK, WELL, SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT THAT.

CG: BUT I MEAN YOU CAN JUST DUMP HER CARCASS IN THE KERNEL AND BRING HER BACK STRONGER THAN EVER.
AG: Wow.
AG: Uh, good to know.
AG: I guess. ::::\
CG: NOW WHY DON'T YOU HOP IN THE TRAP, WASH THAT NASTY BLUE SHIT OFF, AND JOIN OUR FUCKING SESSION ALREADY.
AG: What! It's so rude to dict8 hygiene procedure to a lady. Under any circumstance! Even for douchey loudmouths with delusions of leadership.
AG: May8e you should try to think a8out the dum8 things that fall out of your protein chute for once, Vantas.
CG: BLAH BLAH BLAH.
CG: NOW MY CHUTE IS DOING A FUCKING STELLAR IMPRESSION OF SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T GIVE A SHIT.
AG: Anyway, you know my 8lood's the prettiest and you'd o8viously kill to have it.
CG: NO IT SUCKS.
CG: TOTALLY HAPPY WITH MINE, NICE TRY THOUGH.
AG: 8S!
AG: Why would you hide 8ehind your lame gray anonymity then?
AG: You do realize everyone thinks that's totally lame, right????????
CG: IT'S NOBODY'S BUSINESS.
CG: I DON'T SEE WHY IT SHOULD BE A MATTER OF PUBLIC RECORD.
CG: I'M NOT GOING TO WEAR THAT SHIT ON MY SLEEVE LIKE YOU DO.
CG: LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY.
CG: IT'S PRIVATE, SO EVERYONE CAN GO POINT THEIR PROBING BUSYBODY SNIFFNODES UP THEIR OWN IMPERTINENT SEED FLAPS.
AG: Fine. Like anyone really cares! It's just lame and insecure.
AG: So why don't you tell me what I've got to do here???????? I await instruction from my 8igshot a8looded leader.
CG: OK FIRST THING'S FIRST.
CG: YOU'VE GOT TO CONNECT WITH TAVROS QUICKLY AND GET HIM IN THE SESSION BEFORE HE GETS KILLED.
AG: Ugggggggh.
CG: WHAT.
AG: Can't someone else do that?
CG: NO. WHY.
AG: XXXXO
CG: WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL, JUST DO IT.
AG: 8ut I h8 that guy!
CG: WHO CARES.
AG: This is your command decision? Getting someone who h8s a guy to save his life? Pretty weak, 8oss!
CG: WHY DO YOU EVEN HATE HIM, IT'S FUCKING RIDICULOUS.
CG: IF ANYTHING YOU SHOULD PITY HIM.
CG: ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU WERE THE ONE WHO PARALYZED HIM.
AG: I know. I don't really understand it.

AG: It's just a really special kind of h8! It never goes away and it doesn't make a lot of sense.
CG: THIS IS KIND OF A WEIRD TIME TO BE CONFIDING IN ME ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS OF BLACK ROMANCE BUT OK.
AG: Oh god, what?
CG: I MEAN IF YOU'RE REALLY IMPLYING TAVROS IS YOUR KISMESIS I THINK YOU'RE BRAYING UP THE WRONG FROND NUB.
CG: BOTH PARTIES HAVE TO HATE EACH OTHER EQUALLY, I MEAN LIKE TRUE HATE.
CG: MAYBE YOUR FEELINGS COME SOMEWHAT CLOSE TO FITTING THE BILL BUT I DON'T THINK HE CAN HATE ANYONE, IT'S WEIRD, HE'S KIND OF BROKEN IN THE HEAD.
AG: Fuuuuuuuuck, WHAT are you talking a8out?
CG: I THINK THIS SUBJECT IS BEYOND A LOT OF PEOPLE'S GRASP BUT I KNOW A LOT ABOUT IT, NOBODY EVER REALLY WANTS TO TALK TO ME ABOUT IT THOUGH.
AG: Whoa really? Oh no shit, REALLY????????
CG: OK, MOST PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T HAD THEIR LOBE STEM CAUTERIZED ARE CAPABLE OF FEELING THE TWO PRIMARY EMOTIONS, HATE AND PITY.
CG: PITY IS OF COURSE JUST THE TONED DOWN VERSION OF THE CENTRAL EMOTION, HATE.
CG: AND ALL THE NUANCES OF PITY MANIFEST AS VARIOUS OTHER KINDS OF FEELINGS LIKE WHATEVER CHEMICAL REACTIONS TRIGGER MATING FONDESS OR THE MYSTERIOUS FORCES THAT ARE BEHIND MOIRALLEGIANCE.
AG: Karkat, holy fuck.
AG: So.
AG: 8oring.
CG: A WELL BALANCED PERSON IS IS GOING TO HAVE A GOOD DISTRIBUTION BETWEEN HATE AND THE VARIOUS PITY HUMORS.
CG: HAVING A GOOD BALANCE KEEPS ALL THE EMOTIONS SHARPER, SEE I THINK THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM.
AG: Oh????????
AG: I hope you know I already wore out some good note-taking pens today. All the pens.
AG: All of them.
CG: SEE, MY HATE IS LIKE A FINELY TUNED INSTRUMENT BECAUSE I'M AWARE OF THESE PRINCIPLES.
CG: I COULD HATE A HOLE IN PARADOX SPACE ITSELF, STRAIGHT THROUGH TO A NEW REALITY FRESH FOR THE HATING.
AG: Hahahahahahahaha, you don't even know how much I'm laughing at this.
CG: BUT SEE, YOU'RE TOO HEAVY ON THE HATE SIDE, OR AT LEAST YOU PRETEND TO BE WHICH IS MAYBE WORSE.
AG: You aren't reading anything I say are you? You just want to talk and talk and talk.
CG: AND YOU THINK YOU'RE HATING UP EVERYONE HARD WHEN YOU'RE REALLY JUST BURNING OUT THAT ENTIRE EMOTIONAL HEMISPHERE.
CG: IT'S LIKE LUKEWARM HATE. PRETENDER'S HATE, WITH NO COUNTERPOINT AT ALL.
CG: AS SUCH THERE'S NO REAL SUBSTANCE TO YOUR HATE, IT'S LIKE A CARDBOARD MOVIE PROP.
CG: WHICH IS WHY YOUR BRAIN IS BROKEN, KIND OF LIKE TAVROS'S BUT ON THE

OPPOSITE HEMISPHERE I GUESS.
CG: OR MAYBE YOUR BROKEN BRAIN LED TO THE IMBALANCE IN THE FIRST PLACE, I DON'T KNOW.
CG: WHATEVER THE CASE IS, YOU'RE KIND OF EMOTIONALLY SCREWED, SORRY TO SAY.
CG: YOUR HATE'S TOO DULL FOR A PROPER KISMESIS, IN MY OPINION.
CG: AND I DON'T SEE ANYONE CHOMPING AT THE BIT TO BE YOUR MOIRAIL HONESTLY, UNLESS THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO WOULD ACTUALLY BOTHER PITYING YOU.
CG: AND LANDING A MATESPRIT? HAHAHAHA!
CG: SERIOUSLY, LIKE THAT WOULD EVEN INTEREST YOU.
CG: BASICALLY ANY FEATURE OF YOUR EMOTIONAL PROFILE THAT USUALLY MAKES SOMEONE VIABLE IN THE REDROM DEPARTMENT MUST BE TOTALLY FRIED.
CG: YOUR BLACKROM POTENTIAL'S PROBABLY TOAST TOO.
CG: HEY.
CG: ARE YOU THERE.
AG: Oh, yeah.
AG: I started tuning you out.
AG: Are you done?
CG: NO WAY, I COULD GO ON.
CG: THIS IS FASCINATING, TELL ME HOW THE FUCK THIS ISN'T FASCINATING.
AG: Did you learn this crap from your awful romance movies?
CG: THEY'RE REALLY INTRIGUING SOCIOLOGICALLY.
CG: INCREDIBLY COMPLEX, SOPHISTICATED STORIES, YOU WOULDN'T GET IT.
AG: Hey asshole, stop watching movies for girls.
CG: WHAT PART OF INTRIGUING SOCIOLOGICALLY DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND.
CG: ALSO THEY'RE AWESOME, SHUT UP.
AG: Argh, ok! Man! Just let me connect to stupid 8oy-Dum8fuck so I don't have to listen to this anymore!
CG: YEAH OK.
CG: OH, WAIT!
CG: I NEVER EVEN GOT TO THE DAMN POINT.
AG: What is it now!
CG: I DIDN'T NEED YOU SPECIFICALLY TO CONNECT TO TAVROS, I MEAN I COULD GET ANY SCHLUB TO DO THAT.
CG: YOU JUST HAVE TO GET IN HERE ASAP BECAUSE I REALLY NEED YOUR MIND POWERS.
AG: You do????????
AG: I mean.
AG: O8viously you do. Duh.
AG: What for?
CG: I RAN INTO SOMEONE HERE.
CG: A SORT OF DOUBLE AGENT I GUESS.
CG: HIS NAME IS JACK.

======>

**27/07/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogCG: HE HAS SOME INSIDE INFORMATION ABOUT HIS KINGDOM.
CG: HE WANTS TO WORK TOGETHER WITH US TO OVERTHROW THE BLACK QUEEN.
CG: SO I SAID OK.
CG: AND NOW I NEED YOUR HELP.
AG: Um, ok.
AG: I can try.
AG: What does he know?
CG: HE RECENTLY GOT HOLD OF SOME INTEL REGARDING A WEAKNESS IN THE QUEEN'S DEFENSES.
CG: I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN THAT.
CG: BUT WE'VE GOT TO HURRY AND GET STARTED ON THIS THING, OR IT COULD GET KIND OF AWKWARD.
AG: Awkward? What do you mean?
CG: I MEAN HE'S JUST STANDING HERE NOW.
CG: WAITING FOR ME I GUESS.
CG: BUT IT'S OK, I THINK HE'S PRETTY MUCH SETTLED DOWN.
AG: Settled down?
CG: WELL, HE STABBED ME ONCE.
AG: Oh, only once!
AG: Are you sure you should trust him? I don't know if I would, 8ut hey I'm not the leader.
CG: NO, NO, IT'S COOL.
CG: HE'S COOL, IT'S FINE I DON'T REALLY MIND THE STABBING, IT WAS ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING.
CG: WELL OK I'M PRETTY SURE HE MEANT TO STAB ME.
CG: BUT I KIND OF THINK THAT'S LIKE
CG: THE WAY HE GREETS PEOPLE?
AG: This game is so stupid.
CG: IN ANY CASE I THINK HE'S PROBABLY ALL STABBED OUT.
AG: Whew!!!!!!!!
AG: Oh, man.
AG: Since you're 8leeding I should ask Terezi what color your 8lood is.
CG: GOOD LUCK WITH THAT.
CG: SHE CAN'T SEE ME OR SMELL ME OR ANYTHING, I'M WAY OUT OF MY HIVE SOMEWHERE ELSE ON THE PLANET.
AG: Ok, then I'll ask Jack.
CG: NO, JACK WON'T TELL, I MADE HIM PROMISE HE WOULDN'T TELL.
AG: Dammit! Stupid lousy tightlipped sta8happy dou8le agents.
AG: Doesn't Trollian have some kind of viewport feature?
CG: YEAH BUT I'M PRETTY SURE ONLY SOLLUX KNOWS HOW TO SET THAT UP, AND HE'S BEEN INCOMMUNICADO FOR HOURS FOR SOME REASON.
CG: ANYWAY THAT WHOLE FEATURE SEEMS TOTALLY INVASIVE AND LARGELY POINTLESS TO ME, SO JUST FORGET IT.

AG: Yeah ok, here we are a8out to em8ark on an espionage mission. A spying tool sounds totally useless!
AG: Another gr8 point, captain.
CG: WHATEVER.
CG: JUST GET YOUR ASS IN HERE SO WE CAN DETHRONE THIS GODDAMN QUEEN.
CG: IT'LL MEAN ONE LESS GOD BOSS WE HAVE TO FIGHT.
AG: Fine, I'll be right there.
AG: Just try not to lose too much of your mystery blood and die.

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

## Be Jack a few minutes ago...

**28/07/10**

You find the kid you've been looking for. He's got a pretty sharp tongue and can't seem to keep it sheathed. He should learn up front you're no stranger to sharp objects yourself.

======>

**28/07/10**

He still won't shut up. He doesn't seem to care about the wound. He's just going on and on about the freakish color of his blood. He doesn't want you to look at it. Just look away, he says.

You've got to admit. Now you're curious.

## Jack: Look at knife.

**28/07/10**

You don't see what the big deal is. Nothing special. This kid's out of his mind.

But he's still blubbering on and on about it.

======>

**28/07/10**

It seems he's the only one of his kind with this mutant candy-red blood. An outcast. He thinks he was put on this planet covered in an ocean of his own blood to be taunted. Punished for something.

Saddest story you ever heard. Got to do something to shut him up.

======>

**28/07/10**

======>

**28/07/10**

======>

**28/07/10**

======>

**28/07/10**

## Karkat: Be in cahoots with Jack.

**29/07/10**

```
OPERATION REGISURP

HUGE BITCH
```

```
BLUH BLUH
```

You and your like-blooded accomplice soon put OPERATION REGISURP into motion, a contingency plan which the archagent conveniently had on file and named himself. If it were drafted by a legitimate contingency firm, it would ostensibly have been given a better title.

Your whole team executes the plan along the course of its journey, employing espionage, mind control tactics, political sabotage, vicious interrogations and cold blooded assassinations. Everyone does their part and you begin to learn the true meaning of teamwork, as well as this troll disease called friendship.

======>

**29/07/10**

But before a single step is taken, Jack briefs you on the intelligence uncovered by one of his agents. It is an advantage over the queen you will seize upon while she has let her guard down.

With each prototyping by each player, the royalty of both sides would evolve. The queen with her RING OF ORBS TWELVEFOLD would first take on the claws and ridged carapace of your lusus. And then the wings and scales of Terezi's young dragon. And then the horns and gills and cloven hooves of Gamzee's fallen custodian. And so it would continue.

Though a queen is a vain creature, she is also sworn to her duty. She would be braced for the heavy load of augmentation ahead. She could certainly withstand the eight eyes of an arachnid. The fairy wings might at worst be frivolous, and the great bull horns could even be regarded as striking additions. For that matter, the sultry lips of a mother grub might very plausibly suit her. She perhaps would wear a brave face even behind a dignified mustache, and the centauring of her lower torso could transpire without much complaint. She would dutifully indulge a lactating udder. And when all was said and done, doubling her head count would surely be insult to elevenfold injury, but nothing she hadn't essentially endured already, all in the name of her kingdom.

But she would spare herself all of these additional debasements. Because before the rest came, there would be one corruption to her figure she could not abide. Her vanity wouldn't allow it.

======>

**29/07/10**

She could not stand bearing the visage of the most loathsome creature known to existence. So vile is its appearance, so contemptible its purpose, all depictions of the creature let alone members of its population are permanently banned from any jurisdiction in the reach of her agents. Those of its kind go by many names, and so does the reviled patron god they herald - THE GREAT DETESTATION, KING PONDSQUATTER, SPEAKER OF THE VAST JOKE, or most commonly, BILIOUS SLICK.

His true name is of course forbidden. And wearing his face is where she drew the line.

======>

**29/07/10**

She removed the ring and concealed it in the ROYAL VAULT while she was quite sure no one was looking. She then retired to her private chamber from which she would dispatch orders, no one the

wiser of her disadvantage.

Or so she thought.

## Red team: Execute Operation Regisurp.

**29/07/10**

The operation in time would be a total success. The BANISHED QUASIROYAL would make the future Alternian wasteland her home.

======>

**29/07/10**

Until she was given a new purpose.

======>

**30/07/10**

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ♎ | → | ♋ | → | ♍ | → | ♏ | → | ♉ | → | ♑ | |
| ♌ | → | ♈ | → | ♁ | → | ♊ | → | ♌ | → | ♒ | |

But at the onset, you would know nothing of the queen's aversion to an amphibious likeness, or about her orbs twelvefold, or any such details. You were informed of her disadvantage, and would act accordingly. You and your red teammates would work to dethrone the queen in your session, while the blue team members would take on the entirely separate set of royal adversaries in their own session. This was to be a competition, after all.

Or so you thought.

======>

**30/07/10**

You would begin to notice a strange pattern. The blue team's prototypings would affect the mutations of your session's underlings.

======>

**30/07/10**

And your prototypings would affect theirs.

======>

**30/07/10**

Though the signs pointed to two distinct sessions - two sets of mystic ruins, two opposing teams, two separate chains of connected players - this was all misleading.

======>

**30/07/10**

You were joining a particularly unusual bifurcated session, meant from the start to receive all twelve players through two separate connection chains. A session with one Skaia about which twelve planets would circle. With one army of dark and one of light. With one pair of kings and one pair of queens. And with one cantankerous archagent and his typical disdain for authority. It wouldn't be until later in the session when the full chain was nearly closed that you would realize the truth.

The truth was it had always been the same session all along. That your teams were not competing, but cooperating toward a common goal.

======>

**30/07/10**

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ♌ | ♎ | ♈ | ♋ | ♐ | ♍ | ♊ | ♏ | ♒ | ♉ | ♒ | ♑ |

In the more drawn out form of this adventure's narrative, figuring this out would have been a huge deal. We would have been completely blown away by this stunning revelation.

Wow. Same session all along. Really?

Huh.

======>

**30/07/10**

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ♌ | ♎ | ♈ | ♋ | ♐ | ♍ | ♊ | ♏ | ♒ | ♉ | ♒ | ♑ |
| ♊ | → | ♒ | → | ♒ | → | ♌ | → | ♈ | → | ♐ | |
| ♍ | → | ♏ | → | ♉ | → | ♑ | → | ♎ | → | ♋ | |

But since we've decided to engage this epic in shorthand, you feel you must insist that we continue with this expository interlude.

It would turn out the arrangement of planets looked like this, rather. Bifurcated from each other, each team appearing to comprise a distinct chain in a distinct session without the luxury of the complete picture we see here.

It appeared that way until it was time to link the two chains, completing the circuit of twelve and uniting the teams.

For these final two links, Skaia had a plan, as it did with the order of every preceding link, and as it did with the paradoxical seeding of its own players on the surface of the planet it would later devastate to buy itself time. Its plan was as inescapable as all others, as inevitable as the reckoning it would ultimately face.

======>

**30/07/10**

```
          MOBIUS   DOUBLE

  ♊  → ♒  → ♒  → ♌  → ♈  → ♐
*  ↖    .______.     .______.    /
*   \ /        \ /         \ /
*    \          X           \
*   / \        / \        / \
*  /   '______'   '______'    ↘
  ♍  → ♏  → ♉  → ♑  → ♎  → ♋

            REACHAROUND
```

======>

**31/07/10**

After watching the phrases MOBIUS DOUBLE and REACH AROUND toggle for a few minutes while in a sort of stupor, you finally snap out of it. Your attention drifts toward these two symbols.

You would try to be these mysterious characters but you suspect you would fail, so you don't bother.

They're way too mysterious for you to be them yet! Seriously, what's up with these guys? Do they live under water or something? What's their deal!

We'll learn all about them a little later.

**======>**

**31/07/10**

For that matter, what about this young lady? What is HER deal???

We'll probably find out about her later too. It will probably be quite some time before you get to be her. It could very well be pages and pages and pages.

## And pages and pages and pages.

**31/07/10**

Seriously, it could take forever.

## Enter name.

**31/07/10**

Your name is KANAYA MARYAM.

You are one of the few of your kind who can withstand the BLISTERING ALTERNIAN SUN, and perhaps the only who enjoys the feel of its rays. As such, you are one of the few of your kind who has taken a shining to LANDSCAPING. You have cultivated a lush oasis around your hive, and in particular, you have honed your craft through the art of TOPIARY, sculpting your trees to match the PUFFY ORACLES from your dreams. You have embraced the tool of this trade, which conveniently is the weapon of choice for those who would hunt the HEINOUS BROODS OF THE UNDEAD which crawl from the sand at sunrise to feast on the light and the living.

It would be convenient if you actually hunted them, but it is of course far too dangerous, every bit as suicidal as attempting to poach the terrible MUSCLEBEASTS who roam at night. So you indulge in your bright fascination with the grim through literature. Just before the sun goes down and you join your flora in rest, you immerse yourself in tales of RAINBOW DRINKERS and SHADOW DROPPERS and FORBIDDEN PASSION.

You are one of the few of your kind with JADE GREEN BLOOD. As such you are one of the few who could be selected and raised by a VIRGIN MOTHER GRUB, an event so rare as to elude documented precedent. She would defend you from desert threats, and though her life would be short, in time you would assure her of progeny.

You are one of the few of your kind whose affection for the aesthetic strongly overpowers instinctive regard for the utilitarian. As such, you are one of the few of your kind who has developed a zeal for FASHION and DESIGN and LIVELY COLORFUL PATTERNS. You decorate your hive with FLORA and FABRIC, as delicately or aggressively as inspiration demands. You are a SEAMSTRESS or a RAGRIPPER or a TREETRIMMER or a LUMBERJACK, whichever you care to be, and your unique hive is equipped with a great supply of advanced technology to

accommodate your interests. The technology and indeed the hive itself were all recovered from the ruins nearby when you were very young. The seed of your hive was deployed on the volcanic rocks beneath the sand with the assistance of your lusus and her remarkable burrowing skills, and you have lived there happily together since.

You know the ruins and the hive and everything here that is not sand and rock originated from the world of your dreams. You also know that one day you will visit this world while you are awake. That day is today.

Your trolltag is grimAuxiliatrix and you Tend To Enunciate Each Word You Speak Very Clearly And Carefully

What will you do?

## Kanaya: Equip chainsaw.

**31/07/10**

What CHAINSAW? You are quite sure there is no CHAINSAW leaning on that bookshelf.

There is however a tube of LIPSTICK on the floor.

## Kanaya: Fine, equip that then.

**31/07/10**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

makeupkind
```

Alright, let's settle down. No need to get hysterical.

Oh, there goes your WARDROBIFIER again. Never a dull moment in fashion when the randomized cycle is on.

## Kanaya: Apply.

**31/07/10**

You can choose between your trademark jade or black. Even though a troll's lips are naturally black.

But they can always be blacker, and a lady with a true sense of style knows this.

In any case you think you'll mix things up and go with green for a while.

## ======>

**31/07/10**

```
Alert : 00
```

## Kanaya: Answer CC.

**01/08/10**

pesterlogcuttlefishCuller [CC] began trolling grimAuxiliatrix [GA]

CC: )(-ELLO!
GA: Hey

CC: KANAYA )(I!
CC: Glub glub glub glub glub!
CC: 38)
GA: You Seem More Excited Than Usual
GA: Or Less
GA: I Cant Tell
GA: Help Me Tell Without Saying Glub
CC: Glub glub glub glub glub glub glub!
GA: Im Going To Type This Face Now
GA: :?
GA: Even Though No One Knows How To Make A Mouth Do A Question Shape Like That
CC: )(a)(a sorry!
CC: I cant really control t)(e glubs.
GA: Yes You Can
GA: But Thats Fine You Can Glub To The Content Of Your Collapsing And Expanding Bladder Based Aquatic Vascular System
GA: If It Means You Are Excited About Something
CC: I AM -EXCIT-ED!
GA: Ok Why
CC: -Everyt)(ing we are about to do next is exciting.
CC: It is always exciting.
CC: I'm -EXCIT----------ED!
CC: Pc)(ooooo.
GA: It Looks Like One Of Your Letters Got Away From You
CC: )(a)(a yea)( I really launc)(ed t)(at one.
GA: You Forked An Innocent D Loitering Over There By The Shout Pole Minding Its Own Business
CC: )(-E)(-E!
CC: Glub glub glub!
CC: )(-EY! Lets stop being retarded for a minute.
GA: Yeah Sure
CC: I am just worked up about t)(is game, it will be great.
CC: Ive been waiting a long time to get started! We all )(ave.
GA: I Thought So
GA: I Have Been Cloaked In A Mood Of Perpetual Anticipation For Some Time As Well
CC: We s)(ould compare notes. Even t)(oug)( we are on different teams!
GA: Well
GA: Not Really
CC: )(mm really?
CC: See t)(is is w)(y we s)(ould be comparing notes! 38O
GA: What Notes Would You Like To Submit For Comparison
CC: )(mmmmmm.
CC: Well I am going to join my team pretty late.
CC: I t)(ink I )(ave to!
CC: I will need to connect after my goofball moirail does so I can keep my goggles on )(is nefarious escapades.

CC: Its a toug)( job but its important! Everyone )(as an important job to do.
GA: Yeah
CC: Isnt t)(at w)(at youre doing too? Joining late to keep an eye on yours?
GA: I Dont Know For A Fact That She Is Mine
CC: )(a)(a youre not supposed to know for a FACT dummy!
CC: You just do w)(at you t)(ink is rig)(t and even if you were wrong t)(e worst t)(at )(appened was you )(elped somebody and )(elped t)(e w)(ole world too!
GA: I Know
GA: But What If I Dont Really Want Her To Be That
CC: Glub glub glub glub S)(RUG.
GA: Yeah Glub Glub Shrug Is The Right Attitude I Think
GA: Our Minds Are Already Made Up Anyway Arent They
CC: Yes probably!
CC: Your clouds tell you everyt)(ing so w)(at do you even )(ave to worry about?
GA: They Dont Tell Me Everything
GA: Just As I Am Sure She Doesnt Whisper Everything To You
CC: T)(ats true.
CC: O)( s)(ucks now Im going to get sad.
CC: S)(e will be gone soon. 38(
CC: T)(oug)( I guess it will be a relief not to )(ave to worry about keeping )(er voice down anymore!
GA: I Wonder If Any Other Kid On The Planet Has As Many Burdens In The Fire As You
GA: I Doubt It
CC: T)(ey arent burdens!
CC: Ok I guess t)(ey are )(a)(a.
CC: But I love t)(em and I wouldnt )(ave it any ot)(er way because t)(is is w)(y Im )(ere!
CC: On t)(at note I t)(ink Im going to go say goodbye to )(er. Maybe you s)(ould too w)(ile you )(ave t)(e c)(ance!
CC: Even t)(oug)( Ill see )(er again soon w)(ic)( still seems kind of strange to me.
CC: But t)(ats w)(y t)(is is all so -EXCITING!
CC: KANAYA BY----------E!

cuttlefishCuller [CC] ceased trolling grimAuxiliatrix [GA]

## Kanaya: Check on lusus.

**01/08/10**

You had nearly forgotten. Today her time would come.

Maybe you should be there in her final moment. But then it isn't exactly final, is it?

Death is pretty confusing without the finality.

======>

**01/08/10**

======>

**01/08/10**

It's too late.

You'd better change back into your work clothes. No point in getting a good dress dirty.

## Kanaya: Go downstairs.

**02/08/10**

She brought you this far. Now to live up to your end of the bargain.

## Kanaya: Operate.

**02/08/10**

## ======>

**02/08/10**

## ======>

**02/08/10**

```
SPLORCH
```

## ======>

**02/08/10**

## Kanaya: Captchalogue that thing.

**02/08/10**

You secure the MATRIORB through your CHASTITY MODUS. Safe and sound!

You will serendipitously discover the key to unlock this card when and only when you are ready to use this item, and not a moment before!

## ======>

**02/08/10**

Look at this mess. All this blood and sunlight is stirring bright feelings within. You often fantasize about being a true rainbow drinker from your literature. It would be a life of darting between the shadows, of persecution and being misunderstood. And of ROMANCE. You would drink heavily from its multicolored well, and the hemospectrum would be your wine list preceding the great feast of passion.

Surely it couldn't hurt. While no one is looking...

## Kanaya: Just a taste.

**02/08/10**

## ======>

**02/08/10**

```
Bluh
```

## Kanaya: Meddle with moirail.

**02/08/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogAG: Whaaaaaaaat.

GA: Just Wanted To Know

GA: Is Your Lusus Dead Yet

You then proceed to have the rest of this conversation we already read, bugging and fussing and meddling through the special and magical union one can only describe as being in moirallegiance with another.

At least, you guess that's how you would describe it. Maybe.

Troll romance sure is confusing!

## ======>

**02/08/10**

```
Alert : ♒
```

You will put her out of your mind for a while. It should be hours before you have to connect with her anyway. Might as well pack this thing up and head inside.

Oh what now. What could this guy want?

It never ends!

## Kanaya: Answer CA.

**03/08/10**

pesterlogcaligulasAquarium [CA] began trolling grimAuxiliatrix [GA]

CA: kan make her talk to me do somethin
GA: Who
CA: your no good connivvin fuckin backstabbin girl crush thats wwho
GA: Overstating Our Relationship Wont Make Me Feel Very Cooperative
GA: Its Paler Red Than That Ok
CA: pshhhhhh that is a fuckin laugh and you knoww it evveryone does
CA: so help me out tell her to talk to me i think she blocked me you got to
GA: Why Do I Got To
GA: I Dont Got To And Every Time You Take My Help For Granted I Feel Like I Got To A Little Less
CA: wwhatEVVER you are so the vvillage twwo wwheel devvice wwhen it comes to auspisticing
CA: you cant let a grudge go by you wwont stick your busy stem betwwixt so get wwith the program fussyfangs
GA: If Your Slander Werent So Predictable Id Block You Too For Saying That
GA: Has It Occurred To You She May Have Blocked You Because You Are Vvery Ovverbearing
GA: I Just Said That Aloud Now In Your Silly Accent And Had A Private Moment Of Enjoyment
CA: wwho givves a shit wwhy she blocked me or about my fuckin manners come on youvve got a wway wwith her
CA: i figure if youre going to auspisticize any twwo brinesuckers wwho sneer at each other a funny wway you might as wwell make it official and be ours right
GA: Your Black Solicitation Just Seems Really Indecent
GA: What Do You Want From Her Anyway
CA: she made me somethin per a prior arrangement
CA: she wwill delivver it wwhen wwe meet in this game but i dont knoww wwhat the logistics are

yet
CA: im tryin to connoiter wwith her here but shes blowwin me off again fickle dirtscrapin landhag
GA: What Is It
CA: kan stupid wwhat do you think its a fuckin gizmo to bloww up the wworld or somethin
CA: ok wwell not that obvviously
CA: but somethin thatll kill all land dwwellers wwhat else wwould i be after
GA: Can You Just For A Moment Entertain The Thoughts Of One Untouched By Megalomaniacal Derangement And Tell Me Why Id Want To Assist You With That
CA: wwell
CA: im not goin to vvery wwell kill you am i that wwould be fuckin unconscionable
CA: wwhat kind of friend wwould i be
GA: Also Speculate For A Moment That Self Preservation Might Not Be What Would Sway My Decision
CA: yeah go ahead and kiss us off but therell be blood on your hands
CA: you could either play along as our auspistice and do a little mediating like you wwere fuckin hatched to
CA: or wwatch she and me devvolvve into fuckin full fledged kismesisses the kind like you dont get once in ten thousand swweeps
CA: you knoww thats wwhat it wwould be there wwould be rainboww rivvers runnin through star systems and all nebulizin like liquid firewworks
CA: it wwill be beautiful and heartbreaking all at once
CA: you should read up on your history instead of poring through that godawwfull sunny rubbish
GA: Its Just
GA: Laborious Listening To This
GA: Im Sorry
GA: None Of It Matters
CA: yeah it does its important sorry but the fate of the race and purity of the bloodline is important excuse me for being concerned
GA: I Know
GA: But You Really Should Know By Now The World Will End Tonight Regardless
GA: Land And Sea Dwellers Alike Will All Die
GA: Because Of The Game We Are About To Play
GA: And I Agree The Fate Of The Race Is Important But Its In My Hands Now
GA: All Of Ours Really
CA: huh
CA: wwell ok
GA: Really
CA: ordinarily id call bullshit on terrible stinkin bs like that but i knoww you dont really lie about stuff
CA: unless its to yourself
CA: but thats wwhy i bother evven talking to you i wwouldnt evven be here SAYIN any of this otherwwise
CA: so did your clouds tell you that
GA: The Doomsday Scenario In Particular
GA: No Not Exactly
CA: i got clouds and they dont tell me SHIT they hide nothin but misfortune and monstrosities

CA: fuckin pain in the ass fuckin clouds
CA: so howw do you knoww then
GA: I Have Another Source
CA: ok wwell you are jacked tight the fuck into this thing in so many wways i dont knoww wwhat to say anymore
CA: wwhatevver wwe wwill just play and find out i guess
CA: so can you tell her to talk to me anywway
GA: No
CA: god dammit
CA: she and me are teammates wwevve got to havve a powwwwoww or SOMETHING
GA: You Arent Actually On The Same Team
CA: fuck
CA: fine i get it ill step off
CA: you dont wwant to be our auspistice cause you dont wwant to get locked into that sort of relation wwith her i can respect that
GA: No Thats Not It
CA: yeah it is your real feelins run pretty awwful RUDDY methinks evverybody knowws it
CA: especially that assblood karkat he and me havve you so pegged about that its upright silly
CA: but its cool its totally fine dont wworry ill leavve you alone and givve you a shot
GA: Its Unbelievable
GA: Her Patience
CA: wwhat
CA: wwhoa wwait wwho
GA: Never Mind
CA: ok wwait did she talk to you today
CA: wwhat did she say
CA: or glub or wwhatevver
GA: Something About Longing To Touch You Indiscretely
CA: WWWWHAT
GA: And That Shes Basically In The Scarlet Throes For You
GA: As Deep In The Flushed Quadrant As One Can Be
CA: wwait
CA: did she actually say that
CA: in confidence
GA: To The Letter
CA: can you copy exactly wwhat she said
GA: Absolutely Not
CA: this is bullshit youre bee essing me in some wway awwful
CA: you dont lie but you do tease and ill tranfuse my kickass royal blood out wwith incontinent musclebeast discharge if i wwont knoww wwhen im gettin hooked
GA: Yeah
GA: Shes Just A Concerned Moirail
GA: Looking Out For You
GA: Thats All
CA: awwww fuck
CA: see im tellin you

CA: you got to play your cards right
GA: What Do You Mean
CA: if youre not savvvvy about howw you define yourself to people
CA: you can just splash into the moirail zone before you knoww wwhich wways upwward
GA: Oh
GA: Hmm
CA: kan its hard
GA: What
CA: being a kid and growwing up
CA: its hard and nobody understands

caligulasAquarium [CA] ceased trolling grimAuxiliatrix [GA]

## Kanaya: Return to room.

**03/08/10**

There is a lot to do before you enter. There will be a lot of people to talk to and help along the way. No, not meddle with or mediate. HELP, dammit! You are very helpful.

You have a lot of inside information on what you and your coplayers are about to face. You are jacked tight the fuck into this thing in so many ways we don't know what to say anymore. And it's not just cloud visions either.

You have another source.

## Kanaya: Consult source.

**03/08/10**

## ======>

**03/08/10**

```
==========================================================================
===
[0000] Caveats and Condolences
==========================================================================
===

I'd be inclined to dispense with the trite even under less pressing
circumstances.
Needless to say I'll forego the inscrutable ASCII banner which typically
heralds
the striking freefall of these documents. I'll also resist the urge to brandish
any
copyright marks, or the particular neurosis that concerns itself with the theft
of
the utterly mundane -- I'll allow other deranged prospectors to stake claims on
their worthless plots as the woods burn around them. My introduction will be
sparse. There will be no majestic prose blustering into the sails of a galleon
as
we embark on this voyage together. Nor will there be any hamfisted prose
whipping
its limbs under a bedsheet like a retarded ghost, for that matter. I won't set
the
stage, or dim the lights. The mood, you will see, will be set soon enough.

Since you are reading this, chances are you have installed this game on your
```

```
computer already. If this is true, like many others, you have just participated
in
bringing about the end of the world.

But don't beat yourself up about it. There was never anything you could have
done
to prevent it. The end is happening right now, as I type, and as you read. I
have
come to understand that we were always doomed through our collective ignorance,
and
now further doomed by those few who know, and struggle to flee. If you're
lucky,
you'll be among the smaller subset of the latter who are successful.

What I mean is, while that game you installed is just one more grinding slab of
rock sealing our planet's crypt, it is also your only hope to live. I'm
presently
faced with the same conundrum as you, and though I speak with more experience,
my
```

In one dream, the clouds pointed you to the address of a server hidden in an obscure pocket of a realm unknowable to mortals. It contains a journal written by a young member of an alien species. She has documented her experiences playing the game you are about to play.

You can only assume this took place a long time ago. This race is likely ancient, preceding yours by millions of sweeps. Maybe billions! You like to try to imagine the adventures of these players. Were they successful in repopulating their race? Did they manage to protect their matriorb and hatch a new mother grub? Could they hold it together, or were they torn apart by the complex social dynamics, the matespritships and moirallegiences and auspisticisms and kismesissitudes that will surely plague your group along the way?

You have little doubt they succeeded with flying colors.

======>

**03/08/10**

You have little doubt their victory was because of their leader, a great heroine, the TENTACLETHERAPIST. From what she recorded, it seems the group had very little knowledge of what they were getting into. And yet they appear to have been the only of their kind to have risen to the challenge in a session stacked heavily against them. You are convinced her leadership was the difference.

It would be nice to have the chance to talk to her. Alas, she's likely been dead for millennia. Only the incomplete record of a long forgotten quest remains.

On the other hand, if you were to discover her quest ended in failure, it might be somewhat disillusioning.

But that thought never crossed your mind.

## Tavros: Enter.

**04/08/10**

Having narrowly dodged obliteration, you take your place as the PAGE OF BREATH in the LAND OF SAND AND ZEPHYR.

## And in time...

**04/08/10**

pesterlogAG: Taaaaaaaavros!
AG: Go outside and look at what I 8uilt for you! You are going to FLIP!
AT: oKAY,

## ======>

**04/08/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogAT: i THINK THIS, iS,
AT: pROBABLY MEANT TO ANTAGONIZE ME,
AG: What are you talking a8out. Look at my 8eatiful 8uilding. Don't you think it's a8out time someone got a little cre8tive with this game????????
AT: uMMM, mAYBE,
AG: Everyone always wants to do things the 8oring way.
AG: Didn't we make a truce, Tavros? That we would try to 8e less 8oring from now on?
AG: You don't want to 8reak your truce with me, do you Tavros?
AT: nO,
AG: Gr8. Now get clim8ing!
AT: pLEASE DON'T READ THIS AS,
AT: a BORING THING, i HOPE,
AT: bUT,
AT: iT'S PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO DO THAT, mOSTLY,
AG: Man. I knew it. Toreasnooze is 8ACK IN ACTION.
AT: wHY DON'T YOU, iN LIKE,
AT: a NOT BORING WAY, bUILD,
AT: mORE INCLINED SURFACES, lIKE YOU DID OVER THERE,
AT: mAYBE YOU COULD COLOR THEM, wITH FUN COLORS,
AT: sO YOU WON'T THINK THEY'RE BORING AND GET ANGRY AT ME SOME MORE,
AG: I 8uilt that ramp 8ecause we were in a hurry to save your life, remem8er?
AG: A dead Tavros is even more 8oring than an alive and crippled Tavros 8y a slim margin.
AG: My stair structure is lovely and I'm not changing it.
AG: Now hop out of your wheel device and get clim8ing!!!!!!!!
AT: uHH,
AT: cLIMBING,
AG: Or crawling. Whatever! Stop 8eing so helpless. It's pathetic.
AT: iT WILL TAKE A LONG TIME,
AG: What's the rush! You're in the game, safe and sound. Look in the sky. Do you see any meteors? I sure don't!
AT: bUT, tHERE ARE IMPS AROUND,
AT: aND i'LL BE SORT OF DEFENSELESS,
AT: lYING DOWN ON STAIRS,
AG: Siiiiiiiigh.
AG: You did not just use that excuse. We 8oth know you can commune with these things.
AG: Hey! Why don't you psychically command them to carry you up????????

AG: Oh my god that is a gr8 idea. Once again, leave it to Vriska to come up with the cre8tive solutions.
AT: i WOULDN'T REALLY,
AT: WANT TO MAKE THEM DO THAT,
AT: i JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, wHY,
AT: wE CAN'T DO THIS THE EASY WAY,
AG: What good would that do you?
AG: Whatever the purpose of this game is, it makes you work hard for it!
AG: That way you 8ecome stronger along the way and you are 8etter prepared for whatever's next.
AG: Remem8er when we used to flarp together???????? It was the exact same principle. And that's why you were always outmatched! You were too soft and not well prepared.
AG: Nothing comes easy, Tavros. That is why we go through the trials in the 8rooding caverns when we are young.
AG: To make sure we are strong when we come out!
AG: Do you remem8er the trials, Tavros?
AT: nOT VERY WELL, nO,
AG: Well, I do, and they were a 8itch.
AG: 8ut now that I think a8out it, it would make perfect sense if your trials were really easy 8y some mistake.
AG: That is why you are such a soggy phlegm sponge, and why you got picked 8y such a sad, frail little lusus!
AT: }:(
AG: 8ut that's ok, it pro8a8ly wasn't your fault. Just a 8ad 8r8k!
AG: You're lucky you have me as a server player, so I can challenge you and help you get strong.
AG: Now hop out of that seat and get clim8ing! I will deliver the device to you once you are at the top.
AG: Clim8, Pupa!
AG: Cliiiiiiiiim8!
AT: mAYBE i SHOULD ASK TINKERBULL ABOUT THIS,
AT: hE'S REALLY SMART, nOW THAT HE CAN TALK,
AG: No!!!!!!!!
AG: You don't need help from your lame 8ull fairy. He is only holding you 8ack.
AT: hE'S MY FRIEND,
AG: God. Pathetic.
AG: This is getting frustrating.
AG: Why did I have to get stuck with the cripple? Just my luck.
AG: Do you have any idea how inconvenient this is? Do you have any sympathy for what I'm dealing with here?
AT: uHH,
AG: You're so inconsider8. You just sit there looking smug. It's infuri8ing to look at you.
AG: You haven't even thanked me! Or apologized for that matter!!!!!!!!
AG: uHHHHHHHH THANKS VRISKA, fOR sAVING UHH MY LIFE,
AG: uMMMMM IT SURE WAS 8RAVE AND HEROIC AND PRETTY OF YOU,
AG: aLSO uMMM dUHHH,,,, uMMM,,, i AM SORRY FROM THE 8OTTOM OF MY NOOK,,,,,,,,,,
AG: Seriously, how hard would that have 8een?

AT: oKAY,
AT: tHANKS, i GUESS,
AT: bUT,
AT: sORRY FOR WHAT,
AG: For 8eing crippled, you ass!
AT: yOU WANT ME TO APOLOGIZE,
AT: fOR BEING PARALYZED,
AG: Yes.
AG: Say you're sorry.
AT: i DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, oR bORING,
AT: bUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS, gIVEN,
AT: uH, tHE CIRCUMSTANCES,
AG: 8ullshit!
AG: It's something called 8asic decency and civility you fudge8looded 8oor.
AG: Now get down on your useless wo88ly knees and apologize.
AT: nO, i DON'T WANT TO,
AG: >::::O

## ======>

**04/08/10**

pesterlogAG: Apologize, Pupa!
AG: Apologiiiiiiiize!!!!!!!!
AG: Say you're sorry for being a cripple! Wheeeeeeee!
AG: Aaaaaaaahahahahahahahaha!

## Tavros: Summon Rufio.

**05/08/10**

Now she's done it. She has awoken the mighty inner fury that is...

RUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUFIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

## ======>

**05/08/10**

But unfortunately, Rufio is not real. He's imaginary. A fake. Like a made up friend, the way fairies are.

You continue to be sad and alone.

## Vriska: Wheeeeeeee!

**05/08/10**

## ======>

**05/08/10**

## Kanaya: Mediate.

**05/08/10**

```
Alert : ♍
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogAG: Hey, what's your deal!
AG: Shouldn't you 8e helping me out of this jam instead of fussing with my plum8ing????????
GA: Just Presenting A Floating Reminder That Tavros Will Need Plenty Of Inclined Surfaces For His Ascent
AG: That's silly. I made so many ramps, you wouldn't even 8elieve it.
AG: I specifically decided I wanted to 8uild something ugly and 8oring. It is now the land of ramps and yawns.
GA: Hes Reported Otherwise
AG: That lousy snitch! May8e I should take his computer away so he can't go crying to fussyfangs anymore.
GA: Maybe I Should Upend This Load Gaper Over Your Head
AG: No, don't!
GA: Im Still Learning The Interface
GA: It Could Happen Accidentally At Any Moment
AG: I'm only trying to help him. ::::(
GA: Think Of Another Way To Help
AG: Fine.
AG: I'll do something NICE.
AG: I have an idea. I will 8e right 8ack.
AG: And for the record, I was going to do this anyway! I was just trying to make him a 8etter player first.
GA: Ok
AG: In the meantime, how a8out I serve my client player the way I think is 8est, and you can do the same for yours????????
GA: Hmm
GA: I Thought I Was

## Vriska: Scurry downstairs.

**06/08/10**

## ======>

**06/08/10**

You make your way down to one of your innumerable LOOT STRONGHOLDS where you stash riches and gold and jewels and prizes plundered during your campaigns.

There they are. Your ROCKET BOOTS. You must confess you will find favor with just about any kind of footwear as long as it is bright red. You would wear these striking boots even if they were broken pieces of junk!

But as it happens they work just fine and they are awesome.

## Vriska: Take them.

**06/08/10**

## Vriska: Go back up.

**06/08/10**

pesterlogAG: Quit cleaning up after me!!!!!!!!
AG: You are so ridiculous.

## Vriska: Get code.

**06/08/10**

```
SH8KE
```

## ======>

**06/08/10**

```
pshoooes
```

## Vriska: Send code.

**06/08/10**

```
──pshoooes!──→
```

## Tavros: Alchemize.

**06/08/10**

## Tavros: Fly, Pupa!!!!!!!!

**06/08/10**

pesterlogAG: Flyyyyyyyy!

## And again, in time...

**06/08/10**

## Tavros: Lead fearsome entourage into ruins.

**06/08/10**

```
C♉MMUNE
```

## ======>

**06/08/10**

## Tavros: Confer with teammate.

**07/08/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogAT: yESSSS, aNOTHER PIECE FITS,
AT: wE ARE MAKING SOME STRICT PROGRESS ON THIS PUZZLE,
AG: Oh. That's cool I guess.
AT: sO WHERE DO YOU THINK, iS THE NEXT ONE,
AG: Um, I don't know? Pro8a8ly 8uried in the stupid sand somewhere like all the others.
AT: oKAY, THAT'S MOSTLY WHAT i WAS THINKING TOO, bUT,
AT: iT SUDDENLY DOESN'T SOUND LIKE YOU THINK THE PUZZLE IS COOL,
AG: The puzzle sucks! All these puzzles suck.
AG: If I have to help you put one more dum8 sla8 of 8oring rock into another stupid wall indent8tion I am going to put an indent8tion in my desk with my f8ce.
AT: bUT IT, uHH,
AT: iT LOOKS LIKE A FROG,
AT: aND THAT'S KIND OF FUN,
AG: Snore. These puzzles are for wigglers. I solved way 8etter puzzles than this in my heyday as Mindfang.
AG: Oh look some ruins. Oh look another mysterious recess in the wall! I wonder if something fits

in there????????
AG: It pro8a8ly just opens a secret passage to more wall indent8tions. I am so over this puzzle.
AT: uHH, bUT,
AT: tHEY ARE NECESSARY TO SOLVE, aREN'T THEY,
AT: tO FIND NEW MAGIC ARTIFACTS AND THINGS, aND LEARN MORE ABOUT THE LORE OF THIS LAND,
AG: Tavros, let me let you in on a little secret a8out the lore of your land.
AG: It's 8oring!!!!!!!!
AT: }:o
AG: The minds of your consorts are very soft and impressiona8le.
AG: As easily manipul8ed as all those imps you've 8een 8ossing around.
AG: I have picked apart their tiny little lizard 8rains and seen through all the smoke and mirrors of their riddles.
AG: I have gotten to the truth they are guarding. The great 8ig mystery 8ehind this planet. And you know what it is, Tavros?
AT: nO,
AG: It's 8ullshit!
AG: Meaningless, 8oring, fanciful 8ullshit wrapped in flowery poems to keep you guessing.
AG: It all leads to one thing anyway, and that's what we should put our attention on.
AG: Real gamers cut to the chase. They power through all the nonsense and go for the gold.
AG: They cheat, Tavros.
AG: It is time you learned to start cheating.
AT: i THOUGHT, i KIND OF WAS CHEATING,
AT: bY MAKING FRIENDS WITH MONSTERS,
AG: Well, it's a good start. You are 8ending the rules and getting stuff done.
AG: Ok I will admit, I am fairly impressed with your progress so far. Even though you still pro8a8ly haven't even killed a single enemy!!!!!!!
AT: uMM,
AG: No, don't 8other. I know you haven't.
AG: 8ut may8e that's ok. May8e it's just your style, and your real strength is surrounding yourself with allies who are much stronger than you.
AG: Like me!
AG: I'm sure there is more than one way up the echeladder. In your case pro8a8ly the only way is to roll gently up the echeramp.
AG: The path of the invalid.
AT: yEAH, i AGREE,
AG: 8ut I think it's time to stop fucking around! You need to 8e challenged more.
AG: I have 8een designing a quest for you that should test your true limits.
AT: oHH,
AT: iS THAT WHAT YOU WERE DOING, aLL THIS TIME,
AG: Yes.
AT: i MEAN, nOT THAT i DON'T,
AT: aPPRECIATE IT, BUT,
AT: dON'T YOU HAVE YOUR OWN QUEST TO DO,
AG: Yeah, well, after she got me in the game, Kanaya just left me in the lurch, pro8a8ly 8ecause she's dealing with her own crisis now.

AG: Which is just as well 8ecause I was starting to get nannied HARD. You wouldn't even 8elieve it.
AT: nANNIED,
AG: So I had some time to kill.
AG: I drew you a map!
AT: wHOAAA,
AG: Here, take a look.
AG: It marks what will 8e your new destination. Where you will find the ultim8 challenge.

## Tavros: Look at map.

**07/08/10**

```
To 7th G8! Go Here →

More 8oring puzzles. →
Ignore them. !!!!!!!!

zzzzzzzz →
```

pesterlogAT: wHERE DOES IT GO,
AG: I have determined from your consorts that there is a terri8le monster deep underground.
AG: It guards a hoard of treasure 8igger than either of us can imagine!
AG: It is called a denizen, and it is the 8oss of your whole planet.
AG: Tavros, you will go and face your denizen.
AT: wON'T THAT BE,
AT: tOO DIFFICULT,
AG: It will 8e the most powerful adversary you have ever met.
AG: 8ut you can handle it. I 8elieve in you!
AT: uM, tHANKS,
AT: i MEAN, i RESPECT THAT YOU HAVE LOTS OF,
AT: pIRATEY BRAVADO ABOUT STUFF, aND YOU TYPE FAST ABOUT IT,
AT: bUT i THINK THIS IS FOOLISH AND NOT SENSIBLE,
AT: i WILL PROBABLY JUST GET KILLED, rEALISTICALLY,
AG: May8e! That is the risk you take 8y 8eing a 8rave adventurer.
AG: 8ut it is a good opportunity to apply your cunning.
AG: May8e you can rally a huge army to 8end to your will and overwhelm the monster???????? Who knows! It is up to you.
AG: This is it, Tavros. It is time to sink or swim.
AT: i SHOULD GET kANAYA'S ADVICE,
AT: oR MAYBE kARKAT SINCE HE IS THE LEADER,
AG: No!!!!!!!!
AG: Oh god, every time. Always going and getting to others to 8ail you out.
AG: Anyway, Kanaya is missing in action, and Karkat has his head up his nook with his new sta88y h8friend.
AG: Neither can help you.
AT: iT'S JUST HARD TO FIGURE OUT,
AT: iF YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS A GOOD IDEA STRATEGICALLY,
AT: oR IF IT'S JUST MORE OF THE THING, wHERE YOU HARASS ME BUT SOUND EXCITED ABOUT IT,

AG: Tavros, I know no8ody 8elieves me a8out this, pro8a8ly not even a gulli8le dope like you.
AG: 8ut I actually care a8out your advancement as a player.
AG: Everything I have done has 8een to make you stronger!
AT: oKAY,
AT: i STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE, aBOUT THAT,
AG: Ugh, you are useless!
AG: I'm done talking a8out this. Now shut up and point that cherry vehicle of yours toward the X on that map.
AG: Next stop, g8 seven. Let's go.
AT: uHHHHHH,
AG: This isn't optional. You know very well that I can make you go to that g8 whether you want to or not!
AG: 8ut I would rather it not have to come to that.
AG: What will it 8e?
AG: Advance or advance?
AT: oKAY,
AT: i WILL GO,
AG: Oh one last thing.
AG: Equip your 8oy-Skylark outfit.
AG: This will 8e Pupa's last stand!
AG: I mean sit.
AG: Hahahahahahahaha.

## Tavros: Point cherry vehicle toward X on map.

**07/08/10**

## ======>

**07/08/10**

```
CRASH
```

You proceed through what seems to be your second gate, into the LAND OF MAPS AND TREASURE. The THIEF OF LIGHT lies in wait.

## ======>

**07/08/10**

```
VRISKA: Z
```

## Vriska: Wake up.

**07/08/10**

Oh my!

It appears Pupa Pan himself has flown through your window while you were asleep. How exciting! Surely he is here to take you away on the adventure of a lifetime. He is more dreamy and heroic than you ever imagined.

But what's this?? It seems the legendary Boy-Skylark has misplaced his shadow. He is looking EVERYWHERE for it, to no avail. He is having a devil of a time, what with being paralyzed from the waist down and all. He clearly needs your help.

## Vriska: Help Pupa find shadow.

**08/08/10**

Pupa! You truly are a silly goose. Your shadow has been trapped underneath your useless torso the whole time! Honestly, where else would it be you stupid sack of shit?

## ======>

**08/08/10**

```
BOOT
```

Of course, the secret to reuniting with your shadow is to get up and walk around. And play and dance and frolic! Your shadow will surely join in your gaiety.

But it appears Pupa has lost the use of his legs. There will be no frolicking in this young man's future. ::::(

Unless...

## Vriska: Apply special stardust.

**08/08/10**

```
POOF!
```

Everyone knows that just a pinch of SPECIAL STARDUST along with a happy thought will allow any boy to get up and walk again. Everyone knows this because it is in the classic tale, PUPA PAN. Young Pupa flies through the window of a fairy girl's respiteblock, falls on the floor, and has trouble getting up like an enormous pansy. The fairy girl then helps him walk again, and in return, he teaches her to fly, even though she probably already knows how to fly. Because she's a fairy. They fly out of her window together, and have magical adventures for many sweeps thereafter.

To be honest, you hardly know a damn thing about Pupa Pan. But you do not care.

## ======>

**08/08/10**

Pupa remains as pathetic and useless as ever. The stardust did nothing! Probably because it is just glittery powder with no magical properties whatsoever and is basically bullshit. Because in case it wasn't clear, magic isn't real, and neither are miracles.

*OR*

It could just be that Pupa has failed to have a happy thought!

Your duty is clear. You will have to MAKE him have happy thoughts.

## Vriska: Make Pupa have happy thoughts.

**08/08/10**

## ======>

**08/08/10**

## ======>

**08/08/10**

```
VRISKA: ♠ ♥ ?
```

======>

**08/08/10**

```
DUMP
```

======>

**08/08/10**

```
♏ anipul8
```

======>

**08/08/10**

```
TAVROS: ♥ ♥
```

======>

**08/08/10**

```
SLUMP
```

## Kanaya: Deal with your own crisis.

**09/08/10**

Whew, crisis resolved. It was no doubt harrowing and suspenseful.

But in the meantime, you have left your client player in the lurch. Ideally she has not gotten herself into too much trouble.

And ideally the dramatic irony has not gotten so thick you could draw a dotted line on it with a tube of lipstick and cut it in half with a chainsaw.

## Kanaya: Return to serving client.

**09/08/10**

======>

**09/08/10**

So THAT'S why she had you make this dress for her???

And you just went along with it like a sucker.

Argh, you are such an IDIOT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

======>

**09/08/10**

spritelogMOTHERSPRITE: There there, sweetheart.

======>

**09/08/10**

Kanaya, it's hard.

======>

**09/08/10**

Being a kid and growing up.

It's hard and nobody understands.

# Try to understand.

**10/08/10**

```
♥ ♦
♠ ♣
```

The problem is that when the subject of troll romance is broached, our sparing human intellects instantly assume the most ingratiating posture of surrender imaginable.

But we will do our best to understand regardless.

Humans have only one form of romance. And though we consider it a complicated subject, spanning a wide range of emotions, social conventions, and implications for reproduction, it is ultimately a superficial slice of what trolls consider the full body of romantic experience. Our concept of romance, in spite of its capacity to fill our art and literature and to rule our individual destinies like little else, is still just that. A single, linear concept. A concept usually denoted by a single symbol.

<3

Troll romance is more complicated than that. Troll romance needs four symbols.

======>

**10/08/10**

```
        red romance
           ♥   ♦
concupiscent    concilliatory
           ♠   ♣
       black romance
```

Their understanding of romance is divided into halves, and halved again, producing four quadrants: the FLUSHED QUADRANT, the CALIGINOUS QUADRANT, the PALE QUADRANT, and the ASHEN QUADRANT.

Each quadrant is grouped by the half they share, whether horizontally or vertically, depending on the overlapping properties one examines. The sharpest dichotomy, from an emotional perspective, is drawn between RED ROMANCE and BLACK ROMANCE.

RED ROMANCE, comprised of the flushed and pale quadrants, is a form of romance rooted in strongly positive emotions. BLACK ROMANCE, with its caliginous and ashen quadrants, is rooted in the strongly negative.

On the other hand, the vertical bifurcation has to do with the purpose of the relationship, regardless of the emotions behind it. Those quadrants which are CONCUPISCENT, the flushed and caliginous, have to do with facilitating the elaborate reproductive cycle of trolls. Those which are CONCILIATORY, the pale and ashen, would be more closely likened to platonic relationships by human standards.

There are many parallels between human relationships and the various facets of troll romance.

Humans have words to describe relationships of a negative nature, or of a platonic nature. The difference is, for humans, those relationships would never be conceptually grouped with romance. Establishing those sort of relationships for humans is not driven by the same primal forces that drive our tendency to couple romantically. But for trolls, those primal forces involve themselves in the full palette of these relationships, red or black, torrid or friendly. Trolls typically feel strongly compelled to find balance in each quadrant, and seek gratifying relationships that each describes.

The challenge is particularly tortuous for young trolls, who must reconcile the wide range of contradictory emotions associated with this matrix, while understanding the nature of their various romantic urges for the first time.

Of course, young humans have this challenge too. But for trolls, the challenge is fourfold.

## Examine flushed quadrant.

**10/08/10**

When two individuals find themselves in the flushed quadrant together, they are said to be MATESPRITS. Matespritship is the closest parallel to the human concept of romance trolls have. It plays a role in the trolls' reproductive cycle, just as it does for humans.

This is pretty obvious! Not much more needs to be said about this. Moving right along.

## Examine caliginous quadrant.

**10/08/10**

When a pair of adversaries delve into this quadrant, they become each other's KISMESIS. As one of the concupiscent quadrants, it plays a role in procreation as well. There is no particularly good human translation for this concept. The closest would be an especially potent arch-rivalry.

For instance, human players would never be able to adequately diagnose the relationship between the queen and her archagent. But troll players could immediately place it as a dead ringer for kismesissitude. They would think we were all pretty stupid for not getting it. And they would be right.

======>

**11/08/10**

Trolls have a complicated reproductive cycle. It's probably best not to examine it in much detail.

The need to seek out concupiscent partners comes with more urgency than typical reproductive instincts. When the IMPERIAL DRONE comes knocking, you had better be able to supply genetic material to each of his FILIAL PAILS. If you have nothing to offer, he will kill you without hesitation.

The genetic material - WITHOUT GOING INTO MUCH DETAIL - is a combinative genetic mix from the matesprit and kismesis pairs, respectively. The pails are all offered to the mother grub, who can only receive such precombined material. She then combines all of it into one incestuous slurry, and begins her brooding.

This doesn't mean the initial combination was for naught, however. In the slurry, more dominant genes rise to the fore, while the more recessive find less representation in the brood. Especially

strong matesprit and kismesis pairings yield more dominant genetic material. The more powerful the complement or potent the rivalry, the more dominant the genes.

TROLL REPRODUCTION SURE IS WEIRD. We all take a moment to lament how pedestrian the human reproductive system is, and further lament that the phrase "incestuous slurry" is not a feature of common parlance in human civilization.

## Examine ashen quadrant.

**11/08/10**

This quadrant involves a particular type of three-way relationship of a black romantic nature. Falling on the conciliatory side, it has no bearing on the reproductive cycle, except for indirect ramifications.

When two trolls are locked in a feud or some otherwise contentious relationship, one can intervene and become their AUSPISTICE. The auspistice mediates between the two, playing the role of a peace keeper, preventing the feud from boiling over into a fully caliginous rivalry.

Since such lesser feuds are quite common among trolls, there is a significant need for auspisticing parties. Without them, too many ashen feuds would become caliginous, and begin to conflict with other exclusive kismesis relationships, leading to a great deal of social complexity and sore feelings (even more so than black romance usually involves). Without auspisticism, the result would be widespread black infidelity.

======>

**11/08/10**

The relationships each quadrant describes tend to be malleable, if not volatile, especially on the concupiscent half where more torrid emotions reside. It doesn't take much to flip a switch and transmute blackrom feelings to redrom, and vice versa.

In many cases, one party will have red feelings while the other has black. But it will often be the case that one party's feelings will swap to match the other's, since there is no quadrant which naturally accommodates such a disparity. But thereafter, it's not uncommon for the two to toggle between red and black in unison now and then. These scenarios naturally result in both red and black infidelities.

This sort of relationship volatility is why conciliatory relationships are an important part of troll romance.

======>

**11/08/10**

An auspistice can stabilize particularly turbulent relationships. If the auspistice fails to mediate properly, or has no interest in the role, or perhaps has different romantic intentions him/herself altogether, then the relationship often quickly deteriorates into one of an especially hostile and torrid nature. There are many outside factors and influences tugging and pulling these relationships in different directions, and unlike humans who have very orderly, simple, straightforward romantic relationships without exception, trolls exist in a state of almost perpetual confusion and generally have no idea what the hell is going on.

Being confused by troll relationships is one thing we do have in common though.

## Examine pale quadrant.

**11/08/10**

This quadrant presides over MOIRALLEGIENCE, the other conciliatory relationship. A reasonable human translation would be the concept of a soul mate, but in a more platonic sense, and with a more specific social purpose.

Trolls are a very angry and violent race. Some are more hot-tempered and dangerous than others, to the extent that if left to their own devices, they would present a serious threat to society, or even to themselves. Such trolls will have an instinctive pale attraction to a more even-tempered troll, who may become their MOIRAIL. The moirail is obliged to pacify the other, to function as the better half. The two partners in a strong pale relationship will serve to balance and complement each other's emotional profiles, and thus allow their other relationships to be more successful.

It's often ambiguous especially among young trolls whether a bond formed between an acquaintance is true moirallegence, or the usual variety of platonic involvement. Furthermore, romantic intentions of a more flushed nature can often be mistaken for paler leanings, much to the frustration of the suitor.

But some pale pairings, as the one above, will be strikingly obvious to all who know them.

======>

**11/08/10**

And yet others will seem to have been hatched for each other.

## Wait! More troll romance exposition please.

**12/08/10**

God you just can't get enough of this can you! That would have been a great point for a transition out of this illustrated sociological study, but ok, if you insist.

Now see, what's going on here is...

It's perfectly simple. When the full matrix of troll romance is in action, we have... uh...

Hey, why don't you figure it out! You should be an expert on all this by now anyway.

======>

**12/08/10**

Later our troll hero would try to explain this to our human hero, attempting to convey all the nuance of troll romance through a nearly verbatim recitation of the preceding excerpts.

He would try to describe how rich and textured the troll romantic comedies were compared to the one dimensional schlock of our human cinematic counterparts. He would barely scratch the surface of Troll Will Smith's virtuosity with the delicate lattice of troll romance, as he would assist the bumbling fudgeblooded Troll Kevin James through the interwoven minefield-briarpatch of redrom and blackrom entanglements, all the while sifting through his own prickly romantic situation and ultimately learning the true meaning of hate and pity. But would they succeed before the imperial

drone came knocking with his thirsty pails at the ready??? Yes, they would.

But John didn't understand any of this because he's a moron, and he wouldn't shut up about his awful bullshit Earth movies. He would just go on and on and on about that garbage.

======>

**12/08/10**

But if there was one theme to be hammered through his thick skull, it would be the trolls' cultural preoccupation with romantic destiny. Yes, the romantic landscape is rife with false starts and miscues and infidelities, red and black. But every troll believes strongly that each quadrant holds one and only one true pairing for them, and it is just a matter of time before the grid is filled with auspicious matchups through the mysterious channels of TROLL SERENDIPITY.

In short, their belief is that for each quadrant there exists a pair or triad of trolls somewhere in the cosmos that were...

======>

**12/08/10**

MADE FOR EACH OTHER.

Wow, another great transition. You wonder if it will stick this time. You have no choice but to take a stab at the rare and extremely dangerous 2x TRANSITION COMBO.

## Attempt 2x transition combo.

**12/08/10**

Looks like it worked.

So who IS this guy, anyway?

## Enter name.

**12/08/10**

Your name is ERIDAN AMPORA.

## Eridan: Do something awesome.

**13/08/10**

======>

**13/08/10**

======>

**13/08/10**

Wait for it...

======>

**13/08/10**

Wait.

======>

**13/08/10**

======>

**13/08/10**

```
WHALE!
```

*THAR SHE BLOWS.*

## ======>

**13/08/10**

```
SWOOP!
```

## ======>

**13/08/10**

## ======>

**13/08/10**

## ======>

**13/08/10**

## ======>

**13/08/10**

## ======>

**13/08/10**

```
FISHFOOD!
```

## ======>

**13/08/10**

```
2x TRANSITION COMBO
```

Ok, that guy is pretty much squared away.

What about her?

## Enter name.

**13/08/10**

Your name is FEFERI PEIXES.

## Feferi: Do something adorable.

**14/08/10**

```
SWIM
```

======>
**14/08/10**
======>
**14/08/10**
======>
**14/08/10**
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======>
**14/08/10**
======>
**14/08/10**
======>
**14/08/10**
======>
**14/08/10**
## Feferi: Go home.
**15/08/10**
That should keep her quiet for a while.

At least until she dies.
## Eridan: Go home.
**15/08/10**
That should keep her happy for a while.

And make a freshly orphaned troll somewhere pretty sad.
## Eridan: Examine block.
**15/08/10**
You conveniently return to your respiteblock so that we may study your variety of INTERESTS.

This was very considerate of you.
======>
**15/08/10**
Flowing through your veins is nearly the richest blood the hemospectrum has to offer, penultimate on the scale. As such, you are a SEA DWELLER, a sub-race of troll distinct from the commoners by mutation and habitat, a caste which rules over the entire species.

But ruling, in your view, is not enough. You have an overpowering GENOCIDE COMPLEX, and have made it your sworn duty to KILL ALL LAND DWELLERS. You have amassed resources and deadly weaponry from around the world for this ambition through many sweeps of EXTREME ROLE PLAYING, while pursuing a working DOOMSDAY DEVICE which will bring armageddon to all those on the surface. Haven't had much luck with that, but maybe tonight's your night.

You hold a fascination for MILITARY HISTORY AND LEGENDARY CONQUERORS. You have dubiously modeled your profile and exploits after the most notorious figures and their stories, which are bristling with the GLORY OF VICTORY and the STING OF DEFEAT and POLITICAL MACHINATIONS and ROMANTIC INTRIGUE. It is an image you are careful to craft through EXAGGERATED EMOTIONAL THEATRICS, and your penchant for mass murder notwithstanding, people tend to regard you as a BIT OF A TOOL.

You also like MAGIC, even though you know it to be FAKE. Like a made up friend, the way wizards are. Made up make believe FAKEY FAKEY FAKES. It's still fun though.

Your trolltag is caligulasAquarium and you speak wwith a vvery wweird and sort of wwavvy soundin accent.

You hold off on doing anything for the moment on account of courtesy to fellow royalty.

## Feferi: Examine block.

**16/08/10**

On the subject of courtesy, you have also returned to your block so we can get a better look at you. Again, quite considerate.

Royalty sure is civilized!

## ======>

**16/08/10**

You are also a SEA DWELLER. You have the most noble blood possible, the only of your kind known to possess it, and the only to share it with GL'BGOLYB, a deep sea monster also known as THE RIFT'S CARBUNCLE, EMISSARY TO THE HORRORTERRORS, or in more hushed tones, SPEAKER OF THE VAST GLUB.

This makes you the HEIR APPARENT for Alternian rulership, which ordinarily would place you in considerable jeopardy. HER IMPERIOUS CONDESCENSION would steer the flagship from the fleet and make an attempt on your life herself, if not for the protection of your monstrous lusus.

And if not forewarned of your race's extinction by the whispers of that lusus, you would have BIG PLANS FOR THE THRONE. All the plans. All of them.

You would redefine what it means to be CULLED in troll society. Under your rule it would mean caring for the unfit and infirm rather than exterminating them, and you have put this idea into practice by CULLING THE FAUNA OF THE DEEP. You tend to wild and beautiful AQUATIC HOOFBEASTS, grooming and feeding them daily. You capture and cage CUTTLEFISH by the

thousands for their own good, and also because they are funny and colorful and you love them. They often swim through the bars of their cages, but that is fine. You run your whole palace as a sort of WILDLIFE ADOPTION FACILITY, even if the wildlife's need for care is dubious at best, and the practice really just amounts to an elaborate ROLE PLAYING SCENARIO. It's still fun though.

You would also look forward to using your reign to UNITE THE TWO RACES. You were told you would do this one day by your lusus, even if it does contradict her message of extinction. Oh well, you suppose NOT ALL PROPHECIES CAN COME TRUE.

Your trolltag is cuttlefishCuller and you )(ave a )(ard time not getting R-EALLY -EXCIT-ED ABOUT PRACTICALLY -EV-------ERYT)(ING!

======>

**16/08/10**

What will you both do?

## Eridan and Feferi: Do something ridiculous.

**16/08/10**

YES.

======>

**16/08/10**

FUCK YES.

======>

**16/08/10**

HELL

======>

**16/08/10**

```
FAKE FAKE
```

FUCKING

======>

**16/08/10**

```
B◇NP
```

YES.

## Eridan: Bother Feferi.

**17/08/10**

```
Alert : ♋
Alert : ♌
```

pesterlogcaligulasAquarium [CA] began trolling cuttlefishCuller [CC]

CA: fef
CA: hey
CC: ?
CA: glub
CC: Glub glub!

CC: 38)
CA: yeah
CA: hm
CC: W)(at is it!!!
CA: wwhat
CC: I am wondering if you can forego t)(e exaggerated emotional t)(eatrics for once and actually tell me w)(at's on your mind!
CA: nothins on my mind wwhy cant i just fuckin talk and glub at you for a reason i dont havve
CC: 38|
CA: wwell fine but you dont wwant to hear it
CC: Yes I do.
CC: We are supposed to talk to eac)( ot)(er, t)(at is w)(at moirails are for.
CA: uhuh wwhatevver
CC: Glub glub glub glub siiiiig)(.
CC: Will you take t)(e c)(ip off your nub and tell me w)(at's t)(e matter?
CA: yeah wwell ok since wwe are the PALEST OF PALS A GUY COULD EVVER ASK FOR
CA: i wwill tell you
CA: evven though you wwill only humor me as usual since you dont agree wwith my agenda
CA: any of my agendas really
CA: none of the agendas
CA: none of them
CC: Are you fretting over anot)(er one of t)(ese dumb contraptions?
CA: see
CA: more condescension
CA: you are goin to make a hell of an empress
CC: No I'm not! But t)(at is beside t)(e point.
CC: None of your plots to kill t)(e land dwellers ever work out, and every doomsday device you get your )(ands on turns out to be a piece of junk!
CA: so
CA: i got to keep tryin thats howw all the great military masterminds became great through upright persevverance
CC: I t)(ink deep down you stack t)(ese plots against you so you fail because you know it's wrong.
CA: it isnt wwrong
CA: im not going to explain it to you again
CA: at this point all you need to knoww is its important to me
CA: and im doing it for us
CA: i mean our kind
CA: nobody understands not evven you
CC: T)(is is t)(e last time I will say t)(is.
CC: W-E AR-E NOT B-ETT-ER T)(AN ANYBODY!!!!!
CC: GLUB. >38(
CA: pshh
CA: hemospectrum begs to differ
CC: If you're as sickened by t)(em as you say, w)(y do you spend so muc)( time on land?
CC: You can't )(ave t)(e sort of affinity for "our kind" t)(at you profess if you've only spent, w)(at...
CC: A few days underwater, maybe? IN YOUR W)(OL-E LIF-E!

CA: wwhatevver
CA: i havve to keep an eye on em up here
CA: its all about tactics
CC: W)(at about your friends? Do you ever t)(ink about t)(em?
CC: If t)(ey are beneat)( you t)(en t)(ey )(ave to die too.
CC: And I know you like talking to some of t)(em. You say you )(ate t)(em but I t)(ink you are pretending!
CA: history is full of cases wwhere conquerers consort wwith members of the enemy in a mannerly wway before wwipin them out
CA: evven goin as far as growwin fond a some
CA: its only civvilized
CC: Mmm )(mm.
CC: I )(ave a fis)(y feeling...
CC: T)(at t)(is stupid doomsday mac)(ine t)(ing is just anot)(er excuse to consort!
CC: Wit)( someone in particular...
CA: all your feelins are fishy
CC: 38P
CA: GLUBGLUBGLUBGLUBGLUBGLUB
CC: 38O
CC: DON'T YOU GLUB IN T)(AT TON-E OF GLUB WIT)( M-E MIST-ER!
CA: ill glub in wwhatevver dumbass bubbly soundin fishnoise i wwant to glub
CC: O)( S)(IT, you are angling for SO MUC)( TROUBL-E NOW.
CA: ok please lets just not get into the wwhole fuckin fish pun thing again ok
CA: like wwe get it wwe are nautically themed
CC: )(-E)(-E ok. 38)
CA: but yeah i dunno
CA: i dont knoww wwhy she ignores me i guess shes just bored wwith me
CA: wwe had it all set up for her to givve me this thing tonight that probably doesnt evven wwork but yeah maybe that wwasnt the point
CA: i mean you think wwe havve a pretty good rivvalry goin right
CA: or at least had
CA: it wwas pretty fuckin bitter and contentious for a wwhile there and there wwas some good chemistry i dont knoww wwhat happened
CC: Um, I guess?
CC: I wouldn't really know.
CC: Sometimes people just drift away I t)(ink, or just aren't as into t)(e quadrant as t)(e ot)(er wants to be.
CC: So you really t)(ink your feelings for )(er run t)(at dark?
CA: it doesnt matter like i said shes bored shitless
CA: i guess im not as good a advversary as i thought
CC: T)(at is so ridiculous, any girl would be lucky to )(ave a kismesis as diabolical as you, especially T)(AT one.
CC: W)(o knows w)(at )(er problem is! S)(e )(as issues.
CA: ehhh
CA: wwell ok thanks for sayin so
CC: You know, I'm not sure w)(y we never talk about our romantic aspirations.

CC: We s)(ould more often. It is kind of -EXCITING!
CA: shrug
CC: Probably because you fill your gossip quota wit)( your nubby )(orned bro.
CC: You leave not)(ing left to talk about wit)( your dear sweet moirail!
CC: We are supposed to )(elp eac)( ot)(er wit)( t)(at stuff too, remember.
CA: maybe
CA: seems kinda
CA: odd though
CC: Your stupid fis)(y face is w)(at's odd!
CC: )(AV-E YOU -EV-ER T)(OUG)(T ABOUT T)(AT??
CA: fine
CA: wwell those are my stupid feelins wwhat about yours
CA: seems to me like you get along too wwell wwith evverybody to be harborin any black sentiments
CC: Um...
CC: Yea)(. I can't t)(ink of anybody I feel t)(at way about. 38\
CC: Maybe I am just not old enoug)( to )(ave t)(ose feelings yet? We are still pretty young you know.
CA: yeah
CC: So ok. T)(ose are your black leanings.
CC: W)(at about R-ED, ------Eridan???
CC: )(MMMMM??????? 38D
CA: oh god
CC: Is t)(ere a lucky lady you are waxing scarlet for?
CC: OR LUCKY F-ELLOW??? 38O
CA: uh
CC: Tell me!
CC: Don't pretend you're all -EMBARRASS-ED SUDD-ENLY!!!
CA: ok fef
CA: this is NONE OF YOUR DAMN BUSINESS
CC: 38o
CA: i gotta go
CA: be back later wwhen its time to play

caligulasAquarium [CA] ceased trolling cuttlefishCuller [CC]

CC: 38(

## Eridan: Go get a beverage.

**17/08/10**

Another emotionally exhausting conversation. Too many FEELINGS AND PROBLEMS. It couldn't be any clearer to you. You and this sea princess have splashed down hard into the moirail zone, and now you don't know which way's upward. Perhaps tonight you will reveal your true feelings toward her, and end these exaggerated emotional theatrics once and for all, one way or another.

You need a stiff drink.

But... ugh. Not this swill. You're not THAT desperate.

## Eridan: Check fridge.

**17/08/10**

You pay a visit to what the common land dwellers refer to as a THERMAL HULL, instead of the more aristocratic and especially esoteric and alien sounding term, a REFRIGERATOR.

## Eridan: Open it.

**17/08/10**

A bunch of UNBELIEVABLY SHITTY WANDS tumble out.

Of course you knew these were in here. You're not even sure why you looked.

## Feferi: Go get a beverage.

**17/08/10**

Another emotionally exhausting conversation. Too many FEELINGS AND PROBLEMS. That guy. Talk about a high maintenance moirail. Perhaps tonight you will reveal your true feelings toward him, and end these exaggerated emotional theatrics one way or another.

You need a sugary drink.

## ======>

**17/08/10**

```
UNDERWATER
PCHHHISSSS

}}BAT{{
```

## ======>

**17/08/10**

```
THIS IS STUPID

GLUB
```

## Feferi: Disarm.

**17/08/10**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

2x3dentkind
```

You decide to unwind and take your mind off the drama for a while before starting the game. You nearly forgot this is going to be an exciting night. Everything you are about to do next is exciting. It is always exciting. You are excited.

You unequip psiDON'S ENTENTE, a golden DOUBLE CULLING FORK, a legendary weapon reserved for royalty, and generally only used for ceremonial purposes.

## Eridan: Disarm.

**17/08/10**

```
strife specibus
```

```
sylladex :: strife deck

riflekind
```

You unequip AHAB'S CROSSHAIRS, which is YET ANOTHER legendary weapon, about as powerful as your KIND ABSTRATUS will allow.

You plundered it from a ghost ship during a particularly challenging campaign. It was the same old gamblignant's ship from which your accomplice at the time also plundered a set of extraordinarily powerful dice.

You almost feel sorry for the adversaries you will face tonight. They will likely pose neither team much challenge at all. Unless one of the links in the prototyping chain includes something especially huge and monstrous, but really, what are the odds of that happening?

## Eridan: Bother Vriska.

**17/08/10**

```
Alert : ♠
```

On the subject of your old accomplice/rival, you guess you'll try talking to her one more time, even though you know she won't answer. You know she is bored shitless with you and your drama. You are almost starting not to care about this stupid doomsday device which probably won't even work. She probably KNOWS you know it won't work. She has probably put all the pieces together and knows it was an elaborate ruse to be in cahoots with her again.

And she just went along with it playing you for a chump.

You are such an IDIOT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

======>

**17/08/10**

```
Alert : ♒

GUILLOTINE DE LA MARQUISE
```

Yeah, see? No answer. Bored shitless, just like you thought. She has much hotter irons in the fire than you these days.

======>

**17/08/10**

But it wasn't that long ago that you were the hottest iron. At the height of your prowess as seagrifts, Marquise Mindfang and Orphaner Dualscar were in alliance an unmatched terror, and in competition, unbridled tempest. Either way, spoils were typically traded and shared. No levels were left for anyone else to gain. None of the levels.

======>

**17/08/10**

She would have the victims of your conquest walk the plank.

======>

**17/08/10**

While you would reap the custodial spoils.

======>

**18/08/10**

And while yet another partook not in revelry, but necessity.

======>

**18/08/10**

She had to keep her fed to keep her calm, to keep her terrible voice down.

======>

**18/08/10**

If she were to raise it above a whisper, trolls would begin dying. First, the lesser bloods, those more psychically susceptible.

If she raised it to a shout, all on the planet would die. Land and sea dwellers alike.

And if she were ever to get really upset, she might release THE VAST GLUB, a psychic shockwave that would exterminate every troll in the galaxy.

======>

**18/08/10**

In truth, it would be all too easy to solve the land dweller problem once and for all. You'd just need to lighten up on the feeding schedule for a while. Maybe you'd be a little too busy to bother with that hassle for once? Or maybe you could happen to be off your game for a spell? It happens, even to the best sometimes.

But nah. It would make her upset.

More emotions. More problems. That's all you need.

## Some time later...

**19/08/10**

The WITCH OF LIFE takes her place in the LAND OF DEW AND GLASS.

## Feferi: Report to Eridan.

**19/08/10**

```
Alert : ♋
```

pesterlogcuttlefishCuller [CC] began trolling caligulasAquarium [CA]

CC: W)()()()()(-E-E-E-E-EW.
CA: fef are you in
CC: Yea)(...
CA: that took forevver
CA: i wwas gettin wworried kinda
CC: Yes, it was a pretty close call, and got kind of complicated.
CC: But Sollux finally came t)(roug)(, and now I believe t)(e full c)(ain is complete!
CA: man that guy
CA: hes a fuckin drama machine it is fuckin pathetic
CC: YOUR STUPID FIS)(Y FAC-E IS T)(-E DRAMA MAC)(IN-E T)(AT DO-ES NOT)(ING BUT

W)(IN-E AND GLUB.
CC: 38P
CA: fuck SORRY
CC: Anyway you s)(ouldn't say t)(at about )(im, )(e is a )(ero and )(e saved my life.
CA: yeah sorry
CA: i wwas just really wworried and stressed out i thought you wwere dead
CA: and i didnt evven get to thank you for savvin my life or really for anythin
CA: and i just spent all this time here wworryin and thinkin about stuff
CA: and i decided i havve something i wwant to tell you
CA: that ivve been meaning to get off my nub for a wwhile noww
CC: O)(, really?
CC: T)(at's good! Actually, I )(ave somet)(ing I )(ave been meaning to say to you too.
CA: wwhoa really
CA: uh
CA: wwhat is it
CA: you go first
CC: Mm, okay.
CC: But t)(is isn't easy to say!
CA: yeah i knoww
CA: its ok maybe i wwill understand more than you think
CA: wwe might evven be sayin the same thing
CC: Okay, I )(ope so.
CC: I t)(ink...
CC: Now t)(at we are bot)( in t)(is game, and )(ave left our world be)(ind...
CC: And you can no longer pose t)(e danger to our people t)(at you )(ad always planned to...
CC: I t)(ink it is not really necessary for me to be your moirail anymore.
CA: wwhoa
CA: wwait
CA: wwhat
CC: 38(
CC: I am really sorry, -Eridan. It )(as just been so )(ard looking after you and keeping you out of trouble!
CC: It )(as taken its toll, and )(onestly I am really ex)(austed.
CA: fuck
CA: this isnt what
CA: i dont knoww i wwasnt expectin this at all
CA: im not sure i can handle this
CC: I'm sorry!!! 38'(
CC: It will be t)(e best for bot)( of us. We can just sort of be...
CC: Regular friends instead.
CA: no
CA: please dont
CA: look im bein serious here dont do this
CA: i wont even use my weird accent while i type ok so you know im bein really dead serious and honest about this
CC: Uh...

CC: Okay, I am being serious and honest too. SEE?
CA: ok good
CA: are you sure you arent bein hasty about this youve just been through a lot
CA: i mean we are supposed to be fated to be moirails arent we
CA: isnt that how it works
CA: you cant just throw all that away cause youre sick of me
CC: I am not sick of you, Eridan! I still really like you.
CC: In order to be destined for moirallegience, both people have to be on board, don't you think?
CC: But I cannot do it anymore. So I think it just wasn't meant to be all along.
CC: And really, you just don't need me anymore. You are free to do as you wish! We both are.
CC: I can't look after you anymore.
CA: I DIDNT EVER NEED ANYONE TO LOOK AFTER ME
CA: i was totally fuckin fine my ambitions were noble
CA: and really none of your fuckin business QUITE FRANKLY your majesty
CA: and the only reason i put up with stickin my flipper in this fuckin shithole quadrant with you was
CC: Was what?
CA: nevermind
CC: Tell me!
CA: ok fine
CA: i apologize for losin my shit over this i was just caught off guard is all
CA: but maybe its a good thing really
CA: actually i might a been proposin the same thing to be honest
CC: Oh?
CA: yeah
CA: fef have you thought about
CA: since you dont wanna be pale with me no more
CA: the possibility a some other type of arrangement with me
CC: What do you mean?
CA: i mean
CA: somethin a bit more
CA: kinda reddish
CA: like
CA: brighter red
CC: 38O
CC: No, I hadn't thought about it!
CA: ok well what do you think about it
CA: now that youre thinkin about it
CC: Um...
CC: I really don't know about that.
CA: why not i thought you said you liked me
CC: I do! But I don't know if it's really in that way.
CA: couldnt it be though
CA: dont you think theres room in your collapsin and expandin bladder based aquatic vascular system for those feelins
CC: I've never had a chance to consider anything like that! I have just spent all my time worrying

about you and trying to keep you from killing everybody or hurting yourself.
CC: It took all my energy.
CC: I don't think I have anything left for those feelings either.
CA: oh god
CC: What?
CA: im the biggest fuckin idiot who ever lived
CA: i cant BELIEVE i just opened up to you like a chump when i knew what was comin
CA: i am one sad fuckin brinesucker
CA: overemotional sappy trash youre right im not better than anybody
CA: im worse than anybody
CA: EVERYBODY
CA: all the bodies
CC: STOP!!!!!!!!!!!
CC: God.
CC: Will you just clam up for once in your life?
CC: Always carping and carping and carping!
CC: You go completely overboard with your emotions, always looking to reel in drama wherever you can.
CC: I am up to my gills in it! I just can't salmon the strength anemonemore.
CA: i cannot
CA: BELIEVE
CA: you are doin the fish pun thing while youre breakin up with me
CA: real nice
CA: whoops i mean REEL nice
CC: HEHEHE, sorry.
CC: But really, this shouldn't be as bad as it sounds.
CC: When all is said and done, I am still your friend.
CC: We have left our world behind. Everyone is dead, and there's no use in worrying about it now.
CC: It's over! It is time to play this game and focus on building something new and ------ EXCITING.
CC: So )(ang in t)(ere, -Eridan.
CC: I )(ave to go now! Sollux is in serious trouble, and I )(ave to go )(elp )(im.
CC: BY----------E!
CA: wwait
CA: dont go

cuttlefishCuller [CC] ceased trolling caligulasAquarium [CA]

CA: glub

======>

**19/08/10**

```
BONK BONK BONK
```

## Feferi: Proceed to gate.

**20/08/10**

YOU'R-E FR-E-E-E-E-E-E----------E!

## Karkat: Check on Sollux.

**20/08/10**

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

CG: BRO ARE YOU OK.
CG: HEY
CG: OH GOD
CG: WHAT HAVE I DONE.
CG: SOLLUX?
CG: PLEASE TELL ME THAT'S JUST HONEY.
CG: PLEASE JUST BE HONEY PLEASE JUST BE HONEY PLEASE JUST BE HONEY
CG: HAHA, OK, MAKE-BELIEVE TIME IS OVER!
CG: OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD

======>

**20/08/10**

It is all your fault. You couldn't get him in before the glub.

======>

**20/08/10**

```
HoNk
```

*There, there, you blubbering goddamn pansy.*

======>

**20/08/10**

```
LAND OF TENTS AND MIRTH
```

======>

**20/08/10**

```
Alert : ♒
SLAP SLAP
Alert : ♒
```

## Gamzee: Indulge emotional theatrics.

**20/08/10**

pesterlogcaligulasAquarium [CA] began trolling terminallyCapricious [TC]

CA: gam i need to talk to kar wwhere is he he isnt answwerin
TC: He's bUsY BeInG SlApPeD MoThErFuCkIn sEnSeLeSs bY ThE GuY WhO LiKeS KnIvEs
TC: BuT I CaN ReLaY WhAt mEsSaGe yOu gOt, My bRoThEr
CA: i dont feel comfortable wwith that
CA: i havve some serious feelins and problems here and i need some advvice
TC: HaHa, YeAh i fEeL YoU, hE'S PrEtTy wOrKeD Up tOo
CA: wwhy
TC: BeCaUsE OuR GoOd bRo sOlLuX JuSt kIcKeD ThE WiCkEd mOtHeRfUcKiN ShIt

CA: wwhat the fuck do you mean by that
CA: are you sayin hes dead
TC: YeAh :o(
CA: oh fuck
CA: oh god fuck noww i feel like an asshole
TC: YeAh i'd sAy tHaT An aSsHoLe iS ThE ThInG ThAt jUsT AbOuT WhAt eVeRyBoDy fEeLs lIkE
TC: KaRkAt bLaMeS HiMsElF On iT, pOoR MoThErFuCkEr
TC: BuT I ToLd hIm tO Be cHiLl
TC: BeCaUsE ThErE Is a mIrAcLe cOmInG, i cAn fEeL It
CA: that is the wworst fuckin advvice
CA: wwhat an awwful thing a you to say
CA: MAGIC ISNT REAL STUPID STOP BELIEVVIN IN IT
TC: i'Ve gOt tO BeLiEvE At wHaT My hEaRt tElLs iN Me, EvEn iF It's a fAkE ThInG
TC: HoNk
CA: this is a lot a pointless fuckin rubbish and isnt no emotional help to him or me either for that matter
CA: put kar on
TC: UuUuH, i cAn't rEaLlY ThInK AbOuT InTeRvEnInG, tHe bLaCk fRoWnInG MoThErFuCkEr kInDa sCaReS Me
TC: ArE YoU SuRe i cAn't hElP A bRoThEr Up iNtO HiS MoThErFuCkIn cHiLl?
CA: i dont knoww
CA: it probably doesnt matter
CA: my feelins seem petty and meaninless noww
CA: she had better things to wworry about than my ovverwwrought bullshit
CA: like the dead guy wwho savved her
CA: so forget it thanks anywway
TC: BrO My aDvIcE Is yOu jUsT KiCk bAcK AnD MoThErFuCkIn sNaP InTo sOmE RuDe eLiXiR AnD MaYbE GeT YoUr wIcKeD ZoNe oN
TC: ThErE I SaId mY PeAcE
CA: wwhat the FUCK are you fuckin babblin about
TC: SnAtCh aN IcEcOlD, dOg
TC: MoThErFuCkIn cHuG ThAt sHiT LiKe yOu aNd tHe bOtTlE WaS ReUnItEd lOvErS
CA: are you recommendin a bevverage to me or somethin
CA: is that wwhat this is
TC: YeAh mAn SlAm A FaYgO
CA: i dont havve a fuckin faygo you stupid fuck wwhy wwould i keep that disgusting shit on hand
TC: ArE YoU MoThErFuCkIn sUrE AbOuT ThAt?
CA: oh
CA: oh god youre right i do
CA: i totally forgot about it
TC: YoU SeE MaN
TC: MoThEr
TC: FuCkIn
TC: MiRaClEs
TC: :o)

## Eridan: Slam a Faygo.

**20/08/10**

```
Faygo
```

You prepare to kick back and motherfuckin' snap into some rude elixir and maybe get your wicked zone on.

It sure would be startling if what followed was a crudely drawn spit-take accompanied by an odd, short exclamation.

## Eridan: BLUH!

**20/08/10**

```
Bluh
```

What.

It's just soda. Not great, but not that bad either. What's the big deal?

We all need to settle down here.

## And later still...

**21/08/10**

A princess prepares to administer a universal remedy for the unawakened.

## ======>

**21/08/10**

## ======>

**21/08/10**

## ======>

**21/08/10**

## Karkat: BLUH!

**21/08/10**

```
hOnK

FACEPALM X2 COMBO!
```

## ======>

**21/08/10**

```
> hey kid
> never got a chance to say
> how much i hate you
> every last one of you
```

## ======>

**21/08/10**

## ======>

**21/08/10**

```
FACEPALM x2 → x1 COMBO!
```

*Goddamn troll kids. Every time you turn around they're smoochin' each other. Makes a man want to stab his own gut and puke blood.*

======>

**21/08/10**

======>

**21/08/10**

It is like I am the kid from the Never Ending Story. I was chased by some bullies into this fucking attic and now I am watching people watching people watching more people kissing and stuff basically forever. How many metalayers removed this story can we get??

This attic is spooky. I wish those bullies would just leave me alone.

Later I am going to ride a long magic dog through the sky and fuck their shit up.

======>

**21/08/10**

Ugh. This troll paint is making a mess. This was such a bad idea.

## MSPA: Quick, become more meta while AH is brooding.

**21/08/10**

```
MSPAINT ADVENTURES

MSPAINT ADVENTURES || ARCHIVE | NEW READER? || MAP | LOG | SEARCH || SHOP |
MUSIC || FORUMS | SECRETS | CREDITS
```

==========>

**21/08/10**

==========>

**21/08/10**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

pistolkind

LAND OF STUMPS AND DISMAY
```

AH employs a daring execution of AUTHORTECH -> LADDER TO SELF INDULGENCE behind his own back. It keeps happening.

All MSPA readers make a solemn vow to do an acrobatic fucking pirouette off the stump and blow their brains out if it doesn't stop keep happening.

## AH: Ok, ha ha, get back to the story jackass.

**22/08/10**

Excuse me?

Oh, I'm sorry. Am I not going fast enough for you?

Well *QUITE FRANKLY*, your majesty, I don't think you realize what kind of hell I've been through.

Do you have any idea how long I've been trapped in this attic??

Do you have any idea how FUCKING SCARY it is in here???

Do you have even the SLIGHTEST CLUE how many times that wolf head over there has SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF ME?????

## Uh... Wolf?

**22/08/10**

AAAA

Their understanding of romance is divided into halves, and halved again, producing four quadrants: the FLUSHED QUADRANT, the CALIGINOUS QUADRANT, the PALE QUADRANT, and the ASHEN QUADRANT.

Each quadrant is grouped by the half they share, whether horizontally or vertically, depending on the overlapping properties one examines. The sharpest dichotomy, from an emotional perspective, is drawn between RED ROMANCE and BLACK ROMANCE.

RED ROMANCE, comprised of the flushed and pale quadrants, is a form of romance rooted in strongly positive emotions. BLACK ROMANCE, with its caliginous and ashen quadrants, is rooted in the strongly negative.

On the other hand, the vertical bifurcation has to do with the purpose of the relationship, regardless of the emotions behind it. Those quadrants which are CONCUPISCENT, the flushed and caliginous, have to do with facilitating the elaborate reproductive cycle of trolls. Those which are CONCILIATORY, the pale and ashen, would be more closely likened to platonic relationships by human standards.

There are many parallels between human relationships and the various facets of troll romance. Humans have words to describe relationships of a negative nature, or of a platonic nature. The difference is, for humans, those relationships would never be conceptually grouped with romance. Establishing those sort of relationships for humans is not driven by the same primal forces that drive our tendency to couple romantically. But for trolls, those primal forces involve themselves in the full palette of these relationships, red or black, torrid or friendly. Trolls typically feel strongly compelled to find balance in each quadrant, and seek gratifying relationships that each describes.

The challenge is particularly tortuous for young trolls, who must reconcile the wide range of contradictory emotions associated with this matrix, while understanding the nature of their various romantic urges for the first time.

Of course, young humans have this challenge too. But for trolls, the challenge is fourfold.

When two individuals find themselves in the flushed quadrant together, they are said to be MATESPRITS. Matespritship is the closest parallel to the human concept of romance trolls have. It plays a role in the trolls' reproductive cycle, just as it does for humans.

This is pretty obvious! Not much more needs to be said about this. Moving right along.

When a pair of adversaries delve into this quadrant, they become each other's KISMESIS. As one of the concupiscent quadrants, it plays a role in procreation as well. There is no particularly good human translation for this concept. The closest would be an especially potent arch-rivalry.

For instance, human players would never be able to adequately diagnose the relationship between the queen and her archagent. But troll players could immediately place it as a dead ringer for kismesissitude. They would think we were all pretty stupid for not getting it. And they would be right.

Trolls have a complicated reproductive cycle. It's probably best not to examine it in much detail.

The need to seek out concupiscent partners comes with more urgency than typical reproductive instincts. When the IMPERIAL DRONE comes knocking, you had better be able to supply genetic material to each of his FILIAL PAILS. If you have nothing to offer, he will kill you without hesitation.

The genetic material - WITHOUT GOING INTO MUCH DETAIL - is a combinative genetic mix from the matesprit and kismesis pairs, respectively. The pails are all offered to the mother grub, who can only receive such precombined material. She then combines all of it into one incestuous slurry, and begins her brooding.

This doesn't mean the initial combination was for naught, however. In the slurry, more dominant genes rise to the fore, while the more recessive find less representation in the brood. Especially strong matesprit and kismesis pairings yield more dominant genetic material. The more powerful the complement or potent the rivalry, the more dominant the genes.

TROLL REPRODUCTION SURE IS WEIRD. We all take a moment to lament how pedestrian the human reproductive system is, and further lament that the phrase "incestuous slurry" is not a feature of common parlance in human civilization.

This quadrant involves a particular type of three-way relationship of a black romantic nature. Falling on the conciliatory side, it has no bearing on the reproductive cycle, except for indirect ramifications.

When two trolls are locked in a feud or some otherwise contentious relationship, one can intervene and become their AUSPISTICE. The auspistice mediates between the two, playing the role of a peace keeper, preventing the feud from boiling over into a fully caliginous rivalry.

Since such lesser feuds are quite common among trolls, there is a significant need for auspisticing parties. Without them, too many ashen feuds would become caliginous, and begin to conflict with other exclusive kismesis relationships, leading to a great deal of social complexity and sore feelings (even more so than black romance usually involves). Without auspisticism, the result would be widespread black infidelity.

The relationships each quadrant describes tend to be malleable, if not volatile, especially on the concupiscent half where more torrid emotions reside. It doesn't take much to flip a switch and transmute blackrom feelings to redrom, and vice versa.

In many cases, one party will have red feelings while the other has black. But it will often be the case that one party's feelings will swap to match the other's, since there is no quadrant which naturally accommodates such a disparity. But thereafter, it's not uncommon for the two to toggle between red and black in unison now and then. These scenarios naturally result in both red and black infidelities.

This sort of relationship volatility is why conciliatory relationships are an important part of troll romance.

An auspistice can stabilize particularly turbulent relationships. If the auspistice fails to mediate properly, or has no interest in the role, or perhaps has different romantic intentions him/herself altogether, then the relationship often quickly deteriorates into one of an especially hostile and torrid nature. There are many outside factors and influences tugging and pulling these relationships in different directions, and unlike humans who have very orderly, simple, straightforward romantic relationships without exception, trolls exist in a state of almost perpetual confusion and generally have no idea what the hell is going on.

Being confused by troll relationships is one thing we do have in common though.

This quadrant presides over MOIRALLEGIENCE, the other conciliatory relationship. A reasonable human translation would be the concept of a soul mate, but in a more platonic sense, and with a more specific social purpose.

Trolls are a very angry and violent race. Some are more hot-tempered and dangerous than others, to the extent that if left to their own devices, they would present a serious threat to society, or even to themselves. Such trolls will have an instinctive pale attraction to a more even-tempered troll, who may become their MOIRAIL. The moirail is obliged to pacify the other, to function as the better half. The two partners in a strong pale relationship will serve to balance and complement each other's emotional profiles, and thus allow their other relationships to be more successful.

It's often ambiguous especially among young trolls whether a bond formed between an acquaintance is true moirallegence, or the usual variety of platonic involvement. Furthermore, romantic intentions of a more flushed nature can often be mistaken for paler leanings, much to the frustration of the suitor.

But some pale pairings, as the one above, will be strikingly obvious to all who know them.

God you just can't get enough of this can you! That would have been a great point for a transition out of this illustrated sociological study, but ok, if you insist.

Now see, what's going on here is...

It's perfectly simple. When the full matrix of troll romance is in action, we have... uh...

Hey, why don't you figure it out! You should be an expert on all this by now anyway.

Later our troll hero would try to explain this to our human hero, attempting to convey all the nuance of troll romance through a nearly verbatim recitation of the preceding excerpts.

He would try to describe how rich and textured the troll romantic comedies were compared to the one dimensional schlock of our human cinematic counterparts. He would barely scratch the surface of Troll Will Smith's virtuosity with the delicate lattice of troll romance, as he would assist the

bumbling fudgeblooded Troll Kevin James through the interwoven minefield-briarpatch of redrom and blackrom entanglements, all the while sifting through his own prickly romantic situation and ultimately learning the true meaning of hate and pity. But would they succeed before the imperial drone came knocking with his thirsty pails at the ready??? Yes, they would.

But John didn't understand any of this because he's a moron, and he wouldn't shut up about his awful bullshit Earth movies. He would just go on and on and on about that garbage.

But if there was one theme to be hammered through his thick skull, it would be the trolls' cultural preoccupation with romantic destiny. Yes, the romantic landscape is rife with false starts and miscues and infidelities, red and black. But every troll believes strongly that each quadrant holds one and only one true pairing for them, and it is just a matter of time before the grid is filled with auspicious matchups through the mysterious channels of TROLL SERENDIPITY.

In short, their belief is that for each quadrant there exists a pair or triad of trolls somewhere in the cosmos that were...

MADE FOR EACH OTHER.

## Wow.

**22/08/10**

```
BOOYEAH.

SPIKE
```

THAT'S WHAT JUST HAPPENED BITCH.

## Alright, now you're DEFINITELY trolling us. Come on.

**22/08/10**

AAAA

## AH: Reel it in.

**22/08/10**

```
SS: Move this along.
```

Yeah ok. Guess I've trolled you guys enough.

Where were we? Oh yeah. Slick.

## SS: Move this along.

**22/08/10**

```
CLICK
```

It's bad enough you had to watch this broad smooch a corpse and this kid bawl his eyes out once already, even if it was centuries ago.

NEXT.

## ==>

**22/08/10**

```
==>

==> INVALID SYNTAX
```

*Oh for the love of...*

Why would they even DESIGN a button like that if it doesn't print the right advancement characters???

You are getting really tired of mashing the '=' key.

## SS: Type '====', then ==>

**22/08/10**

```
> ======>

POUND
```

## ======>

**22/08/10**

This moon is different. It's very...

Purple.

And quiet.

Doesn't look like anyone here is awake yet.

## ======>

**22/08/10**

Not like the yellow moon you were just dreaming about. Plenty of friends there, all up and around, making a racket.

It was fun for a while. Until you woke up with honey in your mouth, killed your lusus, saved a princess, and died.

Luckily you had a couple lives to spare.

## ======>

**23/08/10**

Most other players only get one extra.

But you're kind of a special case.

## BOY.

**23/08/10**

Huh?

## YOU THERE. RED AND BLUE EYE BOY.

**23/08/10**

```
> HELLO!
```

## I REMEMBER THIS!

**23/08/10**

```
> I DID NOT GET THE CHANCE TO FORMALLY GREET YOU.
> I SUSPECT THIS IS WHAT MADE YOU ANGRY.
> BUT WORRY NOT.
> I HAVE BEEN BRUSHING UP ON YOUR "TROLL ETIQUETTE".
> PARDON ME WHILE I CONSULT THE APPROPRIATE PAGES.
```

## IT WILL ONLY BE A MOMENT.

**23/08/10**

```
> THIS BOOK IS VERY THICK!
```

Just what you need. Another voice of the imminently deceased invading your head. Haven't they caused you enough trouble already?

Get iit out.

## TROLL ETIQUETTE SURE IS CONFUSING.

**23/08/10**

GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT GET IIT OUT

## OH JEEZ.

**24/08/10**

## ======>

**24/08/10**

## Sollux: Blast off.

**24/08/10**

You've wasted enough time on sleeping and dying. You've got to get back to adventurin' while the adventurin's good. And also change out of these stupid pajamas.

PCHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

## Sollux: Get back to adventurin'.

**24/08/10**

The revived MAGE OF DOOM returns to the LAND OF BRAINS AND FIRE for a surprise rendezvous with the WITCH OF LIFE.

## ======>

**24/08/10**

```
CULL CULL PROD PROD
```

Hey what the heck is going on in here???

## Vriska: Get back to adventurin'.

**24/08/10**

Somewhere on LOMAT, the Thief and the Page plunder the untold riches of innumerable pointless side-quests.

## ======>

**24/08/10**

## ======>

**24/08/10**

## ======>

**24/08/10**

## ======>

**25/08/10**

## ======>

**25/08/10**

The Thief is proving useless. Completely unresponsive to commands.

You'll need to rely on someone else. Someone less stubborn.

Someone craftier.

## 8th exile: Type "=> SWITCH 2".

**25/08/10**

```
> => SWITCH 2
```

## ======>

**25/08/10**

While the KNIGHT OF BLOOD charges ahead, the SEER OF MIND remains behind to unravel the mysteries of the LAND OF THOUGHT AND FLOW.

## Seer.

**25/08/10**

```
Seer.
```

## It is time.

**25/08/10**

```
It is time.
```

It's the voice again.

You were wondering when she'd come back. This time you are ready for her.

## Terezi: Retrieve chalk.

**25/08/10**

```
r5jQS?v2

SCR4TCH
SN1FF
```

You search for the appropriate card through your SCRATCH AND SNIFF modus.

The card will be unmistakable. It is the one that smells like a fruity rainbow that makes you sneeze.

## ======>

**25/08/10**

## ======>

**25/08/10**

## Terezi: Inquire.

**25/08/10**

```
TEREZI: T1M3 FOR WH4T?
```

## To begin your mission.

**25/08/10**

```
TEREZI: WH4T M1SS1ON >:?
```

## You must eliminate the archagent.

**25/08/10**

```
SNOWMAN: Exile Jack Noir.
```

## Nepeta: Surely you must be adventurin' by now.

**26/08/10**

```
LAND OF LITTLE CUBES AND TEA
```

Why yes, as a matter of fact. It does appear that the ROGUE OF HEART has been keeping herself quite busy.

## Nepeta: Aggress.

**26/08/10**

## ======>

**27/08/10**

## ======>

**27/08/10**

## ======>

**27/08/10**

## ======>

**27/08/10**

```
saccharine disposition! :33
```

## ======>

**27/08/10**

```
pouncegreet!
```

## ======>

**27/08/10**

```
tackleslide!

little cubes everywhere
```

## ======>

**27/08/10**

```
NEPETA: ♥  Aradia ?
EQUIUS: Aradia ?
```

You inquire into whereabouts of the MAID OF TIME. The HEIR OF VOID has no idea where she went! She just disappeared.

## Equius: Get up and commence the adventurin'.

**27/08/10**

```
Alert : ♋
```

The underlings have been getting enormous lately. Must have been something one of those other clowns prototyped.

Speaking of clowns...

## Equius: Answer Karkat.

**27/08/10**

It does not appear to be a message from Karkat directed at you specifically.

He has just updated one of the many memos on the transtimeline bulletin board he set up a while ago. You've since no longer bothered keeping up with the endless and mostly incomprehensible communique.

But while checking the update, you can't help but skim through the first memo in the long sequence, which was written hours ago from your present perspective.

## Equius: Read first memo.

**28/08/10**

```
Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines


FCG
CCT
PTA
PGC
PCG


PCG 6:12 HOURS AGO opened memo on board TEAM ADORABLOODTHIRSTY.
```

```
PCG: OK I THINK I SET THIS UP RIGHT.
PCG: FUCK I SHOULD HAVE COME UP WITH A BETTER BOARD NAME.
PCG: BUT I GUESS THAT'S THE NAME IT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE SINCE THAT'S THE NAME
THAT
PCG: UH
```

pesterlogPAST carcinoGeneticist [PCG] 6:12 HOURS AGO opened public transtimeline bulletin board TEAM ADORABLOODTHIRSTY.

~~~
~~~

THIS IN THE FUTURE?
PCG: IT'S LIKE ANY BULLETIN BOARD, YOU POST STUFF AND IT SITS THERE FOR A WHILE AND PEOPLE IN "THE FUTURE" READ IT.
PCG: HUH. BIG FUCKING DEAL I GUESS.
PAST gallowsCalibrator [PGC] 5:51 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PGC: OH MY GOD K4RK4T!
PGC: WHO C4R3S!!!!! >:O
PCG banned PGC from responding to memo.
PCG: ANYWAY LIKE I WAS SAYING.
PCG: ONE BIG TEAM, OVER WHICH I HAVE ASSUMED TOTAL LEADERSHIP.
PCG: I WILL ASSUME THAT IT WILL CONTINUE TO STAY THIS WAY FOR THE DURATION OF OUR QUEST, AND THAT I WILL REMAIN AN IMPECCABLE LEADER FOR A SPAN OF HUNDREDS OF HOURS WHILE I GUIDE US ALL TO A STUNNING VICTORY.
PCG: IN FACT, I DON'T EVEN NEED TO ASSUME.
PCG: I BROWSED THROUGH THIS WHOLE BULLETIN IN ADVANCE, AND IT DOES APPEAR TO BE THE CASE. GO ME.
PCG: IN FACT, SINCE I'VE SEEN WHAT I WILL WRITE IN THE FUTURE, I WONDER WHAT IMPETUS I WILL HAVE FOR WRITING IT LATER WHEN I'M SUPPOSED TO?
PCG: I WONDER IF I COULD JUST COPY/PASTE IT... HOLD ON.
PCG: DAMN.
PCG: I GUESS THEY THOUGHT OF THAT? I DUNNO. I TRIED TO LOOK AT THE WHOLE BULLETIN AGAIN, BUT NOW THAT I'VE OPENED THIS ONE FROM THE BEGINNING, I CAN'T SEE THE WHOLE THING ANYMORE.
PCG: UNLESS I LOOK AT IT ON ONE OF YOUR COMPUTERS...
PCG: OR MAYBE IF YOU SEND ME LIKE A TEXT FILE OF IT? WOULD THAT CAUSE A PARADOX OR SOMETHING?
PCG: YOU KNOW WHAT, THIS IS SO STUPID.
PCG: I ACTUALLY REMEMBER READING ALL THIS SHIT LIKE A HALF HOUR AGO, AND NOW HERE I AM TYPING IT ANYWAY.
PCG: I PROBABLY CAN'T AVOID TYPING ANY OF THIS, HOW WEIRD IS THAT.
PCG: I HATE TIME TRAVEL.
PAST twinArmageddons [PTA] 0:34 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PTA: eheheh

VIRUS, GOD DAMN GET OVER IT.
PCG: IT WAS YOUR FUCKING VIRUS ANYWAY, YOU'RE TO BLAME.
PTA: eheh no bro we're cool about that, now future you ii2 connectiing wiith me 2o ii can enter the game.
PCG: OH YEAH?
PTA: yeah 2o thank2 for that fiive hour2 iin advance.
PCG: THIS IS BS ISN'T IT.
PCG: TROLLING ME FROM THE FUTURE, HOW JUVENILE CAN YOU GET.
PTA: no man iit2 true, we are bulge bumpiing pupa pal2 agaiin.
PCG: OH FUCK THIS CONDESCENDING FUTURE KNOWITALL ACT, WE AREN'T BUMPING SHIT, YOU ARE SO BANNED.
PTA: noooooo, not the ban, it buuuuuuurn2, oh god hahahaha.
PTA: waiit.
PTA: oh god.
PTA: iit doe2 burn.
PTA: 2omethiing'2 wrong, iim 2eriiou2!
PTA: that horriible p2ychiic noii2e
PTA: the voiice2
PTA: they're all goiing two diie
PTA: oh 2HiiT iim bleediing
PTA: 2hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit
PTA: thii2 ii2 bad
PTA: ii have two get her iin quiick
PTA: got two go
PCG banned PTA from responding to memo.
PCG: AND SO THE PORCINE HOOF BELONGING TO THE SWOLLEN HAG KNOWN AS LADY DESTINY HAS STOMPED ANOTHER THROAT.
PCG: WHICH ONE OF YOU FUCKERS IS NEXT?
PCG: NOBODY???
PCG: OK, GOOD.
PCG: ALTHOUGH I'M FAIRLY SURE I REMEMBER SOMEONE ELSE CHIMING IN BEFORE I CLOSED THIS MEMO.
PCG: YOU ADD DISORDERED SHIT RINSERS CAN'T KEEP YOUR LASCIVIOUS PRONGS OUT OF THE ROE HOLE, CAN YOU.
PCG: SOLLUX, FOR FUTURE REFERENCE, OR PAST REFERENCE OR WHATEVER
PCG: IF YOU WANT TO DO THAT KIND OF ROLEPLAYING, YOU CAN START YOUR OWN BULLETIN.
PCG: YOU CAN ALL ACT LIKE BRAINDEAD ASSWIPES IN YOUR OWN FESTERING FLAP OF PARADOX SPACE, FINE WITH ME.
PCG: EVERYONE WILL BE SO CONFUSED BY THE TIME PARADOXES, IT WILL DISTRACT THEM FROM HOW AWFUL THEIR TERRIBLE HOBBIES ARE.
PCG: CHOOSE YOUR CLASSES NOW! LEVEL 69 NOOKSNIFFER IS UP FOR GRABS, WHO WANTS IT.
PCG: NO THAT'S NOT AN INVITATION FOR YOU FUCKING NERDS TO COME IN HERE AND CORRECT ME ON YOUR GODDAMN FAIRY ELVES.
PCG: JUST DO ME A FAVOR AND KEEP ME BANNED FROM THAT ONE OK.

PCG: I'LL RETURN THE FAVOR IF YOU NERD UP MY MEMOS, I SERIOUSLY CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MANY FUCKING NERDS ARE ON THIS TEAM.
PCG: JUST REMEMBER THIS IS MY PERSONAL PODIUM, A STUMP IF YOU WILL, FOR SOLE USE BY ME AS LEADER FOR IMPORTANT LEADERSHIP BUSINESS.
PCG: GOT IT?????????
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [FCG] 612 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FCG: GROAN.
FCG: THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING.
FCG: WHAT WAS I EVEN THINKING.
PCG: STFU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
PCG banned FCG from responding to memo.
PCG: OK, I'M FED UP WITH THIS MEMO, GONNA CLOSE IT OUT.
PCG: YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME AGAIN LATER WHEN I GOT SOMETHING ELSE TO SAY, I.E. JUST SCROLL DOWN YOU DOUCHE.
PCG: IT'S ALL RIGHT THERE ALREADY.
PCG: BECAUSE OF
PCG: TIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIME TRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVEL!
PCG: I KNOW, RIGHT?
PCG: ANYWAY, JUST TO REITERATE:
PCG: FULL STEAM AHEAD
PCG: LEADER = ME FOREVER, OBVIOUSLY
PCG: PEACE THE FUCK OUT DBAGS
CURRENT centaursTesticle [CCT] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
CCT: D --> I'd like to add to this useless memorandum
CCT: D --> That I still don't recognize the validity of your leadership
PCG: SWEET MOTHER GRUB'S OOZING VESTIGIAL THIRD ORAL SPHINCTER.
PCG: HOW CAN YOU PEOPLE BE SO STUPID.
CCT: D --> It may be true that we are all playing in the same session, but I see no reason to disband the former power structure
CCT: D --> Especially if it means instituting a tactical midget with a short fuse, a foul mouth, and paralyzing insecurity over the color of his b100d
CCT: D --> That's all I have to say
PCG: OH I HAVE A SHORT FUSE! THAT'S VERY FUNNY, YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR ME LAUGH OVER THE SOUND OF THE ROBOT YOU ARE PROBABLY BEATING TO DEATH.
PCG: OR DOING WORSE TO.
PCG: HEY, YOU DO KISS YOUR ROBOTS, RIGHT?
CCT: D --> Uh
PCG: MIGHT AS WELL CLEAR THE AIR AS LONG AS WE'RE BROADCASTING THIS ACROSS THE ENTIRE SPACETIME CONTINUUM.
CCT: D --> Not usually
PCG: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
PCG: THE FUNNY THING IS IN THE FUTURE EVERYONE WILL RECOGNIZE ME AS THE UNDISPUTED LEADER, EVEN YOU.
PCG: YOU WILL BE STANDING ON THE TIPPYTOES OF YOUR IDIOTIC METAL SHOES, TAKING DELICATE PURCHASE OF MY NUBBY HORNS AND HOISTING YOURSELF OVER MY HEAD TO PUT YOUR SWEATIEST TOUGH GUY SMOOCH UPON MY

TWITCHING SPINE LUMP.
PCG: IT WILL BE TENDER AND DEFERENTIAL, LIKE A PAUPER KISSING A NOBLE'S RING.
PCG: JUST SCROLL DOWN, READ THE LOGS.
CCT: D --> Nowhere have I seen evidence of this
CCT: D --> Most of this is you from various points in time raving about nonsense and arguing with yourself
CCT: D --> Do you realize that here in the future, this bulletin has come to be regarded as something of a joke
CCT: D --> A lengthy piece of comedy, often quoted amongst ourselves in private moments of levity
CCT: D --> It seems I'm the one to inform you of this up front
CCT: D --> Which is likely why you persist with the ingratiating charade against better judgement
PCG: YOU'RE GETTING OFF ON THIS AREN'T YOU
CCT: D --> What do you mean
PCG: THIS EXCITES YOU, BEING THE TOUGH GUY AND PRETENDING LIKE YOU'RE PUTTING THE AWESOME LEADER IN HIS PLACE.
PCG: YOU'RE PROBABLY WORKING UP A GOOD SWEAT.
PCG: HOPE YOU ALCHEMIZED A BUNCH OF SPARE TOWELS.
PCG: HEY WHY DON'T YOU && THEM WITH YOUR SPONGEY BRAIN FOR EXTRA ABSORBENCY.
CCT: D --> How do you know about my perspiration problem
CCT: D --> I mean, aside from reading about it in this memo
CCT: D --> Wait
CCT: D --> Fudgesicles
PCG banned CCT from responding to memo.

PCG closed memo.

~~~
~~~

```
TEREZI: 1TS OK

TEREZI: B3C4US3
```

## ======>

**28/08/10**

```
TEREZI: B3C4US3

TEREZI: 1 DONT W4NT TO RUN OUT OF R3D >:[

TEREZI: B3C4US3!!!

TEREZI: R3D 1S TH3 B3S- 4ND T4ST3S TH3 B3ST!!!

TEREZI: <3
```

## ======>

**28/08/10**

```
SNOWMAN: You are a strange and funny girl.
```

## Karkat: Begin another memo.

**28/08/10**

```
TROLLIAN

Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines


FCG
FAG
FCG
FCA
CCG
PAG
PAT


CURRENT carcinoGeneticist [CCG] RIGHT NOW opened memo on board TEAM
ADORABLOODTHIRSTY.

CCG: THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO START A NEW MEMO.
CCG: IN FACT IT'S A BETTER TIME THAN ANY BECAUSE ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF CHAT
CLIENT PREDESTINATION I DON'T REALLY HAVE A CHOICE DO I.
```

pesterlog~~~

CCG: PEOPLE, WE NEED TO GET ORGANIZED HERE.
CCG: SHIT IS GETTING SERIOUS.
CCG: WE ARE ABOUT TO EMBARK ON OPERATION REGISURP, A CUNNING PLAN DEVISED BY DOUBLE ARCHAGENT JACK NOIR TO EXILE THE BLACK QUEEN.
CCG: WE WILL NEED ALL HANDS ON DECK FOR THIS, EVEN THE IDIOTS.
CCG: AND ONCE AGAIN, A REMINDER
CCG: DO NOT TROLL ME IN THESE MEMOS FROM ANY POINT IN TIME OR IT'S AN INSTA-BAN.
CCG: ALSO A NOTE TO MY FUTURE SELF
CCG: IF YOU FEEL THE NEED TO SAY SOMETHING SMUG, DO ME A FAVOR AND SHOVE A THROB STALK IN IT.
CCG: JUST SIT THERE PATIENTLY AND WAIT FOR ME TO BECOME YOU IN THE DUE COURSE OF TIME, THUS IMPROVING YOUR INTELLECT DRASTICALLY.
CCG: OR, INTELLECTS PLURAL.
CCG: I FORGOT, THERE ARE A LOT OF YOU FUCKERS OUT THERE.
CCG: ALL OF YOU, JUST ZIP YOUR CHUTES. I MEAN SERIOUSLY, LIKE THERE'S NOTHING BETTER TO DO IN THE FUTURE???
CCG: IT'S THE FUTURE FOR GOD'S SAKE, A REALM OF ENDLESS FUCKING POSSIBILITIES.
CCG: NOW
CCG: BEFORE WE GET STARTED, LET'S TAKE A TOLL OF THE SITUATION AT THIS POINT IN TIME.
CCG: *MY* POINT IN TIME.
CCG: WHO'S IN SO FAR, WHO'S NOT, ETCETERA.
FUTURE caligulasAquarium [FCA] 3:11 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FCA: hey sorry for bustin in on the memo but i cant get ahold of you youre not answwerin
CCG: OH FOR FUCK'S SAKE.
FCA: gams advvice is fuckin useless all he told me wwas to enjoy a bevverage
CCG: NO, DUDE, DON'T DRINK THAT SHIT. IF IT WERE UP TO HIM WE WOULD ALL DRINK FAYGO AT ONCE IN SOME RITUALISTIC RAP CLOWN SUICIDE PACT.
CCG: BUT INSTEAD OF COMMITTING SUICIDE THE THING THAT WE ALL ACCOMPLISH IS BECOMING INSTANTANEOUS ASSHOLES WITH AWFUL TASTE.
FCA: i mean
FCA: its not evven that bad
FCA: its just soda but wwhatevver this isnt the point
CCG: THIS ISN'T THE VENUE FOR AIRING YOUR FUTURE PROBLEMS, COUNT SEA DIPSHIT.
FCA: i knoww i knoww
FCA: its just
FCA: i got a problem
FCA: wwith feferi
FCA: and im really kinda sittin here in bad shape about it emotionally speakin
CCG: OK, WELL
CCG: I GET THAT, I HEAR YOU BRO
CCG: BUT THIS IS STILL NOT THE RIGHT PLACE FOR THIS SO I'VE GOT TO BAN YOU.
CCG banned FCA from responding to memo.

CCG: BUT SERIOUSLY JUST GET IN TOUCH WITH ME IN PRIVATE ABOUT IT, OK MAN?
CCG: WE'LL GET YOUR SHIT STRAIGHTENED OUT.
CCG: OK.
CCG: IS EVERYBODY GOOD?
CCG: JUST GONNA SIT HERE FOR A MINUTE, LOCAL TIME, AND SEE IF ANYONE ELSE HAS ANY SHIT THEY WANT TO SCRAPE OFF THEIR BULGE ON TO MY CLEAN NUTRITION PLATEAU.
CCG: NOBODY?
CCG: GREAT, WONDERFUL.
CCG: I NOW OFFICIALLY DECLARE THE NONSENSE PORTION OF THIS MEMO TO BE OVER.
CCG: THIS DECREE SHALL BE BINDING AND LASTING.
CCG: BACK TO PLANNING REGISURP.
CCG: BEAR DOWN EVERYBODY, THIS IS FUCKING IMPORTANT, THERE IS A QUEEN ON THE LOOSE AND WE'VE GOT TO SHOW A BITCH THE DOOR.
FUTURE arachnidsGrip [FAG] 609 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FAG: ::::D
CCG: UN BE FUCKING LIEVABLE.
FAG: Kaaaaaaaarkat!
FAG: I'm sorry!
FAG: 8ut do you have any idea how funny this thing is? I mean this whole thing???????? I can't stop laughing!
CCG: HEY CAN FUTURE YOU MIND-PREVENT ME FROM HITTING THE BAN BUTTON?
CCG: I'M GENUINELY CURIOUS! GO AHEAD, TRY TO STOP ME I DARE YOU.
FAG: I'm not going to try, I'm just here to say this whole thing is ridiculous.
FAG: We didn't really need you to pretend to 8e a little angry general to get any of this done.
FAG: We kicked the queen out of there no sweat! It was easy. In fact, I did most of the work myself, right 8efore I found all the treasure and scaled all the rungs.
CCG: OH, ALL OF THEM YOU SAY?
CCG: FASCINATING.
CCG: HEY FORGET THE BAN BUTTON, USE YOUR MIND POWERS TO HELP ME LOCATE THE DESPERATELY ATTEMPT TO GIVE A SHIT BUTTON. WHOOPS WE BOTH FAILED, IT DOESN'T EXIST.
FAG: Hey, I'm gone. I just think you should relax.
FAG: You were wound up so tight through the whole adventure, and now here in the present you're a8out to explode. It's insuffera8le!
CCG: EVERYBODY, DID YOU HEAR THAT?? SUPERFUTURE VRISKA HAS AN IMPORTANT LIFE LESSON FOR US ALL.
CCG: WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT OUR PRESENT RESPONSIBILIES AND OBLIGATIONS!
CCG: BECAUSE AS IT TURNS OUT, IN THE FUTURE ALL THAT STUFF ALREADY HAPPENED. WE'RE OFF THE FUCKING HOOK!
CCG: TIME TO RELAX. LET'S ALL CRAWL INTO OUR COCOONS AND GET BUSY STIMULATING OUR AUTOEROGENOUS SHAME GLOBES.
CCG: FIRST ONE TO START A WANK FIRE GETS A SHINY BOONDOLLAR.
CCG: THIS IS AN ORDER FROM YOUR LEADER.

FAG: Hahahahahahahaha.
CCG banned FAG from responding to memo.
CCG: LATER, FAG.
CCG: TOO BAD THE ACRONYM WASN'T "HAG" INSTEAD, IT WOULD HAVE SUITED YOU MUCH BETTER.
CCG: INSTEAD OF THAT NONSENSE WORD
CCG: MAYBE ITS ASSOCIATION WITH YOU WILL COLLOQUIALLY CAUSE IT TO TAKE ON A NEGATIVE CONNOTATION, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
CCG: MAYBE FAG WILL BE "THE NEW BURN!" EVEN THOUGH IT REALLY MEANS NOTHING IN OUR LANGUAGE.
CCG: I DON'T KNOW, THIS IS STUPID, FORGET IT
CCG: OK I'M RAMBLING HERE, I'M AWARE OF THAT.
CCG: FUTURE ME, DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE WEIGH IN ON THIS, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.
CCG: IF I WERE FUTURE ME, WHICH I GUESS I AM, I WOULD READ THIS AND BE ALL OVER IT, LIKE DAMMIT KARKAT WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING.
CCG: GET TO THE POINT.
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [FCG] 0:20 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FCG: YEAH PRETTY MUCH.
CCG banned FCG from responding to memo.
CCG: SO I'M SAYING IT TO MYSELF ALREADY HERE AND NOW, SO I WON'T HAVE TO LATER, GOT IT YOU TRENCHANT BACKBITING PRICKS?????
CCG: DAMN, I'M LOSING MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT.
CCG: MAYBE I'LL PICK IT UP AGAIN IN A FRESH MEMO LATER.
CCG: I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S RIGHT THOUGH, BECAUSE I VAGUELY REMEMBER THIS ONE BEING LONGER THAN THIS.
PAST adiosToreador [PAT] 0:38 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PAT: hEYY,
CCG: OH SON OF A BITCH.
PAT: i THOUGHT,
PAT: sINCE IT LOOKS LIKE, yOU'RE SAYING YOU'RE OUT OF IMPORTANT MEMO STUFF TO SAY,
PAT: uHH,
PAT: mAYBE YOU COULD HELP ME, hERE,
PAT: sINCE i DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE NOW, bUT MAYBE HELP ME,
PAT: aBOUT A THING THAT HAS TO DO WITH A GIRL,
PAT: lIKE,
PAT: a ROMANCE THING, yOU MIGHT KNOW ABOUT,
CCG: YOU PEOPLE ARE IMBECILES.
CCG: ALL OF YOU.
CCG: I AM NOT POSTING THESE MEMOS TO COUNSEL YOU ON YOUR PAST AND FUTURE DATING PROBLEMS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
CCG: WHY ARE YOU ALL SUCH BASKET CASES. I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY ANYMORE.
PAT: sORRY,
CCG: SHOULD I BAN YOU? WHAT'S EVEN THE POINT ANYMORE! ONE OF YOU

STOOGES WILL BE RIGHT ON THE LAST ONES HEELS WITH ANOTHER SOB STORY.
CCG: JUST
CCG: HURRY UP AND TELL ME WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS BRO.
PAT: oKAY,
PAT: i'M SORT OF, lYING ON vRISKA'S FLOOR RIGHT NOW,
PAT: lIKE, iN HER BLOCK,
PAT: lYING DOWN,
PAT: uHH, yOU KNOW, bECAUSE i CAN'T WALK,
CCG: OH NO SHIT REALLY???
CCG: YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS, WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN.
PAT: uH, yEAH, aNYWAY,
PAT: sHE TRIED TO KISS ME,
PAT: wELL, sHE DIDN'T TRY, sHE ACTUALLY DID,
PAT: aND THEN, kIND OF DROPPED ME,
PAT: aND ALSO WE ARE WEARING COSTUMES,
PAT: wOW, i'M NOT EXPLAINING THIS WELL,
CCG: THIS IS SO FUCKED UP, WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO.
PAT: aND NOW, tO MAKE IT,
PAT: uHHHHH,
PAT: a LOT WEIRDER,
PAT: tHERE IS AN ANGRY VOICE IN MY HEAD,
PAT: i DONT THINK IT'S rUFIO THIS TIME,
PAT: rUFIO'S NOT THAT ANGRY,
PAT: hE'S ALSO IMAGINARY,
PAT: lIKE, a FAKE MADE UP FRIEND,
PAT: yOU KNOW, lIKE,
PAT: tHE WAY FAIRIES ARE, }:(
CCG: GOD, ACTUALLY I REMEMBER READING THIS BULLSHIT.
CCG: OR SKIMMING IT AT LEAST.
CCG: HOW COULD I FORGET???
CCG: MORE LOONEYBLOCK THEATER, AND HERE I AM DRAWING THE CURTAINS FOR YOU GUYS LIKE A DOPE.
PAT: aNYWAY, i THINK VRISKA IS UPSET ABOUT IT, aND SHE'S NOT TALKING OR ANYTHING,
PAT: wHAT DO i DO,
CCG: OK WELL, I CAN ADVISE YOU AND STUFF
CCG: BUT YOU DO REALIZE THIS IS A PUBLIC BULLETIN.
CCG: WE SHOULD BE HAVING THIS CHAT IN PRIVATE.
CCG: EVERYONE CAN READ THIS, EVEN HER.
CCG: I MEAN FUCK, SHE WAS *JUST HERE* TALKING YOU DUMMY!
PAT: i KNOW, i READ THAT,
PAT: bUT,
PAT: tHAT'S FUTURE HER, wHICH,
PAT: dOESN'T SEEM SO BAD,
PAT: mAYBE FUTURE HER CAN READ THIS, aND,
PAT: i GUESS,

PAT: kNOW i'M SORRY ABOUT IT,
PAT: i DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT HER FEELINGS,
CCG: WELL, FINE, IF YOU WANT TO BROADCAST A TRANSTIMELINE APOLOGY THEN FINE.
CCG: BUT YOU SHOULD REALIZE THE FUTURE IS KIND OF A WIDE OPEN THING, I MEAN SHE COULD READ THIS LIKE TWO MINUTES IN THE FUTURE AS WELL AS 600 HOURS.
CCG: AT THAT POINT YOU WOULD ESSENTIALLY BE TALKING TO PRESENT HER, COMPLETELY DEFEATING THE PURPOSE OF YOUR SPINELESS MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE APOLOGY.
PAT: oH,
PAT: yEAH,
PAT: i DIDN'T, rEALLY THINK OF THAT,
PAST arachnidsGrip [PAG] 0:08 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PAG: Hi.
CCG: AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH.
PAG: Karkat, shut up! This does not concern you.
CCG: OK WHATEVER. MY MEMO, BUT WHATEVER.
PAT: uH, wOW,
PAT: hI,
PAG: Tavros, it's ok. Really.
PAG: So you don't feel that way a8out me! That's fine. I shouldn't have expected any different.
PAG: I can deal with it! I am not a wimp like you. I roll with 8ad 8r8ks all the time. No 8iggie.
PAG: In fact, I already have dealt with it. I was over here dealing with it while you were over there on the floor fooling around with your computer after a cute girl tried to kiss you for some reason.
PAG: As it turned out, fooling around with your computer to.....
PAG: Go cry on future Karkat's shoulder a8out this????????
PAT: uM,
PAT: yEAH,
PAG: Hahahaha. You are a str8nge and funny 8oy, Tavros.
CCG: OH GOD
CCG: THIS IS
CCG: COMPLETELY HILARIOUS.
CCG: NOW I SEE WHY EVERYONE HAS BEEN RIPPING ON MY MEMOS.
PAG: Karkat I said shut the fuck up!!!!!!!!
PAG: Anyway, though totally unnecessary, your apology is accepted.
PAT: oKAY,
PAG: Now pick yourself up off the floor so we can go wring some fucking treasure out of this misera8le magic rock!
PAT: yEAH, i'LL TRY,
PAG: Actually, never mind, I'll 8e over there to help you with that too, kind of like I do with everything.
PAG: Just lie still and try not to start crying or anything, and w8 a few minutes for your timeframe to catch up with mine.
PAT: uH,
PAT: wHAT,

PAG: Exactly! I aaaaaaaam smarter than you. You see? You're learning!
CCG: FUCK, ENOUGH ALREADY.
CCG: THERE, GREAT, ANOTHER HAPPY COUPLE
CCG: IN WHATEVER HIDEOUS QUADRANT THIS BATSHIT PAIRING WILL SUSTAIN.
CCG: NOW OFF YOU GO.
CCG banned PAT from responding to memo.
CCG banned PAG from responding to memo.
CCG: HOLY HELL.
CCG: THIS IS EXHAUSTING.
CCG: I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I WAS TALKING ABOUT ANYMORE.
CCG: OK, MAYBE I'LL TAKE A MINUTE TO COLLECT MY THOUGHTS AND GET BACK ON TOPIC HERE.
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [FCG] 609 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FCG: NO YOU WON'T.
FCG: THIS ONE WAS PARTICULARLY NAUSEATING IN RETROSPECT, I'M SHUTTING THIS DOWN.
FCG banned CCG from responding to memo.

FCG closed memo.

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## ======>======>======>

**29/08/10**

You cannot do it. You cannot kiss the girl.

## Thief.

**29/08/10**

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Thief.
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## You will need to be strong.

**29/08/10**

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SNOWMAN: There is significant work for you to do.
```

## ======>

**29/08/10**

And in time, though prone to distraction and obstinacy, she would.

But not alone.

## ======>

**29/08/10**

To bring every circle closed, her partner and rival would have to be guided in tandem. The Thief and the Seer were to serve as twin lashes of the scourge cracked by a quasiroyal against her own former kingdom to settle a score. To make him pay. Scourge's black inches would rip red miles through Derse, and the bright rivers gushing from its wounds would wash her mutineers down the drains of exile. In time they would have to answer for their treason.

Patience would be necessary. But then, she'd recently come into all the time in the universe.

## ======>

**29/08/10**

## Snowman: Continue briefing.

**29/08/10**

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TEREZI: OK TH3N WH4T?
```

## Find the ring before he does.

**29/08/10**

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TEREZI: WH3R3 1S 1T?

SNOWMAN: Retrieve the ring from the royal vault.
```

## And then,

**29/08/10**

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SNOWMAN: Destroy it.
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**30/08/10**

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**30/08/10**

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**30/08/10**

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**30/08/10**

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**30/08/10**

## Centuries ago...

**30/08/10**

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LAND OF RAYS AND ?????
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And yet, right now...

The SYLPH OF SPACE was able to vacate the impact site with several features of her buried landscape in tow. She sits atop her session's dormant FORGE.

======>

**30/08/10**

## Kanaya: Reply to memo.

**31/08/10**

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TROLLIAN

Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines


FCG
CGA

FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [FCG] 599 HOURS FROM NOW opened memo on board TEAM
ADORABLOODTHIRSTY.

FCG: FINE THEN.
FCG: SINCE PAST ME JUST BANNED CURRENT ME FROM THE PRECEDING MEMO
FCG: AND DOESN'T APPEAR TO GIVE A SHIT ABOUT MY FUTURE WISDOM, AS USUAL
```

pesterlog~~~

AWESOME.
FCG: IN FACT, IT WAS AWESOME. BANG UP JOB WITH THAT, DUDE!
FCG: TOO BAD IT WAS ALL A HUGE WASTE OF TIME.
FCG: OH, WHAT'S THAT, PASTHOLE? YOU DIDN'T READ THIS AND FIGURE THAT OUT AHEAD OF TIME?
FCG: OR MAYBE YOU JUST SKIMMED THIS AND IT DIDN'T GET THROUGH YOUR THICK BULGE???
FCG: WHAT A SHOCK!
FCG: MEMO-WITHIN-MEMO TO PRESENT SELF: PUT FORTH A MORE CONCERTED EFFORT TO IMPRESS UPON EVERYONE IN THE PAST, MYSELF INCLUDED, WHAT A BUNCH OF FUCKING IDIOTS THEY ALL ARE.
FCG: I AM LEARNING A VALUABLE LESSON TODAY!
FCG: IT TURNS OUT YOU CAN'T ALTER THE OUTCOME OF DECISIONS MADE BY MORONS, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU YELL AT THEM.
FCG: ALL YOU CAN REALLY DO IS GIVE THEM A HARD TIME AND TRY TO MAKE THEIR LIVES JUST A LITTLE MORE MISERABLE.
FCG: WHICH SOUNDS LIKE A MORE NOBLE PURSUIT THAN CHANGING DESTINY FOR THE BETTER ANYWAY, FRANKLY.
FCG: LOSERS SHOULD BE FORCED TO FACE THE MUSIC, EVEN FOR THE MISTAKES THEY HAVEN'T MADE YET.
FCG: THEIR PUNISHMENT IS BEING ALLOWED TO MAKE THE MISTAKE IN THE FIRST PLACE. TALK ABOUT POETIC JUSTICE!
FCG: AND THEN GETTING SOUNDLY BERATED BEFORE, DURING, AND AFTER THE MISTAKES ARE BEING MADE IS JUST THE MUCUS ON THE GRUBLOAF.
FCG: THE SWEET, TANGY MUCUS.
FCG: THIS IS DUMB.
FCG: WHY DID I EVER THINK THESE MEMOS WERE GOING TO BE A GOOD IDEA.
FCG: NOBODY CARES
FCG: I MEAN
FCG: NOBODY'S EVEN TROLLING ME ANYMORE.
FCG: AND I'M LEAVING MYSELF WIDE OPEN TOO, SAYING SOME PRETTY DUMB THINGS HERE.
FCG: I GUESS MAYBE I WROTE TOO MANY.
FCG: AND FILLED TOO MANY OF THEM WITH LONG ARGUMENTS WITH MYSELF.
FCG: NO ONE'S GOING TO READ THROUGH ALL THIS, ALL THE VALUABLE INFORMATION IS JUST GETTING LOST IN THE YELLING.
FCG: YOU STUPID STUPID IDIOT.
FCG: OH FUCK YOU, WHY'D YOU EVEN START ANOTHER MEMO THEN??
FCG: I GUESS
FCG: THERE ARE A COUPLE THINGS I WANT TO GET OFF MY CHEST, OK?
FCG: OH GOD, NOW I'M ARGUING WITH CURRENT ME.
FCG: I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE I WAS DOING IT, THIS IS REALLY FUCKED UP.
FCG: I'VE GOT TO PULL IT TOGETHER.
FCG: THINK BACK TO WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE DONE WRONG.
FCG: BUT THE THING IS
FCG: AS MUCH AS OUR PAST SELVES ARE A BUNCH OF STUBBORN UNLISTENING

ASSHOLES
FCG: I CAN'T EVEN REALLY IDENTIFY ANY MISTAKES WE MADE.
FCG: IT WAS ALL PRETTY MUCH LIKE CLOCKWORK.
FCG: A 600 HOUR CAMPAIGN TO COMPLETE A GAME LIKE THIS IS PRETTY GOOD IF YOU ASK ME.
FCG: AND I HAVE ASKED ME.
FCG: IT TURNS OUT ME AGREES.
FCG: I CAN'T SHAKE THE FEELING SOMEONE ELSE MUST BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS.
FCG: IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE IT WAS SOMETHING THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN IN OUR SESSION.
FCG: SOLLUX HAS THE SAME INTUITION ABOUT IT AS ME, HE THINKS THERE'S SOMETHING FII2HY ABOUT IT.
FCG: IT'S REALLY INSUFFERABLE THE WAY HER FISH PUNS HAVE RUBBED OFF ON HIM, IT KIND OF MAKES ME WANT TO VOMIT.
FCG: ANYWAY
FCG: HE SAYS HE'S WORKING ON TRACING THE ORIGIN OF THIS DISASTER.
FCG: IF I FIND OUT WHO'S RESPONSIBLE
FCG: I WILL
FCG: I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT NOW.
FCG: WASTE OF GOOD FRESH RAGE.
FCG: I'M A LITTLE TIRED OF ALL THE OLD THINGS I'VE BEEN ANGRY ABOUT.
FCG: IT'S GOTTEN SO STALE.
FCG: IN A WEIRD WAY I'M SORT OF LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING SOMETHING NEW TO BE PISSED OFF ABOUT.
FCG: IT'S NOT LIKE THERE'S ANYTHING ELSE TO LIVE FOR NOW ANYWAY.
FCG: SO I'M KEEPING MY PRONGS CROSSED.
FCG: IT WILL BE LIKE FUCKING 12TH PERIGEE'S EVE UP IN HERE.
FCG: LAST SWEEP'S EVE WAS PROBABLY THE LAST HAPPY MEMORY I HAVE IN FACT.
FCG: WHAT DID YOU GUYS DO FOR THE LAST HOLIDAY?
FCG: ANYONE?
FCG: I REMEMBER MY LUSUS HAD BEEN GONE FOR DAYS AND I WAS STARTING TO GET WORRIED.
FCG: BUT THEN HE FINALLY RETURNED, TRIUMPHANT.
FCG: HE BROUGHT THE FRESH BEHEMOTH LEAVING INTO OUR HIVE, AND TOGETHER WE DECORATED IT.
FCG: AND
FCG: I DUNNO
FCG: THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY, I'M GETTING A LUMP IN MY SQUAWK BLISTER.
FCG: I GUESS I'M DONE.
FCG: I'M GOING TO LIE DOWN NOW
FCG: ON THE STEEL FLOOR OF THIS FRIGID METEOR DRIFTING THROUGH THE BLACK UNCARING VOID OF OUR NULL SESSION.
FCG: NULL, KIND OF LIKE THIS MEMO I GUESS.
FCG: LATER.
CURRENT grimAuxiliatrix [CGA] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
CGA: I Dont Think We Did Anything Special

FCG: WHOA, HEY
FCG: WHAT?
CGA: Last 12th
CGA: We Stayed In
CGA: And I Read Stories To Her It Was Nice
FCG: OH
FCG: THAT'S COOL.
FCG: THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE RESPONDED TO A MEMO THAT I CAN RECALL.
FCG: YOU TOOK IT RIGHT DOWN TO THE WIRE. I WAS JUST ABOUT TO CLOSE THIS THING.
CGA: Yeah I Know
CGA: I Wasnt Sure If I Was Going To
CGA: But Then I Noticed A Conversation In Which I Was A Participant
CGA: Which As It Turns Out Is The Conversation Taking Place Now
CGA: I Scanned It Briefly And Then Perused Other Memos For My Presence
CGA: I Found None And Returned To This One
CGA: But My Part Of The Conversation Was Gone
CGA: I Regarded This As A Prompt To Begin Typing And Record My Contributions Live
CGA: That Is How This Works Isnt It
FCG: PRETTY MUCH.
FCG: FOR A WHILE IT WAS FRUSTRATING.
FCG: WHEN I DISCOVERED THE FEATURE I KIND OF BREEZED THROUGH ALL MY FUTURE MEMOS, NOT REALLY READING ALL OF THEM CAREFULLY OR THOROUGHLY.
FCG: THEN I LOOKED AT IT AGAIN, AND THE WHOLE BOARD WAS GONE.
FCG: BECAUSE IT WAS TIME TO MAKE IT IN THE FIRST PLACE, SO I DID.
FCG: AND THEN I KEPT MAKING MEMOS WITH ONLY FOGGY RECOLLECTIONS OF WHAT THEY CONTAINED.
FCG: WHILE ALL THESE OTHER CHUMPS FROM DIFFERENT TIMES KEPT GIVING ME SHIT.
FCG: INCLUDING MYSELF.
FCG: BUT IT WAS ALL GOOD, BECAUSE AS I EVENTUALLY BECAME MY OWN FUTURE SELVES, AND GOT TO BE ON THE OTHER SIDES OF THOSE CONVERSATIONS.
FCG: AND COULD DO MY PAST SELVES THE SERVICE OF INFORMING THEM HOW STUPID THEY WERE BEING.
FCG: I STOPPED BOTHERING TRYING TO REMEMBER HOW ANY OF THESE MEMOS WENT.
FCG: HONESTLY THE LAST FEW WEEKS HAVE BEEN A BLUR TO ME, JUST NON STOP YELLING AT MYSELF, HAGGLING WITH PAST AND FUTURE KNUCKLEHEADS, KILLING MONSTERS AND SOLVING PUZZLES, CYCLING THROUGH ALL THE GATES AND PLANETS LIKE A HUNDRED TIMES, ZIGZAGGING DOWN TO THE BATTLEFIELD, OUT TO THE VEIL, OVER TO PROSPIT, BACK TO DERSE, AND ON AND ON AND ON LIKE THAT UNTIL WE THOUGHT WE WON.
FCG: BUT WE DIDN'T WIN. WE LOST.
FCG: WE LOST AS HARD AS FAT GUYS FALL.
CGA: What Exactly Happened

FCG: DID YOU READ THE MEMO JUST BEFORE THIS?
CGA: No
FCG: GIVE IT A READ, I'M DONE RANTING ABOUT ALL THAT FOR NOW.
CGA: Alright
CGA: In A Moment
FCG: BUT YEAH, THAT'S HOW TROLLIAN'S TIMELINE STUFF WORKS. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.
FCG: OR NOT! SINCE APPARENTLY THIS IS YOUR ONLY MEMO REPLY. YOU WERE PRETTY SHREWD IN SIDESTEPPING THIS WHOLE CLUSTERFUCK.
CGA: It Seems Like A Logical Way To Engineer A System Wherein One Simultaneously Functions As The Reader And Author Of The Transcripts
CGA: Its Temporally Sound Construction
FCG: THEN YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO THINKS SO.
FCG: HELL YOU PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN A BETTER MAID OF TIME THAN THE ONE WE WERE STUCK WITH.
FCG: SHE'S COMPLETELY SHITHIVE MAGGOTS, DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED.
CGA: I Think We Are Given Roles To Challenge Us
CGA: That Dont Necessarily Suit Our Strengths
CGA: At Least I Was
CGA: I Have No Idea What Im Doing Here
FCG: SURE YOU DO.
FCG: OR, YOU WILL. TRUST ME YOU'LL DO FINE.
FCG: SO WHAT PROMPTED YOU TO RESPOND ANYWAY.
FCG: I MEAN ASIDE FROM BEING STRONGARMED BY CONVERSATIONAL PREDESTINATION.
CGA: Oh
CGA: At This Point Im Not Even Sure If Im Inclined To Ask Anymore
FCG: YOU MIGHT NOT HAVE A CHOICE.
FCG: DO YOU REMEMBER IF THIS MEMO WAS MUCH LONGER THAN THIS?
CGA: Um
CGA: There Is A Good Way To Go I Think Yeah
FCG: THEN MIGHT AS WELL SPIT IT OUT.
CGA: Its Such A Silly Question
FCG: RED OR BLACK?
CGA: What
FCG: YOUR PROBLEM, DOES IT PERTAIN TO REDROM OR BLACKROM INTERESTS?
CGA: Thats Not What This Is About
FCG: COME ON. PEOPLE HAVE BEEN USING THESE MEMOS TO SIFT THROUGH THEIR ROMANTIC PROBLEMS FOR WEEKS, I AM A FUCKING VETERAN AT THIS SHIT BY NOW.
FCG: SERIOUSLY, I DON'T MIND, IT'LL BE A WELCOME REPRIEVE FROM SHOUTING AT MYSELF.
CGA: Im Not Sure What To Say About It
FCG: DIDN'T YOU AT LEAST GET A SENSE OF WHAT THIS CONVERSATION WAS ABOUT WHEN YOU SKIMMED IT?
CGA: Not Really

CGA: If I Were Thinking About It I Probably Wouldnt Have Wanted To Anyway
CGA: Dont You Think Its Better To Have Unrehearsed Conversations
CGA: Even If The Subject Matter Is Awkward
FCG: YES I COMPLETELY AGREE.
FCG: IT'S GOOD YOU DIDN'T READ IT. WE CAN AVOID THE SORT OF VERBAL SLAPSTICK ROUTINES I'M SICK TO FUCKING DEATH OF BY NOW.
FCG: I AM SO TIRED OF PEOPLE BEING ALL COY AND TELLING ME WHAT WE'RE ABOUT TO SAY BEFORE WE SAY IT, AND THEN WE WIND UP FUCKING SAYING IT ANYWAY.
FCG: AND THEN WE PROVE TO THE INVISIBLE RIDDLER THAT IS FATHER TIME BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT WHAT A BUNCH OF FUCKING IDIOTS WE ALL ARE.
FCG: DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW OLD THAT GETS AFTER A WHILE?
FCG: SO REALLY, TELL ME.
FCG: I KNOW IT'S ON YOUR MIND, I GOT A SENSE FOR THESE THINGS.
FCG: R OR B???
CGA: Ok
CGA: Red Then
CGA: But I Guess
CGA: Not Really Red Enough
FCG: HAHA, WELL ISN'T THAT ALWAYS THE CASE?
FCG: STORY AS OLD AS TIME.
FCG: EVEN IN PLACES WHERE STRICTLY SPEAKING TIME DIDN'T EXIST UNTIL RECENTLY.
FCG: WHO'S THE TARGET OF THESE FLUSHED LEANINGS?
FCG: IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING.
CGA: Its Not The Asking I Mind
CGA: Its The Telling
CGA: In A Public Forum
FCG: I DON'T THINK ANYONE'S READING.
FCG: DID YOU NOTICE ANYONE ELSE JOIN IN LATER?
CGA: No
CGA: It Appeared To Be Just The Two Of Us
FCG: SEE
FCG: NOBODY CARES ENOUGH TO BOTHER.
CGA: I Dont Know Whether Thats Reassuring
CGA: Or Just A Bit Disheartening
FCG: WELL I DIDN'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT.
FCG: THEIR DISINTEREST IS MORE A REFLECTION ON ME THAN YOU.
CGA: Disinterest Is The Operative Concept Here
CGA: Shes Not Even Responding To My Messages Anymore
CGA: Could Be Busy
CGA: But Im Rapidly Approaching A Resolution To Discard The Preposterous Infatuation
FCG: SHE? WELL I GUESS THAT NARROWS IT DOWN SOMEWHAT.
CGA: Shit
FCG: IF I THINK BACK ON EVENTS KNOWING THIS I COULD PROBABLY PIECE IT TOGETHER...

CGA: How About
CGA: If I Agree To Consult With You About It In Private
CGA: We Can Drop It Here
CGA: Before You Crack Me Like A Vault
CGA: With Your Weird Romance Sleuthing Acumen
FCG: ALRIGHT, DEAL.
CGA: It Still Puzzles Me That You Are So Versed In The Topic
CGA: Do You Have Access To A Manual Archived On A Remote Server Somewhere
FCG: WHAT
FCG: NO OF COURSE NOT.
FCG: I DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW ALL THAT MUCH.
FCG: I JUST KNOW THIS STUFF WILL DRIVE YOU SHITHIVE MAGGOTS IF YOU DON'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH IT.
CGA: That Figure Of Speech You Keep Using Puzzles Me Too
FCG: LIKE
FCG: NOT THAT I EXPECT YOU TO GIVE A SHIT BUT PERSONALLY I AM ALL TWISTED UP ABOUT BLACKROM STUFF ESPECIALLY.
FCG: HONESTLY I DON'T THINK I WAS CUT OUT TO HAVE A KISMESIS, I THINK MY STANDARDS ARE WAY TOO HIGH.
FCG: DID YOU KNOW THAT...
FCG: THIS FEELS SO INSANE TO ADMIT, BUT
FCG: OVER THE COURSE OF THIS ADVENTURE, AT TIMES I ACTUALLY BEGAN TO SUSPECT I WAS MY OWN KISMESIS.
FCG: HOW FUCKED UP IS THAT???
CGA: Im Not Qualified To Say
CGA: Neither Romance Nor Psychology Are My Strong Suits
FCG: BUT OBVIOUSLY ITS NOT TRUE, I NEVER EVEN DID ANY LEGIT TIME TRAVELING WHERE I COULD MEET MYSELF, I JUST BICKERED WITH PAST AND FUTURE GHOSTS ON A CHAT CLIENT.
FCG: FITTING REALLY. EVERY CALIGINOUS ADVERSARY I'VE CONTEMPLATED HAS ELUDED ME LIKE A PHANTOM, EVEN MYSELF!
FCG: WHATEVER, I'M DONE WITH IT.
CGA: And What Of Scarlet Ambitions
CGA: Fare Any Better In That Quadrant
FCG: NO NO NO I'M NOT AIRING THAT SHIT OUT HERE.
FCG: MAYBE PRIVATELY.
FCG: IT'S PRIVATE.
FCG: LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT, WHAT WERE YOU ORIGINALLY GOING TO ASK ME.
CGA: Oh Fine
CGA: Heres This Silly Question For You
CGA: I Was Just Wondering Given Your Vantage Of Hindsight
CGA: If Youd Had Cause To Observe At Any Point In Time
CGA: Magic
FCG: UH...
CGA: Like Real Magic

CGA: I Guess What Im Asking Is
CGA: Is Magic A Real Thing
FCG: WOW, YOU'RE RIGHT, THAT'S KIND OF THE DUMBEST FUCKING QUESTION I'VE EVER HEARD.
CGA: I Know
CGA: Its Just That I Have A Good Reason To Believe Magic Is Real
CGA: Our Ancient Predecessors Discovered How To Use It
CGA: But Then They May Have Surpassed Us In Skill By A Great Deal
FCG: YOU PUT WAY TOO MUCH STOCK IN THAT RATTY OLD GUIDE.
FCG: BUT ANYWAY NO, WE NEVER USED MAGIC.
FCG: I MEAN, LET ME TRY TO PUT INTO PERSPECTIVE HOW RIDICULOUS THE WHOLE NOTION IS ANYWAY.
FCG: WE CAN ALCHEMIZE PRACTICALLY ANYTHING WITH THE RIGHT MATERIALS AND GRIST.
FCG: WE CAN, AND DID, MAKE SUPER POWERFUL WEAPONS AND ITEMS THAT CAN DO PRACTICALLY ANYTHING.
FCG: WHAT ADDITIONAL ADVANTAGE COULD MAGIC OFFER? ALL THIS SHIT IS PRACTICALLY MAGIC ANYWAY.
FCG: BUT MORE LIKE
FCG: GOOFY SCIENCEY MAGIC. YOU KNOW?
CGA: Sure
FCG: BUT EVERYTHING HERE IS KIND OF MAGIC IN A WAY, ISN'T IT.
FCG: FORTUNE TELLING DREAM CLOUDS AND GOLDEN MOONS AND SHIT.
FCG: IF YOU LOOK AROUND
FCG: THERE'S MAGIC EVERYWHERE IN THIS BITCH.
FCG: IT'S ALL AROUND US.
FCG: MOTHER FUCKIN MIRACLES, RIGHT?
CGA: Heh
FCG: WHAT DO YOU NEED MAGIC FOR ANYWAY?
CGA: Im Running Out Of Ideas
CGA: I Need To Figure Out A Way To Stoke This Volcano
CGA: In Case You And The Others Are Successful In Recovering The Queens Ring
FCG: YOU'LL FIGURE IT OUT.
FCG: AND YOU WON'T NEED MAGIC, TRUST ME.
FCG: JUST BE PATIENT, THE ANSWER WILL COME TO YOU SOMEHOW.
CGA: I Guess You Would Know
FCG: YEAH, REALLY THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
FCG: AT LEAST AS FAR AS THE DETAILS OF THE ADVENTURE GO.
FCG: WE WERE ALL PRETTY AWESOME AT THIS GAME.
FCG: REALLY AWESOME IN FACT.
FCG: UNTIL A LITTLE WHILE AGO.
FCG: WHEN IT TURNED OUT WE WEREN'T ACTUALLY ALL THAT AWESOME.
FCG: TURNS OUT WE WERE PRETTY FUCKING UNAWESOME ALL ALONG.
CGA: Still Baffled By What Would Conceivably Cause Such A Crisis In Awesomeness Post-Victory
FCG: WELL
FCG: FOR STARTERS

FCG: HAVE YOU SCROLLED UP TO THE TOP OF THE TIMELINES YET?
CGA: No
FCG: CHECK THAT OUT
FCG: MAYBE READ A FEW RECENT MEMOS
FCG: BUT OTHER THAN THAT IT'S NOT FOR YOU TO CONCERN YOURSELF WITH.
FCG: JUST DEAL WITH GETTING THROUGH THE QUEST.
FCG: I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU ABOUT IT WHEN YOU CATCH UP WITH ME ON THE TIMELINE.
FCG: WHICH JUST HAPPENS TO BE RIGHT NOW.
CGA: Say Hi To Me For Myself
FCG: OK I PROBABLY WON'T DO THAT, BUT ALRIGHT HA HA.
FCG: WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING OVER THERE ANYWAY?
CGA: You Mean Future Me
FCG: YEAH.
FCG: YOU'RE MESSING AROUND WITH YOUR CHAINSAW.
FCG: WHILE TAVROS IS SLEEPING ON THE FLOOR.
FCG: OH GOD.
FCG: FUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK WHAT ARE YOU DOING???????
CGA: What
CGA: What Did I Do
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist 2 [FCG2] 600 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FCG2: OK.
FCG2: EVERYTHING'S FINE I GUESS.
CGA: What Happened
FCG2: I PASSED OUT FOR ABOUT AN HOUR.
FCG2: FUCKING EMBARRASSING.
FCG2: YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR GODDAMN MIND, YOU KNOW.
CGA: Shithive Maggots You Mean
FCG2: YEAH
FCG2: IN A GOOD WAY THOUGH.
FCG2: OK I'M SHUTTING THIS MEMO DOWN FOR MY PAST SELF.
FCG2: SINCE HE'S CURRENTLY LYING UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR AN HOUR AGO.
FCG2: SEE YOU IN THE FUTURE-NOW.
CGA: Til Then
FCG2 banned CGA from responding to memo.
FCG2 banned FCG from responding to memo.

FCG2 closed memo.

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Timelines


FCG
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## Terezi: Fly up.

**01/09/10**

**======>**

**01/09/10**

```
PSSWOOOP!
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**======>**

**01/09/10**

```
sniff! sniff!
```

spritelogDRAGONSPRITE: sniff sniff
DRAGONSPRITE: hey terezi!
DRAGONSPRITE: heeeeeeeyyyyyyy!
DRAGONSPRITE: hiiiiii terezi!
DRAGONSPRITE: hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!
DRAGONSPRITE: sniff sniff sniff
DRAGONSPRITE: heeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheeheehee!

**======>**

**01/09/10**

```
SN1FF SN1FF

sniff sniff
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**======>**

**01/09/10**

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Alert : ♋
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## Terezi: Respond.

**02/09/10**

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

CG: OK I GOT YOUR MESSAGE
CG: THANKS FOR NOT HASSLING ME ABOUT IT IN ONE OF THE MEMOS TO GET MY ATTENTION, I APPRECIATE THAT.
CG: UNLESS YOU DID, BUT IT WAS IN A FUTURE MEMO I HAVEN'T WRITTEN YET, IN WHICH CASE HAVE A BIGTIME FUCK YOU ABOUT THAT IN ADVANCE.
GC: NO 1 D1DNT BUG YOU 4BOUT 1T 1N YOUR STUP1D M3MOS!
GC: TH3Y 4R3 4NNOY1NG 4ND 1M T1R3D OF G3TT1NG B4NN3D FOR NO R34SON
CG: POSTING IN THEM AT ALL IS THE REASON. YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO REPLY MEMOS PERIOD, THAT'S THE REASON.
GC: M4YB3 1 W1LL ST4RT MY OWN BULL3T1N BO4RD
GC: 4ND 3V3RYON3 W1LL B3 4LLOW3D TO R3PLY 4NY T1M3 TH3Y W4NT

GC: 3XC3PT FOR GUYS W1TH NUBBY HORNS, OH NO, TH3Y W1LL NOT B3 4BL3 TO R3PLY 4T 4LL
GC: GRUMPY K4RK4TS W1LL B3 3XPR3SSLY FORB1DD3N FROM R41NBOW RUMPUS P4RTYTOWN!
GC: >:P
CG: SOUNDS LAME.
GC: BY TH3 W4Y TH4T W1LL B3 TH3 N4M3 OF TH3 BO4RD 1N C4S3 1T W4SNT CL34R
CG: YEAH I GOT THAT.
CG: THIS IS AN EMPTY THREAT, BECAUSE IF YOU MADE A BOARD AT ANY POINT ON THE TIMELINE I WOULD BE ABLE TO SEE IT RIGHT HERE AND READ THE WHOLE THING ALREADY.
CG: WAIT...
CG: OH GOD, YOU ACTUALLY DID.
GC: Y3SSSSS!
GC: FUTUR3 T3R3Z1 1S LOOK1NG PR3TTY COOL R1GHT 4BOUT NOW >8]
CG: LOOK I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE FRUITY RUMPUS ASSHOLE FACTORY.
CG: WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT GOING AFTER THE QUEEN'S RING.
GC: W3LL
GC: TH3 TH1NG TH4T 1S 4LL 4BOUT 1T 1S
GC: W3 H4V3 TO GO 4FT3R TH3 QU33NS R1NG
GC: 1T 1S 4 N3W M1SS1ON
CG: BUT WE'RE STILL IN THE MIDDLE OF TRYING TO PULL OFF REGISURP WITH JACK.
CG: WHY DON'T WE TAKE IT ONE MISSION AT A TIME.
GC: Y34H 4BOUT TH4T
GC: TH3 WHOL3 PO1NT 1S TO D3STROY TH3 R1NG SO J4CK DO3SNT G3T 1T
CG: WHY WOULD WE WANT TO DO THAT, JACK'S AN ALLY.
GC: 4LSO
GC: TH3 M1SS1ON SORT OF 1NVOLV3S 3X1L1NG J4CK TOO
GC: >:|
CG: THIS IS BULLSHIT.
CG: WE'RE NOT EXILING JACK, HE'S COOL.
GC: K4RK4T, H3 1S NOT TH4T COOL!
CG: YES HE IS, HE'S A TOTAL BADASS WITH A FUCK TON OF BLADES AND SHIT, AND HE'S HELPING US OUT.
GC: OK, 1 TH1NK 1TS PR3TTY CUT3 TH4T YOU SORT OF LOOK UP TO H1M L1K3 TH4T
GC: BUT S3R1OUSLY, 1 DO NOT G3T 4 GOOD F33L1NG FROM H1M!
GC: H3 K1ND OF
CG: STINKS?
CG: LET ME ACTED SHOCKED LIKE I DIDN'T SEE THAT COMING.
CG: O:
CG: FUCK I FORGOT MY HORNS, I ALWAYS FORGET THEM
CG: O:B
GC: NO!
GC: W3LL
GC: SORT OF

GC: H3 DO3SNT SM3LL B4D 4CTU4LLY
GC: H3 SM3LLS R34LLY CL34N 4ND SH1NY 4ND D4RK D4RK D444RK L1K3 4N O1L SL1CK 4ND TH3R3 1S 4 T1NY H1NT OF L1COR1C3 TH3R3 TOO
GC: 1TS MOR3 L1K3
GC: TH3 W4Y H3 MOV3S
GC: 1 SM3LL H1S SMOOTH MOT1ONS 4ND TH3 W4Y H3 SQU1NTS H1S 3Y3S 4ND 1T G1V3S M3 TH1S R34LLY N3RVOUS F33L1NG
CG: WHAT A SURPRISE, YOU ARE DRAGGING YOUR SCHIZOPHRENIC NOSE INTO THIS, WHAT AN OUTSTANDING CHARACTER WITNESS.
CG: OBJECTION YOUR TYRANNY! HAHAHA
GC: >:D
CG: THE BOTTOM LINE IS I AM NOT GOING TO EXILE JACK BECAUSE YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN SMELL MALICE OFF AN INTERPRETIVE DANCE.
GC: K4RK4T, H3S 4 J3RK!
GC: H3 H4S ST4BB3D YOU ON MOR3 TH4N ON3 OCC4S1ON!
CG: SOME OF THOSE STABBINGS WERE ACCIDENTAL!
GC: >8|
CG: OK, WELL I KNOW FOR A FACT THE THIRD TIME WAS ACCIDENTAL.
CG: ANYWAY YOU'VE BEATEN THE SHIT OUT OF ME A FEW TIMES YOURSELF.
GC: BUT 1 D1DN'T DR4W BLOOD!
GC: 1 M34N 1 COULD H4V3 TO S4T1SFY MY CUR1OS1TY >:]
GC: BUT 1 D1DNT 4S 4 COURT3SY TO YOU
GC: S1NC3 YOU ST1LL W4NT TO K33P 1T 4 S3CR3T FROM M3 L1K3 4 P3TUL4NT L1TTL3 W1GGL3R >:P
CG: HEY I PROMISED I'D TELL YOU.
CG: I JUST
CG: WASN'T READY OK
GC: W3LL
GC: 1TS OK
GC: 1 KNOW WH4T COLOR YOUR BLOOD 1S 4NYW4Y >:]
CG: NO YOU DON'T
GC: YUP, 1 TOT4LLY DO
CG: LIES, I'VE BEEN VERY CAREFUL.
CG: NOT LIKE ALL YOU CLASSLESS SHITBAGS WHO SLOP YOUR BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE EVERY GODDAMN MINUTE LIKE IT'S SOME WEIRD FETISH.
GC: 3RR
GC: HM >:\
CG: WHAT
GC: BL4R
GC: HOLD ON
CG: WHAT IS IT?
GC: 1 S41D HOLD ON! SOM3T1M3S 1TS H4RD TO P1CK OUT TH3 L3TT3RS FROM TH3 HOLO PROJ3CT1ON
GC: 1 N33D TO G3T 4 CLOS3R LOOK!
CG: ARE YOU LICKING YOUR GLASSES AGAIN?
CG: I HATE IT WHEN YOU DO THAT, IT'S FUCKING DISGUSTING.

GC: NOMP, WH4TH WOULB EBER G1TH YOU TH4TH 1BE4???
GC: H3H3H3H3H3H3H3

## Terezi: Get closer look.

**02/09/10**

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SLURP!
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pesterlogGC: TH4T 1S B3TT3R
GC: 1TS MUCH 34S13R TO R34D YOUR COLOR TH1S W4Y
GC: YOUR DR4B D1RTY P4V3M3NT GR4Y
GC: ON TOP OF BR1GHT C4NDY R3D, L1K3 4 SH1NY LOLL1POP
GC: DO3S TH4T SOUND F4M1L14R K4RK4T??
CG: YES, I'M EXTREMELY FAMILIAR WITH THIS SORT OF NONSENSE BY NOW, SURE.
GC: NO 1 M34N
GC: GR4Y ON R3D
GC: L1K3 TH3 W4Y YOUR SK1N
GC: CONC34LS YOUR BLOOD
CG: WHAT
GC: C4NDY C4NDY R3D!
GC: L1K3 YOUR PL4N3T
GC: YOU H4V3 STRONG CH3RRY COUGH SYRUP 1N YOUR V31NS! 1T 1S COMPL3T3LY D3L1C1OUS.
CG: WHO TOLD YOU
CG: DID JACK TELL YOU
GC: NO H3 DO3SNT T4LK MUCH
GC: 1 F1GUR3D 1T OUT MYS3LF
CG: HOW
GC: 1 GOT 4 CLOS3R LOOK
GC: R3M3MB3R >:]
CG: NO
GC: PFFF YOU 4R3 PL4Y1NG SO DUMB, YOU KNOW 3X4CTLY WH4T 1 4M T4LK1NG 4BOUT
CG: I CLEANED UP MY WOUND AND CHANGED MY SHIRT BEFORE I EVEN MET YOU, I'VE BEEN EXTREMELY CAREFUL.
CG: SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FILL ME IN.
GC: 1T W4S WH3N 1 GOT CLOS3 3NOUGH
GC: TO SM3LL 1T UND3R YOUR SK1N
GC: PL34S3 K4RK4T, DO NOT PR3T3ND TH4T YOU FORGOT 4BOUT OUR L1TTL3 MOM3NT
CG: WHOA
CG: YOU MEAN
CG: DURING
CG: FUCK.
CG: OK SHHHHHHHHHHH SHH SHH SHH...
CG: LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THIS, NOT HERE.
GC: TH1S 1SNT 4 M3MO!

GC: 1TS 4 PR1V4T3 CORR3SPOND3NC3 JUST B3TW33N US, R3M3MB3R?
CG: I KNOW BUT
CG: DAMMIT
CG: WRITING ALL THESE MEMOS HAS MADE ME PARANOID.
CG: IT JUST DOESN'T FEEL SECURE CHATTING ABOUT IT OVER THE CLIENT, I DUNNO.
CG: WE CAN TALK ABOUT IT IN PERSON.
GC: HOW "1N P3RSON" DO YOU M34N?
GC: UH OH LOOK 4T MY 3Y3BROWS G3TT1NG C4RR13D 4W4Y H3R3
GC: >;]
GC: > ;]
GC: >;]
GC: > ;]
GC: >;]
GC: > ;]
GC: K4RK4T H3LP, TH3Y 4R3 OUT OF CONTROL!!!
CG: THOSE ARE EYEBROWS?
CG: I THOUGHT THEY WERE HORNS.
GC: TH3Y 4R3 HORNS TOO
GC: TH3Y 4R3 4R3 WH4T3V3R 1 W4NT TH3M TO B3
CG: ?:B
GC: DONT CH4NG3 TH3 SUBJ3CT BY B31NG CUT3!
CG: WELL APPARENTLY I JUST CAN'T FUCKING HELP MYSELF CAN I.
GC: NOP3
CG: HOW CAN YOU EVEN SMELL SO DAMN WELL, ANYWAY.
CG: YOU GIVE ME A HARD TIME ABOUT BEING COY ABOUT SHIT
CG: BUT WHEN IT COMES TO YOUR CRAZY SENSES YOU'RE SO VAGUE, IT'S LIKE TRYING TO DECIPHER THE DAILY HOROSCOPE RIDDLE.
CG: OR THE RIDDLES FOR ALL 48 SIGNS COMBINED.
GC: 444RGH
GC: YOU 4R3 4 R3L3NTL3SS SUBJ3CT CH4NG3R! >XO
GC: F1N3, 1TS OK 1F YOU DONT W4NT TO T4LK 4BOUT 1T
GC: GOD YOU 4R3 SOOOOO SHY FOR 4N 4NGRY GUY WHO W4NTS TO B3 4 B1GSHOT L34D3R, 1TS R1D1CULOUS
CG: LOOK
CG: WE'LL TALK
CG: I PROMISE
CG: WHY DON'T YOU JUST SAY SOME STUFF ABOUT YOURSELF FOR A CHANGE
CG: AND CUT ME SOME SLACK.
GC: OK >:]

======>

**02/09/10**

pesterlogGC: 1M SUR3 1 M3NT1ON3D 4FT3R YOU M3T MY SPR1T3
GC: 1 L34RN3D FROM H3R THROUGH MY DR34MS
GC: B3FOR3 SH3 H4TCH3D!

CG: YEAH, BUT IT'S STILL SO VAGUE.
CG: THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT.
CG: HOW ABOUT A STRAIGHT ANSWER?
GC: OK, 1LL TRY
GC: WH3N 1 W3NT BL1ND, TH4TS WH3N 1 F1RST WOK3 UP
GC: 4ND MY LUSUS H3LP3D M3 W4K3 UP!
GC: SORT OF
CG: YOU MEAN ON PROSPIT'S MOON.
GC: Y3S
GC: BUT
GC: 3XC3PT FOR 4 V3RY BR13F MOM3NT...
GC: 1 W4S BL1ND 1N MY DR34MS TOO
GC: TH3 DR34M S3LF 1M4G3 1 PROJ3CT C4N'T S33, B3C4US3 1 GU3SS D33P DOWN 1 DONT R34LLY W4NT TO
CG: WHY IS THAT.
CG: IS IT OUT OF SPITE TO VRISKA?
CG: I KNOW I'D PROBABLY BE COOL WITH IT OUT OF SPITE MORE THAN ANYTHING.
GC: NO
GC: NOT TH4T TH3R3 W4SNT SOM3 S4T1SF4CT1ON 1N B31NG OK4Y W1TH 1T
GC: GR4T3FUL 4BOUT 1T 3V3N!
GC: 4ND M4K1NG SUR3 SH3 KN3W TH4T
GC: BUT TH4TS NOT 1T
GC: TH3 D4Y 1T H4PP3N3D W4S TH3 F1RST T1M3 1 3V3R H34RD FROM MY LUSUS
GC: SH3 WOK3 M3 UP, 4ND 3V3R S1NC3 H4S B33N T34CH1NG M3 4 D1FF3R3NT W4Y TO S33
GC: 4 D1FF3R3NT W4Y TO P3RC31V3 3V3RYTH1NG 1 GU3SS, NOT JUST 1N 4 S3NSORY W4Y
CG: OK, SO WHY DID YOU NEVER TELL ME ANY OF THIS?
GC: YOU WOULDNT H4V3 GOTT3N 1T!
GC: 3V3N NOW YOU ST1LL DONT R34LLY
GC: YOU H4V3 NOT 3V3N S33N SK414 Y3T
CG: HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO WAKE UP.
GC: 1 DONT KNOW!
GC: SOM3TH1NG D1FF3R3NT DO3S 1T FOR 3V3RYBODY
CG: HOW MANY OF US ARE AWAKE NOW?
CG: HOW MUCH OF THE FUTURE DID YOU "SEE" BEFORE WE STARTED
CG: IN THE CLOUDS, LIKE KANAYA
CG: ALSO HOW DID YOU GO BLIND ANYWAY???
CG: WHAT DID SHE DO TO YOU, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO CAGEY ABOUT THAT.
CG: I STILL DON'T SEE HOW SHE COULD BLIND YOU WITHOUT BEING ANYWHERE NEAR YOU.
CG: OBVIOUSLY SHE CAN'T CONTROL YOU, SO WHAT GIVES?
GC: K4RK4T SHUT UP!
GC: GOD
GC: HOW 4BOUT 1F
GC: 1 T3LL YOU 4LL 4BOUT TH4T STUFF N3XT T1M3 W3 4R3 "1N P3RSON" >;]

GC: 1N F4CT, 1 W1LL T3LL YOU WH3N YOU W4K3 UP!
GC: UNT1L TH3N 1 W1LL K33P T4BS ON YOU 1N YOUR TOW3R WH1L3 YOU SL33P L1K3 4 L1TTL3 HON3Y P4J4M4'D PUP4 N3STL3D 1N H1S COCOON
CG: WAIT LET ME GUESS.
CG: DO I LOOK ADORABLE?????????
GC: 4CTU4LLY
GC: YOU LOOK K1ND OF L1K3 4 B1G P1L3 OF SM3LLY B4RF
CG: WOW, WHAT THE FUCK.
GC: OF COOOOUUUUURS3 YOU DO, DUMB4SS >:]
CG: OH
CG: THEN
CG: GOOD I GUESS
GC: OK 1V3 GOT TO FLY
GC: DONT WORRY 4BOUT TH3 R1NG M1SS1ON
GC: YOU C4N ST4Y BUSY W1TH R3G1SURP
GC: 1 W1LL ORG4N1Z3 TH3 N3W M1SS1ON MYS3LF
GC: L4T3R!
CG: WAIT
CG: TEREZI
CG: PLEASE DON'T TELL THEM ABOUT MY BLOOD.
CG: I WANT TO TELL THEM, I MEAN I WILL TELL THEM.
CG: LATER
CG: ONCE THEY RESPECT ME AS A LEADER.
GC: OK
GC: 1 W1LL K33P TH4T S3CR3T 1F YOU K33P TH1S ON3 1 T3LL YOU
GC: WH1CH 1S TH4T
GC: B3TW33N YOU 4ND M3 K4RK4T
GC: 1 TH1NK TH3Y 4LR34DY DO
GC: BY3!
GC: <3
CG: BYE

gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

carcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

CG: <3

carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

## [S... BAHJ] Terezi: Ascend.

**03/09/10**

```
}}KCAJ ALLEH DNA DIK TEEWS{{

kid whered you go i was
```

```
  was going to shoa you my
            stabs.... ..

                ahah seer
                 are those
                   wings?

TIM3 TO
FLY UP 4W4Y
TO SK414
YOU FUCKN1G
P13C3 OF
G4RGB4G3

UM... OKAAAAAAAAAAY?

byye
terezi!!!!!
byyyyyyyyye!
terezi bye!
heeheehee
heeheeheehee
heeheehee
hee!11
```

PUASE.. ..

## [S] Make her pay.

**08/09/10**

```
♏

PSYCHIC

PSYCHIC DOUBLE

PSYCHIC DOUBLE REACHAROUND

SLAP.
```

## ======>

**09/09/10**

## ======>

**09/09/10**

```
> Make her pay.
```

## ======>

**09/09/10**

```
> Make her pay.


The Gray Ladies

No Clothes, No Shame, No Chroma

You No Hue'll Get Excited!
```

## ======>

**09/09/10**

## ======>

**09/09/10**

*Atta girl.*

## DD: Move this along.

**09/09/10**

Someone needs to grab the reins on timeline management here. These delinquents waste too much time. Can't seem to conduct their business with any efficiency at all.

Payback scenarios notwithstanding. There's always time to be made for a good comeuppance.

## Skip to the end.

**09/09/10**

```
DD> Skip to the end.
```

## ======>

**09/09/10**

## ======>

**09/09/10**

```
ARADIA: quit b0ssing me ar0und

ARADIA: im n0t 0k with it
```

## ======>

**09/09/10**

```
ARADIA: i kn0w what im d0ing
```

## That's what I like to hear.

**09/09/10**

```
DD> As you were, then.
```

## Aradia: Skip to the end.

**15/09/10**

pesterlogFUTURE apocalypseArisen [FAA] 2:16 HOURS FROM NOW opened private transtimeline bulletin board r0ad t0 the und0ing.

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FAA: because im b0red again
PAST apocalypseArisen [PAA] 601 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PAA: and here i was thinking we were finished taking 0rders fr0m v0ices!
PAA: weve 0nly swapped the imperatives 0f the dead with th0se 0f 0ur future selves
PAA: wh0 are als0 dead
FAA: yes it seems that way
PAA: 0h well it was an enj0yable reprieve fr0m fatalism while it lasted
PAA: id nearly managed t0 sav0r it
FAA: an err0r narr0wly av0ided then
FAA: i think we sh0uld refrain fr0m dial0gue in this mem0
FAA: with0ut res0rting t0 bannings 0r absurd exchanges 0f self repudiati0n
PAA: yeah i agree
PAA: i just th0ught id interject that and g0
FAA: 0k

======>

**15/09/10**

| ♈ SOULBOT VIDEO LOG |
|---|

pesterlogFAA: we will and have already amassed an army t0 c0nfr0nt the black king
FAA: an army c0nsisting 0f 0ur alternate future selves
FAA: each 0ne rer0uted fr0m a d00med 0ffsh00t 0f the alpha timeline
FAA: each given an0ther chance at a c0nstructive influence 0ver the ultimate 0utc0me
FAA: by the way if y0u didnt kn0w already
FAA: a future self returning t0 the past fr0m a d00med timeline will always be slated f0r imminent destructi0n herself
FAA: its 0ne 0f the rules
FAA: and the unf0rtunate reality is
FAA: this will and has already been a mass suicide missi0n
FAA: 0r it w0uld be
FAA: and already w0uld have been
FAA: if we all werent already dead
FAA: 0_0

======>

**15/09/10**

| ♈ SOULBOT VIDEO LOG |
|---|

pesterlogFAA: m0bilizing 0urselves in such numbers w0uld be required t0 neutralize the kings psychic attacks
FAA: it w0uld take 0ur c0mbined c0ncentrati0n t0 dampen the abilities he inherited fr0m glbg0lyb
FAA: with0ut the cumulative eff0rt 0f 0ur d00med reserves
FAA: with0ut the heightened mental and physical endurance 0f 0ur r0b0tic vessels
FAA: with0ut the untimely demise we all shared bef0re this began
FAA: vict0ry w0uld n0t be p0ssible
FAA: he w0uld kill us all with 0ne dreadful s0und

======>

**16/09/10**

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♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
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pesterlogFAA: i d0nt kn0w if it was just bad luck
FAA: 0r an extensi0n 0f the curse karkat insists he br0ught 0n us
FAA: that lead t0 the incidental and unf0rtuit0us pr0t0typing 0f feferis p0werful lusus
FAA: with0ut which the battle w0uld have p0sed little challenge
FAA: i think
FAA: it was m0re likely just an0ther inevitability
FAA: a pr0duct 0f c0llusi0n between the disparate f0rces at play
FAA: a bargain struck between what skaia kn0ws already and what the g0ds demand up fr0nt
FAA: t0gether they 0rchestrate trials sufficient t0 ensure
FAA: that in 0verc0ming them we w0uld be pr0ven w0rthy
FAA: 0f inheriting
FAA: ribbit
FAA: wh00ps

======>

**16/09/10**

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♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
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pesterlogFAA: and s0 it w0uld be and has been already
FAA: that while distracted by the c0mbined eff0rts 0f 0ur d00med legi0n
FAA: the king w0uld be aggressed by the 0thers
FAA: and even th0ugh each w0uld be well prepared
FAA: perched 0n the highest rungs 0f their echeladders
FAA: equipped with the best weap0nry grist c0uld build
FAA: versed in the deadliest fraym0tifs b00nd0llars c0uld buy

======>

**16/09/10**

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♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
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pesterlogFAA: even th0ugh the mete0rs fr0m the kings 0wn reck0ning w0uld be turned against him

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**16/09/10**

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♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
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pesterlogFAA: and even with 0ne imp0ssibly lucky r0ll 0f the dice at the final m0ment

======>

**16/09/10**

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♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
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pesterlogFAA: we w0uld 0nly narr0wly succeed

======>

**16/09/10**

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♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
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pesterlogFAA: but ultimately

======>

**16/09/10**

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♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
```

pesterlogFAA: we w0uld pr0ve 0ur w0rth

======>

**16/09/10**

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♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
```

pesterlogFAA: and the reward w0uld be within 0ur reach

======>

**16/09/10**

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♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
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pesterlogFAA: but 0nly m0mentarily

======>

**16/09/10**

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♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
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pesterlogFAA: bef0re we w0uld be able t0 claim it
FAA: we w0uld be interrupted
FAA: by s0mething
FAA: which w0uld be ushered int0 0ur sessi0n by a rift in parad0x space
FAA: a rift which we w0uld determine
FAA: will be 0pened by f0ur members 0f a fledgling species
FAA: wh0 will be playing in an0ther sessi0n 0f the same game that we will and have already played

======>

**16/09/10**

```
♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
```

pesterlogFAA: their rift will lead t0 the great und0ing
FAA: with0ut necessarily causing it
FAA: n0t directly
FAA: such rifts are themselves supp0sedly benign
FAA: useful even
FAA: they are catal0gued phen0mena within the game itself
FAA: with a pr0vided means 0f creating them
FAA: and a wide range 0f scenari0s f0r which it might be prudent t0 d0 s0

FAA: the incipisphere l0cals have a m0re f0rmal term f0r them
FAA: they typically refer t0 such a rift as

======>

**16/09/10**

```
♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG
```

pesterlogFAA: a scratch

======>

**17/09/10**

```
* invisible text

AA: OK

* invisible text

AA: why is he here

* invisible text
-articular instantiation. It's not any of my busines-
* invisible text
```

pesterlogCAA: the direct effects 0f a scratch are limited t0 the sessi0n inv0king it
CAA: we w0uld n0t experience 0r 0bserve th0se effects fr0m 0ur sessi0n
CAA: but we w0uld experience the c0nsequences
CAA: in the f0rm 0f that which prevented us fr0m claiming 0ur reward
CAA: he wh0se hand w0uld be f0rced by the scratch
CAA: t0 emerge fr0m hiding

======>

**17/09/10**

pesterlogCAA: but there w0uld be n0 adequate way t0 prepare
CAA: even with all the f0resight at 0ur disp0sal
CAA: f0r a f0e m0re p0werful than the king we will and have already defeated
CAA: f0r a dem0n wh0 is indestructible
CAA: 0mnip0tent
CAA: and enraged

======>

**17/09/10**

pesterlogCAA: while the rest 0f the party w0uld absc0nd
CAA: 0ur duplicates w0uld buy us time
CAA: they w0uld all be killed
CAA: again

======>

**17/09/10**

pesterlogCAA: all except f0r me
CAA: this is just as well i supp0se
CAA: what w0uld we even d0 with all th0se c0pies anyway

======>
**17/09/10**
pesterlogCAA: we w0uld return t0 the site 0f 0ur hatching
CAA: s0 t0 speak
CAA: where we w0uld hide
CAA: amidst a veil depleted by the reck0ning
CAA: and wait
CAA: drifting in the wide 0rbit 0f 0ur s00n t0 be null sessi0n

======>
**18/09/10**
pesterlogCAA: banished fr0m the universe we left behind

======>
**18/09/10**
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**18/09/10**
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**18/09/10**
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**18/09/10**
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**18/09/10**
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**18/09/10**
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**18/09/10**
pesterlogCAA: and yet in being denied

======>
**18/09/10**
pesterlogCAA: we w0uld be barred fr0m entry

======>
**18/09/10**
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**18/09/10**
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**18/09/10**
==>
**18/09/10**
pesterlogCAA: int0 the universe we created

## END OF ACT 5 ACT 1

**19/09/10**

## [S] ACT 5 ACT 2 ==>

**19/09/10**

```
TROLLIAN
viewing : ghostyTrickster

PESTERLOG
GG: hi my name is jade!!!!
GT: hi jade, i am john!

KARKAT: ♠
```

## ==>

**20/09/10**

```
TROLLIAN

Trollian | View | Windows | Help

Timelines


viewing : ectoBiologist
```

You finally found him. After hours of searching.

No.

SWEEPS of searching.

## Karkat: Troll this worthless human.

**20/09/10**

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB]

CG: ATTENTION WORTHLESS HUMAN.
CG: THIS IS YOUR GOD SPEAKING.
CG: IT IS A WRATHFUL GOD WHO DESPISES YOU MORE THAN YOU COULD HAVE POSSIBLY DARED TO FEAR.
CG: I HAVE WATCHED YOUR ENTIRE PATHETIC LIFE UNFOLD.
CG: I HAVE OBSERVED YOU WHILE YOU WOULD QUAKE AND TREMBLE IN PERSONAL PRAYERS OF SHAME.
CG: WHILE YOU PLEADED FORGIVENESS FOR BEING SUCH A WRETCHED DISGUSTING FAILURE ON EVERY CONCEIVABLE LEVEL.
CG: PROSTRATE BEFORE THE STUPID AND FALSE CLOWN GODS YOU HAVE SCRIBBLED ON THE WALLS OF YOUR BLOCK.
CG: BOGUS DEITIES WORSHIPED BY A PRIMITIVE "PARADISE" PLANET.
CG: BUT YOUR PRAYERS WILL NOT BE ANSWERED.
CG: THERE ARE NO MIRACLES IN STORE FOR YOU, HUMAN.
CG: ONLY MY HATE.
CG: IT IS A HATE SO PURE AND HOT IT WOULD CONSUME YOUR SAD

UNDERDEVELOPED HUMAN THINK PAN TO EVEN CONTEMPLATE.
CG: IT IS A HATE THAT TO FATHOM MUST BE PUT INTO SONG.
CG: SHRIEKED BY THE TEN THOUSAND ROWDY SHOUT SPHINCTERS PEPPERING THE GRUESOME UNDERBELLY OF THE MOST TRUCULENT GOD THE FURTHEST RING CAN MUSTER.
CG: IT IS A HATE THAT MADE YOU AND WILL SURELY DESTROY YOU.
CG: MY HATE IS THE LIFEBLOOD THAT PULSES THROUGH THE VEINS OF YOUR UNIVERSE.
CG: IT IS MY GIFT TO YOU.
CG: YOU'RE WELCOME FOR THAT.
CG: YOU UNGRATEFUL PIECE OF SHIT.
EB: hi karkat!
CG: WHAT
CG: HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME.
EB: oh man.
EB: this is it, isn't it?
EB: i've been looking forward to this!
CG: WHAT IS IT.
CG: ME HATING YOU IS WHAT'S IT.
CG: IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN, YEAH, BINGO.
EB: no, i mean this is the first conversation between us, from your perspective.
EB: right?
CG: YEAH.
CG: ARE YOU SUGGESTING WE'VE SPOKEN BEFORE.
EB: yeah, lots of times!
EB: actually...
EB: i should introduce myself properly.
EB: hi karkat, i am john!
CG: JOHN, WHY WOULD I GIVE A PUNGENT WHIPPING LUMPSQUIRT WHAT YOUR NAME IS.
EB: because we are buddies!
CG: I ADMIT I AM NEW TO HUMAN SOCIAL CONSTRUCTS
CG: BUT I REFUSE TO BELIEVE OUR RELATIONSHIP CAN OR WILL EVER BE DESCRIBED AS "EARTH HUMAN BUDDIES".
EB: yup, we totally are.
EB: we just became earth human buddies in a kind of weird way.
EB: you decide to keep talking to me backwards through my adventure.
EB: and then when you are done with that you come back and talk to me more recently on the timeline for a while.
EB: you talk to my friends a whole bunch too.
EB: you and your alternian troll buddies help me and my earth human buddies hatch a plan!
EB: which we are busy putting into motion right now, as you can see.
CG: THESE ARE LIES.
CG: I KNOW WHEN I AM BEING TROLLED, WHO DO YOU EVEN THINK YOU ARE TALKING TO HERE.
CG: I AM YOUR GOD, REMEMBER.

EB: yeah yeah, i know.
CG: WHY WOULD I TROLL YOU BACKWARDS? THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY FUCKING SENSE.
CG: AND WHY WOULD I HELP YOU AND YOUR IDIOT FRIENDS?
CG: I WOULD JUST BE HELPING YOU BLUNDER DOWN THE PATH THAT ENDS WITH YOU OPENING THE RIFT LIKE A BUNCH OF MORONS.
EB: you mean the scratch?
CG: WHATEVER.
EB: yes! that is the plan.
EB: you yourself said it was the only hope now.
CG: RIDICULOUS.
CG: I DIDN'T WRIGGLE OUT OF A PUDDLE OF SLIME YESTERDAY.
CG: THAT WAS SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, OK?
EB: heheheh.
CG: I DO NOT THINK YOU APPRECIATE THE GRAVITY OF MY ANTIPATHY, JOHN HUMAN.
EB: egbert.
CG: OK, HUMAN EGBERT.
CG: I FUCKING LOATHE YOU, AND I HAVE TUNED INTO YOUR CHANNEL MOMENTS BEFORE THE ERADICATION OF YOUR TIMELINE AND THAT SMUG LOOK ON YOUR FACE, WITH JUST ENOUGH TIME FOR ME TO BASICALLY COMPLETELY FUCKING DESTROY YOU WITH HOSTILE RHETORIC.
CG: THERE IS NO CHANCE I WILL EVER HELP YOU.
CG: YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH I HATE YOU OR WHY I HATE YOU.
CG: I WASN'T JOKING WHEN I SAID I WAS YOUR GOD, LIKE THAT WASN'T JUST A LOT OF BRAVADO AND USELESS PISSING AROUND.
CG: I AM LITERALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR EXISTENCE.
CG: WE BEAT THE GAME YOU ARE PLAYING AND CREATED YOUR UNIVERSE.
CG: WE WERE GOING TO ENTER YOUR UNIVERSE AND RULE OVER IT.
CG: LIKE TYRANTS.
CG: IT WAS TO BE OUR PLAYTHING, JOHN.
CG: YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW SWEET IT WAS GOING TO BE.
CG: BUT THEN WE COULDN'T CLAIM OUR PRIZE BECAUSE OF THAT MONSTROSITY YOU SPRUNG ON US.
EB: man...
EB: i knoooow.
EB: none of this is news to me, karkat!
EB: but to be quite honest, it doesn't sound like your intentions were all that great.
EB: wanting to be tyrants and all.
EB: maybe you got what you deserved, you stutid fuckass!
CG: STUTID?
CG: WOW, YOUR SPECIES REALLY IS BRAINDEAD.
EB: eh, it's an in-joke, never mind.
EB: anyway, hey!
EB: i thought this was supposed to be the conversation where you do all that AMAAAAAZING

TROLLING!
EB: come on bro, flame me!
EB: i have been really excited about this.
CG: YOU ACTUALLY WANT ME TO TROLL YOU?
CG: I MEAN
CG: DON'T WORRY, I CAN AND I WILL, AND IT WILL BE A GODDAMN BLOODBATH WHEN I GET STARTED.
CG: IT'S JUST KIND OF WEIRD YOU'RE EXCITED ABOUT IT, IS THAT NORMAL FOR YOUR RACE?
EB: um...
EB: i don't know, probably not.
EB: i just think it's kind of funny when you do it.
CG: THAT'S REALLY CONDESCENDING AND IT'S HARD TO CONVEY HOW MUCH MORE I JUST GOT PISSED OFF THAN I ALREADY WAS.
CG: BUT MAYBE IT MAKES SENSE ACTUALLY
CG: THAT YOU WELCOME MY ACRIMONY SO READILY
CG: ON ACCOUNT OF PROBABLY SOME WEIRD GLAND HUMANS HAVE, LIKE A PUNISHMENT THROBBER OR SOME SILLY SOUNDING THING LIKE THAT.
CG: IT MIGHT MEAN THAT I'M RIGHT ABOUT YOU.
EB: right about what?
CG: I MEAN THAT IT SEEMS LIKE WE ARE CONNECTED IN SOME WAY, DON'T YOU THINK JOHN.
CG: SORT OF COSMICALLY.
CG: LIKE OUR HATE FOR EACH OTHER IS SO STRONG IT MUST HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE STARS.
CG: YOU KNOW, THE ONES I FUCKING MADE FOR YOU.
EB: ha ha, i don't hate you!
CG: HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY CLAIM TO HAVE TALKED TO ME A LOT ALREADY AND NOT HATE ME, SEE IT DOESN'T ADD UP.
EB: wait...
EB: are you saying that we are kisme-whatevers?
CG: WHAT, NO.
CG: WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR, THAT WOULD BE SUCH A BRAZEN SOLICITATION.
CG: IT'S INSULTING.
CG: I MEAN
CG: OK I'M NOT SAYING I'M RULING OUT THE IDEA OR ANYTHING.
CG: LIKE IF LATER OVER TIME YOU STARTED REALLY HATING ME MORE
CG: LIKE REALLY GOT TO KNOW ME AND FOUND OUT ABOUT HOW MUCH THERE WAS TO HATE
EB: er...
CG: BUT... IN THE PAST I GUESS? I'M JUST SAYING WHO KNOWS WHAT COULD HAPPEN.
CG: OR HAS ALREADY HAPPENED.
EB: uh.
CG: FUCK WHAT AM I BABBLING ABOUT.
CG: THIS IS FUCKING RIDICULOUS, WE JUST MET FOR FUCK'S SAKE.

CG: AND IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE EVER GOING TO MEET IN PERSON, SO IT'S ALL A MOOT POINT.
CG: SO FORGET I SAID ANYTHING.
CG: GOD, WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME.
EB: well...
EB: i just didn't really have any idea that you had any sort of feelings like that, so i am kind of caught off guard.
CG: WHAT FEELINGS, THERE ARE NO FEELINGS, END OF DISCUSSION.
EB: hey, i don't have a problem with your weird sort of alien hate-love thing!
EB: it is just that, uh...
CG: WHAT
EB: i am not a homosexual.
CG: WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
EB: it is like, when a boy likes another boy.
EB: or i guess hates, in this case.
CG: HUMANS HAVE A WORD FOR THAT?
EB: yes.
CG: HOW IS THAT EVEN A THING?
EB: shrug. it just is.
CG: HUMAN ROMANCE SURE IS WEIRD.
EB: i am just as confused by your troll shenanigans.
EB: so many shenanigans!
EB: anyway, i kind of got the impression that you and terezi were a thing.
CG: WHAT DO YOU MEAN A THING.
EB: like, i dunno.
EB: going on weird fight dates and beating the crap out of each other, and being in hate-love or love-hate.
EB: isn't that how it works?
CG: YOU ARE SUCH AN IGNORAMUS I COULD SHIT MILES OF RAGE SNAKE TO CHOKE YOU TO DEATH.
EB: ew.
CG: WHO HAVE YOU BEEN TALKING TO, WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THAT.
EB: um, i talked to you...
EB: and her...
EB: and some others. i don't know! like i said it's just a sense i got.
EB: sorry!
CG: OK FIRST OF ALL, IF THERE WERE A "THING" WITH HER, AND THAT'S A HUGE IF
CG: IT WOULD BE A TOTALLY DIFFERENT QUADRANT THAN WHAT WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT.
EB: oh god, the quadrants...
CG: SECOND, WHETHER SHE AND I HAVE A THING OR DON'T HAVE A THING, OR TOOK A ROMANTIC HOT AIR BALLOON RIDE SUSPENDED IN A GODDAMN FILIAL PAIL TOGETHER
CG: IT'S DEFINITELY NONE OF YOUR FUCKING EARTH BUSINESS, EGBERT HUMAN JOHN.
CG: GOT IT????????

EB: ok, sheesh!
EB: karkat, i am going to be honest...
EB: this first conversation is not going how i thought it would at all!
EB: it is really kind of...
EB: awkward.
CG: YEAH
CG: WOW, IT IS
EB: yeah...
CG: HUH.
EB: well...
EB: um...
CG: OK, LOOK.
CG: LET'S JUST AGREE TO NEVER BRING IT UP AGAIN.
CG: THE STUFF I WAS BABBLING ABOUT EARLIER.
EB: yeah, well we never really talked about it in the past, so i guess we do agree to that.
CG: BUT IF I TALK TO YOU AGAIN
CG: IN YOUR FUTURE, LIMITED THOUGH IT IS
CG: YOU'LL REMEMBER MY EMBARRASSING SHIT
CG: SO I GUESS
CG: I'LL HAVE TO TROLL YOU BACKWARDS?
EB: told you bro!!!!!!!
EB: hahahaha.
CG: YOU REALLY ARE A SMUG NOOK WHIFFER, JOHN EGBERT.
CG: I THINK WE NEED TO GET BACK ON POINT HERE.
CG: WHICH IS ADDRESSING THE MATTER OF WHAT INCOMPREHENSIBLY PUTRID GARBAGE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE AND HOW MUCH I HATE YOU.
EB: you mean platonic hate?
CG: SHUT THE FUCK UP, WE AREN'T TALKING ABOUT THAT, REMEMBER.
EB: oh yeah.
CG: SO YOU WANTED TO GET TROLLED, WELL YOU GOT IT.
CG: PREPARE TO GET YOUR PUNY HUMAN BULGE FLAMED INTO NUCLEAR HATEBLIVION.
CG: WELCOME TO THE TROLLOCAUST. THE PAINSTAKING GENOCIDE OF YOUR FRAGILE SELF ESTEEM WILL BE MY SWAN SONG.
EB: oh boy, this sounds great.
EB: but...
EB: we're out of time!
EB: i have to go put this plan into motion.
CG: OH I SEE, TAKING THE COWARD'S WAY OUT.
CG: SCAMPERING OFF TO GET ANNIHILATED BY A DEADLY RIFT, HOW CONVENIENT.
CG: WELL FINE, SAYONARA YOU WORTHLESS CROTCHSTAINED BARFPUPPET.
CG: I WILL BID YOU ONE FIRST AND FINAL FUCK YOU.
CG: FUCK YOU, JOHN EGBERT.
CG: FUCK YOU AND FUCK THE JOKE BOOK YOU RODE IN ON.
CG: FUCK.
CG: FUCKING.

CG: YOU.
EB: :D
EB: see you soon!
CG: WAIT
CG: WHAT

ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG]

## Terezi: Open memo.

**21/09/10**

```
MASH SLAP MASH SLAP
```

pesterlogCURRENT gallowsCalibrator [CGC] RIGHT NOW opened memo on board R41NBOW RUMPUS P4RTYTOWN.

CGC: WH4T DO YOU GUYS TH1NK 4BOUT K4RK4TS N3W PL4N
CGC: TO TROLL TH3S3 K1DS
CGC: P3RSON4LLY 1 TH1NK H3 H4S F1N4LLY SN4PP3D 4ND 1T DO3SNT M4K3 4NY S3NS3
CGC: 1 F1GUR3D M4YB3 W3 COULD T4LK 4BOUT 1T H3R3 1N S3CR3T WH1L3 H3 ST4NDS OV3R TH3R3 M4K1NG H1S BOR1NG 1NSP1R4T1ON4L SP33CH
CGC: 1M PR3TTY SUR3 H3S STOPP3D BOTH3R1NG TO 1NV4D3 P4RTYTOWN, H3 H4S L34RN3D H1S L3SSON >:]
CGC: OBV1OUSLY TH1S 1S JUST FOR US H3R3 1N TH3 PR3S3NT TO R3M4RK ON
CGC: 1F YOU 4R3 FROM TH3 P4ST 4ND 4R3 CUR1OUS 4BOUT TH1S 4ND W4NT TO S4Y SOM3TH1NG YOU W1LL NOT B3 B4NN3D 4S 1S TH3 G3N3R4L RUL3 H3R3
CGC: BUT 1 W1LL POL1T3LY 4SK YOU TO K33P YOUR 1NT3RJ3CT1ONS TO 4 M1N1MUM!
CGC: 1 W1LL H4V3 ORD3R 1N TH1S RUMPUSBLOCK >:D
PAST carcinoGeneticist [PCG] 7 MINUTES AGO responded to memo.
PCG: YOU THINK I STOPPED KEEPING TABS ON YOUR VAPID, SEDITIOUS BULLSHIT???
PCG: THINK A FUCKING GAIN.
CGC banned PCG from responding to memo.
CGC: TH3 TOP1C 1S NOW OP3N FOR 4RGUM3NT4T1ON
CGC: *H3R TYR4NNY Y13LDS TH3 FLOOR W1TH 4 M1GHTY B4NG OF H3R G4V3L*
CGC: B4NG B4NG B4NG!
CGC: THR33 M1GHTY B4NGS
CGC: WH4T DO YOU H4V3 TO SUBM1T ON TH3 SUBJ3CT OF K4RK4TS T3NUOUS GR1P ON TH3 T4TT3R3D R3M41NS OF H1S S4N1TY, COUNS3LOR N3P3T4?
CURRENT arsenicCatnip [CAC] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
CAC: :33 < *the especially impurrtant pouncellor looks really serious and thoughtful as she scoots her chair out from under the official courty looking table and begins to pace around thoughtfurry*
CAC: :33 < *she doesnt understand why
CAC: :33 < i dont understand why we are doing this!
CAC: :33 < what was the point again?

CGC: 3XC3LL3NT QU3ST1ON M1SS POUNC3LLOR
PAST carcinoGeneticist 2 [PCG2] 5 MINUTES AGO responded to memo.
PCG2: ARE YOU FUCKING RETARDED.
PCG2: I CAN PLAINLY SEE YOU ARE GOING TO START WRITING THIS MEMO IN FIVE MINUTES.
PCG2: ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GO MAKE MY "BOR1NG 1NSP1R4T1ON4L SP33CH" AND THEN WALK OVER TO YOUR COMPUTER AND START FUCKING WITH YOU.
PCG2: GO AHEAD, BAN ME ALL YOU WANT.
CGC banned PCG2 from responding to memo.
CGC: *H3R TYR4NNY 3XPR3SS3S D1SD41NFUL Y3T 4UTHOR4T1V3 1NT3R3ST 1N OTH3R OP1N1ONS ON TH3 STUP1D3ST PL4N 3V3R CONC31V3D*
CGC: 4NY THOUGHTS?
CAC: :33 < i dont s33 why karkat has to always be banned from these memos!
CAC: :33 < what if he promises to behave himself?
CGC: W3 H4V3 B33N OV3R TH1S >:[
CAC: :33 < what if i talk to him in the past and told him he could post here as long as he was not purrticularly disagr33able?
CAC: :33 < thats a good idea! brb
CGC: OH GOD!
PAST carcinoGeneticist 3 [PCG3] 10 MINUTES AGO responded to memo.
PCG3: THANK YOU NEPETA, FOR ALERTING ME TO THE PRESENCE OF YET MORE OF THIS TAWDRY ROLEPLAY-INFESTED CLOAK AND DAGGER RUBBISH.
PCG3: HOW VERY INTERESTING.
CGC: *H3R TYR4NNY F4C3 P4LMS 1N 4 R34LLY D1GN1F13D 4ND 1NT1M1D4T1NGLY JUD1C14L M4NN3R*
CGC banned PCG3 from responding to memo.
CGC: *TH3 D1ST1NGU1SH3D POUNC3LLOR R3C31V3S 4 HUNDR3D B1LL1ON RUMPUS D3M3R1TS FOR 1NV1T1NG UNCOUTH R4BBL3 1NTO H3R ORD3RLY BLOCK*
CAC: :33 < :((
CURRENT twinArmageddons [CTA] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
CTA: ii already told KK what ii thought about thii2 awful iidea.
CTA: iit ju2t make2 NO 2en2e, you can count me out.
CTA: you all can troll the2e iincompetent aliien2 all you want, iit won't change anythiing.
CTA: ii'll ju2t be over here waiitiing two diie wiith diigniity, ok well maybe iit'2 two late for that, but ju2t diie ii gue22, and y'all can 2uck iit biitche2.
CGC: TH3 M4G1STR4T3 FROM TH3 D3L1C1OUS 4PPL3B3RRY JUR1SD1CT1ON M4K3S 4N 3XC3LL3NT PO1NT 4BOUT TH3 OV3R4LL SH1TT1N3SS OF TH3 PROPOS1T1ON
CGC: 4ND 4BOUT M4N4G1NG TO B3 4N 3V3N GRUMP13R P41N 1N TH3 4SS TH4N OUR F34RL3SS L34D3R SOM3HOW
CTA: ii don't get why you're RP'iing about thii2, iit doe2n't make 2en2e, you're all out of your fuckiing 2ponge2.
CTA: why don't you ju2t u2e our name2.
CGC: >:O
CGC banned CTA from responding to memo.
CGC unbanned CTA from responding to memo.
CGC: OK SORRY 4BOUT TH4T

CGC: THOLLLLUUUUUUXXXXTHHHH
CGC: TH3R3 4R3 YOU H4PPY
CTA: whatever.
PAST carcinoGeneticist 4 [PCG4] 4 MINUTES AGO responded to memo.
PCG4: YOU BASTARD, IS IT REALLY SO MUCH TO ASK TO TAKE A FEW TOOLS OUT BEHIND THE GRUBSHED.
PCG4: ALL I'M ASKING YOU TO DO IS HASSLE SOME ALIENS, GOD.
PCG4: AFTER ALL THOSE TIMES I SAVED YOUR LIFE YOU THINK YOU COULD DO ME ONE LITTLE SOLID.
CTA: yeah after you got me kiilled iin the fiir2t place.
PCG4: HOW CAN YOU THROW THAT IN MY FACE AGAIN, I THOUGHT WE WERE COOL.
CTA: ii 2aiid whatever.
CGC: UUUGH
CGC banned PCG4 from responding to memo.
CURRENT apocalypseArisen [CAA] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
CAA: i will n0t be participating
CAA ceased responding to memo.
PAST carcinoGeneticist 5 [PCG5] 3 MINUTES AGO responded to memo.
PCG5: OH MY GOD, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW.
PCG5: THAT'S IT GUYS, THE PLAN IS CANCELED.
PCG5: ARADIA ISN'T GOING TO MOPE AT THESE LOSERS FOR US, THE WHOLE PLAN HINGED ON THAT.
CGC banned PCG5 from responding to memo.
CURRENT cuttlefishCuller [CCC] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
CCC: I still don't quite understand t)(e plan eit)(er.
CCC: I mean, I don't really mind talking to t)(em! It could be fun and t)(ey look interesting.
CCC: But I really don't t)(ink t)(is is all t)(eir fault.
CCC: Can't we say nice t)(ings to t)(em instead of troll t)(em?
CCC: Maybe even )(-ELP t)(em! 38)
PAST carcinoGeneticist 6 [PCG6] 2 MINUTES AGO responded to memo.
PCG6: NO, FUCK.
PCG6: YOU CAN'T BE NICE TO THEM.
PCG6: YOU ARE COMPLETELY MISSING THE GLUBBING POINT, FISH PRINCESS.
CGC banned PCG6 from responding to memo.
PAST carcinoGeneticist 7 [PCG7] 2 MINUTES AGO responded to memo.
PCG7: HEY TEREZI I'M ABOUT TO MAKE THIS AWESOME SPEECH AND INSPIRE THE FUCK OUT OF YOU GUYS.
PCG7: WHEN I'M DONE I'M COMING OVER TO YOUR STATION AND THEN YOUR ASS IS MINE.
PCG7: ENJOY THIS GARBAGE DUMP OF A MEMO WHILE IT LASTS.
CGC: BL444444R >XO
CGC banned PCG7 from responding to memo.
CGC: TH1S 1S WHY W3 C4NT H4V3 N1C3 TH1NGS
CGC: 1M T3MPT3D TO CLOS3 TH1S M3MO NOW >:\
CGC: 1F 4NYON3 H4S 4NYTH1NG TO S4Y S4Y 1T QU1CK!
PAST carcinoGeneticist 8 [PCG8] 2 MINUTES AGO responded to memo.

CGC banned PCG8 from responding to memo.
CGC: NOT YOU
PAST terminallyCapricious [PTC] 420 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PTC: YeAh iM NoT FoLlOwInG ThIs mOtHeRfUcKiN PlAn uP At aLl
PTC: wHo aRe wE TrOlLiNg
CGC: G4MZ33 TH1S CONV3RS4T1ON 1S T4K1NG PL4C3 W33KS 1N TH3 FUTUR3
CGC: 1T DO3S NOT CONC3RN YOU!
PTC: oH
PTC: WeLl mOtHeR FuCk i gUeSs
CGC: DONT WORRY 4BOUT 1T >:P
CGC: JUST SCROLL 4ROUND 4ND LOOK FOR ON3 OF TH3 RRPT OP3N CH4T M3MOS
PTC: oKaY
PTC: HoNk :o)
CGC: LKSD;GDKNLN
CGC: ASDM SDFSFD9W30
CGC: DFD;
CGC: GH
CGC: EUHFHSDKLNVSDJKLSJKBSDJKF
PTC: wHoA
CGC: K4RK4T IS M4SHING MY K3YBOSDVFDNFLBLGBGSDGFSB['A
CGC: AKJFA
CGC: SEUFHWEUIONDN
CGC: AUIHDF
CGC: SDSAD
CGC: 4444UGH H3 1S SUCH 4 L1TTL3SDKJGBSDJKBG
CGC banned herself from responding to memo.
CGC unbanned herself from responding to memo.
CGC banned herself from responding to memo.
CGC unbanned herself from responding to memo.
CGC banned herself from responding to memo.
CGC unbanned herself from responding to memo.
CGC: FUUUUUUUUCK!!!!!
CURRENT carcinoGeneticist [CCG] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
CCG: OH NOW WHAT'S UP??????????
CGC: GOD D4MM1T H3 LOGG3D ON TO MY COMPURO3IHHGRNVNFSDKS'SD
CGC: 4ND H3S ST1LL M4SH1NG M3!!! >:[
CGC: SDKLFSDK FHS
CGC: YUGUFY
CGC: G3T OFF!!!!!!!!!SFBSDJB
CGC banned herself from responding to memo.
CGC unbanned herself from responding to memo.
CGC banned herself from responding to memo.
CGC unbanned herself from responding to memo.
CCG: WHY ARE YOU BANNING YOURSELF TEREZI????
CCG: PRETTY FUCKING MENTAL IF YOU ASK ME.
CCG: REALLY FUCKED UP OF YOFDIHFNGNJKGLJS

CCG: ASKJSKF89UG
CCG: YDRHHGH
CCG: WEFOWEGWLKNGNIOV
CCG: SDIJS
CCG banned himself from responding to memo.
CCG unbanned himself from responding to memo.
CGC banned CCG from responding to memo.
CCG unbanned himself from responding to memo.
CCG banned CGC from responding to memo.
CGC unbanned herself from responding to memo.
CGC banned herself from responding to memo.
CGC unbanned herself from responding to memo.
CCG banned CGC from responding to memo.
CCG unbanned CGC from responding to memo.
CGC banned CCG from responding to memo.
CGC unbanned CCG from responding to memo.
CCG banned himself from responding to memo.
CGC banned herself from responding to memo.
CGC unbanned herself from responding to memo.
CCG unbanned himself from responding to memo.
CCG: OK QUIT THADJKNFSDK
CCG: FUCK OW GOD DAMFFJKSNFBGB
CCG: OW!!!!! FUCKALKLKDNJJV
CGC: 1 4M GO1NG TO SH4RP3N YOUR STUP1D LOOK1NG NUBBY HORNS 1N YOUR SL33P!!!
CGC: TH3N TH4TS WH4T W1LL B3 UP, BY3 BY3 NUBS
CCG: WHY DON'T YOU JUST FILE THEM ALL THE WAY DOWN.
CCG: SINCE YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF WAYS TO EMASCULATE ME IN FRONT OF MY TEAM.
CGC: W1LL YOU G1V3 YOUR BOR1NG L34D3R COMPL3X 4 R3ST FOR ONC3
CGC: 1TS G3TT1NG SO OLD!
CURRENT arachnidsGrip [CAG] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
CAG: Hahahahahahahaha!!!!!!!!
CAG: You are 8oth ridiculous.
CCG: HEY VRISKA, YOU'RE DOWN WITH MY TROLLING PLAN.
CCG: WHY DON'T YOU TELL EVERYONE IN RAINBOW ASSGRAB JUNCTION WHAT A GREAT IDEA IT IS.
CAG: I'm 8usy.
CCG: WHAT THE FUCK COULD YOU BE BUSY WITH???
CAG: I'm making my own plans! I'm a pretty 8ig deal, remem8er Karkat?
CGC: 1T LOOKS L1K3 YOU FORGOT HOW M4NY 1RONS SH3 H4S 1N TH3 F1R3
CAG: Exactly!
CCG: WHAT IS SO HARD ABOUT GOING ALONG WITH MY SIMPLE PLAN TO SERVE A FEW PINK SKINNED DOUCHE BAGS A PIPING HOT NUTRITION PLATEAU FULL OF FUCK YOU.
CGC: M4YB3 W3 W1LL BUT W3 4LL JUST K1ND OF W4NT TO DO OUR OWN TH1NG!

CCG: THERE IS A WORD FOR THAT, IT IS CALLED GROSS INSUBORDINATION.
CGC: TH4TS TWO WORDS R3T4RD >:P
CAG: Do you guys realize you are sharing a key8oard and taking turns to argue with each other?
CAG: That is kind of cute. ::::)
CTA: yeah ii hate to 2ay iit, but iit really 2ort of ii2.
CCG: OK FUCK THIS.
CCG: EVERYONE IS OFFICIALLY BANNED FROM THIS TRAIN WRECK.
CCG banned CAG from responding to memo.
CCG banned PTC from responding to memo.
CCG banned CCC from responding to memo.
CCG banned CAA from responding to memo.
CCG banned CTA from responding to memo.
CCG banned CAC from responding to memo.
CCG banned CGC from responding to memo.
CCG unbanned CGC from responding to memo.
CCG: YOU C4N'T B4N M3 FROM MY OWN M3MO!
CCG: WHOOPS >:[
CGC: YOU C4N'T B4N M3 FROM MY OWN M3MO!
CGC: LOOKS LIKE I JUST DID.
CGC: SHIT. D:B
CCG: LOOKS LIKE I JUST DID.
CGC: F1N3 1 W1LL JUST SHUT TH3 M3MO DOWN
CGC: SO YOU W1LL G3T TH3 H3LL OUT OF H3R3!
CCG: FINE, I'M GONE.
CCG banned himself from responding to memo.
CGC: UUUUUUUUUUUGH
FUTURE gallowsCalibrator [FGC] 6:12 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FGC: H3Y!
CGC: OH H3Y!
FGC: 1 JUST THOUGHT 1 WOULD 4DD ON3 L4ST R3M4RK TO TH1S S1LL1N3SS
FGC: 4 R3M4RK OF R34SSUR4NC3!
CGC: OHH >:?
FGC: Y3S, YOU SHOULD TROLL TH3 HUM4NS
FGC: 1T W1LL B3 FUN >:]
CGC: W3LL, W3 BOTH KNOW TH4T 1 W4S PL4NN1NG TO 4NYW4Y
FGC: OF COURS3! 1 TRUST YOUR JUDGM3NT ON TH3 M4TT3R
FGC: JUST H3R3 TO S4Y YOU WONT R3GR3T 1T
CGC: TH4T 1S N1C3 TO KNOW!
CGC: 1 TRUST YOUR JUDGM3NT 4S W3LL
FGC: Y3S!
FGC: 4NOTH3R TR1UMPH OF SOUND JUDGM3NT 4ND GOOD T1M3S FOR T34M PYROP3 4ND TH3 LOY4L SUBSCR1B3RS OF R41NBOW RUMPUS P4RTYTOWN
CGC: HOOR4Y! >:D
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [FCG] 6:12 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FCG: I'M GOING TO BE FUCKING SICK.
CGC banned FCG from responding to memo.

CGC closed memo.

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BUNNP
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==>
**23/09/10**

```
DAD: Son!
```

## John: Reunite with your loving father, and also scarf lady.
**23/09/10**
==>
**23/09/10**
## Vriska: Try harder.
**23/09/10**
==>
**23/09/10**
==>
**23/09/10**
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**23/09/10**
==>
**23/09/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

==>
**24/09/10**
==>
**24/09/10**
==>
**24/09/10**
## John: Answer troll.
**24/09/10**
pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB]

AG: Jooooooo
AG: oooooooo
AG: oooooooo
AG: oooooooo
AG: oooooooo
AG: oooooooo
AG: oooooooo
AG: ooooooohn!
AG: W8ke up!!!!!!!!
EB: heheh. i am pronouncing that like a really long "june".
EB: that is so many o's.
AG: It is 8ight groups of 8ight. I specifically counted them.

AG: It's sort of a thing I do.
EB: you typed my name in 64 bit.
AG: Wow. What a nerd!
EB: have i talked to you before?
AG: Um, possi8ly? This is the first time I have contacted you that I am aware of.
EB: i'm pretty sure i remember you. you hassled me a long time ago.
EB: i think you threatened to kill me at some point.
AG: John, give me a 8r8k! That was o8viously just my way of getting to know you.
AG: Or it will 8e, whenever I get around to it.
EB: well, yeah, i know that about you guys by now.
EB: but also i know that it is probably not exactly an empty threat!
EB: since one of you already managed to trick me into getting myself killed.
EB: well, in another timeline at least.
AG: Man.
AG: That was pro8a8ly Terezi! I should have known she would pull something like that. What a meddler.
EB: terezi?
AG: Yes. The pesky 8lind troll who licks her monitor and smells words and stuff. The one who got you killed. I'm sure of it!
EB: huh. it never really occurred to me to ask what your names are.
EB: kinda rude of me!
EB: what is yours?
AG: Marquise Spinneret Mindfang. ::::)
EB: man, that sounds so made up!
EB: but if you say so, marquise.
AG: Spinneret! Marquise is a title, stupid.
EB: oh, ok.
AG: And you don't have to worry a8out me manipul8ting you to your death!
AG: It is completely 8eneath me. Unlike her, I plan on taking the high road.
AG: You see John, you and I actually have some things in common, 8ut you couldn't possi8ly understand why yet.
AG: So I'm planning on helping you!
EB: ok, i will be sure to let my guard down.
EB: psyche!!!!!!!!!
EB: oh damn, that was 9 !'s.
EB: !!!!!!!1
EB: shit!
EB: never mind.
AG: Hahahahahahahaha.
EB: anyway, nice meeting you spinneret.
EB: if you don't mind, i would like to try to go back to sleep.
EB: i was dreaming about something important.
AG: You can't sleep now, John!
AG: What a8out J8de????????
EB: oh god, i forgot!
EB: poor jade... :(

EB: i hope she is alright.
AG: She's fine. I can see her right now!
AG: 8ut she will not 8e for long if you don't get her into your session.
EB: yeah, you're right.
EB: i have to hurry and go save her!
EB: see ya!
AG: Wait!!!!!!!!
AG: Where the hell do you think you're going to go? You don't even have your copy of the game yet!
EB: oh yeah...
EB: duh, stupid stupid dumb.
EB: do you know where i am supposed to get it?
AG: Easy! Just w8 around for a few minutes.
EB: hmm...
EB: ok?
AG: See, John? You need me to advance.
AG: Even though you were going to do this stuff anyway, it turns out I am the reason you were going to do it anyway in the first place!
AG: Your timeline is my we8, and suddenly you are all tangled up in it, wriggling and helpless.
AG: Isn't that coooooooool????????
EB: meh.
EB: so, you seem to like 8's a whole bunch, and i guess you are like, kind of spidery themed or something?
AG: Yeah!
EB: haha, spiders are gross!
AG: Fuck you!!!!!!!!

## John: W8 around for a few minutes.

**24/09/10**

```
JOHN: !
```

==>

**24/09/10**

You got the server copy of the SBURB BETA!

yeah!!!!!!!!

==>

**24/09/10**

## Jade: Land already.

**24/09/10**

==>

**24/09/10**

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JADE: Z

Alert : John
```

## WV?: Survey casualties.

**25/09/10**

Everyone is dead.

Everyone except you.

==>

**25/09/10**

Your RAG OF SOULS begins to soak in the BLOOD OF THE FALLEN. You suppose it could be poetic?

No, instead you think it is just sad.

You were very foolish to believe you could be a leader of men. Look at what bearing that flag has wrought.

Perhaps one day you will find something new to bear. A burden befitting of the peasant you truly are.

Oh my what's that shiny thing in the water.

## John: Prepare for flight.

**25/09/10**

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Alert : Vriska
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pesterlogEB: jade is not answering!
EB: are you sure she's ok?
AG: She's asleep!
AG: She sure seems to sleep a lot. She sort of reminds me of my goo8er teamm8.
AG: He napped through most of the adventure, and was practically useless.
EB: oh...
EB: you mean carcino geneticist?
AG: Hahahaha, no way! Karkat is so up tight, he hardly slept a wink over the whole 600 hour span of our quest.
AG: He didn't even wake up on the moon until AFTER we won the game, hahahahahahahaha.
AG: What a loser.
EB: heheh. car cat. that is how i am saying that.
EB: beep beep, meow!
EB: i will have to remember to give him a hard time about that.
AG: John, you are pretty weird! I can see why you would piss him off so much.
EB: it is really not hard to do that.
AG: Tell me a8out it!
AG: Speaking of telling me a8out things...
AG: Why don't you tell me what you were just dreaming a8out that was so important, fellow Prospit dreamer????????
AG: Prospit is the 8est. Derse is where all the rejects hang out. Am I right?
EB: i never even saw prospit.

EB: aside from flaming bits and pieces of it i guess.
EB: something happened, and it blew up, and dream jade died, and then i was wandering around this place that was like a chess board with a huge crater in it, with loads of dead black and white guys everywhere.
AG: Yes, I know all that! That place is the 8attlefield, which is where your dream self lives now. You will appear there any time you go to sleep.
AG: Prospit dreamers are supposed to end up there eventually. If they're any good, that is. ::::)
AG: 8ut you got there so much sooner. Normally a dreamer's journey to the 8attlefield will not 8e so spectacularly sudden and violent. Meteoric, if you will!
EB: oh, huh.
AG: 8ut you didn't answer my question! What was so important that you wanted to go 8ack to sleep again for?
EB: my dad was there.
AG: What's that?
EB: um, you know...
EB: my guardian?
AG: Oh, you mean the adult male human who lived in your hive?
EB: yes. if by hive you mean house.
AG: Haha, I was wondering a8out that. I was like, what the hell is this guy doing in this kid's hive? Where is his lusus? Is he an orphan contending with some sort of meddlesome grownup squatter????????
EB: um...
EB: these observations are very alien of you.
EB: but that's pretty cool i guess, seeing as you are an alien.
AG: Yes, I just chalked it up as generic alien weirdness and didn't think too much a8out it. Just another series of strange exhi8its from an inferior civiliz8tion.
EB: the funny thing is, he is not even really my dad.
EB: i mean, i was adopted by him, although we are not actually unrelated, i think.
EB: he is the son of my grandmother, who isn't really my grandmother...
EB: nanna is sort of like my biological mother, and my biological father would be jade's grandpa, sorta.
EB: both of which i just created, with slime and stuff, and sent back in time as babies.
EB: so i guess, if anything, that makes my dad...
EB: my half brother???
AG: ::::\
EB: tell me about it!

==>

**25/09/10**

pesterlogAG: W8! 8efore you wander too far off course like a doofus, you need to know how to get to a return node!
AG: So you can get 8ack to your computer. Here, hang on, I am making you a map.
EB: but i know where i'm going!
EB: terezi already made me a map.
AG: What!!!!!!!!
EB: first she made a really crappy one, then a really nice one that works kind of like google.

EB: she started helping me after she tried to kill me.
AG: Ugh. She is still trying to one up me I see. Even preempting my awesome helpfulness!
AG: When did she do that? I mean from my perspective? Do you think she already did it, or hasn't done it yet?
EB: wow, how could i possibly know that!
AG: I don't know. Forget it.
AG: I will show her though. I will show her the meaning of helpfulness.
AG: I will help this little human nerd under the ta8le. The very same ta8le you dined at, while I w8ted on you prong and fucking nu8.
EB: you mean like a candle light hate date?
AG: God, no!!!!!!!! With a human? Gross.
EB: oh...
EB: well then, thanks, i guess?
EB: why do you want to be so helpful, anyway?
EB: i mean, with her i got the sense she was being kind of jokestery about it, which is something i can understand.
EB: but why bother helping, if we aren't going to win anyway?
AG: You won't win? Says who?????????
EB: you guys.
EB: it is practically all you ever say.
AG: Well, ok yes, you are screwed. And so are we.
AG: 8ut so what!
AG: Just 8ecause you are going to fail doesn't mean it won't 8e any fun along the way!
AG: 8y the looks of things, you have a very exciting 24 hours ahead of you.
AG: It'll 8e one hell of a reckoning!

==>

**25/09/10**

pesterlogEB: that is nice to know.
AG: Yes, and 8esides. Continuing on this path and 8ringing Jade into the game I think you will agree is very important!
AG: And not just 8ecause she is your friend and you would 8e kind of upset if she died.
AG: Again.
EB: yes, i think i would be.
EB: but why else?
AG: 8ecause you need to complete your prototyping chain!
AG: Only when all players have entered with a prototyped kernel does the 8attlefield assume its final form.
AG: That form prepares Skaia to grow the new universe you will cre8te.
AG: Or in this case, fail to cre8te. 8ut whatever!
AG: That is no reason to deter you from completing worthwhile game o8jectives.
EB: we are supposed to create a universe?
AG: Yeah! You didn't realize that yet?
EB: no!
AG: 8oy. How clueless can you get.
EB: why are we supposed to do that?

AG: What a stupid question! It is the point of the game. It's what happens when you win, and winning is the only point of anything.
EB: oh. that's true, i guess.
AG: Anyway, you should 8e glad it's the point. And you should 8e glad your predecessors were not such a sad sack group of players like you guys.
AG: Otherwise your universe would not exist, seeing as we cre8ted it 8y 8eing incredi8le in every way.
EB: you did?
AG: Yep. You're welcome. ::::D
EB: hmm...
EB: i don't know what to think about that.
AG: Not knowing what to think a8out things appears to 8e your specialty!
EB: hurrrrr oh man what a burn!
EB: (j/k it was actually lame.)
AG: ::::P
EB: well to be honest, i never really believed any of your guys's doom and gloom nonsense.
EB: not because i think you are lying...
EB: i just feel like there must still be a way to win!
AG: That's the spirit, John!
AG: That is a winner's attitude, and there is always hope for someone who has that.
EB: yes, i agree.
EB: also, there is always hope for someone who has good friends to count on!
AG: Pff.
AG: Laaaaaaaame.

## John: Return.

**25/09/10**

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**25/09/10**

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**26/09/10**

IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIMPS!

## John: Dispatch these pests.

**26/09/10**

That is IT.

*EVERYBODY OUT.*

You are *DEAD SERIOUS.*

## John: Examine room.

**26/09/10**

Look at this mess.

Will you just LOOK at this slightly bigger mess than usual.

## John: Examine computer.

**26/09/10**

They chucked it out the window. Little oily bastards. You'll have to get your hands on a new one somehow.

## John: Examine Posters.

**26/09/10**

This is just insult to injury. You almost want to cry.

## ==>

**26/09/10**

Just look at that face.

A sad face. A forlorn face.

## Vriska: What's his deal????????

**26/09/10**

pesterlogAG: John, why are you standing around wasting time????????
EB: um, i don't know. you can see my future, can't you?
EB: how much time am i wasting?
AG: Enough to make me wonder what the hell your deal is!
EB: then i would venture to guess i am wasting time because you chose to pester me just now!
AG: Dammit, John.
AG: Stop sounding smarter than me. It is un8ecoming of someone so inferior.
EB: i mean, i was just pausing for a moment...
EB: to look at my trashed movie posters.
EB: they bring back memories, of a life that i guess is long gone now.
EB: but you probably know what that is all about.
AG: Yeah, I know.
EB: it wasn't even that long ago, but it already seems like forever since i was on earth!
EB: it was a pretty nice place, i bet you would have liked it.
AG: It seems a little too sunny for my liking.
EB: well, what about you? do you miss your planet, and your parents and such?
AG: The life I left 8ehind wasn't so hot, to 8e honest.
EB: oh. that's too bad.
AG: Why don't we not talk a8out that!
AG: What are these movies, anyway? They look just awful.
EB: but you see, that is where you are wrong. these films are the finest earth has to offer!
AG: Are they a8out clowns?
EB: no, no. i drew those clowns in my sleep, for some reason.
AG: ::::|
EB: this one here is so great. it is about this street tough renegade who did hard time behind bars, and wants nothing more in the world than to reunite with his loving wife and daughter. but not so fast! he has to go on crazy and dangerous escapades through the sky with a motley assortment of rogues led by john malkovich, who is wise to cage's heroic nature and pure heart. they tether a grumpy police man's awesome car to the plane and smash it, and then later they crash into some casinos. cage gets out of the wreckage and hugs his family, and i usually tear up a little.
EB: that is my working troll title for the movie, i hope it was ok.

AG: John, even though your title is quite amusing and pro8a8ly kind of cute, that movie sounds hilariously 8ad!
EB: yeah, well you are hilariously WRONG!
EB: here, hang on, i will show you.
EB: http://tinyurl.com/hullohumminburr
EB: oh, but you will probably have to use your troll thingy to rewind time or whatever, to before the earth internet blew up so you can watch it.
AG: Is this like the Earth equivalent of Gru8tu8e or something?
EB: i guess??
AG: Man. I am not watching this shitty video. It looks so 8ad!
EB: ok, suit yourself.
EB: but there it is, in case you are ever hankering after some incredible movie magic.
AG: Ok, I will 8e sure 8ookmark it and la8el it "dum8 kid's retarded nonsense."
EB: ok, good idea.
AG: 8y the way! Why aren't you using your computer glasses to talk suddenly????????
AG: This device seems less efficient, and doesn't look as cool!

```
♫ How do I
♫  get through one night without you?
♫ If I had to live without you,
♫  what kind of life would that be?
♫ Oh, and I
♫  I need you in my arms, need you to hold.

TRICIA: Hello Cameron

♫ You're my world, my heart, my soul.

CAMERON: Hello Humminbur'

♫ If you ever leave,

CAMERON: I meant to get a hair cut

♫  baby, you will take away everything
♫  good in my life.

CAMERON: I got a present for you, Casey.

♫ Without you,

CAMERON: It's a little dirty.

♫  there'd be no sun in my sky.

TRICIA: Casey, sweetie, you take your Daddy's present now.

CAMERON: No, no, no, honey, it's OK.

♫ There would be no love in my life.
♫ There'd be no world left for me.

CASEY: I got a picture, a picture of you.

♫ And I,

CAMERON: I got a picture of you too.
```

```
♫  oh baby, I don't know what I would do,
♫ I'd be lost if I lost you.
♫ If you ever leave,

CAMERON: Happy birthday, darlin'.

♫  baby, you will take away everything
♫  real in my life.

♫ And tell me now,
♫  how do I live without you?
♫ I want to know!
♫ How do I breathe without you,
♫  if you ever go?
♫ How do I ever,
♫  ever survive?
```

==>

**26/09/10**

```
SERIOUS BUSINESS

f grayslacks66 - ??:??
p.s. @ff: condolences on tragic losses to family, professional attire.

f grayslacks66 - ??:??
@ff: hat status?

f fedorafreak - ??:??
commencing search through rubble for steam press, loved ones.

f fedorafreak - ??:??
wardrobe largely incinerated. family deceased, remaining garments heavily
wrinkled.

[SYSTEM]
```

pesterlogEB: oh, the goggles are cool and all, but they kind of restrict my vision stupidly when i'm using them!
EB: i should remember to make a new hands-free device, that is less obtrusive.
EB: maybe after i make a new computer so i can install this game.
AG: How will you duplic8 it? Isn't it smashed out there on your lawnring?
EB: yeah, but i can use one of my old previously punched cards.
AG: Oh, gr8.
AG: Uh.....
AG: John?
EB: what?
AG: Ok, I will slide you a 8r8k 8ecause clearly your 8lock was just ransacked.
AG: 8ut may8e you want to put that away? Somewhere discreet, where you usually keep it?
AG: There is at least one girl spying on you right now, you know.
EB: put what away? what are you talking about?
AG: Your pail is showing, stupid!!!!!!!!

==>

**26/09/10**

pesterlogEB: my pail?
EB: you mean this bucket here?
AG: Yes! Come on, will you take a hint and show some decorum????????
EB: umm...
EB: i'm really not following. what do you have against buckets?
AG: Man! Nothing, really. It's just.....
AG: Ok, may8e humans don't really have any sense of shame over this sort of thing?
EB: shame over what?
EB: it's just a bucket! you know, for putting soapy water in and cleaning stuff with.
EB: why, what do trolls use them for?
AG: Oh.
AG: Haha, yeah, of course!
AG: That's what I was talking a8out. Your cleaning 8ucket.
AG: In troll culture we consider cleaning products to 8e really indecent or something!
AG: I am 8lushing furiously a8out it right now. Please try to 8e sensitive to my cultural ways and understandings.
EB: wow... uh. that is definitely pretty odd.
EB: but ok, i'm sorry you saw my bucket. i will just chuck it out the window i guess.
AG: Thank you, John. That is very gentlemanly of you.
AG: Now will you quit shitting around and get on with it!!!!!!!! God.
EB: well i was GOING to but you started babbling at me!
EB: jeez, spinneret.
AG: That isn't my real name, you dope!
EB: ok, then what is it!
AG: I ain't telling you that!
AG: It's a sekret. :::;)
EB: *ROLLS EYES*
EB: all eight gross spidery eyes!
EB: oops i mean !x8.
AG: You don't even need to say that. I can see you rolling your eyes, remem8er?
EB: oh yeah.

## John: Discard sordid receptacle.

**26/09/10**

## John: Exit to balcony.

**26/09/10**

What a surprise, more lousy imps having their way with the place. You wonder where nanna could be. Someone needs to get this motley assortment of rogues under control.

==>

**26/09/10**

Now what in the hell is going on over there??

==>

**26/09/10**

Oh no, more embarrassing cleaning apparatus. You've got to hide it before Sekret Spinneret or whatever her name is sees it and gets upset.

## John: Assail rogue.

**26/09/10**

```
BOOT!
```

GET THAT SHIT OUTTA HERE!!!

## ==>

**26/09/10**

Being culturally sensitive is really hard work.

## John: Look up.

**27/09/10**

It looks like someone's server player has been busy.

## John: Pester someone's server player.

**27/09/10**

```
Alert : Rose
```

pesterlog-- ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] --

EB: hey rose!
TT: Hi.
EB: how are you doing? i don't even remember the last time we talked.
EB: i have been so busy.
EB: and it looks like you have been too.
EB: i mean, hopy shit!
EB: my house is HUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGE!
TT: Actually, building up your house has been one of the more trivial ways I've passed the time.
TT: Great swaths of the structure may be copied and pasted with little architectural consideration.
TT: I've only bothered to do so while in contemplation.
TT: It's relaxing.
EB: oh.
EB: well, it must have cost a fortune!
TT: We have a lot of grist.
EB: how much?
TT: I don't recall any hard figures off hand.
TT: Last I checked, more than a million units of several different types.
TT: Torrented between the three of us.
EB: torrented?
TT: Shared, through an application.
TT: I unlocked the disc from your registry, and deployed it.
TT: I convinced your nanna to install it on your computer.
TT: Before an imp threw it out the window, that is.
EB: you got her to do that? but she's an old lady! also, a ghost.
TT: My methods of persuasion have been improving.
EB: also, she is really tricky, and plays lots of pranks.
EB: did she try to prank you?
TT: No.
EB: huh.

EB: i guess you enjoyed the prankster's gambit on that exchange then.
TT: ?
EB: oh yeah...
EB: what's up with the alchemiter?
EB: it looks weird.
TT: Upgrades.
EB: did you get nanna to do that too?
TT: No, your consorts were utilized for that.
EB: the salamanders??
TT: Yes. They seem eager to receive simple instruction.
TT: I'm guessing they find their way back to your house to allow the client player to remain productive while the server player is away.
EB: they aren't very smart...
TT: No, they aren't.
EB: i'm surprised they even understand what to do.
TT: Like I said.
TT: Coercion hasn't been much of a problem.
EB: yeah...
EB: uh...
EB: what exactly does that mean?
EB: what have you been doing this whole time???
TT: Why don't you tell me what you've been up to first?
TT: I've been curious, but too preoccupied to inquire.
EB: well,
EB: i have been talking to a lot of trolls, for one thing.
EB: they sure are a talkative bunch!
TT: I've noticed.
EB: and then i cloned some slime babies in the veil.
TT: Did you?
EB: yes. um...
EB: ok, long story short is, jade is my slime clone sister, and dave is your slime clone brother, and we were all born today!
TT: Yes.
EB: yes?
TT: I figured that out.
EB: oh.
TT: Anything else?
EB: umm...
EB: then i fell asleep, and woke up on the battlefield.
EB: oh!
EB: rose, i am fairly sure i saw your mom!
TT: You did?
TT: Are you sure it was her?
EB: well, it was a nice and proper looking lady, with a pink scarf, so...
EB: i dunno, who else would that be!
TT: That was likely her.

TT: How was she?
EB: fine, i guess...
EB: she was with my dad.
TT: That's interesting.
EB: yeah!
TT: Did she seem happy?
EB: happy?
EB: wow, i dunno.
EB: i don't really know her well enough to say, i guess?
EB: plus, i was a little distracted.
EB: maybe i will find out next time i go to sleep.
TT: Fair enough.
EB: now stop being so spookily mysterious and tell me what you've been doing!
TT: Investigating, mostly.
EB: investigating what?
TT: Everything there is to investigate.
TT: Information hidden in the lore of our lands, concealed in ruins and riddles.
TT: I'm looking for whatever there is to discover about the game, and more importantly, whatever exceeds its boundaries.
TT: The cloaked traces of myth beyond its scope.
EB: its scope?
EB: oh, rose, did you know that we are supposed to be creating a universe with this game?
TT: Yes.
EB: i think that's pretty neat!
TT: It is, in principle.
TT: But it won't happen.
EB: so you believe the trolls then?
TT: It's not a matter of believing them.
TT: The writing is on the wall. Literally.
EB: it is?
TT: This session was never meant to bear fruit.
TT: It's barren, so to speak.
EB: that's a bit of a bummer!
EB: i am still skeptical about that, though.
TT: That's why you're our leader, John.
EB: huh?
TT: Optimism through stalwart skepticism is a defect not everyone is lucky enough to be cursed with.
EB: that's stupid.
EB: i'm not your leader, i am your FRIEND, there is a BIG difference!
TT: Statements like that are also why you're our leader.
EB: pff.
EB: laaaaaaaame.
TT: Yes, kind of.
EB: so, if you're sure that we are going to fail...
EB: what is the point of everything we're doing?

TT: Simple.
TT: The objective is no longer to win.
EB: um...
EB: i mean, what are we actually shooting for here?
TT: To do as much damage to the game as possible.
TT: To rip its stitches and pry answers from the seams.
TT: We will snatch purpose from the jaws of futility.
TT: Are you ready to wreak some havoc, John?
EB: i suddenly don't understand anything.

==>
**28/09/10**
==>
**28/09/10**
==>
**28/09/10**
Salamancer.

Wand, please.
==>
**28/09/10**
Thank you, Viceroy.

It's way more dramatic relying on a familiar than a boring old sylladex.
==>
**28/09/10**
## Rose: Investigate.
**28/09/10**
==>
**28/09/10**
==>
**28/09/10**
==>
**29/09/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

## Rose: Answer.
**29/09/10**

```
Alert : ♍
```

pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

GA: Okay This Will Probably Strike You As An Odd Moment For Me To Mention This
GA: But Actually
GA: There Are Not Many Moments Ive Observed On Your Timeline Which Wouldnt Qualify As

Odd
GA: And Somehow
GA: Your Idle Moments Seem To Invite Interruption The Least
GA: And This Is A Difficult Topic For Me To Broach
GA: For Reasons That You Probably Wont Understand
TT: You're rambling again, Kanaya.
GA: Okay Sorry
GA: Ive Just Been Meaning To Say
GA: That I Read Your Instructional Guide

## Rose: Be the troll girl.

**29/09/10**

You are suddenly the troll girl.

In a different game session.

In the past.

## Kanaya: Confer with leader.

**29/09/10**

```
Alert : ♍
Alert : ♋
```

pesterloggrimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

GA: Your Speech Was Really
GA: Emotional
CG: OK I DEFINITELY DON'T NEED YOU BUSTING MY BULGE ABOUT THE SPEECH NOW.
CG: I'VE TAKEN ENOUGH SHIT. I GOT A LITTLE WORKED UP OK?
CG: AND IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY, WHY DON'T YOU COME SAY IT TO MY FACE.
CG: I'M FED UP WITH THESE BACK DOOR NOOKBITING SHENANIGANS.
GA: I Dont Mean To Critique Your Speech
GA: I Just Wanted To Ask You Something In Confidence
GA: About The Humans
CG: OK, WHAT IS IT?
GA: Are You Sure Theyre Responsible For Our Misfortune
CG: YES. THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.
GA: Was It On Account Of Malice Or Incompetence
CG: I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE BOTH?
CG: WHY DOES IT MATTER.
GA: It Sort Of Does
GA: Im Not Even That Sure Why
GA: This Is A Difficult Topic For Me To Broach
GA: For Reasons That You Probably Wont Understand
CG: GOD DAMMIT.

CG: NO MORE MYSTERIES, PLEASE.
CG: YOU'D THINK WE'D HAD OUR FILL OF THEM BY NOW.
CG: IF I HAVE TO SOLVE ONE MORE RIDDLE, I'M GOING TO...
CG: I DON'T KNOW.
GA: Will Your Response Involve An Athletic Maneuver Of Some Sort
CG: NO
CG: ABSOLUTELY NOT.
CG: I WILL JUST GO OVER THERE AND WEEP GENTLY IN THE HORN PILE.
CG: SERIOUSLY, WHAT IS THIS ABOUT?
GA: Um
CG: WHAT I CAN TELL YOU IS
CG: THEY ARE ALL LUDICROUSLY INCOMPETENT.
CG: SOFT, PINK FRAGILE THINGS WHO DO NOTHING BUT WASTE TIME.
CG: THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE HORNS!
GA: What
GA: Really
CG: YEAH, I WAS LIKE, WHOA DID THEY GET FILED DOWN OR SOMETHING
CG: BUT NO IT TURNS OUT THAT'S JUST HOW THEY ARE.
GA: Weird
CG: THEY'RE A MISERABLE POINTLESS CROP OF LIFEFORMS FROM A MEANINGLESS BORING PUSTULE OF A PLANET.
CG: IT'S INFURIATING THEY WERE SOMEHOW ALLOWED TO HAVE ANY INFLUENCE OVER US.
GA: It Is Pretty Disheartening
GA: But
GA: You Are Absolutely Sure They Are All Failures
GA: And That They Have No Chance Of Succeeding
CG: YEP.
CG: IT'S ALL RIGHT HERE.
GA: Im Not Sure Which Depresses Me More
GA: The Sabotage Of Our Session Or The Futility Of Theirs
CG: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT.
CG: YOU'RE BEING REALLY WEIRD ABOUT THIS.
GA: Well I Havent Asked What I Wanted To Ask
CG: THEN ASK!!!
GA: Its About TentacleTherapist
CG: YEAH. THAT'S THE ROSE HUMAN.
CG: SHE'S APPARENTLY PRETTY SARCASTIC.
CG: IT'S IN MY NOTES.
GA: You Have Notes On Them
CG: YES.
GA: I Guess
GA: Thats Why Youre Our Leader Karkat
CG: NO, I'M YOUR LEADER BECAUSE OF MY INCREDIBLE TACTICAL SKILLS AND MY ABILITY TO MOBILIZE AND MOTIVATE A BUNCH OF USELESS PEOPLE TOWARD A COMMON GOAL, AND BECAUSE I'M EXTREMELY AMBITIOUS AND INTREPID. ALSO

BECAUSE LEADERSHIP IS IN MY BLOOD. WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS.
GA: Statements Like That Are Also Why Youre Our Leader
CG: OK, I'LL ACCEPT THAT.
GA: Have You Talked To Her
CG: WHO
GA: The Rose Human
GA: Also
GA: Do We Really Have To Say Things Like The Rose Human
CG: OF COURSE WE DO.
CG: IT SOUNDS SUITABLY DISDAINFUL.
CG: I MEAN, IF A BUNCH OF ALIENS STARTED HASSLING YOU, YOU WOULD EXPECT THEM TO ACT REALLY HIGH AND MIGHTY, AND SUPERIOR IN EVERY WAY, RIGHT?.
CG: WHICH WE ARE, OF COURSE.
GA: Uh Okay
CG: AND NO, I HAVEN'T TALKED TO HER.
CG: I WILL PROBABLY STEER CLEAR OF HER FOR THE MOST PART.
CG: I HAVE MY SIGHTS SET ON THE JOHN HUMAN, AND PROBABLY ALSO THE JADE HUMAN, SHE'S A HUGE CULPRIT TOO.
GA: It Just
GA: Feels Really Silly When We Say Things Like The John Human In Confidence Amongst Ourselves
CG: WE HAVE TO COMMIT TO THIS. STAY IN CHARACTER, YOU KNOW?
CG: REMEMBER THE SPEECH.
GA: The Speech Has Become Emblazoned On My Think Pan
GA: Virtually Ensconced In The Fold Of My Personal Mythology
CG: DID YOU WANT TO TROLL HER? ARE YOU VOLUNTEERING?
CG: BECAUSE THAT WOULD BE GREAT, I'D REALLY APPRECIATE THAT.
GA: I Dont Know
GA: Im Not Sure If Ive Got It In Me Right Now
CG: COME ON. YOU'LL BE GREAT AT IT.
CG: PLEASE JUST DO THIS ONE THING FOR ME. WE'VE GOT TO STAY COORDINATED ON THIS.
CG: TOO MANY OF THESE FUCKS ARE GOING ROGUE.
CG: LIKE WHAT ARE WE EVEN DOING.
GA: Fine
CG: GREAT! THANKS KANAYA.
CG: I'LL EXPECT A FULL REPORT SOON.
GA: A Report About What
CG: LIKE
CG: HOW HASSLED YOU GOT HER TO BE
CG: BUT LESS STUPID SOUNDING THAN THAT.
GA: Is There A Metric For That Concept
CG: NO
CG: WELL THERE COULD BE
CG: WE CAN GAUGE YOUR RESULTS WITH THE "FLIGHTY BROADS AND THEIR SNARKY HORSESHITOMETER".

GA: That Seems Just As Disparaging To Me As It Is To Her
CG: YEAH WELL
CG: USE IT AS MOTIVATION
CG: I GOTTA GET CRACKING HERE, LATER.

## Kanaya: Troll the Rose human.

**29/09/10**

```
TROLLIAN

Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines


ChumpRoll

- ectoBiologist
- ghostyTrickster
- tentacleTherapist
- turntechGodhead
- gardenGnostic


trolling : tentacleTherapist

TT: and then you'll be confused.
TT: sorry, that's just how this works.
TT: don't say i didn't warn you!
GA: Consider Me Fully Briefed On The Matter.
GA: Until Next Time Rose
GA: Next Time In The Past
TT: yeah, bye!
TT: (heheheh
```

How underwhelming. No horns. Skin as white as a ghost! You wonder how she manages to look in a mirror without falling asleep.

You resume your stance of alien complacency. The SNARKY HORSESHITOMETER ticks back in your favor.

## Kanaya: Keep viewing.

**29/09/10**

```
OWOMEOEWMOEWWOOOM...
```

You continue to spy on the Rose human. What's that nonsense she wrote on her walls? What did she do to her totem lathe?? Idiot.

==>

**29/09/10**

OH DEAR GOD.

==>

**29/09/10**

The exhibit of depravity maxes out your side of the HORSESHITOMETER.

You had this girl wrong all along. She is an utter buffoon.

==>

**29/09/10**

You hope nobody caught you looking at that.

The horseshitometer swings back to her side, as she has inadvertently caused you to flush with the shame of one thousand cocoon-wetting children.

You win this round, Lalonde.

## Kanaya: View the past.

**29/09/10**

You need to put some distance between yourself and that egregious display.

These look like simpler times. Probably better to mess with her earlier on the timeline rather than later.

==>

**29/09/10**

Hmm.

## Kanaya: Enter name.

**29/09/10**

```
FLIGHTY BROAD
```

Why Ms. Lalonde. It does appear you have once again fallen out of favor with the FLIGHTY BROADS AND THEIR SNARKY HORSESHITOMETER.

*Your move, Therapist.*

==>

**29/09/10**

This is boring. Where's the challenge in teasing a mentally retarded alien girl? Her stupid walkthrough was probably plagiarized from another more advanced civilization or something.

Maybe bothering her friends will be more interesting.

## Kanaya: Troll the John human.

**30/09/10**

```
Alert : ♍
```

pesterloggrimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling ghostyTrickster [GT]

GA: Hello
GT: hi...?
GA: Allow Me To Make This Simple
GA: I Am A Troll From Another Universe Using A Chat Client Utility Which Is Capable Of Contacting You And Your Friends At Any Point Of Your Lives Which I Choose Up To And Including The Moment Of Your Own Incompetence Fueled Self Destruction
GA: Im Looking For Evidence Of Intelligence In Your Species
GA: A Reason
GA: Any Reason At All Really
GA: To Justify Wasting The Few Precious Remaining Moments Of My Life On You
GA: It Has Fallen On Your Shoulders To Supply Me With That Reason John Human
GA: Go
GT: ha ha, what?
GA: What Indeed
GA: I Was Just Leaving
GT: so you're a time traveler?
GA: No
GA: We Dont Actually Travel Through
GA: Uh
GA: Well
GA: Not All Of Us Do
GA: One Of Us Does Though
GA: Thats Not What We Are Talking About Here And Is Aside From The Point
GT: so let me see if i have this straight...
GT: you are a time traveling space alien from the future, sent here to study humans?
GA: No
GT: are you from mars? is it a mission of peace?
GA: No John You Werent Listening
GT: what does your time machine look like? a phone booth? phone booths are a popular thing for some reason.
GA: Damn It
GT: were you lured to earth by a huge gyroscopey thing that jodie foster piloted in contact, while matthew mcconaughey sort of acted as her spiritual guide i guess...
GA: What The Hell

GT: and then he kind of preached to her about having faith instead of believing in the sciences so hard all the time, and i guess in the end she believed him, maybe?
GT: actually, im not even sure what the point of mcconaughey was in that movie. but he was still awesome.
GT: and then jodie found her dad on an alien planet... but i think he was a ghost or something? or maybe an alien in disguise.
GT: and then she went home and nobody believed her, but you just KNOW mcconaughey believed her.
GT: because he had all the faith. and i mean ALL OF IT.
GT: anyway, does that have any applicability to your cosmic interstellar astrojourney?
GA: Okay Youre Even Dumber Than The Rose Human Thats Incredible Really
GT: pff, i know i'm dumber than rose, that is not much of a burn, dude!
GA: Im A Girl Not A Boy
GT: oh, sorry.
GT: i don't know why i thought you were.
GA: It Happens
GT: were you trolling rose too?
GT: TIME TRAVEL TROLLING???
GA: Yes As A Matter Of Fact
GT: oh boy, let me go put on my quantum space hat, and extra terrestrial adventure boots, and you can tell me all about it.
GA: If You Werent So Stupid Id Suspect You Were Being Insincere For The Benefit Of Your Amusement
GT: ha ha ha. i don't follow!
GA: I Just Spoke To Her In The Future
GA: Shes An Imbecile And Conveying How Much I Dislike Her At This Point Presents An Overwhelming Gauntlet Of Personal Expression
GA: But Regardless She Said To Paste Something From Our Conversation
GA: To Get You To Understand Whats Going On
GA: I Have Strong Doubts It Will Be Effective But Here Goes
GA: GA: I Should Figure Out How The Viewport Feature Of This Application Works
GA: GA: So I Can See What Such A Primitive Creature Looks Like
GA: TT: haha, well i know what you guys look like.
GA: TT: you look kind of like...
GA: TT: howie mandel from little monsters.
GA: TT: even though, to be perfectly frank, he was kind of a big monster.
GA: TT: because he was a big goofy adult.
GA: TT: and fred savage was like his child prankster sidekick.
GA: GA: Is This An Adversary You Have Encountered On Your Quest
GA: TT: no, it's a movie.
GA: TT: you should ask john about it, because he thinks it's awesome, which it is.
GT: hahaha! oh man, you blew it!
GT: now i know for sure you're trolling me. rose hates that movie.
GA: Are You Suggesting
GA: I Was Being Trolled
GA: That It Was A Charade Meant To Make Me Look Foolish

GT: possibly! i know that sure didn't sound like her.
GT: but i think it's more likely that you made it all up cause you know i like that movie.
GT: so i tip my cap to you, well played miss troll!
GA: Now Im Wondering If You Might Be Trolling Me As Well
GT: ok well, just between you and me...
GT: SOMEONE here is getting trolled.
GT: and it just might be all three of us.
GA: Okay
GT: but you shoulda told me you liked little monsters!
GT: we could jam about that. what was your favorite part?
GA: Suspicions Pitching Once Again Toward The Conclusion That You Are Just Very Stupid
GT: i really want to get a little monsters poster, but they're hard to find!
GT: i asked my dad for one for christmas. fingers crossed!
GA: Im Guessing Thats The Human Equivalent Of 12th Perigees Eve
GA: Will Your Adult Human Custodian Forage For Leavings As Ours Do
GT: yup, that sure keeps sounding alien of you.
GT: keep up the good work!
GT: listen, i'm kind of busy, i have to wrap this present and mail it in a hurry.
GT: so i'm going to block you!
GT: but i might unblock you again soon, because you're kinda cool.
GA: Your Blocks Mean Nothing But Dont Worry You Wont Hear From Me Again
GT: yeah well...
GT: you might just hear from me!
GT: also, you should give rose another chance.
GT: she is really great! whatever she did, she was probably just pulling her mind games on you, it's all in fun.
GT: there is more to her than that, you'll see.
GT: bye!

ghostyTrickster [GT] blocked grimAuxiliatrix [GA]

==>
**30/09/10**

```
Alert : ♍
Alert : ♍
```

AUGH. Stupid trolls.

Looks like this package is going to be late.

==>
**30/09/10**
The conversations with the other two humans didn't go that well either.

Must be something about the human intellect, and a specific posture it assumes. Particularly when a certain subject is broached.

==>
**30/09/10**
And yet...

Your curiosity. It remains piqued.

How maddening.

==>
**30/09/10**
Earth is surprisingly pretty.

It seems very...

Bright.

==>
**30/09/10**
Ok, you will have to admit that is a nice outfit. Humans get points for fashion too.

You begrudgingly concede a single SNARKTICK to the stylish human and her loyal snowlusus.

## Kanaya: Troll Rose human again.
**30/09/10**

```
Alert : ♍
```

In a little while, she is back in her hive.

You prepare an ambush. This time, the fashionable, hand-crafted gloves are coming OFF.

==>
**30/09/10**
You proceed to have your SECOND CONVERSATION.

You feel pretty good about your effort. It was a measured balance of barbs and condescension. Your leader will be pleased with the report.

And yet...

It seems the John human was right. This is not the same Rose human you dealt with before. She has been toying with you all along. Oh, the curiosity. How it persists. The maddening, maddening curiosity.

Your arbitrating gauge decides on a draw. Snark reaped and sown in equal distribution.

This is far from over.

## Kanaya: Explore this human emotion called friendship.
**30/09/10**

You can only assume this is a somewhat typical way for human relationships to blossom. It seems friendship for some humans is a basic aggregation of shallow and insincere hostilities. Human friendship sure is complicated.

You skip ahead to a point on her timeline when you suspect friendship may plausibly have been established already. You have your THIRD CONVERSATION. It does not go as well as you'd hoped.

Rose takes the lead.

==>

**30/09/10**

Your FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH CONVERSATIONS don't fare much better. This friendship is stalling fast. What are you doing wrong?

You are now getting your ass handed to you on a silver nutrition plateau. You are in serious need of a ploy to turn the tables in this duel of snarky one-upsmanship.

Some advice couldn't hurt, you suppose.

## Kanaya: Troll the Dave human.

**30/09/10**

You decide to SEEK COUNSEL from the Rose human's dark spectacled friend.

You believe you understand how to proceed.

## Kanaya: Have seventh conversation.

**30/09/10**

You put into motion a cunning plan in your SEVENTH CONVERSATION, in which you have attached a MISSION CRITICAL TEXT DOCUMENT.

Lalonde has finally been outmaneuvered. The horseshitometer is lopsided in your favor. And most delightfully of all, this fiendish ploy has ensured that all previous snarkticks against you have been rendered completely irrelevant. It turns out they were just a consequence of your future design all along.

You cannot hope to beat Kanaya Maryam in a snark-off. She is simply the best there is.

(heheheh

GA: *[Tactical Omission]*
GA: *[Tactical Omission]*
GA: *[Tactical Omission]*
TT: she's not here right now, she's asleep!
TT: but ok, see you.
TT: And Then I Proceed To Make This Brainless Remark To Complement My Many Others
TT: Or Do I
GA: Is This
GA: Your Human Sarcasm That Ive Heard About
GA: That You Always Use
GA: And That Is Basically A Terrible Way To Communicate
TT: umm... no?
GA: I Thought That Was The Thing You Did
GA: The Rose Human Specifically
TT: oh, yeah.
TT: that's me! i am the rose human. look at me, i am so smart with all these snooty words and complicated things to say.
TT: i am the queen of books.
TT: I Am Also Infuriatingly Aloof
TT: And Difficult To Engage With
TT: When Maybe All The Other Person Wants To Do Is Maybe To Try To Be My Friend
TT: Has That Ever Occured To Me
TT: Probably Not
GA: Okay These Are Definitely Insincere Statements
GA: Why Do You Work So Hard At Being So Awful
TT: fffuuhhhhhhhh
TT: i'm so burned, these burns are crazy.
TT: can we just cut to the chase and be friends already??
TT: these cat and mouse games are so dumb, you know we're just going to all be friends at some point anyway.
GA: Have We Spoken Before
TT: i don't know, uh, maybe???
TT: it's hard to keep track with all your time nonsense.
TT: Am I Being Sincere Here
TT: In Retrospect It Will Probably Seem Unlikely To My Current Conversational Partner
GA: Now That I Think About It It Is Pretty Conceivable That I Will Talk To You Again In The Past After This Conversation
TT: that's because you guys always do things the hard way.
TT: and the dumb way.
GA: I Should Figure Out How The Viewport Feature Of This Application Works

GA: So I Can See What Such A Primitive Creature Looks Like
TT: haha, well i know what you guys look like.
TT: you look kind of like...
TT: howie mandel from little monsters.
TT: even though, to be perfectly frank, he was kind of a big monster.
TT: because he was a big goofy adult.
TT: and fred savage was like his child prankster sidekick.
TT: Why Would I Even Be Saying Things Like This
TT: Of Course
TT: I Have Been So Foolish
TT: It Is Because I Am Trolling You
TT: I Wonder Where I Could Have Possibly Gotten The Idea To Do That In The First Place
TT: Whoops There Goes My Human Sarcasm Again
TT: It Is Like A Regrettable Bodily Function
GA: Is This An Adversary You Have Encountered On Your Quest
TT: no, it's a movie.
TT: you should ask john about it, because he thinks it's awesome, which it is.
GA: It Seems *[Tactical Omission]*
GA: *[Tactical Omission]*
GA: *[Tactical Omission]*
TT: yeah, i got him this really cool bunny for his birthday, and it's really nicely knitted and everything.
TT: because i am basically in love with him, you are right.
TT: It Is At This Point I Admit To Flushed Longings For The Ignoramus Who Likes Terrible Films
TT: I Am Doing This Only To Bother You
TT: I Openly Acknowledge This Here Specifically To Improve The Chances That We Will Develop A More Favorable Relationship In The Future
GA: *[Tactical Omission]*
GA: I Think Ill Talk To Someone Else Now
TT: why don't you talk to john?
GA: Maybe
GA: When Along His Timeline Would You Recommend Communicating With Him
TT: oh man, i don't know.
TT: why don't you pick the time that will make the most complicated mess out of everything imaginable?
TT: you know that's what you're gonna do anyway.
TT: I Said Smugly
GA: *[Tactical Omission]*
GA: *[Tactical Omission]*
GA: *[Tactical Omission]*
GA: *[Tactical Omission]*

GA: Im Going To Talk To Your Comrades
GA: This John Human
GA: And Figure Out Whats Going On
TT: ok.
TT: if you talk to him in the past...
TT: he'll understand even less buggywhipped fuckall about time, and he'll be confused.
TT: so maybe paste something from this conversation to him? i don't know.
TT: and if you talk to him in the future...
TT: he'll probably know all this stuff, like things you've said to him but haven't said yet!
TT: and then you'll be confused.
TT: sorry, that's just how this works.
TT: don't say i didn't warn you!
GA: Consider Me Fully Briefed On The Matter.
GA: Until Next Time Rose
GA: *[Tactical Omission]*
TT: yeah, bye!
TT: (heheheh

pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

GA: What
GA: The Hell
GA: Did You Just Do
TT: Hi there.
GA: You Actually Did It
GA: Blew It Up I Mean
GA: I Had Begun To Believe That Was Embellishment
TT: This is it, isn't it?
GA: What Is It
TT: This is the eighth conversation between us, from your perspective.
TT: As well as mine.
GA: Yeah
TT: I've been looking forward to this.
GA: Really
TT: Yes.
TT: I have some questions for you.

==>

**01/10/10**

pesterlogGA: What Questions Do You Have
TT: I'll start with a simple one.
TT: Do trolls have names?

## John: Make backup computer.

**02/10/10**

You make a new COSBYTOP so you can do some serious computing on the go. You barely got a chance to mess around with the first one you made before it was pilfered by a scurrilous imp. Ok it was actually a sylladex mishap but whatever.

Remember how that happened? That didn't stop being a thing that happened or anything.

## John: Reunite with loving fatherly comedian themed laptop.

**02/10/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB]

AG: What.
AG: The hell.....
AG: Are you doing!!!!!!!!
EB: oh hey.
AG: John, stop kissing that adult 8rown male human computer at once.
EB: but...
EB: it is bill cosby.
EB: he's back.
EB: in laptop form.

AG: Man. It is just another waste of time.
AG: Everything you do is a huge waste.
AG: A stupid pointless 8unch of w8stey w8stey w8stes.
EB: excuse me, but spending just a little quality time with my man bill here is not a w8stey w8ste at all.
EB: no amount of 8's in words will make that true.
AG: You have important things to do!
AG: Remem8er Jade????????
EB: of course i do! jeez!
EB: ok, i'm going.

==>

**02/10/10**

pesterlogAG: Noooooooo!!!!!!!!
AG: XXXXO
EB: what?!?!?!
AG: What the fuck are you doing now!
EB: i am going to blast off and fly a little higher, to see if i can find nanna up there!
EB: and then i will install the game.
EB: it will only take a second!
AG: No, that's not what I mean!
AG: I know that's what you're going to do.
AG: You're just not supposed to do it now!
AG: You are supposed to do something else first. And then fly up. It's right here on your timeline. 8y attempting to do the thing you're not supposed to do yet, you are just wasting more of our time!!!!!!!!
EB: jeez!!!
EB: you are incredibly bossy.
EB: more like marquise bossyfangs.
AG: I told you, that's my role playing name, not my real one! So your weak 8urn means nothing.
EB: no, you did not tell me that you like to play troll dungeons and dragons.
AG: Oh, yes John. I am really going to know what that stupid Earth game is, just 8ecause you put troll in front of it. Stupid.
EB: i will find out what your name is, i am tricky and i have ways.
AG: Pfffffffff, dou8t it.
AG: Now shut up and do what you are going to do next!
EB: i don't know what i'm going to do next!
EB: apparently what i thought i was going to do next was wrong, so why don't you tell me?
AG: 8ecause.
AG: That's ridiculous!
AG: That would 8e a ridiculous way for us to do things.
EB: has it occurred to you that i might be wasting so much time because you keep pestering me telling me how much time i'm wasting?
EB: and then when i'm about to make progress you tell me i am doing the wrong thing!
EB: if it weren't for you i would be playing this game already.
AG: Okaaaaaaaay, shut up!

AG: Fine. I will hold your hand every step of the way, since that's apparently how you want to do this.
EB: but it isn't!
AG: I said shut up!
AG: Look, you are a8out to make yourself a new outfit, and THEN you will fly up and install the game.
EB: oh...
EB: but why would i do that? my ecto labsuit is rad!
AG: 8ecause you look like an idiot!
EB: :(
AG: Seriously, it's a good thing I did decide to 8other you now. Otherwise you would go through the game looking like a little weenie 8oy-Skylark.
EB: what is a boy skylark?
AG: It is the most terri8le, gutless class for wimpy losers, ones who have no idea how to handle themselves when a girl talks to them and stuff.
EB: actually, i think i remember passing that rung on my echeladder a while ago.
AG: Yes, exactly! It is 8eneath you, John.
AG: You are clearly much 8etter than that. You should dress like it.
EB: who cares what i dress like? it is what's inside the adventurer that counts.
AG: Hahahahahahahaha!
AG: I watched you actually say that with a str8 f8ce. Oh my god.
EB: why are you taking such an interest in my fashion, anyway?
AG: Trolls are an extremely fashion-minded race, John. You should make a note of this, since you pretend to 8e a scientist or something.
EB: ha ha, it sounds like you have a really lame culture.
AG: John, that is an outr8geous thing to say. You don't even know how important the fashions are, so 8e quiet.
EB: laaaaaaaame.
AG: Look at that! You counted out 8 a's for me, John! That is so thoughtful of you.
EB: oh, ha ha...
EB: i didn't even count. it just...
EB: turned out like that.
AG: Really????????
EB: yeah.
AG: <33333333
EB: er...
EB: ok, anyway, i will make a new suit, but i am not ditching my ectosuit!!!
EB: it is so sweet, i look like link, if zelda was a quest about an elf scientist.
EB: i am the wind waker. it's me.
AG: I know you are, John.
AG: Now empty out your sylladex and let's see what sort of killer gear we can make for you. 8ut do it fast!

## Kanaya: Have sixteenth conversation.

**04/10/10**

```
Alert : ♍
```

pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

GA: Okay This Will Probably Strike You As An Odd Moment For Me To Mention This
GA: But Actually
GA: There Are Not Many Moments Ive Observed On Your Timeline Which Wouldnt Qualify As Odd
GA: And Somehow
GA: Your Idle Moments Seem To Invite Interruption The Least
GA: And This Is A Difficult Topic For Me To Broach
GA: For Reasons That You Probably Wont Understand
TT: You're rambling again, Kanaya.
GA: Okay Sorry
GA: Ive Just Been Meaning To Say
GA: That I Read Your Instructional Guide

==>

**04/10/10**

pesterlogTT: Oh?
GA: Yeah
TT: Sorry to hear you were subjected to that.
GA: Why
TT: It was a little melodramatic in retrospect. Heavy-handed.
TT: But now it's stuck on that server forever, broadcasting the notes of very confused girl sifting through the aftermath of just another pedestrian apocalypse somewhere in paradox space.
TT: Have you ever written a message you regretted instantly upon sending?
GA: Lately
GA: Almost Perpetually
TT: That line included?
GA: Wow Yeah Kind Of
GA: Also
GA: That One
TT: I'm sure you must regard the walkthrough as pretty quaint.
TT: As a veteran of the game.
GA: Actually
GA: At The Time Of Reading It Lent Some Useful Insight
GA: Into The Nature Of The Game I Hadnt Yet Considered
GA: And
GA: The Author I Guess
TT: At the time?
TT: When exactly did you read it?
GA: Uh
GA: By The Way
GA: What Are You Doing Here
GA: Is This Part Of Your Ongoing Investigation

==>
**04/10/10**
pesterlogTT: Yes.
GA: Are These Tactics Really Necessary
TT: It's faster this way.
TT: If there's one thing you and your friends regularly remind us, it's that time is not on our side.
GA: I Know
GA: But I Thought Our Methods Earlier Were Effective
GA: In Illuminating The Underpinnings Of The Game
GA: You Ask Some Questions
GA: And I Answer
GA: If I Can
TT: Yes, that has been effective.
TT: But you don't know everything, do you?
GA: No
TT: My current strategy is comprehensive.
TT: Your notes have been helpful, but the facts you've supplied are being cross-referenced with understandings I already have, and data gathered by the sort of means presently on display.
TT: I still have more questions for you, which I will ask in time.
GA: Okay
GA: But These Means Presently On Display
GA: Are Making Me A Little Nervous
GA: I Think Its Kind Of A Reckless Use Of
TT: Of what?
GA: These Forces
TT: Dark magic, you mean?
GA: Yes
GA: Well
GA: Influence By The Gods From The Furthest Ring
GA: The Communion You Seem To Have Developed With Them I Find Kind Of Troubling
TT: I don't think they are as nefarious as you might imagine.
TT: Many of them seem to be intent on helping us.
GA: How Exactly Do You Know That
TT: From their whispers in my dreams.
GA: How Much Time Have You Really Spent Sleeping
GA: Since You Began Playing
TT: Not much.
TT: But quite a lot in a failed timeline.
TT: And now and then, memories surface from that alternate reality.
TT: Vague memories, but unmistakable in familiarity, like spontaneously remembering a dream from years ago by some inexplicable catalyst.
TT: In that reality, they spoke to me in my sleep and told me much of what I needed to know.
TT: Including what to do to reset our timeline and create the present reality.
GA: That Makes Me No Less Nervous
GA: Our Understanding Is That Influence From Doomed Timelines

GA: Though Seemingly Necessary To Advance In The Alpha Reality
GA: Is Generally Inauspicious
GA: Travelers From Such Branches Are Marked For Death
GA: And Though It Was Only An Insubstantial Part Of You Which Traveled
GA: Just Memories I Suppose
GA: Its Still Troubling
TT: I have assurances I'm on the right track.
TT: Surely you must have spoken to the gods by now.
TT: What did they tell you to make you so suspicious?
GA: Actually
GA: I Havent
GA: I Have Never Visited Derse Or Traveled Beyond The Veil
GA: Prospits Moon Was My Home
GA: For Most Of My Dreaming Life
TT: It was?
GA: Yes
TT: This surprises me.
GA: Why
TT: ...
TT: Good question.
GA: Skaia Was Always The Foil For My Curiosity
GA: But It Only Showed Me What I Needed To See
GA: It Very Much Had The Presence Of Something Sentient
GA: And
GA: Benevolent
GA: But Silent
GA: Not Something To Converse With Or Be Instructed By
GA: Or Anything With An Agenda Beyond Which It Knows To Be Manifest Already
GA: Like A Very Clear Mirror
GA: That Has Everything There Is To See Inside It
GA: But Only Some Things Are Visible At Any Given Moment
GA: I Always Trusted It
GA: And I Dont Trust Gods That Would Eschew Its Light
TT: You didn't actually answer my question.
TT: When was it exactly that you read my walkthrough?

==>

**04/10/10**

pesterlogGA: Oh
GA: A While Ago
TT: Before you first contacted me?
GA: I Have To Confess That
GA: Ive Been Experiencing Something Like
GA: Impression Whiplash
GA: Since That Time
TT: What do you mean?

GA: At First I Thought You Were Foolish And Incompetent
TT: My apologies for whatever misstep I may have taken to dispel that impression.
TT: It was an honest mistake, I swear.
GA: You See Thats What Im Talking About
GA: That Was A Very Snarky Remark That Happened Just Now
GA: Stratified By Your Signature Varieties Of Insincerity Which Cut Through The Literal Meaning Of The Statement Like Colorful Ribbons
GA: And The Net Intent Is Something Maddening To Try To Know
GA: Its Meaning I Think Exists At The Inscrutable Nexus Of Semantic Space Where Humor Chafes Against Soft Malice
GA: A Place Perhaps The Human Mind Occupies More Comfortably I Dont Know
GA: Xenopsychology Isnt My Strong Suit
GA: Or Even A Real Word
TT: ...
GA: Uh Yeah I Know Im Babbling Again
GA: The Point Is Its Not The Type Of Behavior A Very Stupid Person Can Perpetrate
GA: And So My Impression Has Thrashed Around From Conversation To Conversation
GA: And Now
GA: Rather Than Suspecting You Of Incompetence
GA: I Have Begun To Fear Just The Opposite
GA: I Think You Might Be Dangerous
TT: To whom?
GA: Maybe Not Knowing That Is What Really Bothers Me
GA: Why Dont You Put The Turtle Ruins Down
GA: And Return To Your House
GA: I Have Sketched Some New Outfits For You That I Think Are Nice
GA: We Could Try To Make Them
GA: It Will Be Fun
TT: You seem to have taken quite an interest in my wardrobe decisions.
TT: Are all trolls so fashion-minded?
GA: Urrgh No
GA: Sadly
TT: Maybe later.
GA: What If There Isnt A Later
TT: Well, we already know there won't be.
TT: That's nothing new.
GA: I Mean
GA: There Not Being A Later Might Happen Sooner Than You Think
TT: Wow, what?
GA: I Mean
GA: For You Specifically
GA: Okay
GA: This Was Something Else I Wanted To Say
GA: Or Ask About
GA: But Im Afraid My Asking Might Play A Role In The Outcome
GA: And I Dont Know If I Want That

==>
**04/10/10**
pesterlogTT: The outcome will happen one way or another.
TT: Whether you have something to do with it or not.
TT: You might as well ask me.
TT: At least when it happens, you'll understand what it is that's happening.
TT: And just maybe, if we're really lucky, so will I.
GA: Um
TT: I have a question for you too.
TT: Let's swap ignorance, ok?
GA: Alright
GA: I Cant See You In The Future
GA: The Viewport Wont Let Me After A Certain Point
GA: Its Black
GA: But Only For You
GA: Not The Others
TT: When?
GA: Several Hours From Now
GA: Do You Know Why This Could Be
TT: I have no idea.
TT: I can't see the future.
TT: I'm a disreputable Derse Dreamer, remember?
TT: But I promise that if I have a hand in it, it won't be because you told me.
TT: Does that make you feel better?
GA: Sort Of
GA: But It Remains Ominous
TT: Is that why you want to dissuade me from my admittedly zealous investigation to go play dress-up again?
TT: Because our time here is almost up?
TT: And you hope what's on the other side of the dark curtain for me is not some sort of corruption or damnation?
GA: Also Sort Of
TT: That's thoughtful of you.
TT: To strive to pacify me as I scuffle down this black corridor.
GA: Wait
GA: Is That What Im Doing
TT: Is it?
GA: On Second Thought
GA: Thats Not What I Want To Do
TT: Oh.
TT: That's a pity.
TT: Who will make sure my soul isn't forfeit in service of gods then?
GA: Well
GA: I Hope That Doesnt Happen
GA: But Id Rather Not Get Stuck In That Kind Of Pattern Again

GA: So If You Want To Wreck Turtle Villages And Tear Your Planet Apart On The Counsel Of Dark Gods
GA: Fine With Me I Guess
TT: What do you mean, "again?"
GA: Ur
GA: Ill Do The Thing You Do When You Dont Say Anything
GA: "..."
TT: One simple word can so easily begin a story in a very thick book.
TT: But I guess we won't open this one?
GA: What Was Your Question
GA: I Believe Youre Owed Some Compensatory Ignorance
TT: Yes.
TT: I was wondering.

==>

**04/10/10**

pesterlogTT: What do you know about the Green Sun?
GA: Ive Never Heard Of It
TT: Thank you.
TT: The transaction was very tidy.
GA: Agreed

## John: Empty sylladex.

**04/10/10**

pesterlogAG: This is the most ridiculous pile of useless crap I have ever seen.
AG: Why did you pick up all this junk???????? Rocks, mushrooms, shoes.....
AG: Jegus, John.
EB: jegus?
AG: Yes. Jegus!
EB: how do you know about jegus? do you even know what that is?
AG: I have no idea! It's something Terezi has 8een saying non stop for some reason.
AG: It is weirdly infectious.
AG: What is it, some sort of human profanity?
EB: no. well, yeah kind of.
EB: it is a misspelling of an adult male bearded human, who was magic.
AG: 8ooooooooring.
EB: shrug!
AG: John! Is that a frog I see there?
EB: uh, yes. it is.
AG: How do you have a frog already????????
EB: i dunno. i found it, and i decided to captchalogue it for some reason.
EB: frogs are pretty cool.
AG: It seems awfully early in your game for you to 8e finding frogs. Your session sure is weird!
EB: huh. ok...
EB: apparently it is considered illegal contraband.
EB: why would a frog be illegal?

AG: John, shut your trap! We are in a hurry here.
EB: bossy!!!!!!!!
AG: Ok, I think I can make you a completely faaaaaaaa8ulous outfit using this trash, and may8e some other stuff around your hive.
AG: 8ut you have to do exactly what I say!
EB: bossy bossy bossy bossy bossy bossy bossy bossy.
EB: to the eighth power.
EB: times eight infinities!!!
AG: H8RRY 8P!!!!!!!!!
EB: that was nine !'s.
AG: Oops.

==>

**04/10/10**

## John: Hurry up!

**04/10/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogEB: so, uh...
EB: red sneakers, some jeans, a tee shirt, and another shirt...
EB: this is the fabulous outfit you had in mind?
AG: Yes! Isn't it awesome?
EB: it's pretty cool and all...
EB: i was just picturing something...
EB: more elaborate? like maybe more adventurey.
AG: Fuck that.
AG: This is a really hot look for you, John. It makes you look a million times more cool, instead of some kind of overa8sconding daggerlance fl8ling pansy.
EB: what?
AG: Now move your ass!
AG: Go go go go go go go go!!!!!!!!
EB: ok, jeeeeeeeez.

## John: Blast off.

**04/10/10**

pesterlogEB: pchoo.
AG: D::::
EB: ha ha, just messin' with ya.
EB: pchoooooooo!
AG: Yessssssss.

==>

**04/10/10**

```
Alert : ♏
Alert : Dave
```

pesterlogEB: ok...
EB: marquise bossyfangs mcsekret, this has been a lot of fun...
EB: but i have to go talk to my pals now, and also rescue jade!
AG: Yes, I know that, dummy! I am in complete command of your timeline, remem8er?
E8: oh yeah. sure, if you say so.
AG: We will not speak again for a while. 8ut for me it will only 8e a moment.
AG: I do not envy the Serketless coldspell you are a8out to endure, John.
EB: that's too bad.
EB: how long will it be?
AG: Man, calm down! It will only 8e a couple of hours or so.
AG: Sweet Jegus, I have clearly done a num8er on you to engender such a frothing o8session so quickly.
AG: Not surprising. It's just the 8urden that comes with 8eing so damned awesome. 8ut you will figure that out soon enough John, 8ecause I have you well on your way.
EB: ha ha, i guess...
AG: Phase two of my program for you 8egins in a little while.
AG: In the meantime, try not to get corrupted 8y anyone too lame. Especially no8ody with 8rown text or gray text, or any shit ugly color at all for that matter.
EB: ok, i will try.
EB: thanks for all the help. bye, ms. serket!
AG: 8ye, John.....
AG: W8.
AG: John what?
EB: Anderson.
AG: Ok. Til next time, Mr. Anderson.
EB: (hehehehehehehehe)

-- arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

## John: Pester someone's server player's server player.

**05/10/10**

```
Alert : Dave
```

pesterlog-- ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] --

EB: hey dave!
TG: hey
EB: wow, it's been a while since we talked, hasn't it.
TG: has it
EB: i think the last time i talked to you, i was doing exactly what im doing now...
EB: which is blasting off from my house.
EB: or was it?
EB: wow, i can't remember...
TG: man who cares
TG: i mean thats great and all
TG: but i talked to you plenty more times since that from where im standing

TG: ive got to make this quick
EB: oh.
EB: you mean like the trolls?
EB: are you using the troll time chat gizmo?
TG: fuck no fuck that trollian horseshit
TG: its just regular old time travel
TG: im from the future
EB: oh ok. is this dave sprite?
TG: no
TG: just regular ordinary dave from the fucking future nothing special dude come on
EB: well, excuse me, but i still think time travel sounds kind of special.
EB: sorry you are so jaded by awesome shit!
TG: yeah ok it is awesome but im in a hurry
EB: what is it?
TG: i need to borrow some boondollars off you
EB: boondollars? i thought they didn't do anything.
TG: no they do do something
EB: what do they do?
TG: what do you think they buy shit its fucking money
EB: what do they buy?
TG: i cant answer all these questions dude youll find out anyway its not like youll even really need your money
TG: you you might as well give it to me
EB: uh...
EB: how much do you need?
TG: all of it
EB: oh, fuck that!!!
TG: man you just said you thought it was useless why do you care
EB: but you just said it wasn't useless!
TG: ill pay you back
EB: really? when?
TG: in the future
TG: if theres one thing im not short on its the fuckin future
EB: how far in the future are you from?
EB: i thought we only had something like 24 hours until, like...
EB: game over.
TG: yeah we do
TG: but chronologically ive been around for at least triple that
EB: wow. how...
EB: i don't get how that works!
TG: no shit your deal is wind not time
TG: youre on easy street what is there even to think about with wind
TG: like what angle to blow it at to fly a damn kite or how gentle its gotta be to make a picnic go swimmingly
TG: its kiddie bullshit time is serious fucking business
TG: leave it to the pros ok

EB: but, doesn't going back in time make an alternate reality?
EB: i thought that's what happened with dave sprite, he came back to make sure i didn't die and this is a new timeline now.
TG: yeah it can work that way
TG: or not
TG: ive been very careful
TG: this whole operation is strung together with stable time loops
TG: no timeline offshoots cause thats when daves start dying and that isnt no good for nobody
EB: daves, plural?
TG: yeah
TG: there are a bunch of daves running around the timeline
EB: oh, man.
TG: but they are all me
TG: i mean they will all become me and ill become them one way or another
TG: thats how stable time loops work shit takes a lot of planning and precise choreography
TG: ive got some help though
EB: help?
EB: sounds like you have been talkin' to some trolls!
TG: yeah
EB: they seem to be getting more talkative lately.
TG: man dont even get me started with that
TG: the 24 hour span of the reckoning is like some kind of critical spike in us dealing with troll bullshit
TG: i guess its just when the most shit is going down so they figure thats the best time to mess with us
EB: yeah, that makes sense.
EB: i guess since you've lived three days in one day, you've just been hassled that much more?
TG: i dont know man they seem to flock to me
TG: ive been laying waste to chumps nonstop
TG: its like they heard somebody over here was handing out asses and theyve known nothing but years of bitter ass famine
EB: heheh.
EB: so what is the future like?
EB: or uh, the 3x future...
EB: do we win???
TG: oh you know
TG: noirs outta control
TG: rose is crazy jades crazier and youre
TG: well youre you
TG: and together were up to our bulges and miscellaneous bullshit alien physiology in hot sloppy shenanigans while hatching plans under our feathery asses like a bunch of cage free farm fresh motherfuckers
TG: but im not about to get into specifics cause this is complicated enough as it is
TG: and if i started ranting too much about the future id start sounding like one of these smug alternian shitheads and im not about to drop that retarded science on my good bro
TG: so im staying on track here

TG: speaking of which
TG: give me your money
EB: but...
EB: i worked hard saving up that money!
EB: i have a whole boonbuck now.
TG: oh christ
TG: only one
TG: well fuck nevermind then
TG: i thought youd have more by now but thats goddamn peanuts
EB: :(
TG: i mean
TG: ill take it anyway but damn
EB: tell me what you want with it!
TG: im working the system here
TG: using time loops to manipulate the incipispheres financial sector
TG: making a goddamn killing in the lohacse
EB: lohacse?
TG: lohac stock exchange
EB: um...
EB: lohac?
TG: my planet
TG: land of heat and clockwork dude come on
TG: you know like gears and lava and shit
EB: oh, huh.
EB: that sounds unpleasant.
TG: wrong it kicks ass
EB: your unpleasant face is what kicks ass!
EB: or DOESN'T, more like.
TG: egbert stfu and give me your goddamn boonbuck j3gus fuck
TG: ill turn it into a boonmint in an hour and youll get it back ok
EB: j3gus?
EB: *narrows eyes suspiciously...*
TG: no comment
EB: i don't even know how to give it to you!
EB: they are just more weird gaming abstractions, how do we do this?
TG: you can wire it to my account
TG: ill send you the app
EB: i'm really pretty busy you know. i have to help jade!
TG: i know
TG: but this takes like two seconds
EB: bluh...
EB: fiiiiiiiine.
TG: dude
TG: dont do the vriska thing ok
TG: shes messed up we talked about this
TG: or will talk

EB: who?
TG: whatever
TG: alright app incoming
-- turntechGodhead [TG] sent ectoBiologist [EB] the file "virtualporkhollow.exe" --
TG: gotta go later

-- turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

## Dave: Make a goddamn killing in the LOHACSE.

**06/10/10**

**==>**

**06/10/10**

**==>**

**06/10/10**

It is the perfect crime.

## Dave: Receive transfer from John.

**06/10/10**

```
Alert : ♎
Alert : B$

virtualPORKHOLLOW v41.3

* flickering grist numbers

B$ 216,314,395,331,209,998,414,447,208
→ B$ 216,314,396,752,100,056,667,319,141
→ B$ 216,314,398,880,217,700,934,622,890
→ B$ 216,314,403,256,904,113,709,354,552
```

Looks like Egbert came through. He wires you his measly BOONBUCK. It's not much, but it is immediately funneled into the pipelines of your various investment scams, and quickly begins paying dividends.

The figures are tight. You have this shit on fiduciary lockdown. The economy belongs to you.

## Dave: Answer.

**07/10/10**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterlog-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG]

GC: H3Y D4V3
GC: B1G N3WS
TG: hey
TG: have i made enough money yet
GC: OF COURS3 YOU H4V3
GC: MOR3 TH4N W3 COULD 3V3R POSS1BLY F1GUR3 OUT WH4T TO DO W1TH
GC: BUT TH4T 1S NOT TH3 B1G N3WS! >:]
TG: ok
GC: 1 M4D3 YOU 4NOTH3R COM1C

TG: fuck
TG: bout time
TG: what took so long
GC: 1 R3S3NT TH3 1MPL1C4T1ON D4V3
GC: TH4T 1 4M NOT WORK1NG T1R3L3SSLY ON YOUR B3H4LF 4S W3LL 4S ON B3H4LF OF TH3 F1N3 4RTS
GC: JUST B3C4US3 YOU GO FOR HOURS W1THOUT H34R1NG FROM M3
GC: DO3SNT M34N 1 4M NOT SL4V1NG 4W4Y H3R3 4T M4K1NG YOU R1CH
GC: F1N4NC14LLY 4ND 4RT1ST1C4LLY
GC: 1TS JUST 1 DONT H4V3 TH3 LUXURY OF YOUR 3XP4ND3D T1M3FR4M3
GC: M1ST3R THR33 D4YS 1N ON3 >:[
TG: k cool lets see it
GC: 1S TH3R3 4NYTH1NG TH4T 4 HUM4N COOLK1D C4NNOT DO???
GC: http://tinyurl.com/T34CHM3D4V3
GC: 1 DOUBT 1T! >8D
TG: damn
TG: thats incredible
GC: TH3 PH3NOM3NON OF TH3 COOLK1D 1S 4 F4SC1N4T1NG ON3 D4V3
GC: 1 H4V3 STUD13D 1T
GC: D1D YOU KNOW TH4T W3 DO NOT H4V3 COOLK1DS ON 4LT3RN14?
TG: oh shit really
TG: that loud sound of shock you just smelled was my jaw hitting the floor
GC: 1TS TRU3
GC: SOM3 TRY TO B3 1 TH1NK, W1THOUT 3V3N B31NG 4W4R3 OF TH3 T3MPL4T3 TH3Y 4R3 STR1V1NG FOR
GC: 1T 1S 4 S4D SP3CT4CL3
GC: BUT 1 TH1NK YOU 4R3 PROB4BLY TH3 COOL3ST COOLK1D D4V3
GC: 4LL TH3S3 OTH3R HORNS3S 4SS3S SURF1NG ON K3YBO4RDS 4ND PUTT1NG H4TS ON TURNW4YS 4R3 4 BUNCH OF STUT1D NUMPNUTS
GC: TH3Y H4V3 NOTH1NG ON TH3 ON3 TRU3 STR1D3R
TG: yeah i mean
TG: i cant possibly argue with any of that
TG: so are we done making money yet or what
GC: OH 1 DONT KNOW
GC: T3CHN1C4LLY W3 W3R3 4 LONG T1M3 4GO
TG: yeah i kinda figured
GC: BUT 1TS 4 FUN W4Y TO STR3TCH OUT TH3 T1M3 YOUV3 GOT L3FT, 1SNT 1T?
GC: >:]
TG: im not complaining
TG: but you said there was something specific we were working toward here
TG: i mean aside from buying up all the nastiest fraymotifs
GC: Y3S BOTH 4R3 TRU3
GC: 4ND TH3R3 4R3 SOM3 YOU H4V3NT BOUGHT Y3T!
GC: TH4T 1S 1MPORT4NT, W3 N33D TO K33P YOU COMP3T1T1V3 W1TH JOHN
TG: competitive
TG: man

TG: dont matter what i do im not gonna outpace egbert
GC: DONT S4Y TH4T! YOUV3 GOT TO B3L13V3 1N YOURS3LF D4V3
TG: hey its not like the futures a mystery or anything weve both seen it
TG: well
TG: ive seen it
TG: youve just caught a whiff of it
TG: like a hungry beggar loitering cross the street of an olive garden
TG: just cause a filthy vagrants barred from entry dont mean a dude doesnt know italian foods nearby its a fucking fact to his nose
GC: DO NOT D1STR4CT FROM TH3 1SSU3 W1TH YOUR S4SSY R3M4RKS 4BOUT 34RTH 1T4L14N FOOD
GC: Y34H OK, JOHN M4Y S3RV3 YOU YOUR OWN BULG3 ON 4 S1LV3R TURN T4BL3 PR3 SCR4TCH
GC: BUT WH4T 4BOUT 4FT3R TH4T?
GC: W3 N33D YOU TO K33P P4C3
GC: 1T 1S TH3 CL4SS1C STRUGGL3, TH3 HUM4N 34RTH COOLK1D V3RSUS TH3 34RTH HUM4N N3RD
GC: WHO W1LL W1N??????? >:O
GC: (D4V3 D4V3 D4V3)
TG: yeah fine
TG: so whats the other thing we were accomplishing here
TG: does that get to be not an obnoxious secret yet
GC: Y3S, NOW 1S TH3 T1M3
GC: YOU MUST W1R3 YOUR BOONDOLL4RS TO MY 4CCOUNT
TG: ok so this was your game
TG: to get rich off me
GC: Y3SSSSSSSSSSS >8]
GC: BUT S3R1OUSLY 1TS 1MPORT4NT!
GC: 1T 1S CR1T1C4L TO 4LL OUR PL4NS
TG: alright well its not like i even have a problem parting with this useless bullshit money
TG: how much do you need
GC: 413 BOONBONDS
TG: thats all
TG: i can afford to give you a fuckload more than that
TG: how bout i give you an even boonbank
GC: NO!!!
GC: 1T MUST B3 3X4CTLY TH4T 4MOUNT
TG: ok just to be clear
TG: thats 413
TG: not "aie"
GC: Y34H
GC: J3RK >:P
TG: whats up with that number
TG: ive seen it around
GC: TH3Y 4R3 TH3 NUM3R4LS OF TH3 BL1ND PROPH3TS
TG: whats that mean

GC: 1 DONT KNOW >:?
TG: ok awesome
GC: 4LSO
GC: 4T TH3 3X4CT 3ND OF TH1S CONV3RS4T1ON
GC: YOU MUST W1R3 TH3 MON3Y TO MY 4CCOUNT 3X4CTLY 6 HOURS 4ND 12 M1NUT3S 1NTO TH3 P4ST
GC: MY P4ST! R3L4T1V3 TO MY PR3S3NT MOM3NT 4S OF TYP1NG TH1S
TG: you mean i can do that
TG: then
TG: why werent we just wiring money into the past for these investment escapades instead of doing all this time traveling
GC: B3C4US3!
GC: TH4T W4SNT TH3 PL4N
GC: W3 H4D TO PL4Y 4LONG W1TH TH3 ST4BL3 T1M3 LOOPS W3 W3R3 PR3S3NT3D W1TH
GC: YOU KNOW, M4K3 SUR3 4LL THOS3 D4V3S RUNN1NG 4ROUND 3X1ST3D 1N TH3 F1RST PL4C3
TG: oh yeah
TG: i knew that its just frustrating sometimes its like paradox space makes you do everything the hard way
GC: Y34H T3LL M3 4BOUT 1T
GC: BUT H3Y 1TS B33N FUN PL4Y1NG 4LONG, H4SNT 1T?
TG: sure
GC: W3V3 GOT TO K33P B31NG D3L1C4T3 W1TH T1M3
GC: 1F YOU ST4RT B3ND1NG TH3 RUL3S 4ND T4K1NG SHORTCUTS
GC: TH4TS WH3N D34D D4V3S ST4RT P1L1NG UP
GC: D34D D4V3S 4R3 TH3 3N3MY!
GC: 4S D3L1GHTFUL 4S 1T 1S TO SM3LL TH31R SW33T C4NDY BLOOD 3V3RYWH3R3
TG: yeah
TG: reminds me
TG: i made you a comic a while ago
GC: YOU D1D???
TG: yeah here
GC: >:o
GC: D4V3...
GC: TH1S COM1C 1S BORD3RL1N3 PORNOGR4PH1C
GC: YOU 4R3 4 R34LLY FUCK3D UP K1D
TG: yeah ok whatever you say
TG: fuckin aliens
GC: (1T 1S F4NT4ST1C, 1 LOV3 1T)
TG: ok cool
TG: hey boonbonds incoming now
TG: brace yourself six hours ago

```
1 C4NT F1GUR3 OUT HOW TO US3 TH3 COMPUR3RS! !!!

BLUH
```

```
WH3N W1LL TH3 COOL3ST K1D COM3 4ND T4K3 US 4LL TO SCHOOL?? ?? ???

@
Internet

BLUH

SCHOLASTIC
A FIRST DISCOVERY BOOK

w3ll t1m3 to sp4z out on top of th1s sh1tty br1ck w4ll from 4 googl3 1m4g3
s34rch w1th th3s3 fuck1ng w4t3rm4rks 4ll ov3r 1t

d4mn nobody 1s st34l1ng th1s 1m4g3 or 4nyth1ng ©©©©©...

4nd do som3 oth3r bullsh1t 1 usu4lly do

l1k3 b31ng w31rdly hyp3r4ct1v3 4nd fl1rty 4ll th3 t1m3

41nt surpr1s1ng nobody w1th 4ny of th1s nons3ns3. sh1t. th4t bus sm3lls l1ke
d4ffod1ls or som3th1ng.

memesplode

FUCK

TH3RE'S PR3TTY MUCH NO W4Y 1M NOT G3TT1NG OFF ON TH1S SOM3HOW
```

## Dave: Be the troll girl.

**11/10/10**

You are suddenly the troll girl.

In a different game session.

In the past.

## Terezi: Sniff Skaiaward.

**11/10/10**

You have recently retreated to the Veil to hide from a mysterious demon which appears to be bent on your destruction. Suddenly nobody understands anything.

There is not much to do but wander around the laboratory while the others squabble amongst each other and search for answers. You point your nose Skaiaward. It is a refreshing blue minty dot against the Medium's dark canvas. It is very far away from this meteor though. It is hard to pick up its scent clearly.

## Terezi: Deploy smelloscope.

**11/10/10**

You make use of your trusty SMELLOSCOPE, an item you crafted during your adventure. It came in handy so many times.

## Terezi: Take a whiff.

**11/10/10**

Your keen nose penetrates deep into the Insniffisphere I mean Incipisphere and zeroes in on the familiar honey-sweet smell of Prospit.

Thank goodness it is still safe. It would be terrible if the demon were to...

==>

**11/10/10**

OH NO!

==>

**11/10/10**

```
BAF
```

You take the brunt of the stellar smellsplosion like a sour apple punch to the snout!

## Terezi: Return to party.

**12/10/10**

You suppose you'd better report this to your teammates. Perhaps a memo is in order. But today, there will be little reason for rumpus in your partytown. Today is a very sad day. You are all in bigger trouble than you suspected.

==>

**12/10/10**

Unsurprisingly, you return to a room full of commotion.

What is this guy staring at? Always with the staring. He is so weird.

==>

**12/10/10**

And what is she doing with that chainsaw over there?? The rich scent of chocolatey blood fills the room.

Good grief. You can't turn your back on these lunatics for a second!

==>

**12/10/10**

And here is your bold leader, passed out on the floor. He is sleeping like a wiggler.

You wonder what he could be dreaming about? Prospit is gone now, and he never even had the chance to wake up. Poor guy.

## Terezi: Report news to partytown subscribers.

**12/10/10**

It is important to keep your loyal subscribers of the past and future informed. It is your duty as a dedicated bulletin administrator.

Still, it's hard to find the words to break this to them. The partytown has been host to nothing but bad news lately.

## Terezi: Open memo.

**12/10/10**

pesterlogCURRENT gallowsCalibrator [CGC] RIGHT NOW opened memo on board R41NBOW RUMPUS P4RTYTOWN.

CGC: B4D N3WS 3V3RYON3!

CGC: UM
FUTURE gallowsCalibrator [CGC] 3 MINUTES FROM NOW responded to memo.
FGC: T3R3Z1 SOM3TH1NG H4S COM3 UP
CGC: OH?
FGC: Y3S YOU W1LL N33D TO CUT TH1S M3MO SHORT
FGC: 3V3RYON3, TH3 BOTTOM L1N3 1S TH4T PROSP1T W4S JUST D3STROY3D
FGC: 1 4M SORRY TO S4Y
FGC: >:[
CGC: >:[
FUTURE adiosToreador [FAT] 3:14 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FAT: iS,
FAT: tHAT WHAT HAPPENED,
FGC: Y3S T4VROS
FAT: }:(
FGC: WOW 1T TOOK YOU THR33 HOURS TO F1GUR3 TH4T OUT?
FGC: WH4T TH3 H3LL H4V3 YOU B33N DO1NG
FAT: mOSTLY,
FAT: gETTING USED TO THESE LEGS,
FAT: fALLING DOWN STAIRS, aND THINGS LIKE THAT,
FUTURE centaursTesticle [FCT] 3:14 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FCT: D --> I'm quite sure I warned you about attempting to navigate stairs while adjusting to the new equipment
FUTURE arachnidsGrip [FAG] 3:14 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FAG: Yes, you told him 8ro!
FAG: I distinctly remem8er you telling him a8out stairs. 8ut he didn't listen.
FAG: He never listens! None of you do, really.
FAG: And now all of your extra lives are waaaaaaaasted.
FAG: What a 8unch of losers! I'm outta here.
FAG banned herself from responding to memo.
CGC: W3LL
CGC: NOT 4LL OF TH3M
CGC: TH3 D3RS3 DR34M3RS 4R3 F1N3 4S F4R 4S 1 KNOW
FUTURE arsenicCatnip [FAC] 3:14 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FAC: :33 < ummm no not quite :((
FAC: :33 < she is refurring to the fact that derse was just destroyed too
FAC: :33 < i saw him during my catnap, he blew it right on up!
CGC: >8C
FAC: :33 < :'CC
FAC: :33 < feferi was sl33ping too, and now she will not wake up!
FAC: :33 < i am very purrturbed by this
FGC: 3V3RYON3, PL34S3!
FGC: P4ST T3R3Z1 H4S SOM3TH1NG 1MPORT4NT TO 4TT3ND TO 1N 4 MOM3NT
FGC: SO 1 4M 4FR41D 1 MUST CLOS3 TH1S M3MO!
FGC: PL34S3 SC4N TH3 BULL3T1N FOR FUTUR3 M3MOS TO CONT1NU3 D1SCUSS1NG TH1S 4ND OTH3R 1NTR1GU1NG TOP1CS
FGC: 4S 4LW4YS, 1T H4S B33N 4 PL34SUR3 S3RV1NG YOUR TR4NST1M3L1N3

D1SCUSS1ON N33DS H3R3 4T TH3 R41NBOW RUMPUS P4RTYTOWN
FAG unbanned herself from responding to memo.
FAG: You doofus!!!!!!!!
FGC: SHUT TH3 FUCK UP!
FGC banned FAG from responding to memo.

FGC closed memo.

~~~
~~~

TA: 2omeone 2ent you money?
GC: Y3S
TA: why'2 2omeone 2endiing you money.
TA: and why now of all tiime2, liike we can even u2e iit.
TA: who'2 thii2 doucebag?
GC: TH4TS WH4T 1 W4NT YOU TO F1GUR3 OUT!
TA: ok.
TA: bam, done.
TA: ii am fuckiing iincrediible.
GC: WHO 1S 1T?
TA: 2omeone iin our uniiver2e.
GC: C4N YOU B3 MOR3 SP3C1F1C?
GC: UN1V3RS3S 4R3 K1ND OF HUG3.
GC: SOM3ON3 FROM 4LT3RN14?
TA: no no, ii mean 2omeone from OUR uniiver2e, the one we ju2t made.
GC: WOW, 4LR34DY?
GC: TH4T W4S F4ST
GC: W3 JUST M4D3 1T!
TA: yeah 2ure but we are completely out2iide iit2 temporal envelope remember.
TA: the entiire hii2tory of the thiing exii2t2 already iin iit2 entiirety from our per2pectiive, iit2 flow of tiime mean2 nothiing two u2.
TA: 2o we don't have two waiit for anythiing, iit'2 all already there.
GC: Y34H TH4TS TRU3
GC: ST1LL S33MS W31RD THOUGH >:?
TA: 413 boonbond2? damn.
TA: 2omeone here ha2 been playiing 2grub ii gue22. wonder why they'd 2end u2 money.
TA: maybe they know we made them? maybe iit'2 liike a tiip. liike thank2 dude2 for makiing u2 exii2t.
GC: >:???
TA: why 413, why that number.
TA: any iidea?
GC: NUM3R4LS OF TH3 BL1ND PROPH3TS
GC: OTH3R TH4N TH4T, DONT KNOW
TA: well, 2eeiing a2 we don't know 2hiit about the guy...
TA: bliind 2eem2 liike the operatiive concept.
TA: kiinda liike a bliind donatiion.
TA: and now we're fuckiing riich.
TA: 2o ii gue22 you could 2ay...
TA: they're the numeral2 of the bliind profiit2.
TA:
GC: HURRR >8P
GC: SO TH3N 1 GU3SS 1TS FROM 4N 4L13N
TA: yeah.
GC: M4YB3 W3 SHOULD T3LL K4RK4T
GC: WH3N3V3R H3 W4K3S UP
TA: ehhhhh, thii2 2hiit'2 probably not iimportant enough two bother hiim wiith.

TA: iif he fiind2 out, he'll probably want two hatch 2ome dumba22 plan that make2 no 2en2e.
TA: and badger me iintwo doiing a lot of miindnumbiing bu2ywork.
TA: ii'd leave hiim alone.
GC: WH4T DO3S H3 LOOK L1K3
GC: OUR BL1ND DONOR
TA: here come here ii'll open hiim up iin a viiewport.
GC: OK
TA: let'2 2hed 2ome...
TA: LIIGHT on the 2ubject.
TA:
GC: H4H4H4 TH4T W4SNT 3V3N 4NY SORT OF PUN YOU DOOFUS
TA: that wa2 the joke 2hut the fuck up.

==>
**13/10/10**
==>
**13/10/10**

```
TROLLIAN

Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines


ChumpRoll

- turntechGodhead


viewing : turntechGodhead
```

==>
**13/10/10**
Who'th thith douthchebag?

## Terezi: Examine douthchebag.

**14/10/10**
The youngster receives striking new eyewear. Quite a handsome set. Perhaps it is customary for this species after emerging from the trials in the brooding caverns?

Or just MAYBE, this is some sort of coolkid you are dealing with here.

==>
**14/10/10**
It seems the child's lusus was slain in the collision. He will grow up an orphan, just like you.

This adult alien male appears to be taking on the role of his custodian, instead of killing the boy outright. What a fascinating culture.

The fellow retrieves the lusus carcass. This appears to be a gentleman who knows better than to let good pony meat go to waste.

## Terezi: Observe coolkid.

**14/10/10**

You learn much of this young creature's civilization and its customs.

The adult's puppet assistant commences the standard feeding ritual.

==>

**14/10/10**

```
SHOOSH PAP
```

The little coolkid is making a mess of his lovely new horseleather bib. It is about as adorable as it gets.

==>

**14/10/10**

This race appears to be quite martially adept, even from early childhood. They must have proven to be very powerful Sgrub players. No wonder they managed to make so much money.

You suddenly understand everything.

==>

**14/10/10**

==>

**14/10/10**

## Sollux: Enter name.

**14/10/10**

```
IIN2UFFERABLE PRIICK
```

You cannot name him yet, no matter how inthufferable you find this coolkid to be! You will need to wait until his wriggling day, when he turns six solar sweeps.

==>

**14/10/10**

```
shoosh pap
```

Mr. Appleberry Blast needs to step off. This kid is yours to mess with. You smelled him first!

## Terezi: Troll this awesome coolkid.

**15/10/10**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterloggallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG]

GC: H3Y 34RTH BOY
GC: W41T...
GC: 1 JUST 4SSUM3D YOU W3R3 4 BOY
GC: M4YB3 YOUR3 4 G1RL?
GC: 1 DONT KNOW MUCH 4BOUT YOUR W31RD HORNL3SS SP3C13S, 1 GU3SS YOU COULD B3 >:\
TG: yes im a girl

GC: OH R34LLY?
GC: 34RTHL1NGS 4R3 R34LLY B1Z4RR3
GC: NO OFF3NS3
GC: WH4T 1S YOUR SP3C13S C4LL3D
TG: north american hollering phallus baboon
GC: >:?
GC: 1 TH1NK YOU M1GHT B3 PULL1NG MY FROND, F3M4L3 34RTHL1NG
TG: no its true we are highly endangered
TG: when our territory is threatened thats when the indiscriminate fucking begins
TG: could fuck a circus tent down a gas tank
TG: bunch it up in there good
TG: slam the lid and drive away
TG: beep beep albino hairless dickmonkey coming through
GC: 1M NOT SUR3 WH4T TH4T M34NS
GC: BUT 1 SUSP3CT 1T W4S SOM3TH1NG H1GHLY L4SC1V1OUS >:|
TG: the glittering civilization before you was built on angry apefuck power alone
TG: stand agog and marvel bitch
GC: H4H4H4 OK TH1S 1S NONS3NS3, YOU 4R3 4 JOK3R
GC: L1K3 M3 >:]
GC: MY N4M3 1S T3R3Z1, WH4TS YOURS
TG: shaggy 2 dope
GC: OK SH4GGY, S33
GC: 1 C4N SM3LL D3C31T
GC: L13S H4V3 4 SUBTL3 ODOR, 34SY TO M1SS 4T F1RST
GC: BUT TH3 MOR3 TH3Y P1L3 UP TH3 MOR3 TH3Y ST1NK!
GC: TH4T 1S NOT YOUR R34L N4M3
TG: ok sorry
TG: its ben stiller
GC: 4LSO 1 DONT TH1NK YOUR3 R34LLY 4 G1RL
TG: nope
TG: sorry to disappoint you dude
GC: 1 4M 4 G1RL NOT 4 BOY!
TG: dont care
GC: >:[
GC: TH1S F1RST 3NCOUNT3R 1S NOT GO1NG 4S W3LL 4S 1 HOP3D
TG: oh man another failed trolling attempt
TG: i had such high hopes trapezi it started out brilliantly
GC: T3R3Z1!!!!!!!!
GC: 4ND 1 4M NOT TROLL1NG YOU, 1 4M JUST TRY1NG TO G3T TO KNOW 4 L1TTL3 4BOUT YOU 4ND YOUR SP3C13S
GC: 1 JUST D1SCOV3R3D 1T 4ND 1 4M CUR1OUS
TG: excuse me but it says right in the header of this conversation that youre trolling me
TG: persterchum always knows
GC: OH...
GC: OH Y34H
GC: BUT

GC: OK TH1S M1GHT B3 H4RD FOR 4N 34RTH B4BOON TO UND3RST4ND
GC: BUT TROLL 1S 4 V3RB TH4T H4S 4 LOT OF NU4NC3
GC: TH3 WORD C4N M34N 4 LOT OF TH1NGS
GC: FOR 1NST4NC3, 1 4M 4 TROLL!
TG: no shit
GC: NO 1 M34N
GC: TH4TS WH4T MY SP3C13S 1S C4LL3D
TG: ok
TG: let me just set aside some time to be stupid enough to believe that
TG: hey looks like next month is chemical lobotomy month youre in luck
GC: OH GOD WH4T 4 SM4RT4SS!
GC: SM4RT4SS13ST 4L13N 3V3R
TG: so what do you think
TG: time to block you yet or what
GC: NO!
GC: L3TS K33P T4LK1NG
GC: UM
GC: WH4T 4R3 YOU DO1NG NOW
TG: drawing a comic
GC: H3Y 1 L1K3 TO DR4W TOO
GC: 1M R34LLY QU1T3 GR34T 4T 1T
TG: awesome
GC: C4N YOU SHOW M3 YOUR COM1C
TG: nah
GC: COM3 ON
GC: 1 W1LL DR4W YOU SOM3TH1NG 1N R3TURN
GC: 1T W1LL B3 4 CULTUR4L 3XCH4NG3
TG: i dunno
TG: you seem kinda young to me and this thing is like
TG: borderline pornographic
TG: how old are you
GC: 6
TG: goddamn
TG: ok now youre messing with me arent you you arent 6
GC: NO 1TS TRU3!
TG: whatever thats bullshit
TG: ok fuck it
TG: just dont tell your parents
GC: WH4T 4R3 P4R3NTS
TG: thats just about the saddest thing i ever heard get said
TG: here
TG: http://tinyurl.com/CDandSL
GC: 1 4M NOT SUR3 WH4T 1S PORNOGR4PH1C 4BOUT TH4T
GC: 1TS JUST K1ND OF STR4NG3
TG: i guess
GC: 1TS PR3TTY GOOD THOUGH

TG: its ok
TG: im not thrilled with this direction though i think its too much like my bros stuff
TG: need to figure out my own ironic statement to make
TG: spread my wings you know
GC: Y3S
GC: 1 TH1NK YOU C4N DO TH4T
GC: YOU JUST H4V3 TO F1GUR3 OUT WH4T TH3 TRUTH 1S 1NS1D3 YOU
TG: pretty deep troll girl
GC: 1TS TRU3!
GC: TH3R3 1S 4 LOT 1N YOUR M1ND WH1CH 1S CONC34L3D FROM YOUR SURF4C3 P3RC3PT1ON
GC: YOU JUST N33D TO TRY TO B3COM3 4W4R3 OF 1T
GC: CLOS3 YOUR 3Y3S
GC: 4ND T3LL M3 WH4T YOU S33 1N YOUR M1NDSP4C3
TG: ok
TG: i see
TG: that fucking puppet
GC: H4H4 Y3S YOUR 4DULT CUSTOD14NS S3RV4NT PUPP3T
TG: uh what
GC: WH4T 3LS3 DO YOU S33
TG: man i dunno
TG: wheres this drawing you promised me
GC: OH Y34H
GC: H4NG ON
GC: OK H3R3 YOU GO B3N ST1LL3R
GC: http://tinyurl.com/FORB3NST1LL3R
TG: oh my fucking hell
TG: that is horrendous
TG: in the most beautiful way
GC: TH4NK YOU B3N >:]
TG: god damn
TG: that mouth
TG: its like
TG: i dont know
TG: a fucking pork chop
TG: jegus
TG: i mean jesus
TG: so overwhelmed i cant even damn type
GC: Y3S W3LL
GC: B3N 1 4M DR4W1NG W1TH 4 MOUS3 YOU KNOW
TG: is there even any other way to draw on a computer
TG: fuckin doubt it
GC: 1M ST4RT1NG TO TH1NK YOUR N4M3 1SNT B3N
GC: 1 TH1NK TH4T W4S 4NOTH3R RUS3
GC: T3LL M3 YOUR R34L N4M3!!! >:[
TG: ok lets say its

TG: dave why not
GC: D4V3!
GC: TH4T SM3LLS L1K3 TRUTH
GC: 1 W1LL D3C1D3 TO B3L13V3 1T >:]
TG: fuck
GC: OK D4V3, 1 H4V3 4 LOT TO DO
GC: BUT 1 W1LL G3T B4CK TO YOU
TG: what the hell could you possibly have to do
TG: doesnt seem like youre into trolling us as much as your numbnut friends
GC: MY FR13NDS?
GC: 4R3 YOU SUGG3ST1NG OTH3RS L1K3 M3 H4V3 TROLL3D YOU
TG: yeah what didnt you get the memo
GC: 1 WR1T3 TH3 M3MOS!!!
GC: 1 M1GHT NOT H4V3 WR1TT3N TH1S ON3 Y3T THOUGH...
GC: 1 SHOULD PROB4BLY RUN TH1S BY
GC: UH
GC: MY L34D3R
TG: your leader
TG: thats a retarded thing to say even by the standard of your own bullshit made up vernacular
GC: SM4RT4SS!
TG: whos he really
TG: your boyfriend or something
GC: PFFFFFFFF Y34H R1GHT
GC: W3LL OK
GC: 1 M34N
GC: 1TS B33N SORT OF COMPL1C4T3D W1TH H1M
TG: ok asking for an explanation on that is pretty much the exact opposite of what im doing
TG: and interesteds the opposite of what im being
GC: SM4RT
GC: 4SS
GC: >:P
GC: 4CTU4LLY H3S K1ND OF SM4RT4SSY L1K3 YOU NOW TH4T 1 TH1NK 4BOUT 1T
GC: BUT YOU S33M C4LM 1NST34D OF SHOUTY 4LL TH3 T1M3
GC: 4LSO
GC: YOU TYP3 1N BR1GHT BOLD R3D
GC: YOU DONT H1D3 TH3 COLOR OF YOUR BLOOD L1K3 4 STUP1D W1GGL3R >:]
TG: ok that remark was almost as boring as it was weird
GC: OH P1P3 DOWN D4V3, 1 4M TRY1NG TO P4Y YOU 4 COMPL1M3NT!
GC: 1 4M HOLD1NG OUT TH3 1NT3RSP3C13S OL1V3 BR4NCH H3R3, 4ND YOU 4R3 G1V1NG 1T 4 GOOD F1RM S4SS GR4B
TG: haha
GC: ON3 D4Y YOU W1LL RU3 4LL TH1S S4SS YOU H4V3 D1SH3D D4V3
GC: YOU M4Y NOT B3 4 G1RL, BUT YOU W1LL CRY L1K3 ON3 WH3N 1 4M THROUGH W1TH YOU
TG: i dont cry
GC: YOU W1LL

GC: TH3R3 W1LL B3 T34RS
GC: TH3Y W1LL SM3LL S4LTY, 4ND TH3N YOUR CH33KS W1LL B3 MY S4NDY B34CH >8]
TG: oh god
GC: OK, 1 W1LL G3T B4CK TO YOU 4FT3R YOU B3G1N PL4Y1NG
GC: TH4T W1LL B3 N3XT SOL4R SW33P FOR YOU
GC: TRY NOT TO B3 TOO 1MP4T13NT FOR MY R3TURN
TG: i plan on forgetting about you instantly after this conversation
GC: Y34H R1GHT
GC: YOU KNOW 1 H4V3 L3FT MY M4RK
GC: 1 4M S33R3D 1NTO YOUR R3T1N4S
GC: L1K3 4 B1G R3D SUN
TG: well maybe
TG: even if thats the case
TG: ill just forget on principle
GC: TH4T SOUNDS L1K3 SOM3TH1NG TH4T 4 COOL K1D WOULD TRY TO DO
TG: yeah
TG: pretty cool guy here
TG: case you hadnt noticed
GC: 1 MOST C3RT41NLY D1DNT H4DNT NOT1C3D >:]

gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling turntechGodhead [TG]

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THE ADVENTURES OF COOL DUDE AND STONER LOU


WHOA DUDE I THINK I SMOKED TOO MUCH POT.


THAT'S ASS-HOLE TALK


BLAM


U JUST NEED MORE POT


HAVE WUNNA MY HOES

BONK


I BE PASSIN OUT BITCHES LIKE CHEAP CIGARS
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## Terezi: Be the awesome coolkid.

**15/10/10**

You are suddenly the awesome coolkid.

In a different game session.

In the future.

# Dave: Pester Terezi.

**15/10/10**

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Alert : ♎

SHOOSH. PAP. SHOOSH. PAP.
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pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering gallowsCalibrator [GC] --

TG: what the fuck was the point of this again
GC: WHY D4V3
GC: WH4T 1S TH1S TH4T MY NOS3 D3T3CTS
GC: COULD 1T B3
GC: T34RS??? >:O
TG: this is bullshit
TG: this was a setup all along
GC: 1 TOLD YOU YOU WOULD CRY D4V3
GC: 1 TOLD YOU BRO..... >8y
TG: ok jegus
TG: dont say it
TG: if you say i warned you about tears or something one more time
TG: i swear to gog
GC: DONT!
GC: DONT S4Y YOUR3 GO1NG TO DO 4N 4CROB4T1C SOM3RS4ULT OR P1RHOU3TT3 OFF OF SOM3TH1NG, J3GUS
GC: 1 G3T 1T 4LR34DY!
TG: ok fine
TG: our memes can cancel each other out this time
GC: Y3S 4GR33D
GC: NOW DRY THOS3 SORRY 3Y3S D4V3
GC: TRY NOT TO B3 SUCH 4 FUCK1NG W1MP
GC: 1T 1S UNFL4TT3R1NG B3H4V1OR FOR 4 COOLK1D OF YOUR ST4TUR3
TG: god dammit
TG: im not actually crying
TG: its the fucking onions
TG: these piece of shit crocodiles are lambasting me with them
GC: TH4TS TH3 L4M3ST 3XCUS3 1V3 3V3R H34RD
GC: WHO 3V3R H34RD OF 4 S1LLY L1TTL3 ON1ON M4K1NG SOM3ON3 CRY, 1T 1S 4BSURD
TG: i guess the stench of onions is covering up the smell of the truth how convenient
TG: also your nose sux youre not even any good at smellin at all
GC: >8O TH4T 1S OUTR4G3OUS
GC: BUT 1 KNOW YOU 4R3 JUST TRY1NG TO G3T MY 34RTH GO4T
GC: FOR HUM4N 1RON1C PURPOS3S
TG: the only thing im getting
TG: is out of this goddamn idiot cauldron here
GC: NO D4V3 DONT! YOU 4R3 GO1NG TO M4K3 TH3 MOST D3L1C1OUS SOUP

GC: 1T 1S M4K1NG M3 HUNGRY JUST TH1NK1NG 4BOUT 1T >:O~
TG: the only thing im going to make
TG: is like banana and split
TG: out of this bubbling pail of misery
GC: OH GOG...
GC: YOUR3 R1GHT
GC: YOU 4R3 S1TT1NG 1N 4 HUG3 P41L >:o
TG: why whats the relevance of that
TG: tell me its more alien nonsense it will be so awesome to hear more of that
GC: 1 4M NOT GO1NG TO 3XPL41N 1 WOULD B3 TOO 3MB4RR4SS3D
TG: man
TG: why did i ever agree to go along with this horseshit
GC: B3C4US3 YOU H4D TO, 1T W4S 1N YOUR FUTUR3
GC: 4ND B3S1D3S YOU MUST US3 D1PLOM4CY TO W1N OV3R YOUR CONSORTS
GC: S33 LOOK D4V3, TH3Y 4LL LOV3 YOU NOW! YOU 4R3 TH3 H3RO, 1TS YOU >:]
GC: NOW TH3Y W1LL G1V3 YOU 4LL TH3 S3CR3TS OF TH3 L4ND
TG: what secrets
TG: they dont have any secrets
TG: look at them theyre morons
TG: the only secret theyve got is how many times a day they accidentally flush their medical alert bracelets down the toilet
GC: D4V3, TH3Y 4R3 STUP1D 4ND Y3T V3RY W1S3
GC: YOU H4V3 MUCH TO L34RN 4ND 1 W1LL K33P H3LP1NG YOU L34RN 1T!
GC: 3V3N 1F YOU 4R3 4 HUG3 CRYB4BY WHO 1S 34S1LY UPS3T BY CHOPP3D V3G3T4BL3S
TG: ok im gonna change out of this wet suit
TG: and into a dry shut your fucking mouth
GC: >8Y BLUHHHHHHH

## Dave: Change into Four Aces Suited.

**16/10/10**

pesterlogTG: there now i wont be satisfying your crazy red fetish either
GC: >:'C
GC: NOW 1 4M CRY1NG TOO YOU S33 WH4T YOU D1D
TG: all you get to smell is black
TG: like licorice or something
TG: you hate licorice right
GC: 1 LOV3 L1COR1C3
TG: shit
TG: ok lets say i dont smell like licorice then
TG: i smell like
TG: a coal miners asshole
GC: TOO L4T3!
GC: 1T 4LR34DY SM3LLS L1K3 L1COR1C3 S1NC3 YOU S41D TH4T, 4ND NOW 1 C4NT UNSM3LL 1T
TG: whatever

TG: anyway
TG: probably bout time i got on with this game
TG: sans these pointless sidequests you want drag me through for kicks
TG: later terezi nice knowing you
GC: W41T!
GC: YOU C4N'T D1TCH M3, W3V3 GOT 1MPORT4NT STUFF TO DO TOG3TH3R
TG: unlikely
GC: OH
GC: H3Y >:o
GC: HOW DO YOU KNOW MY N4M3?
TG: you told me remember
GC: Y34H, BUT 1 THOUGHT YOU FORGOT!
TG: why would i forget
GC: YOU S41D YOU W3R3 GO1NG TO M4K3 4 PO1NT OF FORG3TT1NG!
TG: oh
TG: i guess i forgot i was supposed to forget
GC: W3LL TH3N
GC: M1ST3R D4V3 STR1D3R
GC: 1 4M GL4D TH4T YOU FORGOT TO FORG3T >:D
TG: uh alright
GC: OH!!!
GC: SP34K1NG OF FORG3TT1NG TO NOT FORG3T TH1NGS
GC: 1 FORGOT TO SHOW YOU TH1S
GC: PR3TTY SPOT ON DONT YOU TH1NK
GC: http://tinyurl.com/SPOTONSTR1D3R
TG: what the hell
GC: H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4
GC: 4BSOLUT3 P3RF3CT1ON!
GC: 4ND TH3R3 GO3S TH3 B1G M4N 1N H1S 34RTH SPORT, DR1V1NG TH3 HOOP THROUGH TH3 P41NT.....
GC: DOWN TOWN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
TG: whats your obsession with making this goofy bullshit anyway
TG: is it troll irony
GC: 1 H4V3 D3V3LOP3D 4 P4SS1ON FOR COMB1NG YOUR 1NT3RN3T FOR TH3 COOL K1DS
GC: 4ND M4K1NG TH3M COOL3R
GC: BY STR1D3RFY1NG TH3M >:]
TG: dont get me wrong its awesome
GC: TH4NK YOU D4V3
GC: HON3STLY 1 TH1NK 1 4M 4 B3TT3R 4RT1ST TH4N 1 H4V3 PR3S3NT3D SO F4R
GC: 1F ONLY 1 COULD DR4W YOU SOM3TH1NG W1TH MY CH4LK >:\
GC: OH!!!
GC: 1 KNOW, 1 C4N BORROW MY FR13NDS DR4W1NG T4BL3T
GC: 1 W1LL DO TH4T 1N 4 L1TTL3 WH1L3
TG: thats cool
GC: D4V3 W3 SHOULD TR4D3 SOM3 DR4W1NGS

GC: YOU 4ND M3
TG: sure thats fine
TG: im still gonna go off and do my own thing though
TG: later
GC: W41T!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
TG: dammit what
GC: OK 1 G3T TH4T YOU 4R3 TH1S R4D LON3R 4ND YOU TH1NK YOU H4V3 1T 4LL F1GUR3D OUT
GC: BUT HOW 4BOUT TH1S
GC: 1F 1 4M M34NT TO H3LP YOU, TH3N YOUR FUTUR3 S3LF OUGHT TO V1S1T YOU R1GHT NOW 4ND G1V3 YOU 4 THUMBS UP, R1GHT?
GC: 1T W1LL B3 YOUR W4Y OF CONF1RM1NG TO YOURS3LF TH4T 1 C4N B3 TRUST3D
GC: TH3R3 1S NO W4Y YOU WOULD PL4N TO DO TH4T 1N TH3 FUTUR3 1F YOU 3ND UP R3GR3TT1NG MY H3LP
GC: DO3S TH4T SOUND F41R?
TG: yeah fine but i doubt that i
TG: oh fuck there i am hiding behind that column
GC: >8D

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BLUH
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==>
**16/10/10**
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**16/10/10**

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DAVE: !
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**16/10/10**
==>
**17/10/10**

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Alert : Terezi
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pesterlogTG: ok so whats the plan
GC: 1 THOUGHT YOU WOULD N3V3R 4SK
GC: TH3R3 4R3 SO M4NY PL4NS
GC: W3 4R3 GO1NG TO B3 SO BUSY D4V3, YOU H4V3 NO 1D34
TG: thats cool
TG: but whats the answer that doesnt have anything to do with meaningless bullshit
GC: 1SNT 1T OBV1OUS?
GC: NOW TH4T W3 4R3 4 T34M D4V3
GC: YOU 4ND M3
GC: 1T 1S T1M3
TG: time
TG: for
GC: T1M3

TG: for
TG: come on
GC: FOR.....
TG: .....
TG: .....
GC: .....
GC: FOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR.....
TG: god dammit
GC: 4 MOTH3R FUCK1NG D4NC3 P4RTY!!!!!!! >:O!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
GC: http://tinyurl.com/OMGD4NC3P4RTY
TG: whoa

==>

**17/10/10**

pesterlogTG: its like
TG: watching a miracle made of nothing but twitching schroder legs
GC: YOU S33 D4V3
GC: 1 TOLD YOU, YOU W1LL NOT R3GR3T H1TCH1NG YOUR SH1TTY JP3GGY FOUR WH33L D3V1C3 TO MY CONST3LL4T1ON
GC: TH1S 1S WH3R3 TH3 P4RTYS 4T
TG: look at us go
TG: i cant stop watching
TG: damn
TG: those moves
GC: TRUST M3
GC: TH3S3 MOV3S DONT STOP K33P T4K1NG PL4C3
GC: NOT 4T TH1S P4RTY
TG: i can see im going to have to drop everything
TG: drop it like its simultaneously hot and i just tripped over the rug
TG: dedicate my undivided attention to this shit
GC: D4V3, WHY TR1P OV3R TH4T RUG...
GC: WH3N YOU C4N CUT 1T????? >:]
GC: T4PP4 T4P T4P 4 P4P!
GC: SHOOSH SHOOSH!
TG: damn youre right
TG: truth be told everyone will be tripping when im done
TG: once i upset this biznasty with my swift cuts
TG: dudes will phalanx themselves agape like theyre offerin to store my shit in their mouths for the night
TG: rows of glasseyed human fly catchers beholding categorical fucking domination of the dance floor
TG: but they wont catch none cause the flys all mine
GC: YOU H4V3 4LL TH3 D3L1C1OUS FL13S
TG: theres not any i dont have
TG: im crafting a new dance move
TG: to shock the shit out of asses in pants

TG: fred astaires ghost will weep in the arms of his own nimble rotting corpse
GC: WH4T 1S YOUR N3W MOV3 D4V3 >:?
TG: its called
TG: the smug cracker parlor wiggle
GC: >:O
GC: 1 1M4G1N3 TH3S3 GYR4T1ONS W1LL SM3LL QU1T3 FR3SH
GC: L1K3 R3C3NTLY L34V3N3D GRUBLO4F
TG: of course
TG: and just when the scene thought it was startin to recover from its ridiculous erection over that
TG: thats when i bust out another fierce move
TG: i call it rageclock me in the douche smirk plz
TG: cut out to the rude jam "askin 4 it!"
GC: HOW RUD3 WOULD YOU S4Y TH1S J4M 1S D4V3
TG: id say if i had to take an educated guess it was outright goddamn unmannerly
TG: needs to get worked over by some stuffy prude at finishing school
GC: W1LL YOU T34CH M3 TH3S3 MOV3S
TG: i dont know about that
GC: PL34S3 D4V3
GC: YOU ST4ND TH3R3 4ND DO TH3 UNM4NN3RLY MOV3S, 4ND 1 W1LL OBS3RV3 STUD1OUSLY
TG: i dont know if you can keep up with me kid
TG: no offense
TG: theres just magic in these shoes and the coy gnome i ransacked wants them goddamn back
GC: COM3 ON
GC: YOU T4K3 TH3 L34D
GC: 4ND 1 W1LL FOLLOW
GC: L1K3 TH1S
GC: http://tinyurl.com/T34CHM3YOURMOV3SD4V3
TG: ahahahahahaha

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**17/10/10**

pesterlogTG: i feel like i should be offering some visual rebuttal here
TG: you arent giving me any time though dammit
GC: TH4T 1S B3C4US3 1 H4V3 YOU 4T TH3 T3MPOR4L D1S4DV4NT4G3
GC: 1 C4N P4US3 4ND DO WH4T3V3R 1 L1K3 4ND TH3N CONT1NU3 OUR CONV3RS4T1ON W1THOUT M1SS1NG 4 ST3P!
GC: BUT DO NOT WORRY D4V3
GC: 1T WOULD B3 4 SH4M3 TO H4V3 TO WH1FF YOUR FR4GR4NT T34RS 4G41N
GC: 3V3NTU4LLY TH3 T4BL3S W1LL TURN 4ND TH3 4DV4NT4G3 W1LL B3 YOURS
GC: YOU W1LL H4V3 4LL TH3 T1M3 1N TH3 PR3N4T4L UN1V3RS3 4T YOUR D1SPOS4L
GC: B31NG TH3 KN1GHT OF T1M3 4ND 4LL
TG: oh yeah
TG: i keep forgetting i can time travel
TG: thats fine i guess
GC: 4ND ONC3 YOU H4V3 TH3 UPP3R H4ND

GC: 4ND TH3R3 4R3 MOR3 D4V3S SCR4MBL1NG 4ROUND TH4N YOU C4N SH4K3 4 BROK3N SWORD 4T
GC: TH3N YOU W1LL G3T YOUR CH4NC3 TO 1MPR3SS M3 >;]
GC: L1K3 SO
GC: http://tinyurl.com/TH3FLO4R-1SONF1R3
TG: see
TG: i cant compete with this
GC: H3H3H3H3H3

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N1C3!
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**17/10/10**

pesterlogTG: but seriously what is the real plan here
TG: that has to do with not fucking around
GC: TH3R3 1S NO PL4N TH4T DO3S NOT 1NVOLV3 FUCK1NG 4ROUND
GC: BUT W3 W1LL M4K3 SUR3 4LL OF OUR FUCK1NG W1LL B3 4PPL13D 1N 4 CONSTRUCT1V3 D1R3CT1ON
TG: ok could you try to be somehow even less subtle when you hit on me thanks
GC: WH4T
GC: WH4T D1D 1 S4Y?
TG: man
TG: nevermind
GC: YOU W1LL H4V3 TO FORG1V3 M3 D4V3, 1 TH1NK SOM3T1M3S TH3 M34N1NG OF WORDS 1S LOST THROUGH OUR CULTUR4L D1FF3R3NC3S
TG: no shit
TG: im going to infer that your species reproduces by having sex with a grub in a bucket or something
TG: am i close
GC: D4V3
GC: TH4T 1S 4BSOLUT3LY TH3 F1LTH13ST TH1NG 1 H4V3 3V3R H34RD 4NYON3 S4Y >:\
TG: ok sorry
TG: back on point
TG: what are we doing
GC: W3LL, W3 N33D TO ST4RT M4K1NG YOU SOM3 MON3Y
GC: LOTS 4ND LOTS 4ND LOTS OF 1T!
TG: ok
GC: WH3N YOU H4V3 S4V3D UP 3NOUGH
GC: W3 W1LL BUY YOU YOUR F1RST FR4YMOT1F
GC: TH3N YOU C4N ST4RT CUTT1NG OUT TRULY TH3 FLY3ST OF MOV3S
GC: 4ND TH4T 1S WH3N W3 W1LL B3G1N TH3 MOST POORLY B3H4V3D D4NC3 P4RTY OF 4LL >:D
TG: sounds cool
GC: D3MONS 4ND D3N1Z3NS 4L1K3 W1LL TR3MBL3 B3FOR3 YOUR F1DG3TY GYR4T1ONS
GC: 4ND MOST 1MPORT4NTLY, YOU W1LL PROV3 YOURS3LF TO B3 TH3 B3ST HUM4N

BOY OF 4LL
GC: W4Y B3TT3R TH4N TH4T DORKY 3GB3RT 4ND WHO3V3R M1GHT B3 M3DDL1NG W1TH H1M 4T 4NY G1V3N MOM3NT
TG: huh what an odd thing to say
TG: it demands no explanation whatsoever
GC: NO OF COURS3 NOT
TG: so how do i start making all this money
GC: P4T13NC3!
GC: R3M3MB3R HOW 1 S41D YOU H4V3 PL3NTY OF T1M3
TG: tell me anyway
GC: OK W3LL T4K3 WH4T YOU H4V3 S4V3D UP FROM CL1MB1NG YOUR 3CH3L4DD3R TO ST4RT W1TH
GC: HOW MUCH DO YOU H4V3?
TG: dont know
TG: i never even looked at it
GC: D3RRRRP, N1C3 JOB 4C3 G4M3R
GC: M4YB3 YOU SHOULD H4V3 4 LOOK 4T 1T
TG: k
GC: 4ND TH3N 1 W1LL 4DV1S3 YOU L4T3R 4FT3R OBS3RV1NG TH3 GR4ND SCH3M3 OF 4LL TH1NGS 4ND 4LL D4V3S
GC: 1 W1LL L34V3 YOU 4LON3 FOR 4 L1TTL3 WH1L3 TO W4ND3R 4ND 3XPLOR3
GC: BUT 1 W1LL B3 B4CK!
GC: 4ND 1 W1LL COM3 B4CK W1TH 4 DR4W1NG T4BL3T
GC: 4ND TH3N YOU W1LL S33 SOM3 TRU3 M4ST3RP13C3S
TG: ok after all this hype you better be prepared to fucking dazzle me
TG: are you gonna bring it?
GC: 4LLOW M3 TO PROV1D3 4N 4NSW3R THROUGH 1NT3RPR3T1V3 D4NC3
GC: http://tinyurl.com/H3LLFUCK1NGY3S
TG: awesome
TG: peace out t-z
GC: >:)
TG: oh shit
GC: >:?

```
H3LL FUCK1NG Y3S

>:3
```

==>

**18/10/10**

```
Alert : Karkat/♋

TICK. TOCK. TICK. TOCK.
```

pesterlogGC: WH4T 1S 1T?????
TG: fuck

## John: Pester Vriska.

**18/10/10**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlog-- ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering arachnidsGrip [AG] --

EB: hey vriska!
EB: ok, i still cannot find my nanna up here, so now i am just installing this game.
EB: what are you up to?
AG: John! What the hell. There are so many things wrong with what you just said.
AG: First of all, who told you you could just hassle me without warning like this? That's not how this works!
EB: why not? you guys do it all the time.
AG: Yes, 8ecause we are trolling you! Those are the rules. We get to 8ug you any time we feel like, and you have to sit there and t8ke it like a chump.
EB: bluh...
AG: I am too 8usy to 8e fielding your nonsense at the drop of one of your a8surd human hats. I have a ridiculous num8er of irons in the fire. You will speak to me only when I am ready to contact you, is that clear????????
EB: that's dumb. i'm going to talk to you whenever i want!
AG: Secondly, I am very pissed off that you figured out my name.
EB: well, i didn't know it was your name for sure until you just told me now.
EB: so, haha.
AG: Dammit!
AG: Who told you?
EB: heheh, i am not telling.
EB: a true wise guy never reveals his tricks.
AG: I will find out who told you. And then I will m8ke them p8y.
EB: nuh uh!
EB: anyway, i was just wondering if you had a chance to watch that awesome video i linked you to?
AG: What video?
EB: you know...
EB: the one about the renegade hero who busted loose from the slammer to save the day.
AG: John, the way you descri8e movies makes them sound extremely stupid. Why would I want to watch this crap????????
EB: just do it, you won't be sorry.
EB: i mean, when you are not so busy and have less irons in the fire or whatever.
EB: ok, i am starting this game now and saving jade, like a street tough maverick with nothing to lose.
EB: see ya, vriska!
AG: XXXX|
EB: oh, damn...
AG: ::::?

==>

**18/10/10**

```
Alert : Karkat/♋
```

pesterlogAG: What is it now!
EB: fuck.

==>

**18/10/10**

John is suddenly preoccupied with something. How dare he bother you and then leave you hanging like this.

You guess you can spare a moment to watch this terrible video. Why does that nerdy kid have to be so persuasive?

## [S] Vriska: Watch street tough maverick with nothing to lose

**18/10/10**

```
You(Tube) [                ]  [Search] Browse Upload
Nick Chinlund : Con Air (1997) - Last Scene "How do I live"
passion4nickchinlund  56 videos  [subscribe]

♫ How do I
♫  get through one night without you?
♫ If I had to live without you,
♫  what kind of life would that be?
♫ Oh, and I
♫  I need you in my arms, need you to hold.
♫ You're my world, my heart, my soul.
♫ If you ever leave,
♫  baby, that would take away everything
♫  good in my life.

♫ Without you,
♫  there'd be no sun in my sky.

VRISKA:♥  ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

♫ There would be no love in my life.
♫ There'd be no world left for me.
♫ Oh and I,
♫  oh baby, I don't know what I would do,
♫ I'd be lost if I lost you.
```

## John: Answer Karkat.

**20/10/10**

```
Alert : ♋
```

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB]

CG: HEY SHITHEAD YOU ARE IN HUGE TROUBLE.
CG: A WORD WITH YOU AND YOUR FRIEND.
EB: oh no.
EB: which conversation is this for you? your second or so?
CG: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT

EB: i mean...
EB: the second time you have spoken to me?
EB: or first??
CG: JOHN, FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, THIS IS OUR TEN MILLIONTH CONVERSATION.
EB: oh.
EB: i thought you were going backwards though.
CG: I WAS
CG: GOT BACK TO THE BEGINNING
CG: AND THEN JUMPED AHEAD AGAIN A BUNCH OF TIMES.
CG: STOP BEING SO LINEAR, IT'S GETTING OLD.
CG: NOW I NEED YOU TO JOIN THIS MEMO SO WE CAN DISCUSS SOMETHING IMPORTANT.
EB: memo?
CG: CLICK THE AWESOME BANNER I MADE.
CG: FRUITY RUMPUS ASSHOLE FACTORY
EB: uh...
EB: ok.

## Dave: Answer Karkat.

**20/10/10**

```
Alert : ♋
```

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG]

CG: HEY SHITHEAD YOU ARE IN HUGE TROUBLE.
CG: A WORD WITH YOU AND YOUR FRIEND.
TG: i thought you were asleep
CG: YES DAVE, I WAS ASLEEP AT ONE POINT.
CG: IT STANDS TO REASON I AM NOW AND WILL ALWAYS BE ASLEEP AT EVERY POINT ON ALL TIMELINES.
CG: THAT REALLY MAKES A LOT OF FUCKING SENSE.
CG: NOW YOU, ME, AND EGBERT NEED TO HAVE A CHAT.
CG: HERE I MADE A COOL BANNER USING SOME OF YOUR SHITTY EARTH CLIP ART.
CG: CLICK IT.
CG: FRUITY RUMPUS ASSHOLE FACTORY
TG: not cool
TG: luring me into your cyber boobytrap with shitty clip art who told you my weakness
CG: IT'LL WORK, WON'T IT?
TG: obviously

## John and Dave: Respond to memo.

**20/10/10**

pesterlog?CG AT ?:?? opened memo on board FRUITY RUMPUS ASSHOLE FACTORY.

CURRENT turntechGodhead [CTG] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.

CTG: what
CURRENT ectoBiologist [CEB] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
CEB: ok, i am here.
CEB: oh, hi dave!
CTG: hey
CEB: what is going on in here?
CTG: some kinda asshole rumpus looks like
?CG: EVERYBODY SHUT THE FUCK UP, I HATE YOU BOTH, ETC. ETC. ETC.
?CG: NOW THAT THE PLEASANTRIES ARE OUT OF THE WAY, THERE IS IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO DISCUSS.
?CG: THIS MEMO IS NOT ABOUT WHICH GUY CAN MANAGE TO BE THE HEFTIEST SACK OF SHAME GLOBES TO ONE ANOTHER.
?CG: IT IS NOT ABOUT WHICH ONE OF US WILL MOST DECISIVELY ESCORT THE OTHERS "TO SCHOOL", WHERE THEY WILL RECEIVE A VAST HELPING OF "OH SNAP" RAMMED DOWN THEIR INSATIABLE IGNORANCE SHAFTS.
?CG: THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CONVERSATION WHICH I BELIEVE NEEDS TO TAKE PLACE HERE AND NOW, SO YOU WILL BOTH SHAPE YOUR SHIT UP AND PERHAPS BEGIN TO APPROXIMATE PEOPLE WHO AREN'T EXCRUCIATINGLY RETARDED.
CTG: ok later windbag
?CG: STRIDER FUCK OFF
?CG: AND BY FUCK OFF I MEAN FUCK OFF RIGHT BACK HERE AND LISTEN, YOU INSUFFERABLE PRICK.
CEB: yeah, dave, don't go!
CEB: i think we should listen to what he has to say.
?CG: YES, LISTEN TO YOUR LEADER DAVE.
?CG: AS DUMB AS EGBERT IS, HE IS SMARTER THAN YOU AND IS THE RIGHTFUL SUPERIOR AMONG YOUR DREARY LITTLE PARTY.
?CG: BUT I AM THE SUPERIOR OF BOTH OF YOU AND WHAT YOU REALLY NEED TO BE DOING IS LISTENING TO ME.
?CG: SO DAVE, TRY TO KEEP ALL THOSE SICK FIRES CHECKED AND THOSE STOIC LIPS PURSED FOR A GOD DAMNED SECOND
?CG: AND TAKE THIS SIMPLE BIT OF HATEFRIENDLY ADVICE:
?CG: STOP HITTING ON TEREZI IMMEDIATELY, IT'S FUCKING EMBARRASSING TO WATCH.
CTG: nah
CEB: haha, dave you're hitting on terezi? really??
CTG: no
CTG: but whatever he thinks im doing im not going to stop
CTG: the guys jealous obviously he thinks his girlfriend has a thing for me and you know what hes probably right
CTG: but what else is new just another lady from outer space mackin on me whatever chance she gets
?CG: OH, HA HA! IF SMUG WAS A MOTORCYCLE, IT JUST JUMPED OVER A FUCKING CANYON.
?CG: THE CROWD GOES WILD WITH DISMAY, AND THEN COMMITS MASS SUICIDE.
CEB: karkat, is terezi really your girlfriend?

?CG: GUESS WHAT THIS CONVERSATION IS ABOUT! NOT THAT PARTICULAR TOPIC.
?CG: ALSO GUESS WHOSE BUSINESS THAT STILL ISN'T, FUCKING YOURS, THAT'S RIGHT.
CTG: pretty sure she is
CTG: or he thinks she is or something
CTG: made it pretty obvious when he started ranting at me months ago
CTG: back when i suspected these trolls were full of shit
CTG: but now look how far weve come
CTG: theres not any doubt left about that at all
?CG: EVEN IF THERE WAS ANYTHING GOING ON, WHICH THERE DEFINITELY [OOPS TIME TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS AGAIN, ASSHOLE!]
?CG: OUR ROMANCE IS MUCH MORE COMPLICATED THAN THE JOKE THAT PASSES FOR YOUR UNDERSTANDING OF THE CONCEPT.
?CG: YOU ONLY HAVE ONE QUADRANT! THAT'S JUST ABSURD.
CTG: right
CTG: sounds like its time to get a clue she is over you dude
CEB: what is so different about your romance?
CEB: what's a quadrant? how many do you have?
CTG: john god dammit stop embarrassing us
CTG: first of all weve got to be on record here as not giving a shit about that
CTG: second obviously theres gonna be 4 quadrants come on
?CG: JOHN, I TAKE BACK EVERYTHING I SAID ABOUT YOU BEING THE SMART ONE.
?CG: DAVE IS NOW THE LEADER, EVEN THOUGH HE'S A SMUG SHITSTAIN WITH SHADES AND A POKER FACE.
?CG: IF THERE WERE FIVE, THEY'D BE CALLED QUINTDRANTS, GET IT???
CEB: wow, okay!
CEB: who cares, jeeeeeeeez.
?CG: YES, EXACTLY. WHO CARES?
?CG: AS FASCINATING AS A LECTURE ON ALL THAT WOULD BE, IT'S NOT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT.
?CG: WHICH BRINGS ME TO A RELATED POINT OF BUSINESS.
?CG: JOHN, DON'T THINK I DIDN'T NOTICE HOW MANY E'S YOU JUST TYPED THERE.
?CG: THAT'S GOT TO STOP TOO.
CEB: what does?
?CG: STOP TALKING TO VRISKA. I'M FUCKING SERIOUS.
CEB: what!
CEB: no way. vriska's cool, i'll talk to her all i want!
?CG: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.
?CG: YOU JACKASSES HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE GETTING YOURSELVES INTO.
?CG: THEY'RE DANGEROUS, AND YOU'RE JUST BLUNDERING RIGHT INTO THEIR HYPERCOMPETITIVE MINDFUCK MURDER-THICKET.
?CG: THESE PSYCHO GIRLS HAVE ALREADY GOTTEN EACH OF YOU KILLED AT LEAST ONCE TO MY KNOWLEDGE.
CEB: well, yeah...
CEB: but terezi killed me in an alternate timeline, so that isn't too bad i guess.
CEB: plus, i am pretty sure that she is sorry about it.

?CG: OH GOD, YOU EVEN KNOW ABOUT IT?
?CG: AND YOU'RE STILL GETTING UP TO THESE ANTICS
?CG: YOU ARE BOTH FUCKING HOPELESS, I GIVE UP.
CTG: k then bye
?CG: SHUT YOUR SQUAWK GAPER AND STAY PUT.
?CG: I'M NOT DONE.
CTG: sounds like a loudmouth inferiority thing going on here to me
CTG: like you dont want to acknowledge that your troll ladies find a couple of human dudes irresistible
?CG: YOU DON'T GET IT.
?CG: I DO ACKNOWLEDGE THAT AS MUCH AS IT MAKES ME SICK TO MY VARIOUS BITS OF ALIEN PHYSIOLOGY YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF, THESE GIRLS ARE CLEARLY FLIRTING WITH BOTH OF YOU PRETTY HARD.
?CG: THE FACT THAT THEY HAVE SWEPT YOU BOTH INTO THEIR SICK ASSASSINATION GAMES IS SADLY WHAT MAKES THIS OBVIOUS.
?CG: THAT'S WHAT THEY DO.
CEB: wait...
CEB: are you saying that vriska is interested in me?
CEB: like, romantically?
?CG: EGBERT JUST EARNED A FEW BRAIN POINTS!
?CG: HE HAS REACHED A NEW RUNG ON HIS ECHELADDER, "EASILY OUTFOXED BY SIMPLE UTENSILS"
?CG: "BUCKAROO"
?CG: OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT
CTG: smooth
CEB: oh man.
CEB: uh...
?CG: YES LET'S ALL HAVE A GREAT BIG OH MAN OVER THAT
?CG: AND THEN FUCKING CUT THE HORSESHIT FOREVER. SOUND GOOD?
CEB: i'm not sure what to think about this.
CEB: dave, what do you think i should do?
CTG: i dunno
CTG: do you like her
CEB: well, like i said, i thought she was pretty cool...
CEB: kinda bossy! but also pretty friendly.
CTG: yeah ok
CTG: but i mean
CTG: anything more than that
CTG: like
CTG: if earth wasnt destroyed and she werent in some other universe on a planet full of unspeakable frothing dipshits
CTG: and she was on earth visiting your town or something
CTG: would you want to ask her to go see one of your dumbass movies
CTG: like the new maconnohey jam where he smirks and like all but deliberately draws the audiences ire like a goddamn magnetron
CEB: mcconaughey!!!!!!!!

CEB: um, wow, i don't know.
CEB: i mean, yeah, sure it would be fun to do something like that with her, i think.
CEB: but...
CEB: beyond that, it's a little confusing!
CEB: i don't think i have ever actually liked a girl before in that way, so i am not really sure what i am supposed to feel or do...
?CG: HOLY FUCK WHAT AM I EVEN READING HERE?????
CTG: doesnt concern you dude
?CG: OK JOHN, ARE YOUR FEELINGS QUITE SORTED OUT YET?
?CG: ARE YOU QUITE DONE SLOGGING THROUGH THE EMOTIONAL MORASS OF ADOLESCENCE, EMERGING FROM THE SLUDGE IN YOUR JUNIOR ECTOBIOLOGY WADERS?
?CG: ARE WE FEELING JUST A LITTLE BIT WISER? DID WE GROW TODAY? THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL!
?CG: YOU WOULD THINK WARNING YOU GUYS THAT FRATERNIZING WITH THESE FEMALES IS PUTTING YOUR LIVES IN DANGER WOULD BE ENOUGH.
?CG: REALLY, DANGER YOU SAY? OH GOODNESS, WE NEARLY MADE A HUGE MISTAKE! WHY THANK YOU, MR. TROLL, HOW GRACIOUS OF YOU TO ALERT US TO OUR FOOLISHNESS.
CTG: i dunno man doesnt sound like you really got our interests in mind here
CTG: you just sound kinda bitter
CTG: did one of the human ladies reject you
?CG: OF COURSE NOT.
CTG: how did it go did you stand in a quadrant like you were playing four square
CTG: holding a bucket full of flowers or slime or whatever and jade was like no thanks bro
CTG: is that how it went down
?CG: YES, YOU FIGURED IT OUT! YOU ARE A SAVANT OF XENOBIOLOGY DAVE AND I SALUTE YOU WITH ONE OF MY MANY INTERGALACTIC SPACE TENDRILS
?CG: (THAT'S FAKE, I MADE THAT UP TO FUCK WITH YOU)
CTG: or maybe it was a guy who rejected you
?CG: FUCK OFF.
CTG: haha wow bingo
CTG: see how i look right now thats a poker face might want to take some notes
?CG: I SEE NOTHING BUT A COWARD BEHIND DARK EYEWEAR CLEARLY DESIGNED FOR WOMEN AND A PAIR OF IMPUDENT LIPS PURSED SO TIGHT IT'LL SOUND LIKE AIR SQUEALING OUT OF A BALLOON WHEN I PUNCH YOU IN THE GUT.
CTG: oh god stop talking about my lips thats the second time
CTG: ok youre clearly gay and youve probably got some issues about it dude
CTG: john just a heads up in the future i think youre gonna spurn one of his awkward advances
CEB: uh oh!
?CG: JOHN DON'T LISTEN TO THIS FUCKER, HE'S THE WORST GUY AT GIVING ADVICE I'VE EVER SEEN.
CEB: yeah, i dunno dave, i have talked to karkat a lot and i really don't think he has a thing for me.
?CG: EXACTLY. JOHN ONCE AGAIN IS FLYING HIGH AS SMARTEST HUMAN.
?CG: AND JOHN, PURELY HYPOTHETICALLY, IF ONE OF US IN THE FUTURE DOES MAKE SOME SORT OF SOLICITATION YOU DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND...

?CG: BECAUSE OF PERHAPS SOME CULTURAL DIFFERENCES
?CG: I MEAN NO ONE IN PARTICULAR HERE
?CG: MAYBE TRY TO UNDERSTAND THAT PERSON MIGHT NOT BE THINKING TOO CLEARLY AT THAT MOMENT
CEB: uh...
?CG: IT MIGHT BE THE CASE THAT THIS PERSON HAS GOTTEN TOO WRAPPED UP IN A SORT OF CALIGINOUS IDEAL
?CG: AND GET CARRIED AWAY, POSSIBLY SO MUCH SO THEY WERE BLIND TO HOW COMPLETELY FUCKED UP AND WEIRD IT WOULD BE TO PURSUE ANYTHING LIKE THAT WITH ANOTHER SPECIES
?CG: ESPECIALLY ONE THAT DIDN'T EVEN UNDERSTAND THE CONCEPT OF A CALIGINIOUS RELATIONSHIP
CTG: what
CTG: the fuck
CTG: are you talking about
?CG: BUT I'M NOT THAT PERSON. I HAVE A FIRM GRASP ON HOW DERANGED AND UNNATURAL ANY SORT OF INTERSPECIES RELATIONSHIP WOULD BE, WHETHER CALIGINOUS OR CONCUPISCENT.
?CG: SO I ASK
?CG: NO I'M FUCKING BEGGING YOU BOTH
?CG: TO QUIT CHATTING UP THESE SHITHIVE BROADS AND LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE.
CTG: thats obviously not gonna happen
?CG: FUCK.
?CG: LOOK.
?CG: ALRIGHT I ADMIT THIS ISN'T PURELY MAGNANIMOUS CONCERN FOR YOUR SAFETY HERE.
?CG: WE'RE ALL SORT OF COOKING UP A PLAN RIGHT NOW.
?CG: MY RIGHT NOW.
?CG: WHICH IF SUCCESSFUL, MAY, AND I DO STRESS MAY, END UP WITH ALL OF US MEETING FACE TO FACE.
?CG: AND WHAT I'D LIKE TO AVOID IF AT ALL POSSIBLE
?CG: IS TO HAVE THIS RENDEZVOUS INSTANTLY DETERIORATE INTO A LOT OF REVOLTING TROLL/HUMAN SLOPPY MAKEOUTS.
?CG: THAT WOULD JUST RUIN IT FOR ME, OK?
?CG: REALLY THE ONLY SCENARIO THAT I AM SURE WOULD CAUSE ME TO REGRET SUCCESS. GOT IT?
CEB: er...
CEB: do...
CEB: you think that vriska is going to try to make out with me?
?CG: SHUT UP.
?CG: I'M NOT ANSWERING YOUR DUMB QUESTIONS ABOUT HOW MUCH SNOGGING YOU'RE IN FOR AND I'M NOT PLAYING INTERSPECIES MATCH MAKER HERE.
?CG: SERIOUSLY, WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU GUYS?
?CG: I SHOULDN'T EVEN NEED TO BE SAYING THIS.
?CG: GOD DAMMIT, IT'S NOT EVEN LIKE YOU DON'T HAVE ACTUAL HUMAN

FEMALES NEARBY FOR ACTUAL BIOLOGICALLY VIABLE MATESPRITSHIPS!
?CG: DO I HAVE TO DRAW YOU A DIAGRAM???
CEB: rose and jade?
CEB: so, uh...
CEB: you want us to like, date them?
?CG: WOULD IT REALLY FUCKING KILL YOU TO CONSIDER IT??????
?CG: I MEAN GOD. WHAT DO YOU EVEN THINK YOU'RE DOING HERE IN THIS GAME?
?CG: YOU'RE CREATING YOUR OWN UNIVERSE TO GO LIVE IN.
?CG: AND JUST HOW DO YOU THINK YOUR SPECIES IS SUPPOSED TO REPOPULATE ITSELF??????????? IDIOTS.
CTG: dude
CTG: no
CTG: just
CTG: stop
?CG: OH OK, SO THE ALIEN HERE IS THE ONLY ONE CONCERNED WITH THE PROPAGATION OF YOUR SPECIES.
?CG: THAT MAKES A LOT OF FUCKING SENSE. WHY DON'T YOU WISE THE FUCK UP, COOLDOUCHE?
CEB: i think he is right, i think we are all a little young to be thinking about that!
?CG: WELL NO SHIT, NOW YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY.
?CG: BUT WHAT ABOUT LATER? THINK ABOUT THE BIG PICTURE.
?CG: HOW DID HUMANITY GET AS FAR AS IT GOT BEING SO DUMB?
CEB: um, also,
CEB: we are kinda all related! sort of. through shared ghost slime genes. right?
CEB: so, uh...
?CG: OH RIGHT, THE BIZARRE HUMAN ANATHEMA OF INCEST, I FORGOT.
CTG: oh my fucking god
CTG: please let this conversation not be taking place
?CG: OK WELL LET'S SAY THAT'S HYPOTHETICALLY A PROBLEM, EVEN THOUGH I'M RACKING MY BRAIN TO UNDERSTAND WHY IT WOULD BE.
?CG: I GUESS I WILL HAVE TO DRAW YOU A DIAGRAM, BECAUSE YOU ARE JUST THAT STUPID.
?CG: HERE
?CG: http://tinyurl.com/MATINGDIAGRAMFORMORONS
CTG: ok youre by far the worst artist out of any of us
CTG: and thats saying something
?CG: SHUT UP I DREW IT FAST
?CG: NOW
?CG: AS YOU CAN CLEARLY SEE, THERE ARE ONLY TWO SETS OF COMPATIBLE QUADRANTS HERE FOR LEGITIMATE CONCUPISCENT PAIRINGS.
?CG: DAVE AND ROSE ARE "RELATED"
?CG: JADE AND JOHN ARE "RELATED"
?CG: THAT ONLY LEAVES TWO PAIRS.
?CG: ONCE AGAIN, THE DECISIONS PERTAINING TO HUMAN ROMANCE REMAIN STUNNINGLY SIMPLE.
?CG: AND YET I STILL HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU. YOU'RE WELCOME.

?CG: NOW GO HASSLE YOUR FUTURE MATESPRITS AND LEAVE THE TROLL GIRLS ALONE.
CTG: thx for the shipping grid bro imma drop everything and go have a baby with jade right now
CTG: no peeking k
CEB: wow, i have to marry rose?
CEB: uh...
CEB: wow.
?CG: AND NOW THAT I HAVE SAVED YOUR ENTIRE WORTHLESS SPECIES WITH MY IMPECCABLE ROMANCE BROKERING SKILLS
?CG: I WILL BID YOU A BITTER FUCKING FAREWELL.
?CG: JEGUS I AM SO TIRED.
CTG: you should go back to sleep
CTG: it was so much cooler when you were asleep and i basically never had to listen to you ever
?CG: I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP
CEB: why not?
?CG: BECAUSE I'M TOO TIRED TO EXPLAIN WHY IS WHY.
?CG: YOU'LL FIGURE IT OUT LATER.
?CG: MEMO OVER.
?CG: GET OUTTA HERE.
?CG banned CEB from responding to memo.
?CG banned CTG from responding to memo.

?CG closed memo.

```
♡  HOW HARD WAS THAT?
```

## Karkat: Be Past Karkat.

**24/10/10**

```
KARKAT:
```

You cannot be Past Karkat because in the past, Past Karkat is asleep!

## [S] Past Karkat: Wake up.

**25/10/10**

```
* Derived in part from transcripts by ShadowOfFate and by Greyscale
```

```
* click controls icon in top-right
```

```
Use ARROW KEYS (or WASD KEYS) to walk and SPACEBAR to interact.
```

```
* walk north to empty terminal (and press SPACE.)
```

```
> Finish responding to Kanaya in memo.
```

CURRENT carcinoGeneticist [CCG] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.

CCG: OK.
CCG: EVERYTHING'S FINE I GUESS.
PGA: What Happened

CCG: I PASSED OUT FOR ABOUT AN HOUR.
CCG: FUCKING EMBARRASSING.
CCG: YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR GODDAMN MIND, YOU KNOW.
PGA: Shithive Maggots You Mean
CCG: YEAH
CCG: IN A GOOD WAY THOUGH.
CCG: OK I'M SHUTTING THIS MEMO DOWN FOR MY PAST SELF.
CCG: SINCE HE'S CURRENTLY LYING UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR AN HOUR AGO.
CCG: SEE YOU IN THE FUTURE-NOW.
PGA: Til Then

CCG banned CGA from responding to memo. CCG banned PCG from responding to memo.
CCG closed memo.

**** south to Terezi (and press SPACE.)***

> Talk To Terezi

TEREZI: WOW CH3CK OUT WHO F1N4LLY WOK3 UP!
TEREZI: W3V3 B33N TRY1NG TO W4K3 YOU FOR 4N HOUR, BUT YOU W3R3 UNR3SPONS1V3 TO 3V3N TH3 MOST S3NS3L3SS OF C4N3DRUBB1NGS >:]
KARKAT: MY HEAD HURTS.
TEREZI: PROB4BLY DU3 TO TH3 4FOR3M3NT1ON3D NUB DRUBB1NGS
KARKAT: WILL YOU SHUT UP ABOUT THE DRUBBINGS. PUT THAT CANE AWAY, DAMMIT. IT'S NOT LIKE YOU EVEN NEED IT.
KARKAT: I HAD A HORRIBLE DREAM, OK.
TEREZI: OH?
KARKAT: I FINALLY WOKE UP ON PROSPIT.
TEREZI: YOU D1D???
TEREZI: OH GOD, 1 C4NT B3L13V3 1 M1SS3D 1T!
KARKAT: YEAH WELL, SORRY WE CAN'T GO ON OUR ENCHANTED GOLDEN MAGIC CARPET RIDE OR WHATEVER YOU HAD IN STORE FOR US, BUT NOW IT'S TOO LATE.
KARKAT: DREAM ME IS DEAD.
TEREZI: 1 KNOW >:[
TEREZI: 4LL OF US 4R3, PROSP1T W4S COMPL3T3LY D3STROY3D
KARKAT: OH SHIT, REALLY?
KARKAT: GUESS THAT'S NOT TOO SURPRISING. ANYWAY, I SAW THE DEMON AGAIN.
KARKAT: I THINK I KNOW WHO IT IS.
TEREZI: WHO 1S 1T >:?
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW HOW IT'S POSSIBLE...
KARKAT: I NEED TO SEARCH FOR MORE ANSWERS BEFORE I KNOW FOR SURE.
TEREZI: STOP B31NG MYST3R1OUS 4ND T3LL M3!
KARKAT: NO WAY. I'M NOT JUMPING TO HASTY CONCLUSIONS. IF IT TURNS OUT I'M RIGHT, THEN I GUESS WE BOTH GET TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO.
TEREZI: 4RGH, F1N3

TEREZI: SO, YOU S4W H1M JUST B3FOR3 H3 D3STROY3D PROSP1T?
KARKAT: YEAH. AND THAT WASN'T EVEN THE BAD PART OF THE DREAM.
TEREZI: TH4T W4S 4N HOUR 4GO! WH4T H4V3 YOU B33N DR34M1NG 4BOUT S1NC3?
KARKAT: I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.
KARKAT: THE BOTTOM LINE IS, EVERYONE HERE IS FORBIDDEN FROM GOING TO SLEEP.
TEREZI: FORB1DD3N?
KARKAT: YES, AS YOUR LEADER, I AM ORDERING ALL PROSPIT DREAMERS TO STAY AWAKE, NO MATTER HOW TIRED YOU GET.
TEREZI: UM, 4LR1GHT >:/
KARKAT: DO YOU EVER EVEN GET TIRED?
TEREZI: WH4TS TH4T SUPPOS3D TO M34N!
KARKAT: ALL YOU DO IS RUN YOUR MOUTH ALL DAY, AND SNIFF AND LICK PEOPLE INAPPROPRIATELY WITH THAT SHIT EATING GRIN.
KARKAT: I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER EVEN SEEN YOU YAWN.
TEREZI: 1M G3TT1NG PR3TTY T1R3D R1GHT NOW 4S 4 M4TT3R OF F4CT
TEREZI: T1R3D OF YOUR BULLSH1T!
KARKAT: GOD I'M TIRED.

> Get lowdown from Terezi.

TEREZI: SO GU3SS WH4T
TEREZI: W3V3 B33N 1N CONT4CT W1TH SOM3 4L13NS FROM TH3 UN1V3RS3 W3 CR34T3D
KARKAT: OK. SO?
TEREZI: DONT YOU TH1NK TH4TS K1ND OF N34T?
KARKAT: NO. IT'S BORING. WHO CARES?
TEREZI: 1 THOUGHT 4S OUR 1NTR3P1D L34D3R TH4T W4S SOM3TH1NG YOU M1GHT W4NT TO KNOW
KARKAT: ALRIGHT, AS LEADER, I RECOMMEND WE DELIVER THEM A DELIGHTFUL GIFT BASKET VIA TRANSUNIVERAL BULGE THRUS.
KARKAT: ARE YOU TAKING THIS DOWN???
TEREZI: >:P
TEREZI: 1M NOT S4Y1NG W3 N33D TO M4K3 FR13NDS W1TH TH3M OR 4NYTH1NG, BUT W3V3 B3GUN TO SUSP3CT TH3Y H4V3 SOM3TH1NG TO DO W1TH OUR S3SS1ON, P4R4DOX1C4LLY SP34K1NG
KARKAT: IS ANYTHING EVER NOT PARADOXICALLY SPEAKING?
TEREZI: M4YB3 W3 C4N F1GUR3 OUT 4 W4Y TO G3T OURS3LV3S OUT OF TH1S J4M?
KARKAT: NOPE. I ALREADY TOLD YOU. WE'RE DOOMED. A MEANINGLESS RACE OF ALIENS WON'T CHANGE THAT.
KARKAT: NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT A LOT OF IMPORTANT SHIT TO DO.
TEREZI: YOU M34N 4 LOT OF 1MPORT4NT W4ND3R1NG 4ROUND 41ML3SSLY 4ND T4LK1NG TO P3OPL3?
KARKAT: YES, EXACTLY.

**** north-east to Sollux***

> Talk to Sollux.

SOLLUX: hey kk mo2t of the2e computer2 are 2hiit.
SOLLUX: 2o unle22 youve got a real good rea2on ii dont thiink iim gonna

bother fiixiing them.
KARKAT: I'M FINE, THANKS FOR ASKING MAN. YOUR CONCERN IS REALLY APPRECIATED, I APPRECIATE IT.
SOLLUX: fuck you and your priimadonna garbage, iim not goiing two break down 2obbiing becau2e you pa22 out at the 2iight of a liittle blood, why dont you man up.
KARKAT: HEY FUCK YOU, I TURN AROUND AND SEE A CRAZY GIRL WITH A CHAINSAW AND A TSUNAMI OF BROWN. IS IT TOO MUCH TO ASK THAT WE NOT TURN OUR LITTLE HIDEOUT INTO A SLAUGHTERHOUSE?
SOLLUX: what diid you want me two do get down on the floor and kii22 your faiinted corp2e on the lii2p two wake you up on a nonexii2tent pro2piit?
KARKAT: LET'S NOT DO THIS, OK MAN? JUST THIS ONCE. I DON'T HAVE THE ENERGY.
SOLLUX: yeah ok fiine.
KARKAT: SO WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THESE ALIENS, IS IT ANYTHING I SHOULD GIVE A SHIT ABOUT?
SOLLUX: no not at all, theyre u2ele22 and uniintere2tiing liike iim 2ure you already gathered.
SOLLUX: ii recommend we dont bother wiith them, though aradiia 2eem2 two thiink well all be iin each other2 2ponge2 iineviitably.
SOLLUX: whatever, iim pretty commiitted two not haviing anythiing two do wiith them ever.
KARKAT: GOOD, THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR.
SOLLUX: uh huh, 2ure kk by the look of 2ome of your future memo2 iit look2 liike youre gonna get pretty wound up by thii2 thiing 2oon.
KARKAT: MAN, FUCK MY FUTURE MEMOS.
SOLLUX: no way, theyre hiilariiou2, be2t thiing about haviing you a2 a leader hand2 down.
KARKAT: FUCK THAT SENTIMENT, AND FUCK YOU, AND FUCK FUTURE ME.
SOLLUX: ok. what about pa2t you, ii2 pa2t you cool.
KARKAT: THE ONLY GUY MORE IRRITATING AND STUPID THAN FUTURE ME IS PAST ME.
SOLLUX: ehehehehehehe.

**** east to Aradia***

> Talk to Aradia.

ARADIA: have y0u decided t0 tr0ll them yet
KARKAT: TROLL WHO?
ARADIA: never mind
ARADIA: lets pretend i didnt say that and lets als0 pretend it isnt inevitable
KARKAT: WHAT THE FROND BUCKLING NOOK STENCH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT.
ARADIA: n0thing. its n0t like a decisi0n y0u are ab0ut t0 make will invariably lead t0 every pr0blem we have and will ever face as well as the great und0ing itself
ARADIA: just keep listening t0 y0ur angry impulses it will all be fine
ARADIA: actually i guess i c0uld kill y0u right n0w and st0p it all fr0m happening thus d00ming us all in an 0ffsh00t timeline

ARADIA: i might c0nsider it if we all werent d00med anyway
ARADIA: and if y0u werent my friend
KARKAT: YOU KNOW WHAT WAS GREAT? WHEN YOU USED TO NOT BE A ROBOT.
KARKAT: CAUSE THIS ROBOT THING? THIS IS BULLSHIT.
KARKAT: IF WE WEREN'T ALL ABOUT TO DIE, I'D DEDICATE OUR WHOLE TEAM TO FINDING A WAY TO BRING YOU BACK TO LIFE
KARKAT: BUT WE ARE SO GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO RIDE OUT THE NEXT FEW HOURS WITH A SPOOKY TIN CAN PSYCHOPATH, SOUNDS LIKE A BLAST.
ARADIA: 0_0

```
> Be Future Aradia
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```
You cannot be Future Aradia because in the future, Future Aradia
has exploded!
```

**** south to Feferi***

```
> Talk to Feferi.
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FEFERI: Finally! So Karkat, w)(at was your dream like after you died? I )(ave been glubbing like crazy over )(ere wondering about it.
KARKAT: I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT IT. JUST DON'T GO TO SLEEP.
KARKAT: OH WAIT, YOU'RE A DERSE DREAMER, RIGHT? NEVER MIND, KNOCK YOURSELF OUT. LITERALLY.
FEFERI: You look so nervous and pale. Were you scared of w)(at you saw?
KARKAT: WHAT ABOUT NOT TALKING ABOUT IT DON'T YOU GET.
FEFERI: T)(ere's no reason to be scared! T)(ey are not as terrible as t)(ey look.
FEFERI: W)(en Derse is destroyed, I am going to go to sleep and prove it.
FEFERI: I will prove it to you, and to t)(em as well.
KARKAT: THEM?
FEFERI: Our new friends! You'll see. -Everyt)(ing is going to be ok.
FEFERI: T)(IS IS PR-ETTY -EXCITING! Don't you t)(ink???
KARKAT: M-E)(
FEFERI: GLUB TO T)(AT ATTITUD-E!!!!!! >38O

```
> Be Future Feferi
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```
You cannot be Future Feferi because in the future, Future Feferi
is asleep!
```

**** west to red wheeled thing on floor***

```
> Examine UNIREAL AIR.
```

```
It's almost impossible to cross the room without tripping over
this goddamn thing. The mess in here is unireal. I mean unreal.
```

**** south west to the transporter pad***

```
> Transportalize
```

**** You are now at a little crossroads***

**** one chest to your west***

```
> Open Chest.
```

```
You got SOME BOONDOLLARS!
Who cares.
```

**** and one to your east***

> Open Chest.

You got the trusty CLAWSICLE!

**** go north to transporter pad***

> Transportalize

**** You are now at a zodiac circle of transporter pads***

**** go to the Karkat / Cancer / ♋ transporter pad***

> Transportalize

**** You are now at the west end of a long corridor with many chests in it.***

**** east, opening chests as you go...***

> Open Chest

You got A WHOLE BOONBUCK!
Yawn.

> Open Chest

You got a ~ATH MANUAL!
It's so thick, you could kill someone with this thing. And if you master what's inside, you just might kill everyone with it.

> Open Chest

You got a TINKERBULL PLUSH!
R.I.P. little buddy. :'(

> Open Chest

You got A WHOLE MESS OF BOONBUCKS!
You guess you could use them as paperweights. Or something.

**** down steps, east, more chests...***

> Open Chest

You got a TEAPOT!

> Open Chest

You got a WICKED ELIXIR!
You chug the beverage immediately. Your vitals remain unchanged.

**** down steps, east, more chests...***

> Open Chest

You got a BEAUTIFUL WORK OF FINE ART!
Just... why. Why would this exist. Why would someone put it in a chest???

> Open Chest

You got HOMES SMELL YA LATER!
SO FRESH.

**** east to the pad***

> Transportalize

**** You are now in the ectobiology lab***

**** in the north-west corner...***

> Open Chest

You got a BOX OF FRUIT TROLLUPS!

TONGUE TATTOOS ON EVERY ROLL FRUIT TROLL-UPS Fruit Flavored ORANGE CREAMSICLE COLONOSCOLYPSE 10 0.5 OZ (14g) ROLLS NET WT 5ZO (141g)

Troll Crocker's vile tendrils are everywhere.

**** anywhere along the north edge of the lab***

> Examine equipment.

You don't even want to think about that day. Slime and wigglers... everywhere.

**** in the north-east corner***

> Open Chest

You got a... oh dear god.

GET THAT FILTH OUTTA HERE

**** in the middle of the room***

> So many horrible memories for Past Karkat...

Be Past Karkat?

> Yes

You are now Past Karkat. You are pretty much freaking the fuck out.

**** back to pad in south-west corner***

> Transportalize

**** You are now back at the west end of the long corridor with all the chests***

**** go into the little alcove to your north west***

> There's a switch on the wall, flip it?

**** You've opened up Karkat's secret room***

**** go back west along the corridor, up one flight of steps, north along the thin light gray corridor***

**** costumes, bees***

> Examine.

Man, why's everybody gotta dump their shit in your secret room? How are they even getting in here??? This is so outrageous.

**** Horsearoni***

> Examine.

NEIGH

**** back south, then west to the transporter pad***

> Transportalize

**** back to the pad in the center of the zodiac circle***

> Transportalize

**** go to the pad to the south of the little crossroads***

> Transportalize

**** You are now in another winding staircase area.***

> Open Chest.

You got a BROKEN BOW AND ARROW!

**** southwest down the steps***

> Open Chest.

You got a CHAINSAW!
Still some brown stains on it. Yuck.

**** southeast down the stairs to another two chests***

> Open Chest.

You got a FAIRY POSTER!
Lovely, albeit imaginary.

> Open Chest.

You got a BEAUTIFUL MUSCLEBEAST NUDE!
You feel culturally enriched by this masterpiece.

**** south down more steps, west to the chest***

> Open Chest.

You got the CROSBYTOP!
Say, who the heck is this douche bag, anyway?

**** north, then southeast down the steps***

> Open Chest.

You got a BROKEN ROBOT PART!

> Transportalize

**** You are in another lab containing some glass enshrined monstrosities***

> Examine monstrosities.

Genetic abominations once so threatening now pose no challenge at all to players of your godly status. They are lucky to be asleep and behind glass. They are lucky to have your pity.

**** in the southeast corner***

> Open Chest.

You got SOME GLASSES OF FRESH MILK!
But... what is there to even get milk from around here? Oh sweet jegus...

**** transport pad in the northeast***

> Transportalize

**** You are now back in the main room.***

**** north-west to Nepeta***

> Talk to Nepeta.

NEPETA: :33 < oh god this is so great, they look like they are so much fun!

KARKAT: WHO

NEPETA: :33 < the humans!!!
KARKAT: WHAT'S A HUMAN
NEPETA: :33 < the alien kids! come on karcat, you need to stop taking all these silly naps and get up to sp33d
KARKAT: WAIT, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING
KARKAT: YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PULLING YOUR RP NONSENSE ON THEM HAVE YOU? TALK ABOUT A SHITTY FIRST ENCOUNTER.
KARKAT: OK AS LEADER, I FORBID YOU FROM RP'ING WITH THEM.
NEPETA: :33 < but equius already furbid me from doing that :((
NEPETA: :33 < not that i am listening to him, but shhhhh! :33
KARKAT: WAIT, HE DID?
KARKAT: OK, THEN AS YOUR LEADER I ORDER YOU TO RP WITH THEM AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE. BE AS OBNOXIOUS ABOUT IT AS YOU CAN.
NEPETA: :33 < yaaaaaaaaaaaaaay!

**** south to Tavros***

> Talk to Tavros.

TAVROS: hEYYY, yOU'RE AWAKE,
KARKAT: HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN AN AWESOME TIME TO TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO SAW YOUR LOWER TORSO OFF AND REPLACE IT WITH ROBO LEGS?
TAVROS: nO,
KARKAT: ANY GODDAMN TIME BEFORE NOW. YOU KNOW, DURING OUR WHOLE ADVENTURE WHEN THEY MIGHT HAVE COME IN HANDY.
KARKAT: ALSO WHEN I DIDN'T HAPPEN TO BE STANDING AROUND. THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO SWEET.
TAVROS: oHH, sORRY, i MEAN i WAS KIND OF ASLEEP TOO, sO, i DIDN'T HAVE A LOT OF SAY,
TAVROS: iN THE MATTER,
KARKAT: DID YOU SEE HIM?
TAVROS: wHO,
KARKAT: THE DEMON. WHEN YOU WERE ASLEEP.
TAVROS: nO,
KARKAT: HE WAS RIGHT FUCKING THERE. I TOLD YOU TO LOOK, BUT I GUESS YOU WERE TOO BUSY FROLICKING IN THEx` SKY OR WHATEVER YOU DO ON THAT GAUDY YELLOW MOON.
TAVROS: oH, mAN, yEAH SKY FROLICKING WAS PROBABLY DEFINITELY THE THING i WAS PREOCCUPIED BY,
KARKAT: ANYWAY, THAT WAS JUST BEFORE HE BLEW THE PLACE UP.
TAVROS: wHOA, iS THAT WHAT HAPPENED,
KARKAT: IDIOT.
KARKAT: JUST DON'T GO TO SLEEP. SPREAD THE WORD.
TAVROS: i COULDN'T POSSIBLY SLEEP NOW, i'M TOO EXCITED ABOUT THESE AWESOME LEGS, lOOK AT ME GO, wHOOPS,

**** south to Equius***

> Talk to Equius.

KARKAT: THIS ROBOLEG BULLSHIT WAS YOUR IDEA WASN'T IT.
EQUIUS: D --> I only supplied the technological means, though my lobbying for a hooven quadrupedal lower torso went tragically disregarded
KARKAT: OK I HEREBY ORDER YOU TO NEVER EVEN THINK ABOUT

GIVING SOMEONE HORSELEGS AGAIN, IS THAT UNDERSTOOD.
EQUIUS: D --> Yes, I can follow that order, sir
EQUIUS: D --> Are there any other orders you would like to issue to me in a manner that is similarly forceful
KARKAT: I ALSO ORDER YOU TO STOP GETTING OFF ON MY ORDERS. FOR LIKE THE FIVE HUNDREDTH FUCKING TIME.
EQUIUS: D --> Yes, and you will continue to order me to do so. I command it
EQUIUS: D --> ...
EQUIUS: D --> I need a towel
KARKAT: GO HAVE YOUR BUTLER GET YOU ONE YOU SNOOTY DOUCHE.
EQUIUS: D --> Aurthour is dead, and so is his ghost
EQUIUS: D --> Remember
KARKAT: YEAH.
KARKAT: SORRY MAN, I FORGOT. DIDN'T MEAN TO BRING UP A SORE SUBJECT.
EQUIUS: D --> Is this where embrace jocularly, as if we are bros
EQUIUS: D --> I will be as gentle as possible
KARKAT: DON'T TOUCH ME.

**** south to yellow and red plush***

> Examine host plush.

Looks like SOMEONE needs to stop playing games for girls.

**** west to Gamzee***

> Talk to Gamzee.

GAMZEE: HeY CaN I HeLp a tIrEd lOoKiNg bRoThEr gEt hIs mOtHeRfUcKiN NaP On?
GAMZEE: sLeEp iN ThE HoRn pIlE? oNlY 420 bOoNdOlLaRs

> No

**** or***

> Hell no

KARKAT: I JUST SLEPT ON THE FLOOR FOR AN HOUR, DOES IT LOOK I NEED A NAP???
KARKAT: BESIDES, I JUST BANNED EVERYONE FROM SLEEPING, SO DON'T GO PULLING THIS HORN PILE INN KEEPER SHIT, GOT IT?
KARKAT: ALSO, STOP DANCING. IT'S AWFUL.
GAMZEE: Ok wElL If yOu gEt yOuR MiNd aLl cHaNgEd aBoUt tHaT ThEn yOu kNoW WhErE To fInD ThE PiLe, BeSt fRiEnD
KARKAT: OH YEAH, ALSO CLEAN YOUR FUCKING GARBAGE OFF THE FLOOR. IF THIS SHIT ISN'T GONE IN A FEW HOURS I'M SERIOUSLY GOING TO FLIP OUT.
GAMZEE: HoNk hOnK HoNk hOnK HoNk! :o)

**** go round the bottom of the horn pile***

> Examine pile of shitty horns.

Look at this shit all over the floor. Barely been down here a couple of hours and this dude turns the lab into his own personal clown sty.

**** west to Eridan***

> Talk to Eridan.

ERIDAN: wwhat a fuckin vvulgar display this is

ERIDAN: airin out all his dirty laundry like that puttin a big fuckin pile a horns in the middle of the room

ERIDAN: at least i got the upright basic decency to hide my shitty wand pile somewwhere in the lab you wwont find it dont evven bother lookin

KARKAT: WHY DO YOU ASSHOLES HAVE PILES OF THINGS, JUST STOP.

**** east to Kanaya***

> Talk to Kanaya.

KARKAT: HEY I JUST GOT DONE TALKING TO YOU IN THE PAST. REMEMBER YOU WERE FUCKING AROUND WITH THE VOLCANO AND I PASSED OUT FOR AN HOUR?

KANAYA: Vaguely

KARKAT: THAT WAS NOW. HEY GUESS WHAT, NEW ORDERS. NO MORE IMPROMPTU AMPUTATIONS, OK?

KANAYA: Impromptutations

KARKAT: YEAH. KEEP YOUR LIPSTICK CAPPED OK. I DON'T WANT TO TURN AROUND AND SEE RAINBOW BLOOD SPRAYING EVERY WHICH WAY JUST CAUSE YOU THINK THE PLACE IS A LITTLE DRAB.

KANAYA: I Did My Best To Clean Up The Blood Before You Woke Up

KARKAT: THANKS FOR THAT. ALSO ANOTHER NEW ORDER. DON'T GO TO SLEEP.

KANAYA: Dont Worry I Dont Really Want To Find Out What Happens If I Do

KANAYA: Any Other Orders

KANAYA: Such As Those Which Might Pertain To These Alien Children

KARKAT: YEAH, MY ORDERS ARE THAT THEY'RE COMPLETELY IRRELEVANT, AND WHO CARES ABOUT THEM.

KANAYA: How Are Those Orders

KARKAT: BECAUSE I'M YOUR LEADER THAT'S HOW.

KANAYA: They Are Not Irrelevant

KARKAT: HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT.

KANAYA: Its A Bit Complicated

KANAYA: But I Believe You Should Give Them A Closer Look Before You Decide What To Do About Them If Anything

KANAYA: Perhaps Then An Especially Leaderly Speech Will Be In Order

KARKAT: OK I DOUBT THAT BUT WHATEVER.

**** east to Vriska***

> Talk to Vriska.

KARKAT: HEY VRISKA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING.

KARKAT: PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, LET IT BE SOMETHING INCONSEQUENTIAL AND BENIGN.

VRISKA: Karkat! Man, you were out for a long time. I have made so many plans for these humans while you were asleep. Do you know how many plans have 8een made?

KARKAT: PROBABLY ALL OF THEM, EVEN THOUGH PLANS AREN'T REALLY AN EXHAUSTIVELY QUANTIFIABLE THING AND WE BOTH FUCKING KNOW THAT.

VRISKA: Yes! Aaaaaaaall of them. So many irons too. Guess where the irons are!

KARKAT: PLEASE DON'T LET THEM BE IN THE FIRE, PLEASE DON'T LET THEM BE IN THE FIRE...
VRISKA: They are.....
VRISKA: IN
VRISKA: THE
VRISKA: FIIIIIIIIRE!!!!!!!! ::::)
KARKAT: GOD FUCKING DAMMIT.
KARKAT: LOOK WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING, STOP. OR PUT IT ON PAUSE. CAN YOU PLEASE DO THAT?
KARKAT: I WASN'T GOING TO BOTHER WITH THE HUMANS BUT NOW YOU'RE MAKING ME NERVOUS. JUST GIVE ME THE CHANCE TO LOOK INTO THIS MATTER, AND THEN I'LL BRIEF EVERYBODY.
KARKAT: MAYBE WITH A SPEECH OR SOMETHING. CAN YOU DO THAT?
KARKAT: PLEEEEEEEEASE? I JUST SAID THAT WITH EIGHT E'S.
VRISKA: Fine, I will take a 8r8k, Karkat. 8ut only 8ecause you were so polite a8out it.
VRISKA: It will give me a chance to go get some stuff done!

> Be Vriska

**** You are now Vriska***

> Talk to Karkat.

KARKAT: JUST... PLEASE.
KARKAT: GO FIND SOME REMOTE CORNER OF THIS LAB, BUILD YOURSELF A NICE WEB, AND SIT THERE PEACEFULLY AND HARMLESSLY UNTIL WE ALL DIE. OK?
VRISKA: Die? Lame.
VRISKA: Karkat, there is a8solutely no chance we are going to die.
VRISKA: Not with my luck! I got all of it, remem8er?

**** west to Kanaya***

> Talk to Kanaya.

VRISKA: Pst!
KANAYA: Yes
VRISKA: Hey, what's your deal?
KANAYA: ...
VRISKA: I'm talking to you!
KANAYA: What Do You Want
VRISKA: Nothing really! It's just you haven't said one word to me since we got here.
VRISKA: In fact, we've hardly spoken in weeks! Not since you gave me that nice dress.
KANAYA: Oh Sorry I Hadnt Really Noticed
VRISKA: That was gr8, remem8er that? What happened to all that? You used to meddle and 8ug and fuss over me all the time. It was annoying, 8ut kinda fun!
KANAYA: Do You Want Me To
VRISKA: I don't know. It would 8e cool if we could catch up some time though.
KANAYA: Whats There Really To Catch Up On
VRISKA: Whatever! Stuff. Anything!
VRISKA: You are really strange, fussyfangs. I don't get you anymore.

KANAYA: Okay
VRISKA: That was some pretty sweet chainsaw work earlier. Pretty 8rutal, really! Didn't think you had it in you.
VRISKA: Hey, you weren't settling a score with him there 8y any chance?
KANAYA: What
VRISKA: I've got a pretty keen nose for revenge. Could it 8e that you had a thing for him and were upset when he went for me instead? Hmmmmmmmm?
KANAYA: Did He Really Go For You
KANAYA: Thats Not How I Remember It
VRISKA: Yes, I think I must 8e on to something here! Anyway if that's the case, sorry a8out the 8ad 8r8k!
KANAYA: Could You Leave Me Alone
VRISKA: Hey, which one are you spying on there? Someone new to meddle with?
KANAYA: I Said Leave
VRISKA: Fiiiiiiiine, god.

**** west to Eridan***

> Talk to Eridan.

VRISKA: Hey.
ERIDAN: hey
VRISKA: So.....
ERIDAN: wwhats up
VRISKA: Nothing.
VRISKA: Standing by the old horn pile I see.
ERIDAN: yup
VRISKA: Yeah.....
VRISKA: Ok then. Carry on I guess.
ERIDAN: god damn vvris wwhys it still got to be so flippin awwkwward like this come on
ERIDAN: wwe used to havve a good thing goin remember our campaigns
ERIDAN: that shit wwas epic wwhere are you evven goin to find a rivvalry like that
VRISKA: It was fun, Eridan. While it lasted.
VRISKA: 8ut it ran its course! I don't know what else to tell you.
ERIDAN: oh as if im not so ovver it please spare me your disdain mindfang
ERIDAN: im wworkin on findin a neww rivvalry wwhichll make ours look like a kiddie game
ERIDAN: wwhich oh by the wway IT WWAS
VRISKA: If you say so, Dualscar! 8est of luck with that.
VRISKA: Too 8ad the luck's all mine now! Hahahaha.

> Be Future Eridan.

You are now briefly Future Eridan, in the future.

> Talk to Vriska.

ERIDAN: fuck that fuckin wwitch bleww up my computer.
ERIDAN: ok not literally the wwitch as in thats not literally her title or anythin

ERIDAN: the seer i guess
ERIDAN: fuckin lousy no good goddamn rotten seer
VRISKA: Eridan! Do I detect Black Romance in the air????????
VRISKA: <3< <3< <3< <3< <3< <3< <3< <3<
ERIDAN: shut your spidertrap wwitch there are serious emotions happening ovver here

**** as Vriska once more, east to Gamzee***

> Talk to Gamzee.

GAMZEE: VrIsKa hEy yOu wAnT To uH...
VRISKA: What?
GAMZEE: ShIt, I WaS AlL GoInG To aSk iF YoU WaNtEd tO HoP In tHe hOrN PiLe fOr a bIt oF MoThErFuCkIn sHuTeYe, BuT...
GAMZEE: I DoN'T ThInK I WiLl cAuSe i'm pReTtY MuCh sCaReD Of yOu, SoyEaH.
VRISKA: Aww. ::::)

**** east to Equius***

> Talk to Equius.

VRISKA: I must say, I am really disgusted 8y how you've resorted to following orders from that low class slo8 with the hideous mutant 8lood.
VRISKA: I thought you were 8etter than that! I thought WE were 8etter than that.
EQUIUS: D --> I...
EQUIUS: D --> You're absolutely right, it's disgraceful
EQUIUS: D --> I think it is possibly time to admit I have some sort of problem
EQUIUS: D --> I would very much like to honor my position on the hemospectrum and mistreat those beneath me, and yet...
VRISKA: Whoa, alright! I was just messing with you, dude. As if I really give a shit a8out any of that!
VRISKA: Hahahahahahahaha.

**** north to Tavros***

> Talk to Tavros

VRISKA: Tavros, they look amazing. YOU look amazing.
VRISKA: 8eing a8le to walk suits you so much 8etter. Have I ever told you how much of a loser you were when you were a cripple? It's a real shame a8out how that had to happen to you.
TAVROS: nO, bUT THANK YOU FOR SAYING SO,
TAVROS: i MEAN, fOR THE GOOD STUFF YOU SAID, nOT NECESSARILY THE BAD STUFF,
VRISKA: You're welcome! Now, how do those 8ad 8oys handle on stairs?
TAVROS: i DON'T KNOW, BUT I'VE BEEN ADVISED TO STAY AWAY FROM THEM,
VRISKA: Worst advice you could ever receive. I demand that you spend the next several hours mastering stairs.
TAVROS: uHHHH,
VRISKA: Come on, what would that fakey 8ullshit fantasy asshole Rufio say a8out this?
TAVROS: oH, mAN, hE WOULD MOST SURELY BE ALL ABOUT ME

CLIMBING LOTS OF STAIRS,
TAVROS: pER THE REASSURANCES THAT i PRETEND HE SAYS, aND ALL THE SELF ESTEEM HE INSISTS ME TO HAVE,
VRISKA: Exactly! Now hop to it, and don't think twice a8out it, or I'll know. We don't want to have to do it the hard way now, do we?
TAVROS: oH MY GOD,

**** go the transporter in the center of the room***

> Transportalize

**** north transporter***

> Transportalize

**** in the zodiac circle, go the the Vriska / Scorpio / ♏ transporter***

> Transportalize

**** You are now in a web-ridden area***

> Open Chest

You got a MAGIC 8 BALL!

**** down the wide steps to your south-west...***

**** ...all the way down to the control lab. To the east of the bottom of the steps***

> Open Chest

You got TAVROS'S SEVERED LEGS!
Why... Why would you keep these in a chest?

**** northwest to the screens***

> Examine equipment.

Another dodecascreen. Seem to be a lot of these things lying around.

**** to the west***

> Open Chest

You got the FIDUSPEAR!

**** big broken container to your south***

> Examine huge broken container.

Looks like a terrible monster has escaped. Better be careful!
Haha, yeah right. You're gonna murder this thing if it crosses you.

**** to your northwest***

> Open Chest

You got a FAIRY POSTER!
Faaaaaaaake.

**** west to the other screen***

> Examine equipment.

A monitor with a map of some place on Alternia, displaying impact sites. It looks like it crashed and froze at some point during the

reckoning.

**** transporter pad in northwest corner***

> Transportalize

**** head north***

> Who's this douche bag?

**** STRIFE!***

> Aggress

You 8n't got your dice on you! SO STUPID!!!!!!!!

> Steal GANK HIS LUCK!!!!!!!! -ALL THE LUCK +ALL THE LUCK

**** the monster's hopes and dreams fall away from underneath him...***

**** go north***

**** north some more***

> Open Chest

You got the FLOURITE OCTET!

Maybe you should keep these on you in the future.

**** console in northeast corner***

> Open Doors

**** through the doors to the boon laboratory***

> Examine boondollar pile.

Lousy stupid goddamn Terezi, finding all those boonbonds and instantly rendering your fortune worthless. You'll show her. That snotty rich kid too.

**** four chests working north from the southwest corner...***

> Open Chest

You got a HEAP OF FLARP MANUALS!

> Open Chest

You got a pair of ROCKETBOOTS!

> Open Chest

You got a CUTTLEFISH!

> Open Chest

You got a BROKEN 8 BALL!

Very bad luck! Whatever. You'll just steal some more.

**** console in northwest corner***

> Unlock door.

You have not set the password for this room yet. You have no reason to hide anything in the super secret back room as of this moment! Perhaps you will in the future. Be Future Vriska?

> Yes

You are now Future Vriska.

> Unlock door.

**** enter the shrine...***

**** chests to the west and the east***

> Open Chest

You got a BUST OF NICK CAGE!

SWOOOOOOOON

> Open Chest

You got a WILD CONSORT!

**** there is a shrine on the wall to the north (but not to the North.)***

BANGKOK DANGEROUS CITY of ANGELS CON AIR WINDTALKERS -OFF **yeah <3**

> Examine Cage shrine. CAGE: You tell me another and I'll rescue myself. And that is a promise. Miss...? Rose, Sister Rose. CAGE: Of course. Another plant. CAGE: What you say we cut the chit-chat, A-hole? CAGE: I'm a vampire! x 5 CAGE: How long have I been here? You're just gonna sit out there, aren'tcha? CAGE: I'm a vampire! x 4 CAGE: That's what she was there for, that was the plan. To give you a boner. Heheheh. And you got one! CAGE: Boner x 9 Come on, you know your life is short, you're not proud. CAGE: You're like a cat. The cat in the hat. I'm like a prickly pear. CAGE: What part? I'm a prickly pear! CAGE: I'm a vampire! CAGE: Oh what is that, what is that, what is it? CAGE: I'm a vampire! CAGE: Oh, god, not the bees! Not the bees! Aaah!

**** go back out south***

> Examine former boondollar pile.

You gave all your money to John. Gotta keep him competitive with Dave! John will be the best human boy there is. You will make sure of it.

**** south again...***

Be Past Vriska?

> Yes.

**** Return to the main lab, heading back the way you came...***

**** ...back in the main room.***

**** northwest to Nepeta***

> Talk to Nepeta.

NEPETA: :33 < *nepeta giggles at the spidergirls funny googly eye. she just cant s33m to get used to it!*

VRISKA: *Marquise Mindfang shares the innocent young catgirl's giggle, as she surreptitiously reaches for an orn8 dagger concealed in her 8oot!*

NEPETA: :33 < noooooo dont roleplay as mindfang! :((

NEPETA: :33 < you only do terrible things when you are her

NEPETA: :33 < why dont you pretend to be something cute for a change?

VRISKA: How a8out my spidersona? It's adora8le!

NEPETA: :33 < no its not! you only do terrible things as your spidersona too

NEPETA: :33 < i changed my mind, why dont we just not do any roleplaying instead
VRISKA: ::::(

**** west to Feferi***

> Talk to Feferi.

VRISKA: So! You sure seem excited a8out the alien kids. What gives????????
FEFERI: Glub... I wouldn't say t)(at.
VRISKA: Oh?
FEFERI: T)(e w)(ole t)(ing doesn't seem like it's wort)( getting worked up about, to be )(onest.
VRISKA: ::::|
FEFERI: Sig)(. T)(ey're just kind of dull.
FEFERI: Life is dull and uninteresting.
FEFERI: I don't know, maybe I'm just a little depressed.
FEFERI: You probably wouldn't understand.
VRISKA: Sure I would! We all have our off days. Hey, if you need someone to talk to, I'm...
FEFERI: Pfffffffffffffffff )(-E)(-E)(-E)(-E!
FEFERI: PSYYYYYYC)(-E )(-E-E )(-E-E )(-E-E )(-E-E )(OO )(OO )(OO! 38D
FEFERI: )(oly crap did I get you good! )(ey, Sollux! Did you catc)( any of t)(at?
FEFERI: A live one jumped rig)(t into my boat! A real suckerfis)(! Woo)(oo)(oo. )(ow do you like t)(at, spider)(ag! Sea dwellers represent!!!
VRISKA: That was...
VRISKA: Surprisingly nasty of you.
VRISKA: I'm impressed!
FEFERI: T)(anks. I )(ope I didn't jeopardize our friends)(ip wit)( t)(at little stunt! 38)
VRISKA: Friendship? I don't know if...
VRISKA: W8 a minute. Why you!!!!!!!! You almost got me AGAIN!
VRISKA: Have I ever told you how awesome you are, Peixes?

**** north to Aradia***

> Talk to Aradia.

VRISKA: Hey dead girl! How's 8eing dead treating you?
ARADIA: c0uldnt i ask y0u the same thing
VRISKA: Yeah, sure! If you wanted to 8e technically inaccur8. It would still 8urn though, so touche!
ARADIA: its really weird that y0u keep antag0nizing me
ARADIA: i c0uld snap y0ur neck with a twitch
VRISKA: Yeah 8ut you won't!
ARADIA: 0k
ARADIA: what d0 y0u want
VRISKA: You saw the demon up close, right? You fought him! Or at least your doppelgangers did.
ARADIA: yes
VRISKA: What was he like!
ARADIA: ...
ARADIA: what d0 y0u want t0 kn0w specifically

VRISKA: Primarily I'm interested in your take on his weaknesses, tactical disadvantages, stuff like that.
ARADIA: 0_0
ARADIA: are y0u seri0usly intending t0 fight him
VRISKA: Wouldn't you like to know!!!!!!!!
ARADIA: n0t especially

**** west to Sollux***

> Talk to Sollux.

VRISKA: Sollux, I never got to simultaneously thank you and reprimand you for tracing that money transfer.
VRISKA: On the one hand, it made Terezi rich, and now she won't stop lording it over me!
SOLLUX: ok, ii'm pretty much 100% po2iitiive 2he'2 not actually doiing that, but ok.
VRISKA: Shh! 8ut on the other hand, you've opened up a whole world to me with this discovery. So many people to meddle with, so many plans to hatch.
VRISKA: So really, my reaction to it is twofold. Somewhat 8ipolar if you will. Don't you think that's appropri8?
SOLLUX: man, ju2t...
SOLLUX: go away.
SOLLUX: ii'm not iin the glubbiing mood.
VRISKA: Stop saying fish things, everyone thinks it's annoying!!!!!!!!

**** southwest to Terezi***

> Talk to Terezi.

VRISKA: The Scourge Sisters are 8ack in action! Yeah!!!!!!!!
TEREZI: NO W3 4R3 NOT! W1LL YOU STOP W1TH TH4T 4LR34DY???
VRISKA: Sure we are! You'll find out. Just give it a few hours.
TEREZI: 1 W1LL G1V3 YOU 4 F3W DRUBB1NGS!
VRISKA: Yes!!!!!!!! That's the spirit, Redglare.
TEREZI: BL4R, PL34S3 DO NOT ST4RT US1NG MY OLD FL4RP1NG N4M3, 1T'S SO 3MB4RR4SS1NG

> Be Terezi

**** give scourge sister another chance***

> Talk to Vriska.

VRISKA: Hey, if it isn't miss money8ags! How are you enjoying your fa8ulous wealth!
VRISKA: If it was me, I would feel ashamed to get rich that way. 8y having a secret admirer just hand it to me like that, rather than earning it. That's just me though!
TEREZI: GOD, YOUR J34LOUSLY 1S R1D1CULOUS! NOBODY C4R3S 4BOUT STOCKP1L1NG M34N1NGL3SS TR34SUR3 OTH3R TH4N YOU. W1LL YOU GROW UP???
VRISKA: I guess you're right. I'm just giving you a hard time!
VRISKA: You know, like the good old days. Don't you miss our friendly rivalry sometimes?
TEREZI: H4H4H4, FR13NDLY?????
VRISKA: Sure! So to speak.

VRISKA: Anyway, just so you know, you're not the only one who can play a chumpy 8oy, and manipul8 him into doing what you want.
VRISKA: In fact, I'm not even going to use any powers! Just to prove it's no 8ig deal.
TEREZI: WH4T TH3 H3LL 4R3 YOU T4LK1NG 4BOUT
VRISKA: You'll see!!!!!!!! Oops, smell. Haha, 8n't it a 8ummer you never died????????
TEREZI: NO >:P
VRISKA: Oh well. Anyway, let's get this party started. I declare the chumpy impressiona8le human 8oy-off to 8e.....
VRISKA: OOOOOOOON! :::;)
TEREZI: UGH, YOU 4R3 SO CR4ZY

**** northeast to Sollux***

> Talk to Sollux.

SOLLUX: are you 2tiill 2pyiing on that iin2ufferable priick.
SOLLUX: 2eriiou2ly a dude giive2 a giirl a few buck2 and 2uddenly 2he cant keep her no2e off hiim, iit ii2 2o prediictable.
TEREZI: SHUT UP SOLLUX H3S COOL
TEREZI: 1 DONT G3T WHY YOU DONT L1K3 H1M, H3 R3M1NDS M3 OF YOU 4 B1T
SOLLUX: you thiink iim cool?
TEREZI: SOM3T1M3S!
SOLLUX: how often?
SOLLUX: don't 2ay half the tiime.
TEREZI: >:|
SOLLUX: oh god ii walked riight iinto that one diidn't ii.

**** south to Feferi***

> Talk to Feferi.

FEFERI: Terezi, we can't just )(ide )(ere forever! We )(ave to kill t)(e demon!
TEREZI: 1 KNOW! BUT HOW? H3 S33MS 1NV1NC1BL3
TEREZI: 1F 4 THOUS4ND 4R4D14BOTS COULDNT K1LL H1M, WH4T HOP3 DO W3 H4V3?
FEFERI: T)(e )(umans! T)(ey are t)(e answer.
TEREZI: H4H4H4H4H4, S3R1OUSLY?
FEFERI: Y----------ES!!! I am sure of it.
TEREZI: UM, OK, 1F YOU S4Y SO F3F3R1!

**** west to Aradia***

> Talk to Aradia.

ARADIA: 0h is that what feferi thinks
ARADIA: thats nice
ARADIA: havent y0u underst00d anything ab0ut h0w parad0x space w0rks
ARADIA: 0f c0urse they are the s0luti0n
ARADIA: but they are als0 the pr0blem
ARADIA: every effect is als0 its 0wn cause
ARADIA: 0ur tw0 universes exist 0n 0pp0sing sides 0f a m0bius strip which is 0f c0urse n0thing but c0ntradicti0n

ARADIA: enj0y engineering the present c0nundrum as y0u try t0 s0lve it
ARADIA: im c0mpletely d0ne with this
TEREZI: GR34T T4LK1NG TO YOU 4R4D14, TH4T W4S 4 BL4ST4S USU4L

**** west to Nepeta***

> Talk to Nepeta.

NEPETA: :33 < terezi!!! so tell me! who is your favorite?
TEREZI: F4VOR1T3 WH4T?
NEPETA: :33 < human kid!
NEPETA: :33 < oh of course, you like akwete purrmusk with the black glasses!
NEPETA: :33 < he is pretty cute, but mine is jade
TEREZI: OH R34LLY?
NEPETA: :33 < yes, i have tried to make friends with her, but so far she thinks i am just teasing her!!!!
NEPETA: :33 < its pretty furstrating. i will purrsevere though

**** south to Tavros***

> Talk to Tavros.

TEREZI: LOOK1NG PR3TTY COOL T4VROS! >:
TAVROS: tHANKS, i FEEL GREAT, aND REALLY CONFIDENT SUDDENLY,
TAVROS: lIKE, aS IF rUFIO GAVE ME BOTH THE HIGH FIVES HE HAS, aND THEN SORT OF ONE OF THOSE BRO MASSAGES, aS IF TO SAY,
TAVROS: yOU'RE THE CHAMP, oR THAT KIND OF THING,, TEREZI: DONT L3T 4NYON3 3V3R T3LL YOU RUF1O'S NOT R34L
TEREZI: 1F YOU B3L13V3 H4RD 3NOUGH 1N 1M4G1N4RY TH1NGS, TH4T M4K3S TH3M SL1GHTLY L3SS F4K3!
TAVROS: oKAY, tHAT'S GREAT ADVICE TO KNOW,, TAVROS: nOW i'M GOING TO GET SOME MORE LEG PRACTICE IN,
TAVROS: i FEEL LIKE i COULD TAKE ON ALL THE STAIRS IN PARADOX SPACE, aND i JUST PRETENDED AS HARD AS I COULD THAT rUFIO WINKED IN AGREEANCE,
TAVROS: sEE YOU LATER, aFTER, i'M DEFINITELY SUCCESSFUL AT ALL THE THINGS i TRY,

**** Tavros wanders off. Uh, I'm sure he'll be fine.***

**** south to Equius***

> Talk to Equius.

EQUIUS: D --> It's mystifying
EQUIUS: D --> In spite of my warnings, he seems absolutely committed to being attracted to cases of stairs like a goshdarned magnetron
EQUIUS: D --> Now that I think about it, I should probably deactivate his pelvic magnetron

**** south to Karkat***

> Talk to Karkat.

TEREZI: 4R3NT YOU 4T L34ST 4 L1TTL3 D1S4PPO1NT3D W3 N3V3R GOT TO H4NG OUT TOG3TH3R ON PROSP1T?
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS?
KARKAT: IT'S NOT LIKE WE DIDN'T GET TO HANG OUT PLENTY OF OTHER PLACES.
TEREZI: YOU DONT G3T 1T! TH3R3 W3R3 4LL TH3S3 TH1NGS 1 W4S

PL4NN1NG ON SHOW1NG YOU 4ND STUFF W3 COULD H4V3 DON3 TOG3TH3R
TEREZI: 1T W4S SUPPOS3D TO B3 SP3C14L DUMMY
KARKAT: WHAT WAS SO SPECIAL ABOUT IT? THE FACT THAT IT WAS A MOON MADE OF GOLD?
KARKAT: BIG DEAL. THE PLACE WAS WAY TOO BRIGHT AND GARISH.
TEREZI: 444444RGH, YOU 4R3 SO FRUSTR4T1NG!
TEREZI: JUST
TEREZI: N3V3R M1ND >:[

**** west to Kanaya***

> Talk to Kanaya.

TEREZI: H3Y K4N4Y4, 4R3 YOU ST1LL OGL1NG H3R?
KANAYA: What
KANAYA: Is That What Im Doing
TEREZI: Y3S 1T 1S OBV1OUS
TEREZI: WHY TH3 1NF4TU4T1ON W1TH TH4T P4RT1CUL4R HUM4N
KANAYA: Hmm
KANAYA: I Guess I Find Her Sort Of
KANAYA: Intoxicating
TEREZI: OHHHHHHHHHHH??????? >8D
KANAYA: Intoxicatingly Underwhelming
TEREZI: >:?

> Be Future Kanaya.

You are now briefly Future Kanaya, in the future.

> Talk to Karkat.

KANAYA: Hey Have You Ever Heard Of The Green Sun?
KARKAT: YEAH. IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THEIR PLAN TO KILL NOIR.
KANAYA: I See
KANAYA: Anything More Specific Than That
KARKAT: NOPE. I'VE GOT NO IDEA WHAT IT IS, WHAT IS DOES, WHAT ITS ROLE IN THE PLAN IS, OR IF IT'S GOT ANY CHANCE OF WORKING.
KARKAT: WE SHOULD PROBABLY WORRY ABOUT OUR OWN PROBLEMS.

**** As Terezi once again, north to Gamzee.***

> Talk to Gamzee.

GAMZEE: HeY CaN I InTeReSt yOu iN KiCkIn tHe wIcKeD ShIt iN ThE HoRn pIlE FoR A FeW ZeEs?
GAMZEE: CoSt yOu oNe pInCh oF SpEcIaL StArDuSt.
TEREZI: TH4NKS G4MZ BUT NO 1 4M NOT T1R3D
TEREZI: 1 M4Y GO FOR 4NOTH3R UN3XP3CT3D HONK JUMP SOON THOUGH
GAMZEE: Oh pLeAsE No dOnT Go mOtHeRfUcKiN GeTtInG My sCaRe oN LiKe tHaT, I CaNt bE HaRdLy hAnDlInG ThAt NoIsE.
TEREZI: SORRY BUT WH3N 4 G1RL H4S TO G3T H3R HONK JUMP ON TH3R3 1S JUST NO STOPP1NG H3R
GAMZEE: OkAy wElL MaYbE WaRn mE ThEn mAyBe.
TEREZI: NO PROM1S3S!

GAMZEE: :o(
TEREZI: H3H3H3H3H3H3H3

**** west to Eridan***

> Talk to Eridan.

ERIDAN: hey ter can you go givve that four horned mustard blooded land licking sack of rubbish ovver there a message for me
ERIDAN: tell him to put his honey wwhere his mouth is and meet me outside for another duel
TEREZI: 1 4M NOT M3D14T1NG B3TW33N YOU TWO!
TEREZI: S3R1OUSLY, COULD YOU M4K3 YOUR 4DV4NC3S 4NY MOR3 OBV1OUS 3R1D4N?
TEREZI: 1F YOUR3 W4X1NG 4SH3N FOR M3, F1N3, 1... GU3SS 1M FL4TT3R3D???
TEREZI: BUT H3S TOT4LLY NOT 3V3N 1NT3R3ST3D 1N TH3 TYP3 OF
TEREZI: UH...
TEREZI: R1V4LRY YOU W4NT W1TH H1M, OK?
ERIDAN: swweet stinkin murder i am truly pathetic arent i
TEREZI: Y3S, 4BSOLUT3LY

**** go to the transporter pad in the center of the room***

> Transportalize

**** north***

> Transportalize

**** go to the Terezi / Libra / ♎ transporter pad***

> Transportalize

**** You are in a maze of passages and rooms.***

**** around in a dead end to the east and north***

> Open Chest

You got SON OF LEMONSNOUT!
He smells no less sweet than the corrupt senator. And yet his lies... how they stink. The lemon never falls far from the tree!

**** on the other side, climb stairs to the west, north, east, east, north, west, west, north, and east, finally arriving in a little room with a transporter pad***

> Transportalize

**** You are in an incredibly sophisticated puzzle room containing four jarred figures***

> Examine jarred fellow.

Ok, seriously, why does this puzzle have to be here?

**** push him west to the center, next jar***

> Examine pickled clone.

I mean really. What's the point? Who the fuck isn't going to figure this out?

**** push him east to the center, next jar***

> Examine slumbering agent.

This just literally serves no purpose. Who designed this? Why??

**** push him west to the center, next jar***

**** push him east to the center***

> Examine brined fetal carapacian.

Ok, THERE. Puzzle solved. That was SO HARD. The lab technicians had too much time on their hands.

**** north through the door that opened up***

**** You are now in a corridor containing a series of chests and rooms to its north with transporters that take you to the rooms you circled around using all those stairs earlier***

**** north to the console***

> Open Door.

**** north into the first room***

> Transportalize

**** four chests from east to west***

> Open Chest

You got A BOONBUCK!

How trivial it seems now compared to your fortune of boonbonds.

You chuck it into the chasm below.

> Open Chest

You got a FAIRY POSTER!

Yep, pretty much nothing that's not fake about fairies, that's for sure.

> Open Chest

You got a MUSIC BOX TIME MACHINE!

> Open Chest

You got a BEAGLE AEGIS!

Wearing this, you are all but indestructible.

> Transportalize

**** back south, east along the corridor***

> Open Chest

You got A WILD CONSORT!

**** north into next room***

> Transportalize > Open Chest

You got a pair of ROCKET WINGS!

PSWOOOOP!

> Transportalize

**** back south, east along the corridor***

> Open Chest

You got A FLARP MANUAL!

**** north into next room***

> Transportalize

**** a room to your north***

> Open Chest

You got the DEMONBANE RAGRIPPER!
Deadliest chainsaw in the universe.

> Open Chest

You got a GORGEOUS PIECE OF FINE ART.
Absolutely breathtaking.

> Open Chest

You got DEUCE CLUBS.
Least deadly pair of juggling clubs in the universe.

**** a room to the south***

> Open Chest

You got THE ASSASSINATED CORPSE OF LIAISON PUMPKINSNUFFLE!
Some bastard got to one of your key witnesses! The plot thickens.

> Open Chest

You got LIKE 13 BOONDOLLARS OR SOMETHING.
Whoop dee doo! You toss them into the abyss and make a wish.

**** and a room to the west***

> Open Chest

You got a BRAINFORK!
For some reason you guys like to nab each others weapons and tuck them away in your own private chests. It's kind of silly.
Seriously, what do you need this thing for??

> Transportalize

**** back south, south along the corridor, past grafitti***

H1S TYR4NNY

> Open Chest

You got your trusty DRAWING CHALK!

**** west to the transporter***

> Transportalize

**** You are up on the roof***

**** go to the smellescope***

> Take a whiff?

Prospit's toast!

> Examine chest.

There's nothing in here!
Perhaps in the future you will think of something important to put in here. Be Future Terezi?

> Yes.

You are now Future Terezi

**** try the smellescope again***

> Take a whiff?

The meteor has rotated. Derse is now within sniffing range. The demon just destroyed Derse a few minutes ago. Smells like grape jelly. And burning.

> Open Chest.

You got the DRAGONSUIT!
You don your extremely stylish DRAGONSUIT.
Now that stubborn Pouncellor will no longer have any excuse to withhold evidence critical to the case of the prosecution!

> Transportalize

**** check the first chest that was open previously***

> Open Chest

You got some GIFT ART FROM A COOL FRIEND!

**** east past the new Dave and Terezi grafitti, and Hella Tyranny***

**H3H3H3**

**** north and west back along the corridor to the console***

> Open doors.

The doors are jammed from overuse. That's what you get for hording so much useless bullshit in your private chests!

**** south, through the jar puzzle room***

> Transportalize

**** down all the stairs***

> Transportalize

**** Nepeta is waiting for you!***

> Talk to Nepeta.

TEREZI: *TH3 M1GHTY 4ND 4STOUND1NG DR4GONYYYD L3G1SL4C3R4TOR 3NT3RS TH3 3ST33M3D POUNC3LLORS OFF1C3 W1TH 4N URG3NT BUT FR13NDLY R3QU1S1T1ON PURS3D M4G1C4LLY 1N H3R M4J3ST1C SNOUT*

NEPETA: :33 < *the distinguished pouncellor nods in the most dignified and legal of manners at the dashing and well dressed legislacerator*

NEPETA: :33 < *she double checks a series of impurrtant legal clawses and rubber stamps them with wild abandon for the most judicial sort of approval pawsible*

NEPETA: :33 < this all looks to be in order! *she said*

NEPETA: :33 < please follow me! :33

NEPETA: :33 < *she also said*

**** follow Nepeta east through the blackness, and north***

> Talk to Nepeta.

NEPETA: :33 < here you go! f33l fr33 to borrow it as long as you like

NEPETA: :33 < oh! also as tempting as it may s33m, please dont go to sl33p in that comfy pile of wands there!

NEPETA: :33 < both prospit and derse dreamers have been banned from napping until further notice!

> Open Chest.

You got a DRAWING TABLET!

> Examine pile of shitty wands.

At least someone has the decency to keep his trash tucked away.

Take nap in pile of shitty wands?

> Yes.

Are you sure? Might not be such a hot idea.

**** Don't choose this, because:***

> Yes.

Game Over.

**** Instead:***

> No.

Instead back to the zodiac circle

> Transportalize

Be Past Terezi?

> Yes.

**** go to the south transporter pad once more***

> Transportalize

**** descend the stairs and talk to poor Tavros***

TAVROS: i WAS WARNED ABOUT THEM,
TAVROS: aND YET, i THREW CAUTION TO THE WIND,
TAVROS: iT TURNED OUT THAT,
TAVROS: rUFIO WAS ALMOST AS WRONG AS,
TAVROS: hE WAS FAKE,

**** finally, trickster mode! Press CTRL + T***

**** JohnVriska swishes hair, and we're into Gamzee's secret music room where the cast of Earthbound hang out.***

> Talk.

oAh MaN hOw DiD yOu EvEn GeT iN hErE iT's LiKe SoMe SoRt Of MiRaClE...

**** Here Gamzee can play you some themes you've already heard, and some other bonuses***

> Play Karkat's Theme > Play Terezi's Theme > Play Vriska's Theme > Play Secret ROM > Play Spider's Claw > Play Alterniabound > Play Megalovania > Play Boy Skylark > Play Hero's Growth > Play Phrenic Phever > Play Walk Stab Walk > Play Horschestra

## John: Connect to Jade.

**25/10/10**

Alert : Sburb

Aw, there she is. All tuckered out. You wonder what she is dreaming about? Surely something adorable.

Anyway, guess it's time to get down to business and save her life! You prepare to initiate an uninterrupted sequence of life-saving events.

## John: Deploy... huh?

**25/10/10**

==>

**25/10/10**

```
BOOF!
```

spritelogNANNASPRITE: HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!

==>

**26/10/10**

==>

**26/10/10**

```
PAP PAP SHOOSH
```

**SWEET**
**CATCH!**

==>

**26/10/10**

spritelogJOHN: nanna, what the heck!!!
NANNASPRITE: Hoo hoo hoo!
NANNASPRITE: John, you remind me so much of your father when he was your age. He was just as easily bested by this crafty old prankstress!
JOHN: really?
NANNASPRITE: Yes. It would be many years before he would take the gambit in an exchange with your nanna.
JOHN: but nanna, did you know he is not really my dad? and also, i am not technically your grandson.
JOHN: you are actually sort of my mother.
NANNASPRITE: Of course I knew this, John! I have known for many years.
NANNASPRITE: I have also known that in a sense, you are my father as well. You were the one to push all those buttons, after all!
JOHN: huh, oh yeah.
JOHN: don't you find it all a little strange?
NANNASPRITE: John, I am the ghost of an old lady with one arm who is dressed like a clown. Why would that seem strange to me?
JOHN: heheh.
JOHN: so where have you been, nanna? i have been looking all over for you.
NANNASPRITE: I have been looking for you too, dear!

==>

**26/10/10**

spritelogJOHN: you have?
NANNASPRITE: Yes! It seems you have been rising through the rungs of your echeladder quite swiftly.
JOHN: yeah!
JOHN: now i am an ectobiolo...
JOHN: ectobiblio... shit!
JOHN: (oops! sorry.)
JOHN: ectobioblobabby sitter.
JOHN: damn it, you know what i mean.
NANNASPRITE: Yes, that is quite high. You have climbed so much faster than I did in my youth. I am so proud of you!
JOHN: thanks!
NANNASPRITE: You should have returned sooner! I could have given you this boon at a much lower rung.
JOHN: boon?
NANNASPRITE: Here, John. Take this.

==>
**26/10/10**
spritelogJOHN: ok. what is it?
NANNASPRITE: You can use it to summon me wherever you go.
NANNASPRITE: Now we needn't endure those long spells without a good visit!
JOHN: oh cool, that is great!
NANNASPRITE: And now, the most important question of all.
NANNASPRITE: When was the last time you have eaten anything, young man??
JOHN: hmm, i guess it has been a good while!
JOHN: i've been snacking on gushers a whole lot. bluh...
JOHN: i never realized how terrible they were, actually.

==>
**26/10/10**
spritelogNANNASPRITE: That is completely unacceptable.
NANNASPRITE: I will prepare you a healthy home cooked meal while you relax in your ghost bed and rescue your paradox sister.
JOHN: oh boy!
NANNASPRITE: What would you like? Name what your heart desires. I will use my spooky ghost powers to make it.
JOHN: wow, hmm...
NANNASPRITE: Why, John! Do you hear that sound?
JOHN: uh... no?
NANNASPRITE: It sounds as if your meal is nearly finished!
JOHN: really? already?
NANNASPRITE: BZZZZZ!

==>
**26/10/10**

```
BOING BOING BOING
```

spritelogJOHN: naaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaannnnnnnaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!
NANNASPRITE:
HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!

==>

**27/10/10**

## Rose: Get hassled.

**27/10/10**

```
Alert : ♒
Alert : ♈
Alert : ♌
```

These chumps just won't quit hounding you!

It's like they heard somebody over here was handing out asses, and they've known nothing but years of bitter ass famine.

## Rose: Answer Eridan.

**28/10/10**

```
Alert : ♒
```

pesterlog-- caligulasAquarium [CA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

CA: wwho are you tryin to convvince wwith this ludicrous poppycock
TT: ?
CA: magic is NOT REAL
CA: wwhatevver youre doin its not real its somethin else outright entirely
CA: its fancy and impressivve and all but its not the fuckin figmental storybook claptrap you wwanna make out like it is
CA: so howw about you get off your high skyhorse
TT: Why do you keep addressing me as if I'm some sort of spokesperson for the reality of magic?
TT: You can't needle me into a defensive posture on the subject. I just don't care.
CA: youre not usin magic just DEAL WW IT
TT: Fine. You win.
TT: These are science wands. I am a charlatan.
CA: ok i didnt say that
CA: i think you wwear the role pretty wwell wwhich is somethin i can appreciate
CA: theres a lot of showwmanship thats put in to comin off as a diabolical sort
TT: Thanks for the insinuation that I'm making an effort to project myself as a cartoon villain. What a compliment!
CA: wwell fine you dont havve to behavve vvillainous if youre bent up on actin against the grain a your nobility or somesuch
CA: i can play that role its not like i evver didnt get my gils dirty before
TT: Nobility? What are you talking about?
CA: wwell arent you
TT: No. What gave you that idea?
CA: the wway you
CA: ok

CA: i had a misconclusion about that so my fault
CA: obvviously you got rich blood so maybe when you crash landed you wwerent recognized for it by wwhatevver vvehicle upholds the class structure in human society
TT: That is exactly what happened. You figured it out.
CA: must of been fuckin brutal raisin up a commonblood wwhen you knew you wwere better than evverybody and its probably got you all messed up inside but maybe theres hope for you
CA: see i got a lot a experience bein nobility so ill let you knoww if you got a shot in hell at cuttin it pinkscarf
TT: ...
CA: fakemage pinkscarf howw does that sound
TT: You're a complete idiot.
CA: see this is good i think this could be a good thing
TT: What?
CA: this thing wwe got goin
CA: you obvviously hate me and i think i got it in me to get the dark propensities smolderin
CA: and wwere both obvviously dangerous elites in nature
CA: i think theres somethin there i mean look at howw you evven came into the wworld
TT: And how was that?
CA: killed a fuckin fuck ton of marine life accidental
CA: doin thats all i evver done practically the ocean wwas my killin cauldron
TT: Accidentally?
TT: Or on porpoise?
CA: hahahahaha see youre good wwith fish puns too i got so many a those you havve no idea
CA: i just think theres a fate thing here
CA: i mean i dont mean to strike you as too forwwardsuch but are you seein wwhere im goin wwith this
TT: Oh, right. Alien romance, I forgot.
TT: Pass.
CA: look i understand you dont understand that kind of thing in your culture i get that
CA: but maybe i could teach you to get it
TT: That's really sweet of you to offer.
CA: yeah and in return maybe you could teach me howw to bullshit magic like that
TT: You want to learn magic?
CA: yes teach me your secrets wwitch
TT: Sure. Let's begin.
TT: Consider this your first lesson in showmanship.

==>

**28/10/10**

pesterlogcaligulasAquarium's [CA'S] computer exploded.

==>

**28/10/10**

```
Alert : ♈
Alert : ♏
Alert : ♈
Alert : ♏
```

# Rose: Answer Aradia.

**28/10/10**

```
Alert : ♈
```

pesterlog-- apocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

AA: what d0 y0u think y0ure d0ing!
AA: just st0p
AA: st0p st0p st0p st0p st0p st0p
AA: maybe if i say st0p en0ugh s0mething else will happen instead 0f the thing that d0es
TT: Hi.
AA: y0u arent g0ing t0 st0p are y0u
TT: Do you want me to stop using magic too?
AA: n0 i d0nt care ab0ut that
AA: its y0ur quest t0 tear y0ur sessi0n apart
AA: i kn0w its exciting
AA: breaking stuff
AA: and n0t w0rrying ab0ut it
AA: but there are c0nsequences t0 hum0ring y0ur destructive impulses
AA: and c0nsequences t0 f0ll0wing
TT: ?
AA: what they say
TT: Who?
AA: y0u kn0w wh0
TT: You sound frustrated.
TT: Like you know you can't change my mind.
TT: I presume your future footage of me has already verified this?
AA: i d0nt even need t0 watch y0ur future acti0ns t0 kn0w this
AA: the kn0wing is the same as this elusive feeling 0f sickness thats been with me f0r years
AA: pr0bably since bef0re i died c0me t0 think 0f it
AA: it was always a big setup
TT: You died?
TT: Revived via dream self, I take it?
AA: n0
AA: i never had 0ne
AA: s0rt 0f a special case here
TT: Hmm.
AA: i just wish
AA: back when i was behaving recklessly
AA: i had s0me0ne t0 tell me t0 st0p listening
AA: even if i ended up ign0ring their advice
AA: it w0uld have been nice
TT: What did they tell you?
AA: i was assured i w0uld be saving my race
AA: which is maybe still true i d0nt kn0w
AA: but if it is then it will be the punchline t0 the vast j0ke

TT: Is that anything like the ultimate riddle?
AA: y0u really d0nt understand anything yet d0 y0u
AA: and yet y0u bug and fuss and meddle
AA: with things m0re danger0us than y0u can imagine

==>

**28/10/10**

pesterlogAA: what d0 y0u want with the s0urce 0f the first guardians
AA: what g00d d0 y0u really think c0uld c0me 0f it
TT: Do you know about it?
TT: The sun?
AA: y0u cant p0ssibly wield its energy 0r put it t0 c0nstructive use
TT: That isn't exactly my plan.
AA: y0u w0nt find it either
AA: its imp0ssible
TT: How do you know that?
TT: Could you please share your information with me?
AA: n0!
AA: y0u still havent gathered that y0ure the pr0blem
AA: im thr0ugh with c0nsci0usly c0ntributing t0 inevitable 0utc0mes
TT: Well,
TT: Aren't you doing that regardless? Right now?
AA: 0bvi0usly
AA: but im just talking
AA: maybe the things i say will indirectly trigger y0ur critical acti0ns
AA: maybe n0t wh0 kn0ws
AA: maybe!!!
AA: maybe if i behave in a manner s0 rand0m
AA: parad0x space w0nt kn0w h0w t0 handle it!
AA: blah BL00P blee BLUH!@#$%^&*()_+
AA: didnt see that 0ne c0ming did y0u pspace??? + ?*rand(413^612)
AA: oh look and now i suddenly refuse to type zeroes in my sentences
AA: isnt that crazy! who thought that was even a possibility
AA: bslick never would have imagined THAT little vestibule of probability was tucked somewhere in his huge glistening blow sack
AA: ribbit ribbit ribbit
AA: WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT
AA: I JUST CONTROLLED THE RIBBITS AND I DID IT DELIBERATELY
TT: O_O
AA: hahaha!
AA: 0h w0w im sure y0u were just being faceti0us with that but y0u have n0 idea h0w funny that is right n0w
AA: y0u had n0 way 0f kn0wing thats a thing i d0 all the time but with zer0es
AA: this is great
AA: i think im 0n t0 s0mething here
AA: maybe if i dig deep en0ugh int0 my circuitry and rer0ute all 0f my reserve p0wer thr0ugh my

quantum based rand0m number generat0r i can pr0duce behavi0r s0 c0mpletely 0ff the wall that parad0x space will have n0 ch0ice but t0 change everything!
TT: You have circuitry?
AA: maybe i will also rig my p0wer s0urce t0 the 0utc0me 0f the functi0n and rand0mly bl0w myself up!
AA: that w0uld be just
AA: really
AA: really
AA: really*rand(rand(rand(rand(rand(0M)*0M)*0M)*0M)*0M) where 0M = s0me number drawn quite at rand0m fr0m 0ne 0f y0ur absurd human hats
AA: !~M~0~D~N~A~R
AA: g00dbye r0se
AA: enj0y y0ur rampant indiscreti0ns
AA: talk t0 y0u later assuming i havent rand0mly bl0wn myself up!
TT: Wait, don't go!
TT: You were actually interesting.

--- apocalypseArisen [AA] ceased trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

## Aradia: Randomly explode.

**28/10/10**

You fail to randomly explode.

Of course you were just venting about all that. Why would you blow yourself up on account of that silly conversation? What rational reason could you possibly have to blow yourself up, or explode from any cause for that matter, now or at any point in the near future?

It just makes no sense.

## ==>

**29/10/10**

```
Alert : ᘏ
```

## Rose: Answer Nepeta.

**29/10/10**

```
Alert : ᘏ
```

pesterlog-- arsenicCatnip [AC] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

AC: :33 < pst :oo
TT: Yes?
AC: :33 < heyyyyyyyyyy
TT: Why, what ever could you want?
AC: :33 < ummmmmmmmmm
TT: What could it be? I am completely confounded.
AC: :33 < sorry to bother you again!
AC: :33 < is

AC: :33 < um
TT: Is what?
AC: :33 < he available?
TT: Who?
TT: What is the name of this mystery fellow you seek?
AC: :33 < aaaaa youre just teasing me now!
AC: :33 < i f33l bad about bugging you about it
AC: :33 < but do you think you could purrhaps please spare your computer for just the most fl33ting of moments?
AC: :33 < i miss pounce a lot :((
AC: :33 < and talking to him reminds me of her
AC: :33 < sorry for the hassle
TT: It's ok. I understand.
TT: I think I have a more permanent solution.
TT: I mean purrmanent.
AC: :33 < yay! :OO

## Rose: Summon mystery fellow.

**29/10/10**

==>

**29/10/10**

## Rose: Give Jaspersprite laptop.

**30/10/10**

You won't need it anymore. It served you well. You suppose there are a lot of things you've outgrown, now that you think about it.

==>

**30/10/10**

spritelogROSE: Hi Jaspers.
JASPERSPRITE: Hi rose!
JASPERSPRITE: Purr purr purr.
ROSE: Jaspers, I am releasing you now.
ROSE: You are free to go do as you please.
JASPERSPRITE: Really rose ok if thats what you want i will go do that.
JASPERSPRITE: Oh rose!
JASPERSPRITE: Rose did you get to do any of the things that are important to your quest that i said?
JASPERSPRITE: Did you learn to play the rain rose?
ROSE: Not yet, Jaspers.
ROSE: It's a little complicated, but I believe I've embarked on another quest, one which surpasses the scope of the objectives local to this planet.
JASPERSPRITE: Meow what :3
ROSE: I'm saying there's something more important to accomplish now. Something more important than creating a universe.
JASPERSPRITE: Oh thats ok rose i wouldnt want you to feel obligated to do that.
JASPERSPRITE: I think that winning this game and getting the prize is up to you and your friends.
JASPERSPRITE: You get to decide whether or not you feel its right to do that and what kind of

prize you want to make!
JASPERSPRITE: Its part of becoming who youre supposed to become i think.
JASPERSPRITE: But i really think you should consider going on the quest i said anyway!
ROSE: Why?
JASPERSPRITE: Because its not just an important thing to do to win the game.
JASPERSPRITE: I dont know i hope im not being too pushy rose its not my place to be im just your cat!
JASPERSPRITE: But the thing that made me how i am now seems to really want me to say this to you.
JASPERSPRITE: Your quest is really important for you to do.
JASPERSPRITE: Not really because thats how to get the prize.
JASPERSPRITE: But because its what you need to do for yourself!
ROSE: I see. I promise I will consider it seriously then.
JASPERSPRITE: Oh good!
JASPERSPRITE: I love you rose! I always have even when you were a little girl and i was an alive cat.
ROSE: Thanks, Jaspers, that's nice to hear.
ROSE: It's hard to remember, but I'm pretty sure I felt the same way back then.
JASPERSPRITE: It was fun getting to be your cat again rose even if it was just for a little while and also while being a princess ghost.
JASPERSPRITE: Bye rose!
ROSE: See you, Jaspers!
ROSE: If you see my mother in the course of your travels, tell her I said hello.
JASPERSPRITE: Ok I will do that! :3

## Dave: Get hassled.

**30/10/10**

```
Alert : ♋
Alert : ♁
Alert : ♎
```

Chumps as far as the eye can see.

They are lining up for the sick fires. Your gaping furnace is hungry for coal, and they are poised to get goddamn shoveling.

## Dave: Answer Gamzee.

**30/10/10**

```
Alert : ♋
```

pesterlog-- terminallyCapricious [TC] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG] --

TC: AlRiGhT My pInKeSt oF MoThErFuCkIn sTaR MoNkEyS
TC: ArE YoU ReAdY
TC: To gEt tHe hOrNs yOu dOnT HaVe
TC: CoNfIsCaTeD AlL LiKe tHe mOtHeRfUcKiN HoNkTrAbAnD ThEy aRe
TC: BeInG AlL IlLiCiT As tHe vAsT JoKe iTsElF
TC: AnD ThEn

TC: HaNdEd aT RiGhT BaCk tO YoU?
TG: what
TC: HaHa, SeE BrO, tHiS Is hOw i rOlL
TC: I SuPpLy tHe hOrNs tOwArD YoU, mEtApHoRiCaLlY SpEaKiNg
TC: SeE, lIkE
TC: ThAt's kInD Of a tRoLl mEtApHoR
TC: YoU GeTtInG YoUr hOrNs aLl hAnDeD To yOu, If yOu pEePs aNaToMiCaLlY WeRe sUcH To bE LiKe tHaT
TC: DoInG ThAt's tO MeAn lIkE YoU GoT MoThErFuCkIn sAsSeD OuT
TC: As iN TrOlLeD
TC: BuT BrO WhEn i tElL ThAt nOiSe aT YoU
TC: Im lIkE DoInG
TC: A DoUbLe mEtApHoR AlL ThE WaY
TC: AcRoSs sKaIa :o)
TC: BeCaUsE My hOrNs iM AlL AbOuT ArE ThEsE FuNnY HoNk hOrNs InStEaD oF hEaD hOrNs
TC: LiKe wHaT DoEs cLoWnS UsE
TC: AnD WhEn i'm aLl tO InViTe yOu tO GeT A LiTtLe mOtHeRfUcKiN SqUeEzE On
TC: It'lL Be a dOwNeD In, StRaIgHt fLaT, bOaRd sIdEd mIrAcLe iF YoU DoN'T GeT ScArEd sHiTtEnT ClOwNcArS
TC: ThAt's hOw wE PlAy tHe mOtHeRfUcKiN GaMe
TC: HoNk hOnK >:o)
TG: oh god thats right
TG: you were the best troll
TG: i remember now
TC: WhOa, I WaS?
TG: yeah
TG: i mean
TG: in the most ironic and hilarious ways possible
TG: but that really shouldnt even need to be said
TC: ShIt, I MuSt hAvE GoT To nOt rEmEmBeRiNg tHiS SoMeHoW
TG: it was months ago for me
TG: you did your bizarrely oblivious juggalo thing
TG: then bitched and moaned at me for ruining your religion or some horseshit
TG: like i guess a weird crisis in faith i dunno
TG: and then
TG: you kinda got over that i guess
TG: and we both proceeded to have one of the best rap-offs in the history of paradox space
TG: remember
TC: AwW MoThErFuCk, No :o(
TC: I MoSt sUrElY wOuLd gEt mY ReMeMbEr oN FoR A BiTcHtItS TiMe hAd lIkE ThAt
TC: My mInD'S NoT ThAt sHaRp nOw tHoUgH, iT'S BeEn aGeS SiNcE I HaD A GoOd pIe
TG: could be time shit
TG: you might not have had the conversation yet
TC: DoGg, I DoN'T KnOw tHaT Im aT A PlAcE To eVeN CoNtEmPlAtE FoR EnTeRtAiNiNg tHaT KiNd oF ThInG

TC: I DoN'T GeT TiMe
TC: I WaSn't tHe dUdE Of tImE
TC: I WaS ThE
TC: ThE MoThErFuCkIn
TC: BaRd oF
TC: FuCk
TC: I FoRgOt :o(
TG: do you remember if you watched any videos
TG: from earth
TG: that i might have sent
TC: nO
TG: dude i was telling you
TG: youve got to check this out
TG: trust me itll lift your spirits shit will all make sense to you finally
TG: youll finally figure out who you are and why you worship all this ridiculous clown bullshit
TC: Oh, MaN
TC: ThIs sOuNdS AmAzInG, i cAn't sEe hOw i wOuLdN'T Be aLl kIcKiNg tHe wIcKeD ShIt oUt Of sUcH KiNdS Of oPpOrTuNiTiEs
TG: and also why your planet has faygo for some baffling reason
TG: actually no nevermind it doesnt explain that
TG: that still makes no damn sense
TG: but like
TG: the thing youre looking for
TG: your dark clownish salvation or whatever the fuck
TG: your mirthful messiahs
TG: ahahahaha i cant even type that without lmao
TG: anyway theyre here dude
TG: check it out
TG: http://tinyurl.com/MoThErFuCkInMiRaClEs
TC: :oO

```
Heh heh heh heh...
We got a theory, you see like, we got a theory about magic and miracles
That's right, that's right...

If magic is all we've ever known
 then it's easy to miss what really goes on
but I've seen miracles in every way
 and I see miracles every day
Oceans expanding beyond my sight
 and a million stars way above 'em at night
You don't have to be high to look in the sky
 and know that's a miracle open wide.

Look at the mountains, trees, the seven seas
 and everything chillin' under water please
Hot lava, snow, rain and fog
 long neck giraffes, and pet cats and dogs
And I've seen eighty-five thousand people
 all in one room together as equal
Pure magic is the birth of my kids
 I've seen shit that'll shock your eyelids
```

The sun and the moon, and even mars
 the milky way, and fuckin' shooting stars
UFOs, a river flows,
 plant a little seed and nature grows
Niagara falls and the pyramids
 everything you believed in as kids
Fucking rainbows after it rains
 there's enough miracles here to blow your brains,
I fed a fish to a pelican in 'Frisco bay
 it tried to eat my cell phone
 (He ran away)
And music is magic pure and clean
 you feel it you can hear it but it can't be seen

♫ Are you a believer in miracles?

Music it's all magic, you can't even hold it

♫ Do you notice and recognize miracles?

It's just there in the air

♫ Are you a believer in miracles?

Pure motherfuckin' magic, right?

♫ Do you notice and recognize miracles?

This shit will blow your motherfuckin' mind.

Music is a lot like love, it's all a feeling
 and it feels the room from the floor to the ceiling
I've seen miracles all around me
 stop and look around it's all astounding
Water, fire, air and dirt,
 fucking magnets, how do they work?
And I don't want to talk to a scientist
 y'all motherfuckers lying and getting me pissed
Solar eclipse and vicious weather
 fifteen thousand Juggalos together
And I love my mom for giving me this time
 on this planet, take nothing for granted
I seen a caterpillar turn into a butterfly
 miracles ain't nothing that lie
Shaggy's little boys look just like Shaggy
 and my little boy looks just like daddy
Miracles each and everywhere you look
 and nobody has to stay where they put
This world is yours for you to explore
 it's nothing but miracles beyond your doors
The dark carnival is your invitation
 to witness that without explanation
Take a look at this fine creation
 and enjoy it better with appreciation
Crows, ghosts, the midnight coasts
 the wonders of the world, mysteries, the most
Just open your mind and there nain't no way
 to ignore the miracles of everyday
That's real
And that's real

♫ Are you a believer in miracles?

```
Magic everywhere in this bitch

♫ Do you notice and recognize miracles?

It's all around you and you don't even know it
Shit's crazy

♫ Are you a believer in miracles?
♫ Do you notice and recognize miracles, the many miracles, the magic miracles?

♫ Are you a believer in miracles?
♫ Do you make time for the miracles?
♫ Do you notice and recognize miracles, the many miracles, the magic miracles?
♫ (repeats)

Welcome to the magic...
```

## Gamzee: Watch.

**30/10/10**

This...

## ==>

**30/10/10**

Is...

## ==>

**30/10/10**

Motherfuckin...

## ==>

**31/10/10**

```
HoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoNnNnK
```

BlAsPhEmY

## Gamzee: ENGAGE HERO MODE.

**01/11/10**

```
HERO MODE
```

This is completely pointless.

## ==>

**01/11/10**

```
Alert : ♑
Alert : ♎
```

## Dave: Answer Equius.

**01/11/10**

```
Alert : ♑
```

pesterlog-- centaursTesticle [CT] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG] --

CT: D --> I'm attempting to determine what it is that ranks humans in their class stru%ure
CT: D --> I'd assumed the color of your b100d would serve as the basis for placement in the hierarchy, as would be e%pected and natural, but I was mistaken

CT: D --> I was similarly in error believing the color of what you type corresponds with the color of your b100d
TG: it does bro
TG: my bloods red
CT: D --> Well, obviously
CT: D --> I understand that now, I'm not a f001
TG: on earth class is sorted out by who can drop the most delirious flow
CT: D --> I see
CT: D --> So, in other words, a sort of b100d letting ritual
CT: D --> To assess whose pulse is steadiest and thus whose flow is the most STRONG
TG: no
TG: well yeah
TG: verbal pulse
TG: rap battles
TG: the kings of wordtech ascend to godhood and look down on us patriarchally like urban watermarks in the sky
TG: this is like
TG: our religion man
TG: its fucking serious business its like what our whole culture revolves around
CT: D --> Really
CT: D --> So your social e%elons are dictated by the noble artform of the ancient slam poets
CT: D --> Or the Earth equivalent
TG: yeah well
TG: used to be dictated
TG: til the rapocalypse happened
TG: i still believe though
TG: in my heart so long as it keeps thumping the righteous beat
TG: subwoofing out devotion every which way
TG: that he will come
TG: our savior
TG: was foretold hed come after meteors show up to drop it like its hot
TG: and hed gather up the ashes of our civilization and lift it like its heavy
TG: fuck im tearing up my ishades are gonna fry
CT: D --> I believe
CT: D --> That this is probably nonsense
CT: D --> I've already been hornswoggled repeatedly by your comrades, who I quite reasonably mistook for your superiors in b100dline
CT: D --> Your race makes a habit of deception, and I will not tolerate it
CT: D --> You will stop
CT: D --> I command that all verbal misdire%ion and hoofbeastplay will cease during my communications, is that understood
TG: hahahahaha
TG: douche
CT: D --> Did I say something entertaining
TG: if youre gonna spit that kind of bravado at me im just saying put it in rhyme
TG: lets hear what you got tooly mcsnoothole

CT: D --> I try to stay engaged with many aristocratic practices
CT: D --> But I'm not much of a poet
TG: come on
CT: D --> My poems are private
TG: whatever dude
TG: deprivatize them
CT: D --> If you're prepared to be particularly forceful about it
CT: D --> I may be suitably disgusted to comply
TG: just
TG: take whatevers in there
TG: that brorage lust youre feelin
TG: turn that bitch inside out like a broke ass millionaires pockets
CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> Those are the sorts of assertive statements which could get me
CT: D --> Flowing
TG: alright
TG: weird but alright
TG: you sound wound up
TG: but my gears are airtight
TG: steer clear a the seer and the knight if youre scared of unfair fights
TG: youll drop like the staircase impaired, seein em spareds a fair fuckin rare sight
TG: for poor eyes like that millionaire whos pockets i mocked earlier
TG: hes paradoxically me but richer and surlier
TG: broke as his sword before his stock picks skyrocketed
TG: worth more than all the chests lockpicked and gold croc bricks and boonbucks i pickpocketed
TG: fillin folios with millions im milkin to pad out my pockets
TG: more chock full than sad trollian villains cloggin my blocklist
TG: so thoughtful to popul-
TG: -ate my slate with propositions to copulate to a spate of hemoerotic hotpix
TG: which i posit you got shit of that nature in spades
TG: as my shades got you locked in
TG: spyin a guy whos eyed more cocks and dicks than i got clocks and they got ticks
CT: D --> Just a thought. Let's mock a topic with less awfulness
CT: D --> If you'd use the e%cuse to be less culturally myopic, what are your views on abuse to the walking apocrypha
CT: D --> Would you choose if duly cued to put your bruising clop to a flock of naughty roboti%
TG: ahaha wow YES
TG: dont really understand that but yes
TG: ok hold that thought im gonna pull this fuckin sword out of the thing

## Dave: Pull sword out of thing.

**02/11/10**

pesterlogCT: D --> Perhaps it's that it's martial tacti% that matter for status. Unless you redact this
CT: D --> I'd hazard in practice that it's a glass of what's lactic that would impact this
CT: D --> Pragmatic to presume? A human metric for grandness stands on fondness in honest
CT: D --> For wanton aplomb with strapping song smithing, ripping sonnets of STRONGNESS

TG: yes
TG: still no clue what this shit means but keep going
CT: D --> But perhaps
CT: D --> To divine class divides in unclassified swine is butchering time
CT: D --> Your fauna I find requires too little strength to savage in rhyme
CT: D --> I fear inferiors have monopolized my highest priorities
CT: D --> Let's eschew crude inferiors, pursue nude superiorities
CT: D --> Review z001ogical peculiarities, great stalking enormities
CT: D --> Fle%ing in unison, baying at moons within fraternal sororities
TG: holy shit
TG: what
CT: D --> Great musclebeasts tussle, bu%om in heft
CT: D --> With thunderous muscle, buttock to spec
TG: what the fuck
CT: D --> Connect blows to discover, how invincible pecs are
CT: D --> Venture low to uncover, his inimitable nectar
TG: oh god
TG: ok stop
CT: D --> Should song serve to placate one
CT: D --> And fortune holds he lactate some
CT: D --> STRONG hands tugging teat make great ambrosia collectors
TG: hahaha
TG: jesus
TG: ok maybe youre actually the worst troll
TG: im thinking none of that was actually ironic that was all pretty straightup wasnt it
CT: D --> What do you mean
CT: D --> Are you ordering me to conceal my poems again
TG: nevermind
TG: god dammit
TG: fuckin piece of shit sword
TG: wont goddamn budge probably useless anyway
CT: D --> It 100ks to be a legendary weapon
TG: its a legendary piece of shit

==>

**02/11/10**

pesterlogCT: D --> Giving up on the treasure so easily
CT: D --> It strikes me as an artifact rooted in universal lore of nobility
CT: D --> As valuable an asset as strength is
CT: D --> And as much as anyone with his wits is fond of being STRONG
CT: D --> Such weapons require finesse to operate
CT: D --> And surely in this case, to retrieve without damaging
CT: D --> Hence your no doubt frustrating restraint
TG: ok im kinda starting to wonder why youre bugging me now
TG: youre a fuckin creepy dude
CT: D --> E%cessive force will shatter such weapons

CT: D --> We both know this from e%perience
TG: what
CT: D --> The adult human who trained you
CT: D --> And taught you the ways of being STRONG
CT: D --> Remember
TG: you mean the guy who spent years beating my ass down with a puppet
TG: yeah i remember
CT: D --> Yes, and now, being learned in the ways of STRONGNESS
CT: D --> You like myself are unfortunately limited in the weaponry you may wield
CT: D --> Ironically the training which has ennobled you beyond others has made instruments of high b100d brittle in your hands
CT: D --> Hence the state of your favored weapon, hobbling your specibus
CT: D --> I know what this is like
TG: man
TG: im not that strong ok
TG: just cause i broke a cheap ass sword doesnt make me the fucking hulk
CT: D --> Oh
TG: what did you go around breaking a bunch of swords too
CT: D --> No
CT: D --> Bows
TG: how the fuck do you even wield a broken bow
TG: did you go around clubbing shit with the two halves
CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> Sometimes

==>

**02/11/10**

pesterlogCT: D --> What are you doing
TG: whats it look like
CT: D --> Careful
CT: D --> About succumbing to these sorts of destructive
CT: D --> Urges
CT: D --> Addi%ion is a powerful thing
TG: so am i
TG: bow down before your new king bitch

==>

**02/11/10**

```
LEGENDARY PIECE OF SHIT
```

pesterlogCT: D --> I think
CT: D --> I need
CT: D --> Something to dry myself off with

## ==>

**03/11/10**

## Equius: Dry off.

**03/11/10**

```
wipe
```

## Dave: Take legendary POS.

**03/11/10**

```
You got a BROKEN CALEDFWLCH!

Alert : ♎
```

## Dave: Answer Terezi.

**04/11/10**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterlog-- gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG] --

GC: D4V3 GR34T N3WS!
GC: 1 FOUND 4 DR4W1NG T4BL3T
GC: DO YOU KNOW WH4T TH4T M34NS D4V3?
GC: DO YOU KNOW WH4T 1T M34NS W3 C4N G3T?
TG: please dont say this party started please dont say this party started
GC: TH1S
GC: P4RTY
GC: ST4RT3D!!!!! >8D
TG: god everything is about parties with you
GC: D4V3 TH3R3 1S NOTH1NG 3V3N CLOS3 TO B31NG B3TT3R TH4N P4RT13S, COM3 ON
TG: ok
TG: lets see some fine art then
GC: WHY 1T JUST SO H4PP3NS TH4T 1 H4V3 4 FR3SH M4ST3RP13C3 FOR YOU
GC: HOT OFF TH3 C4NV4S
GC: 4ND ON TO YOUR COMPUT3R GL4SS3S
GC: WH3R3 1T W1LL S1ZZL3 YOUR 3Y3B4LLS
GC: TSSSSSSSSSSSSSS http://tinyurl.com/D4V3XD4V3
TG: ok that
TG: is every bit as shitty as all your other drawings
GC: SHUT UP!
GC: 1 4M ST1LL SORT OF G3TT1NG TH3 H4NG OF TH1S TH1NG
GC: 1 W1LL G3T B3TT3R >:P
TG: i like it though you dont gotta improve
TG: art skills are overrated
GC: TH4NKS D4V3
TG: its kind of weird though what the hell is actually going on here
TG: does this mean something

GC: Y3S
GC: 1T 1S TH3 COM1C R3PR3S3NT4T1ON OF TH3 N3XT L3G OF YOUR WOND3RFUL JOURN3Y
GC: YOU KNOW, TH3 ON3 TH4T 1 4M H3LP1NG YOU W1TH 3V3RY ST3P OF TH3 W4Y >:]
TG: yeah
TG: but
TG: why
GC: 1 4LR34DY 3XPL41N3D TH1S TO YOU D4V3
GC: TH3 COOLK1D H4S TO B3 TH3 B3ST, 4ND 1 H4V3 TO M4K3 H1M TH3 B3ST
TG: alright but
TG: i mean even if that made sense which it kind of doesnt
TG: karkat was saying how it was all a game and youre just flirtin and stuff
TG: and that we should quit it because he doesnt want you in my grill or me in yours or whatever
GC: OH, 1S TH4T WH4T H3 S41D???
GC: HMM 1 WOND3R 1F H3 COULD R33K OF J34LOUSY 4NY MOR3 PUNG3NTLY
TG: well yeah thats what i thought too
TG: and really if we got no other reason keep rolling with it at least theres that one
TG: to piss him off
GC: W3LL WH4T DO YOU TH1NK D4V3
GC: 4M 1 1N YOUR HUM4N GR1LL?
TG: im not saying i know for sure but it seems to me like
TG: my grill is your goddamn prison
TG: you are practically incarcerated in that fucker
TG: doing hard time on a bed of charcoal and lighterfluid
TG: privy to what i flame broil from below
TG: what im sayin is you got a front row seat to the brown side of my burger
TG: hows it smell btw
GC: 1T SM3LLS L1K3 D3L1C1OUS BURN1NG 4N1M4LS
TG: yeah i thought so
TG: so is that whats going on
GC: WH4T?
TG: is this some weird game involving flirtation and assassinations or whatever
GC: OH, 1 DONT KNOW
GC: M444444YB3...
GC: SH33SH!
GC: YOU 4ND H1M 4R3 4L1K3 1N SOM3 W4YS
GC: R34LLY BLUNT 4ND L1T3R4L M1ND3D
GC: 4ND QU1T3 FR4NKLY JUST 4 L1TTL3 B1T T4CTL3SS WH3N 1T COM3S TO M4N4G1NG TH3 L4D13S!
GC: H3 4LW4YS H4D TO KNOW 3X4CTLY WH4T TH3 D34L W4S 4ND 3X4CTLY WH4T MY MOT1V4T1ONS W3R3 4ND WH4T 3V3RYTH1NG M34NT 4ND BLUH BLUH BLUH
GC: 1T T4K3S TH3 FUN OUT OF 3V3RYTH1NG!
TG: thats pretty much the most insulting thing possible to say im anything like that raving gulf of shit
GC: W3LL OK 1M SORT OF 3X4GG3R4T1NG
GC: BUT R34LLY

GC: SOM3 S1M1L4R1T13S 4R3 TH3R3
GC: 1TS JUST YOUR 1SSU3S 4R3
GC: COOL3R >:]
GC: L3SS R1D1CULOUS 4ND TR4G1C
TG: issues
TG: what are you talking about
GC: W3LL, FOR 1NST4NC3
GC: K4RK4T W4S 4LW4YS TORM3NT3D BY H1S P4ST 4ND FUTUR3 S3LV3S
GC: 4ND TH31R M1ST4K3S
GC: L1T3R4LLY TORM3NT3D BY TH3M 1N TH3S3 4BSURD SCH1ZOPHR3N1C M3MOS
GC: 1T W4S 1D34L FU3L FOR H1S S3LF LO4TH1NG
GC: H3 B3C4M3 OBS3SS3D W1TH H1MS3LF 4S 4N 3LUS1V3 4DV3RS4RY
GC: R4TH3R TH4N JUST B31NG H1MS3LF 1N TH3 MOM3NT 4ND R34L1Z1NG WHO H3 W4S SUPPOS3D TO B3
GC: 4ND W4K1NG UP >:[
TG: wow ok what does that have to do with me
GC: NOTH1NG 1N 4 L1T3R4L S3NS3
GC: BUT 1 H4V3 OBS3RV3D YOU D4V3
GC: YOU 4R3 4LW4YS G3TT1NG B41L3D OUT OF J4MS
GC: 4T F1RST BY YOUR BRO
GC: 4ND TH3N BY YOUR OWN FUTUR3 S3LV3S!
GC: 3V3N FUTUR3 D4V3SPR1T3 G3TS 1N ON TH3 4CT OF SHOW1NG UP POOR OLD PR3S3NT D4V3
GC: WH3N DO3S PR3S3NT D4V3 G3T TO ST3P OUT OF TH3 SH4DOW OF 4LL THOS3 FUTUR3 D4V3S??
GC: WH3N DO3S H3 G3T TO B3 TH3 H3RO, TH4T'S WH4T 1 W4NT TO KNOW >:D
TG: i dunno i guess maybe when i become future me
GC: H4H4H4H4H4H4
GC: TH4T 1S 3X4CTLY WH4T K4RK4T US3D TO S4Y
GC: 1T W4S 4LW4YS TH3 4NSW3R
TG: fuck who cares
TG: like i even give a shit about being a hero whatever that even means
TG: im not seeing the problem here future me is awesome he can bail me out if he wants
GC: Y3S, 3X4CTLY!
GC: B3C4US3 YOU 4R3 COOL 4BOUT YOUR PROBL3M
GC: 1NST34D OF 4CT1NG L1K3 4 S1LLY L1TTL3 PUP4
GC: BUT DONT WORRY, ON3 D4Y YOU W1LL G3T TO T4K3 YOUR TURN 4S H3RO!
GC: 4ND ON3 D4Y
GC: YOU W1LL T4K3 OFF THOS3 DUMB GL4SS3S 4ND L3T M3 G3T 4NOTH3R SN1FF 4T YOUR 3Y3S
TG: not gonna happen
GC: COM3 ON!
GC: 1 ONLY GOT ON3 L1TTL3 WH1FF 4T TH3M
GC: WH3N YOU W3R3 4 T1NY P1NK W1GGL3R W1TH 4RMS 4ND L3GS S1TT1NG 1N 4 CR4T3R ON TH4T S4D HORS3 YOU 4T3
GC: TH3Y W3R3 PR3TTY!

GC: 1T 1S SO S3LF1SH OF YOU TO K33P TH3M COV3R3D UP
GC: 4ND TH3 L4M3 S3CR3CY SURROUND1NG 1T 1S ONC3 4G41N R3M1ND1NG M3 OF 4 C3RT41N YOU KNOW WHO >:|
TG: hey look at this change of subject going down
TG: about this comic
TG: are you saying im about to fall asleep
GC: Y3S

```
durrrr feelin pretty cool and tired i guess i will go to sleep arbitrarily here
a hurp hurp


totally no reason to ever take my shades off ever!!!!! oops i dont use shout
poles i forgot


i am all but irresponsive to the most sensless of awesome girl drubbings

DRUB


ZZZZZ ♡


zzz muh

shh only dreams now
```

==>

**04/11/10**

pesterlogTG: why
GC: 1 DO NOT KNOW
GC: M4YB3 YOU 4R3 R34LLY T1R3D!
GC: YOU DROP SUDD3NLY 4ND SW1FTLY, L1K3 4N 3X3CUT3D F3LON F4C1NG N4PPY JUST1C3
TG: i dont feel tired
TG: could be rose waking me up again
TG: bonkin me with yarn or some shit
GC: OH?
TG: can you see in my dreams
GC: NO >:[
TG: too bad
TG: last time i promised rose id take off my shades and look in the sky for some reason
TG: youre gonna miss a hell of a show
GC: BLUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHH >XO
GC: MOST 4WFUL COOLK1D!!!!!
TG: so i guess i have to summon davesprite too
GC: Y3S
TG: whys that
GC: WHY DO YOU TH1NK!
GC: TO B41L YOUR STUBBORN SP3CT4CL3D BUTT OUT OF TROUBL3 4G41N

TG: huh
TG: ok
GC: WH3N YOU 4R3 4SL33P, SOON 4 HORD3 OF V3RY POW3RFUL MONST3RS W1LL 3M3RG3 FROM TH3 RU1NS
GC: TO D3F3ND TH3 TR34SUR3 YOU H4V3 STOL3N
GC: OR D1D YOU TH1NK YOU W3R3 GO1NG TO W4LTZ OUT OF H3R3 W1TH TH4T COOL L3G3ND4RY SWORD 4ND F4C3 NO CONS3QU3NC3S?
TG: yeah kinda
TG: didnt think this useless horseshit was boss grade loot to be honest
GC: W3LL 1T 1S!
GC: NOW R3L34S3 M1ST3R OR4NG3 CR34MS1CL3S, ST4T
GC: 4ND H4V3 DR34MS 4S SW33T 4S H3 T4ST3S >:]
TG: ok see ya

## Dave: Summon Davesprite.

**04/11/10**
spritelogDAVE: sup
DAVESPRITE: hey

## ==>

**04/11/10**
spritelogDAVESPRITE: oh looks like you got caledfwlch
DAVESPRITE: you found that pretty fast
DAVE: is that how you pronounce that
DAVESPRITE: yeah i guess so
DAVESPRITE: i think its welsh
DAVE: what are welsh things doing in this game
DAVESPRITE: thats an awesome question
DAVE: fuck yeah it is
DAVE: is this thing as pointless as i think it is or do i need it for something
DAVESPRITE: tactically yeah its a downgrade since its what i used to make caledscratch which is obviously way better
DAVE: yeah thats what i figured
DAVESPRITE: caledscratch cycles the sword through its own timeline to points when its broken or nonbroken or old and rusted or recently forged etc
DAVESPRITE: and your snoop snowcone swords probably even better than that so yeah you got options
DAVE: fuck it ill just power through the rest of the game with the SORD.....
DAVESPRITE: hahahaha
DAVESPRITE: with unreal air as a mount fit for a true artifact knight
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: goddamn jpeg hero
DAVE: right here
DAVESPRITE: did that shit ever land or what
DAVE: dude its long gone
DAVE: up in skaia now or something

DAVE: thrashing ill grinds on clouds
DAVESPRITE: fuck
DAVESPRITE: top priority make more
DAVESPRITE: thats an order from your celestial fuckin spirit guide
DAVE: yeah you got it
DAVE: so why wasnt this legendary pos in the sylladex you gave me
DAVE: did you chuck it after you alchemized it
DAVE: should i just chuck it too
DAVESPRITE: it was stolen
DAVESPRITE: by one of hephaestus's minions
DAVE: hes the denizen right
DAVESPRITE: yeah lord of the forge
DAVE: isnt that like a greek god
DAVE: or roman or whatever
DAVE: what is greco roman shit doing in here you know what never mind
DAVESPRITE: yeah pretty much
DAVESPRITE: anyway he gets pissed off you broke it
DAVESPRITE: and he wants it back
DAVESPRITE: to do something important with it though not really sure what
DAVESPRITE: hes a pretty ornery dude
DAVESPRITE: kept raving about how he was waiting for the forge to come
DAVESPRITE: which he needs to complete his work
DAVESPRITE: but in my timeline the forge would never come
DAVESPRITE: so he was extra pissed off
DAVE: whats the forge
DAVESPRITE: volcano
DAVE: huh
DAVE: you mean jades volcano
DAVESPRITE: yup
DAVE: so do you know this stuff cause youre from the future or cause youre a sprite
DAVESPRITE: both
DAVESPRITE: theres all sorts of stuff i suddenly knew about the game when i became this orange feathery asshole
DAVE: so now youre like
DAVE: a wise feathery asshole
DAVESPRITE: i am fuckin filthy with wisdom its sick
DAVESPRITE: i mostly know stuff about your personal quest
DAVESPRITE: what used to be my quest but i guess i got to deal with not being alpha dave no more
DAVE: yeah i guess
DAVESPRITE: shrug
DAVESPRITE: its all good
DAVESPRITE: anyway that sword
DAVESPRITE: its important to getting your shit figured out
DAVESPRITE: you were supposed to break it to get it out of the thing
DAVESPRITE: like another personal sort of mythological milestone you were supposed to clear

DAVE: really
DAVE: there was no other way to get it out
DAVE: thats kind of retarded
DAVESPRITE: well i dont know
DAVESPRITE: maybe if john was to try with his pure heart and shit it woulda popped out like a champagne cork and fuckin hero confetti woulda blasted him in the face
DAVESPRITE: but you
DAVESPRITE: we
DAVESPRITE: we had to break it
DAVE: ok
DAVESPRITE: theres a lot more i know about your quest
DAVESPRITE: all tangled up in ridiculous riddles and bullshit enigmas
DAVESPRITE: and maybe its all a moot point anyway in this timeline who knows
DAVESPRITE: but i think ill spare you all that crap
DAVESPRITE: cause its kind of boring
DAVESPRITE: and youll find out anyway
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: that sounds about like something id do if i were you
DAVE: which i am
DAVE: so hey
DAVE: apparently im about to fall asleep

==>

**04/11/10**

spritelogDAVESPRITE: oh yeah why
DAVESPRITE: rose beckoning you again
DAVE: yeah probably
DAVE: anyway monsters will show up soon and try to eat my sleeping corpse
DAVESPRITE: yeah they werent too happy with my reckless indiana jones bullshit either
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: so thats where you come in
DAVESPRITE: i got your back dude dont worry
DAVE: ok
DAVE: guess ill make myself comfortable here
DAVESPRITE: when you wake up
DAVESPRITE: ill probably get going
DAVE: what do you mean
DAVESPRITE: ill just sort of
DAVESPRITE: release myself
DAVESPRITE: go do my own thing
DAVESPRITE: after this i dont think youll need me
DAVESPRITE: seems like youve got the stable time loop thing figured out already
DAVESPRITE: which means youll be alright
DAVESPRITE: future yous will get you out of trouble
DAVESPRITE: if youre gonna live up to the responsibility of eventually becoming them
DAVESPRITE: and by virtue of loop stability it sort of means you cant technically fuck up anymore

DAVESPRITE: but dont let that idea go to your head itll mess you up
DAVE: where will you go
DAVESPRITE: dunno
DAVESPRITE: fly around
DAVESPRITE: up away to the sun like a fucknig piece of gargbage
DAVESPRITE: see if i can catch up with bro maybe
DAVESPRITE: elusive bastard
DAVE: oh yeah
DAVE: where do you think he is
DAVE: what happened to him in your timeline
DAVESPRITE: who knows
DAVESPRITE: i completely lost track of him
DAVESPRITE: in that timeline and this one
DAVESPRITE: the dude is fucking inscrutable we both know that
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: ok good luck with that
DAVESPRITE: thanks man

==>
**04/11/10**

```
DAVE: Z
```

N8p time.

==>
**04/11/10**

## Davesprite: Defend.

**05/11/10**

spritelogDAVESPRITE: caw caw motherfuckers

## Jack: Examine.

**07/11/10**

==>
**07/11/10**

==>
**07/11/10**

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**07/11/10**

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**07/11/10**

==>
**07/11/10**

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**07/11/10**

## [S] Jade: Wake up.

**10/11/10**

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♫  Squiddles aren't ordinary friends
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♫  They work and play, and work again
♫  But they have homes and mommies too
♫  Yes, they have mommies just like you
♫  So let them go to bed right now
♫  So they can rest and make cute sounds
♫  'Cause if they don't, they won't be strong
(♫  If they can't rest they won't be strong)
♫  And they're so small they won't last long
(♫  Well, they are really tiny)
♫  And Plumbthroat's fishing boat
(♫  Plumbthroat's fishing boat)
♫  Woah oh oh oh
(♫  Is gonna kill the Squiddles if they don't get any sleep)
♫  So let them go to sleep
(♫  So let them sleep)


♫  Squiddly dee, Squiddly dum

SQUIDDLES!

♫  Everyone sing a squiddly song
♫  Let's all be friends and work as a team
♫  Squiddles for you, Squiddles for me
♫  Tanglebuddies
♫  Tanglebuddies
♫  Tanglebuddies
♫  Tanglebuddies
♫  Tanglebuddies
♫  Tanglebuddies...
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**10/11/10**

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Alert : ♌
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You suddenly understand jack shit.

Where are you? What just happened?

Oh great, now someone's bothering you. Boy are you not in the mood for getting trolled now.

## Jade: Answer.

**10/11/10**

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Alert : ♌
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pesterlogcuttlefishCuller [CC] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG]

CC: Glub glub. 38)
GG: what!!!!!
CC: S-E-E??
GG: see what!
GG: go away
CC: I told you!
CC: T)(ere is not)(ing to worry about at all.
GG: bluhhh what are you talking about....

GG: my head hurts
GG: just stop it, stop trolling me
GG: i hate you all!!!!!!!!!!!!!
CC: )(oly mackerel, looks like SOM-EON-E woke up on t)(e wrong side of t)(e absurd )(uman bed!
CC: C)(ill out, Jade. I am just following up on w)(at I told you earlier.
GG: about what!
GG: i dont remember talking to you at all
CC: About your dream! Your post-dreamdeat)( dreamself's dream.
CC: Errr. W)(ic)( is a term I just made up now. 38|
GG: my dream was horrible!!!
GG: i dont know what that was, i have never dreamed anything like it
CC: Yes, I imagine not! You )(ave spent your w)(ole life dreaming about prospit, no?
GG: oh god....
GG: prospit :(
GG: is it really gone?
CC: Yes, Jade. It is time to face t)(e facts!
CC: Our moons are gone too. If we wis)( to sleep now, our dreams must take place in t)(e bubbles glubbed by t)(e gods w)(o live in t)(e Furt)(est Ring.
CC: It is t)(e infinite space w)(ic)( divides all sessions, completely unnavigable and unfat)(omable, untouc)(ed by t)(e time or space of any universe in existence.
CC: Its lords are our slumberbuddies now. 38)
GG: uuuuuuuuugh D:
CC: Don't be ridiculous. T)(ey are not as dreadful as t)(ey look.
CC: In fact, t)(ey are quite )(elpful if you know )(ow to talk to t)(em!
CC: Don't you remember our dream? I was trying to s)(ow you t)(at t)(ere is not)(ing to fear.
CC: But t)(en... you kind of freaked out! )(umans are so M-ELODRAMATIC.
GG: oh.....
GG: that was you?
CC: )(ELL YEA)(! 38D
GG: argh
GG: sorry but
GG: could you please
GG: not use all those stupid parentheses??????
GG: i can hardly read what you type and its giving me a migraine
CC: GLUUUUB oh fine.
CC: I will suspend my neato quirk just for you.
CC: I hereby renounce the royal mark of sea dweller supremacy in the interest of INT-ERSP-ECI-ES DIPLOMACY.
GG: what about the -E thing, can you stop that too? it is also annoying and stupid
CC: JEGUS JADE.
CC: Look! It is like a cool trident I throw sometimes.
CC: psi oooooo ----------E
CC: How is that not awesome!
GG: meh :\
CC: Okay, you win. I have officially humbled myself before you. Entirely glubbing peasant-

IFICATED for your pleasure.
CC: Shall I clip my fins for you as well, your majesty?
GG: hehehe
GG: ok, sorry for sounding bossy
GG: you seem pretty nice, and you sure do look exotic
GG: i kind of always thought you were all like
GG: a bunch of really obnoxious humans
CC: Well, thank you! On both counts, of being likened to something other than an obnoxious human, as well as on my exotic looks.
CC: For the record, you look pretty awesomely weird too.
CC: I introduced myself before, but since you do not remember, I will do so now. My name is Feferi, and I was going to be the Empress, but now I am not!
GG: hey feferi, i would like to remember.....
GG: but everything is so foggy right now
GG: i remember prospit being attacked
GG: and
GG: falling.....
GG: aaaand
GG: i dunno :(
GG: do you know what happened?
CC: Hell if I know!
CC: In your pre-death dream at least. Oh, well you died obviously, so there's that.
GG: ffffffff
GG: yeah, i gathered that! XC
CC: All I could see was what happened in your hive.
CC: You were asleep, and then your robot exploded.
CC: And then your lusus saved you! Kind of like mine saved me.
CC: Before she died. 38C
GG: ohhhhhhh!!!!!
GG: i do remember you!
GG: i remember you were talking to me about my lusus, and i had no idea what you were talking about
GG: and still sort of dont :\
GG: but you must mean bec
GG: also it was shortly before your friend sent me a weird message
GG: about how my robot was going to explode, and i should talk to him when it happens
GG: this was months ago
CC: Oh? Who was that?
GG: it was the most awful and angry one
GG: i am so sick of him, i really dont want to talk to that pathetic jerk ever
CC: Ah, Karkat. Of course.
GG: thats his name?
CC: Yes, he's our leader. Why did he want you to talk to him?
GG: hmmmm
GG: thats right, it was about some kind of plan...
GG: which he said me from the future told him about?

GG: i thought it was total nonsense at the time
GG: but
GG: i guess he was telling the truth
GG: so maybe i should talk to him? i dont know
CC: Glubshrug.
CC: He's pretty harmless, really. You get used to his yelling.
CC: I do not even process it as yelling anymore. More like a lot of blubbering.
CC: More blubber spills out of that mouth than a gash in a poached whale.
GG: ewwwww
CC: Gluuuuuub, I just made myself hungry. 380~
GG: ewwwwwwwwwwww!
GG: fish aliens are weird
CC: Hey! We're the aristocracy. We've got a duty to be weird.
CC: Anyway, go talk to your shoutfriend I guess.
GG: ok feferi, it was nice talking to you
CC: And hey, if you want to take another nap sometime, let me know! They will be more than happy to glub us up another bubble.
GG: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
GG: i am never going to sleep again!
GG: never never never never never never
CC: PSH WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, MISS HORNLESS MCFINLESS.
CC: Why, if I'm not mistaken, you are looking a little drowsy right now. We may meet again sooner than you think. 38D
GG: yes, im so tired
GG: :(
GG: well, ok
GG: bye

gardenGnostic [GG] ceased being trolled by cuttlefishCuller [CC]

## Jade: Pester Karkat.

**11/11/10**

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Alert : ♋
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pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG] --

GG: ok, my robot exploded
GG: now what smart guy!
CG: HOLY SHIT, IT'S HARLEY
CG: COMMUNICATING WITH ME OUT OF NOWHERE OF HER OWN VOLITION
CG: HOLD THAT THOUGHT WHILE I GO INFORM MY DISGRACE OF A CLOWN FRIEND ABOUT THIS TRUE REAL LIFE MIRACLE, IT MIGHT LIFT HIS SPIRITS
CG: I HAVE TO SPREAD THE WICKED WORD LIKE I'M MASSAGING SHITTY SPARKLEDUST AROUND MY NETHER REGIONS TO ASSUAGE A VICIOUS RASH
CG: IT'S LIKE I'M SEASONING A FUCKING STEAK HERE.
GG: i knew i would regret this

GG: talking to you is so terrible
GG: its making my headache worse
CG: OH YEAH, BECAUSE TALKING TO YOU HAS JUST BEEN ABSOLUTE EUPHORIA.
CG: DON'T EVEN TALK TO ME ABOUT HEADACHES.
CG: RIGHT NOW THERE'S A LUMBERJACK SPLITTING WOOD ON MY THINK PAN.
CG: HE'S GOT THE FOREARMS OF A CHOLERBEAR, A MOUNTAIN OF LOGS, AND NOTHING BUT FUCKING TIME.
GG: uuuugh shut uuuuup!
GG: will you just tell me what you wanted?
CG: I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
CG: I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO CONTACT ME, NOT THAT I'M NOT TICKLED BY THE SURPRISE.
CG: LET'S CATCH UP. HOW IS EVERYTHING? HOW WAS YOUR DEATHNAP?? I CAN ONLY HOPE IT WAS AS REFRESHING AS MINE.
CG: WHAT'S THAT? HOW AM I? I'M GREAT, FEEL LIKE A MILLION BOONBANKS EVER SINCE MY LITTLE POWER SNOOZE.
CG: STILL PRETTY TIRED THOUGH. YOU LOOK A LITTLE DROWSY YOURSELF. BUT WE WON'T BE GOING BACK TO SLEEP ANY TIME SOON, WILL WE JADE?
CG: NO WAY. A PAIR OF FEISTY GOGETTERS LIKE YOU AND ME, WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR DREAMS OF HORRORTERRORS FONDLING EVERY RECESS OF OUR NAKED PSYCHES, PLEASANT THOUGH THEY ARE.
CG: YOU HAVE A LOT OF IMPORTANT USELESS SCAMPERING AND GIGGLING TO DO. WHEREAS I HAVE A CRUCIAL DATE WITH A PNEUMATIC DRILL, TO BORE A HOLE IN THE CENTER OF MY FOREHEAD, DEEP INTO THE PLUMP ANGUISH BLADDER WHICH STORES MY ALIEN DISMAY FLUID. THAT'S A REAL THING WE HAVE, FYI.
CG: I WILL THEN PERFORM A LITTLE SOFT SHOE NUMBER IN THE PUDDLE OF FLUID THAT ACCUMULATES ON THE FLOOR, WHILE MAKING THE BIGGEST SMILE EVER ATTEMPTED BY SOMEONE NOT CLINICALLY RETARDED.
CG: I WILL DO THIS FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT, JADE. TO SAY THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.
GG: i cant believe i fell for this
GG: it was just a setup to troll me some more
GG: why do you go to such lengths to troll me? i just dont understand it
CG: TRY TO BE CULTURALLY SENSITIVE
CG: TROLLING IS AN ACTIVITY THAT SHARES A NAME WITH MY ENTIRE SPECIES
CG: DO I GET ON YOUR CASE FOR ALL THE TERRIBLE HUMANNING YOU DO?
GG: thats ridiculous, humanning isnt a word
GG: and if it was, it would be a nicer thing to do than trolling!
GG: you know what i mean, stop pretending you dont
CG: TELL ME JADE
CG: WHY ARE YOU SUCH A RACIST?
GG: aaaaaaa that is something a troll would say!
CG: YES, EXACTLY.
CG: I AM A TROLL. IT SEEMS WE ARE ON THE SAME PAGE.
GG: i mean you are being patronizing and disingenuous to get a rise out of me
GG: and that is really really shitty!!!!!!

GG: i am so tired of it, and i am done talking to you forever
GG: bye karkat, it was awful knowing you!
CG: WAIT
CG: OK LOOK
CG: I SERIOUSLY, HONESTLY DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
CG: YOU SAY YOUR ROBOT BLEW UP, AND THAT WAS SOME SORT OF SIGNAL TO MESSAGE ME?
GG: yes
GG: as if my day needed another reason to get worse
CG: YOU PROBABLY DIDN'T CONTACT THE RIGHT ME.
GG: what does that mean!
CG: I MEAN FUTURE ME IS PROBABLY THE ONE TO TALK TO ABOUT THIS.
CG: SINCE IT'S ALL NEWS TO ME.
GG: is this another prank
GG: you are seriously the worst at pranks
CG: I DON'T PLAY PRANKS, THAT'S JUVENILE NONSENSE.
CG: I DO TWO THINGS AND TWO THINGS ONLY, I DEVASTATE SORRY MOTHERFUCKERS, AND GET SHIT DONE AS AN AWESOME LEADER.
CG: IN THIS CASE, I AM ACCOMPLISHING THE LATTER.
CG: HERE, CLICK THIS AND WE WILL SOLVE THE MYSTERY TOGETHER.
CG: FRUITY RUMPUS ASSHOLE FACTORY
GG: :|

## Karkat: Open memo.

**11/11/10**

pesterlogCCG RIGHT NOW opened memo on board FRUITY RUMPUS ASSHOLE FACTORY.

CCG: HEY FUTURE ME, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS EXPLODED JADEBOT BUSINESS?
CCG: MUST BE SOMETHING REALLY MISSION CRITICAL, OR JADE WOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED GETTING IN TOUCH WITH US, RIGHT?
CCG: SOMETHING IMPERATIVE TO OUR SURVIVAL NO DOUBT?
CCG: HEY DOUCHE BAG, ARE YOU THERE
??? gardenGnostic [?GG] AT ?:?? responded to memo.
?GG: oh jeez, why am i doing this
?GG: this is so stupid!
CCG: PIPE DOWN HARLEY, THIS PRACTICALLY DOESN'T EVEN CONCERN YOU AT THIS POINT
?GG: bluhhh youre so funny!!!!!
CCG: NOTHING TO SAY, FUTURE ME?
CCG: NOT EVEN A FEW PARTING WORDS OF SCORN FOR ME OR THE NARCOLEPTIC IDIOT?
CCG: IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE WE'VE SPARRED, HOW I'VE MISSED THE SWEET STING OF YOUR BARBS
?GG: are you enjoying yourself karkat?
CCG: HAHAHA YOU ARE SO DUMB YOU ACTUALLY THINK THIS IS A RUSE.

CCG: YOU'VE COME ALL THIS WAY AND YOU STILL DON'T GET THAT ALL THE SHIT WE'VE BEEN TELLING YOU ABOUT IS REAL.
CCG: WHY THE FUCK WOULD I BE PULLING A STUNT LIKE THIS, WHAT A WASTE OF TIME.
CCG: I REALLY AM TALKING TO FUTURE ME, HE'S JUST BEING AN EVASIVE TOOL.
?GG: well obviously i know some things youve said are true
?GG: its just hard to take everything at face value when youre always so nasty!
CCG: YOU KNOW, IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW BEHIND THE TIMES YOU ARE.
CCG: IT'S ALMOST AS IF YOU'VE SLEPT THROUGH THIS WHOLE ADVENTURE
CCG: OH WAIT, THAT IS ESSENTIALLY TRUE.
CCG: IT WAS HILARIOUS WATCHING YOU GROW UP.
CCG: YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD ALL THE ANSWERS, FROLICKING ALL OVER YOUR ISLAND BEING INFURIATINGLY CHIPPER, BUILDING ROBO-BUNNIES LIKE A MORON AND ULTIMATELY RUINING EVERYTHING.
CCG: YOU WERE SO SURE YOUR DREAMS TOLD YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEEDED TO KNOW.
CCG: AND NOW LOOK AT YOU
CCG: YOU SUDDENLY UNDERSTAND JACK SHIT.
?GG: ok i understand that you are another group of players and you are in some sort of trouble
?GG: but maybe if you had been nice to me instead of terrorizing me all those years i would have believed you
?GG: and we could have worked together to solve your problems as well as ours
?GG: it just makes me sad to think thats probably impossible now because you are so angry and stubborn!
CCG: DON'T TELL ME WHAT'S IMPOSSIBLE BECAUSE I'M ANGRY AND STUBBORN.
CCG: I FUCKING KNOW WHAT THOSE ASSETS MAKE POSSIBLE.
CCG: THEY MADE YOU POSSIBLE, GOT IT???
?GG: uh huh
CCG: DO YOU EVEN HAVE ANY IDEA HOW LUCKY YOU ARE TO BE GRACED BY MY DIVINE FURY?
CCG: TO HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF GETTING TO BE STUDIED AND MOCKED BY ME FOR YOUR WHOLE PATHETIC MISERABLE LIFE?
CCG: DO YOU REALIZE I'M YOUR GOD? YES, YOUR LITERAL GOD, THAT'S RIGHT.
?GG: sure karkat, whatever you say!
CCG: AND I HAVE TAKEN TIME OUT OF MY BUSY GODLY SCHEDULE TO SCRUTINIZE YOUR POINTLESS EXISTENCE.
CCG: OUT OF THE COUNTLESS TRILLIONS OF LIFE FORMS I BROUGHT INTO REALITY THROUGH ANGRY GRUBFUCK POWER ALONE, I HAVE SELECTED YOU FOR EXAMINATION AND HARASSMENT.
CCG: PERSONALLY I THINK THAT WARRANTS A LITTLE GRATITUDE, AND JUST MAYBE, A BIT OF DEFERENCE.
CCG: A CURTSY, PERHAPS?
CCG: BUT YEAH GO AHEAD AND KEEP BLOWING ME OFF LIKE THE FLAKEY LITTLE TWERP YOU ARE.
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [FCG] 3 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FCG: HEY DON'T TALK TO HER LIKE THAT YOU UNCOUTH PIECE OF SHIT.

FCG: THIS IS REFLECTING POORLY ON BOTH OF US, IT'S GODDAMNED EMBARRASSING.
CCG: OH WOW, ANOTHER MIRACLE.
CCG: IT MUST BE PERIGEES EVE, BECAUSE GET A LOAD OF THIS HUGE BEHEMOTH LEAVING THAT JUST GOT DRAGGED IN.
CCG: JADE, OUR DUTY IS CLEAR. WE MUST DECK THIS TURD TO THE NINES.
FCG: OH MY GOD I CAN'T BELIEVE I ACTUALLY THOUGHT THAT WAS A CLEVER THING TO SAY. WHAT A DIPSHIT.
?GG: aaauugh what the hell!!!
FCG: JADE, I'M SORRY ABOUT PAST ME'S RETARDED BEHAVIOR.
FCG: I'M NOT GOING TO DRAG OUT A HUGE APOLOGY OR ANYTHING BECAUSE I ALREADY APOLOGIZED IN AN EARLIER CONVERSATION, OK. I'M JUST LETTING YOU KNOW.
CCG: GOD DAMMIT, ARE YOU SERIOUS?
CCG: I MEAN, AM I SERIOUS?????
CCG: WILL I BE SERIOUS ABOUT THIS SHIT. WILL I REALLY BACK DOWN LIKE A LIMP FRONDED STOOGE? PLEASE TELL ME YOU'RE JOKING.
FCG: PLEASE, JUST
FCG: SHUT UP
FCG: I CAN'T BELIEVE I EVER THOUGHT FUTURE ME WAS THE STUPID ONE
FCG: PAST ME IS THE DUMBEST BUCKET OF FESTERING DISCHARGE I EVER FELL ASS BACKWARDS INTO.
FCG: COME ON, YOU KNOW THIS TO BE TRUE. REMEMBER ALL THE PAST USSES WE USED TO TALK TO??
FCG: THEY WERE EVEN PASTER THAN YOU, AND THEREFORE DUMBER.
CCG: YEAH, I REMEMBER ALL THOSE DUMBSHIT PAST USSES, BUT THEY DON'T HOLD A FUCKING JACKASS CANDLE TO FUTURE USSES.
CCG: AND YOU'RE THE FUTUREST ME I EVER HAD THE CROTCH BLISTERING MISFORTUNE OF JAWING WITH, SO THE FUCKHEAD TROPHY GOES TO YOU.
CCG: I MEAN, MY GOD, WHY.
CCG: IS PROXIMITY TO THAT NASTY LOOKING SPACETIME RIP ON THE TIMELINE MESSING WITH YOUR HEAD?
CCG: IS THAT WHAT'S CAUSING YOU TO FEEL PITY FOR THIS IMBECILE?
FCG: LOOK, JADE'S NOT THAT BAD OK.
FCG: YOU JUST GOT TOO WORKED UP, AND YOU CAN'T SEE THAT.
FCG: AND NOW ALL THIS FROTHING PANDEMONIUM JUMPING OUT OF YOUR MOUTH IS JUST RIDICULOUS OVERCOMPENSATION FOR YOUR OWN SHORTCOMINGS AND MISTAKES, AND MASKING SOME FEELINGS YOU'RE NOT REALLY IN TOUCH WITH.
FCG: THIS IS ALL SO OBVIOUS, I'M FLUSHING LIKE A MOTHERFUCKER IN EMBARRASSMENT HAVING TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, AND EVEN WORSE, REMEMBERING HAVING IT EXPLAINED TO ME BY THE SMART ONE THREE HOURS AGO AND STILL ACTING LIKE A MOIST GLOBE EVEN AFTER BEING SO SOUNDLY SCHOOLFED.
CCG: I DON'T BELIEVE THIS. PLEASE TELL ME THIS IS A JOKE.
FCG: YOU SAID SO YOURSELF, WE DON'T JOKE AROUND. IT'S JUVENILE, REMEMBER.

CCG: I'M GOING TO VOMIT.
CCG: I'M MAKING A MENTAL NOTE TO SLAP MYSELF THREE HOURS FROM NOW, FOR BEING ENOUGH OF A SAP TO START DEVELOPING RED FEELINGS FOR A DUMB ANNOYING HUMAN, IF I'M READING BETWEEN THE LINES CORRECTLY.
FCG: I JUST SLAPPED MYSELF! I REMEMBERED MY LAME NOTE TO MYSELF FROM THREE HOURS AGO, AND THEN SLAPPED MYSELF SPECIFICALLY TO MOCK YOU.
FCG: IT STINGS TOO, YOU'LL FEEL IT IN A WHILE. AND THEN THE GHOST OF PAST ME WILL CRY.
FCG: PAST ME DOESN'T EVEN EXIST ANYMORE. HE'S A STUPID BAWLING WIGGLER PHANTOM. HE'S DEAD, NOT A REAL GUY ANYMORE, LIKE ME.
FCG: I'M THE REAL ONE. YOU'RE FAKE, A SHADOW OF A SAD MEMORY THAT PISSED ITS PANTS WHILE SCREAMING.
FCG: TIME TO DEAL WITH IT.
CCG banned FCG from responding to memo.
FCG unbanned himself from responding to memo.
FCG banned CCG from responding to memo.
CCG unbanned himself from responding to memo.
?GG: i cant take this anymore!!!!!!!!
?GG: i dont even know what im reading here but its preposterous and ive had it!
?GG: i am just so angry, i cant believe i let you push me around all those years
?GG: you are completely out of your mind, i was too nice by just blocking you and typing frowny faces and stuff
?GG: i should have let you HAVE IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
FCG: YES!!!!!
FCG: LET THIS FUCKER KNOW THE SCORE JADE. THIS IS HOW WE ROLL.
?GG: SHUT UP!!!!!!!
?GG: future karkat, if you really are future karkat.....
?GG: where do you get off thinking you can just suddenly act like were pals because you said you apologized????
?GG: if you want to apologize then great i am all ears! but just mentioning it off hand and then yelling at yourself the same way you yell at me all the time as if i need a knight to come save me from yourself is so lame, not to mention completely insane
?GG: i cant even believe the things im typing here! this is so stupid, talking to two of you at once is the worst thing imaginable
?GG: you treat everyone horribly, even yourself, i cant even fathom how awful it is to be you
?GG: past karkat, youre acting like a bigger jerk than he is and i think you know that! why dont you take his advice and grow up
?GG: as if theres even a real difference between you two. three hours is hardly any time at all, you are the same person YOU FUCKING IDIOTS!!!!!!!!!
CCG: OH SHIT
FCG: YES, THAT WAS GREAT. WE BOTH HAD IT COMING, ESPECIALLY HIM. GREAT WORK JADE.
?GG: stop it!!!!
?GG: ugh, i dont know whats worse, jerk karkat or goofy sycophant karkat
?GG: i cant stand it, whether youre trying to be nice or just being a crazy asshole, you are just so weird!!!

?GG: im through humoring you, i dont even care about this stupid exploded robot mission, whatever that was
FCG: OH RIGHT, ABOUT THAT
FCG: YEAH WE NEED TO TALK
FCG: I MEAN WE HAVE ALREADY FROM MY PERSPECTIVE
FCG: BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE REALLY BUSY SOON, BECAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO ENTER YOUR SESSION
FCG: SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT UNTIL YOU DO, THEN JUST HIT ME UP, WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT
?GG: hahaha, FAT CHANCE!!!!
FCG: LOOK I KNOW THINGS ARE WEIRD BETWEEN US RIGHT NOW AND YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE MAD.
FCG: ESPECIALLY AT THAT LOSER.
FCG: BUT THINGS WILL CHANGE, IN TIME YOU'LL SEE I'M NOT QUITE SO AWFUL, OK?
??? turntechGodhead [?TG] AT ?:?? responded to memo.
?TG: ahahahahah oh god
?TG: dude i cant believe you were just getting on our case about hitting on the troll girls
?TG: and then literally the very next memo you are slobbering all over jade
?TG: thats just perfect hahahaha
CCG banned ?TG: from responding to memo.
FCG rebanned ?TG: from responding to memo.
?GG: dave wait dont go!
?GG: youve got to save me from this insanity :(
FCG: OH I SEE, NOW YOU COULD USE A KNIGHT, HOW VERY INTERESTING, HMMM.
FCG: GOD I CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU TO BE FUTURE YOU, SLIGHTLY LESS FUTURE YOU IS SUCH A GOD DAMN PILL
?GG: i cant wait for future you to future kiss my ass!
CCG: YEAH! THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
?GG: i also cant wait for past you to past drop dead and go to hell, PAST TENSE!!!!!!!!
?GG: when are those things going to happen?? or will have already past/future happened?????
?GG: i want to put another reminder on my finger so i know when its time to throw a party!!!!
FCG: HAHAHAHA, YOU HEAR THAT YOU OBSOLETE PILE OF GARBAGE? JADE JUST FLIPPED YOU OFF WITH A COLORFUL FINGER.
CCG: MAN, SHE OBVIOUSLY HATES YOU MORE. SHE CALLED YOU A SYCOPHANT WHICH IS A HUNDRED TIMES MORE DESCRIPTIVELY WORSE THAN JUST BEING A RUN OF THE MILL SCUMBAG LIKE ME.
CCG: SHE IS TOTALLY ON TO YOU AND HOW DESPICABLE YOU'VE BECOME, CAN YOU BLAME HER FOR HATING US?
FCG: NO, I CAN BLAME YOU, YOU'RE THE ONE WITH NO MANNERS WHO'S ALL TWISTED UP INSIDE.
FCG: HOW'S THIS FOR A PACT, EVERYBODY.
FCG: PAST KARKAT ONLY TALKS TO PAST JADE FROM NOW ON, AND THE TWO OF THEM CAN BICKER LIKE SHITTY LITTLE CHILDREN FOR HOURS/YEARS RESPECTIVELY.
FCG: AND FUTURE KARKAT ONLY TALKS TO FUTURE JADE, AN ARRANGEMENT

WHEREIN ONLY INTELLIGENT DISCOURSE TAKES PLACE BETWEEN TWO CIVILIZED, MATURE, GROWN ASSED ADULTS.
FCG: IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK??????
?GG: jesus will you just ban me already????
?GG: my head hurts so bad now i think im going to cry
FCG: MAYBE YOU SHOULD JUST BAN HER ALREADY AND END THIS TORMENT SINCE YOU DRAGGED HER INTO THIS.
CCG: FUCK THAT YOU BAN HER. YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SEEMS TO "CARE".
FCG: WILL YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH, MAN THE FUCK UP, AND BAN THIS POOR GIRL ALREADY?
?GG: aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa XO
?GG: i will just ban myself!!!!
?GG: *JADE HARLEY BANNED HERSELF FROM RESPONDING TO THE GRUMPY SHIT HEAD MISERY ZONE, AND IS NEVER COMING BACK*
?GG: pchoooooooooooooooo
[?GG] ceased responding to memo.
FCG: OK, THERE. SHE'S GONE.
FCG: MAYBE NOW YOU GET IT.
FCG: HOW HIDEOUS EVERYONE THINKS YOU ARE, MAYBE YOU'LL FINALLY STOP FUCKING EVERYTHING UP.
CCG: HUH
FCG: WHAT
CCG: I THINK
CCG: I WAS PROBABLY WRONG ABOUT JADE
CCG: SHE'S A LITTLE LESS LAME THAN I THOUGHT
FCG: SHHHHSHHSHSHSHSH
FCG: SHE CAN STILL READ THIS YOU STUPID FUCK
FCG: NOW'S NOT THE TIME TO OPEN YOUR VEINS AND WRITE POEMS ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS
CCG: FUCK YOU, I'M JUST VOICING A HARMLESS OBSERVATION OK
CCG: IT'S NOT MY BUSINESS IF SOME LUNK HEAD IN THE FUTURE GETS CARRIED AWAY WITH WHATEVER LITTLE THOUGHTS I MAY OR MAY NOT NOW BE THINKING
FCG: I...
FCG: BUT
FCG: HOW COULD THAT EVEN BE A REAL THING I TYPED THREE HOURS AGO, HOW COULD I BE THIS STUPID.
FCG: WE ARE JUST THE DUMBEST FUCKERS WHO EVER LIVED AREN'T WE.
CCG: SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.
FCG: I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE ENERGY TO BAN US.
FCG: I'M JUST LEAVING.
[FCG] ceased responding to memo.
CCG: YEAH
[CCG] ceased responding to memo.

## Jade: Consult reminders.

**12/11/10**

That was not a conversation you were hoping to wake up to. You feel more agitated and disoriented than ever.

You consult your reminders to get your bearings on what to do next.

But you can't remember what they mean at all. You have a feeling these are all useless now.

## Jade: Remove reminders.

**12/11/10**

You ditch the strings. All but one.

You don't remember what it was for, but it reminds you of something nonetheless. Something you can't believe you forgot about...

==>

**12/11/10**

John!

He was falling in your dream. You tried to save him. You hope he is ok.

==>

**12/11/10**

You look up at your house. Your cool satellite tower bedroom is gone.

What's that thing floating there?

## Jade: Head home.

**12/11/10**

Someone has connected as your server player.

You are pretty sure you know who it is.

## John: Be the someone who is Jade's server player.

**12/11/10**

You are suddenly John being the someone who is Jade's server player.

Since you have made short work of a delicious home cooked meal, you decide to bear down on this game. However, aromas from the ghost oven persist. What is that... lasagna? Wow, that smells great. Focus, Egbert, focus!

Since your paradox sister is still napping, you guess it couldn't hurt to set a few things up first.

## John: Deploy cruxtruder.

**13/11/10**

==>

**13/11/10**

```
BEC: Z
```

This seems like the obvious place for this thing.

Be careful with that! Don't want to wake the doggy.

==>

**13/11/10**

Jade's family sure is weird.

## John: Deploy totem lathe.

**13/11/10**

For such a huge house, things sure are cluttered in here. Got to make some space.

==>

**13/11/10**

==>

**13/11/10**

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**13/11/10**

==>

**13/11/10**

## John: Deploy alchemiter.

**13/11/10**

```
Cloning Pad

⬡ 100,000,000
```

You suppose you could upgrade this thing right away, if Jade can spare some time to cooperate. You've got plenty of grist to spare.

There's a lot of new junk in the registry. You wonder what all this stuff is for.

It costs a fortune. You have a lot of grist, but not nearly that much.

## Jade: Go inside.

**14/11/10**

```
Alert : John
```

pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

GG: john are you there???
EB: whoa, hey!
EB: you're awake!
GG: yes!
GG: im so relieved to talk to you and hear youre ok
GG: i mean.....
GG: are you ok john? your dream self i mean
EB: oh, yeah.
EB: i am pretty sure that i...
EB: he?
EB: am/is fine.
EB: i woke up on the battlefield which was on fire, and had flaming bits of prospit everywhere.
GG: :(
GG: yes, but that was not prospit. that was its moon which was severed by the crazy derse agent

EB: oh, you mean jack?
GG: i dunno!
EB: that is his name, karkat told me.
EB: i saw him there too.
EB: oh!!!!!
EB: i also got your present, and it saved my life!
GG: really?? :D
EB: yes, the bunny was so awesome, it was definitely the best bunny i got today.
EB: thank you so much, jade!
GG: <3
EB: when jack saw it, he flew the hell away. and then the bunny and i went on an adventure together.
EB: does the bunny have a name? i asked him but i don't think he can talk.
GG: i dont know! i did not give him one after applying the upgrades
GG: i gave her a girls name when i was very young, but now she is a different bunny, and also a boy i guess?
GG: its up to you john, he is your bunny
EB: oh, i did not even think of that.
EB: well if she grew up as a girl, then it's not right for me to suddenly make her a boy.
EB: hmm...
EB: you have no idea how tempted i am to name her casey again.
GG: hahahaha
GG: again?
EB: yes, i named a young salamander casey earlier, but then i left her at rose's house.
GG: you were at roses house??
EB: yes, but she was asleep.
EB: also, apparently i am supposed to marry rose. karkat said so.
GG: what!!!!
EB: it is true, it is a fact from an alien.
GG: ugh he is so weird
GG: you shouldnt listen to him!
EB: heheh, i did not take him that seriously.
EB: but karkat is cool, he is angry and funny.
GG: D:
GG: he is angry and a huge pain in the ass
GG: have you ever talked to two of him at once????
EB: haha, no!
GG: dont ever do it! you will get a headache
EB: that sounds kind of awesome.
GG: noooooooo, think again
EB: i've got it.
EB: i will name her liv tyler.
GG: ????
EB: the bunny.
GG: :|
GG: you mean from armageddon?

EB: yeah!
GG: john that is so stupid
GG: but also kind of cute i guess
GG: ok then the bunny will be named after your silly movie star fantasy crush
EB: it's too bad i can't marry liv instead of rose.
EB: the girl i mean, not the bunny.
EB: but i guess she is probably dead now, along with all the other glamorous movie stars who come out to shine on the silver screen.
EB: that's pretty sad.
GG: yeah.....
GG: that reminds me john
GG: have you looked in the lab yet?
EB: the lab?
GG: the big room in the sphere at the top of the tower
EB: oh, no. why?
GG: could you do me a favor and not look in there?
EB: ok. why, is there a secret in there?
GG: its nothing that secret or personal or anything....
GG: it is just something kind of sad and weird for you to see
EB: what is it?
GG: it is my dead dream self
GG: it has been there for years, i always knew i would die but i did not realize it would go like this....
EB: oh...
EB: errr...
GG: what?
EB: i have sort of already seen... that.
EB: not in the lab, but on the battlefield.
GG: oh no!!!!!
GG: im sorry john :(
EB: it's ok.
EB: i was so confused and sad when i saw you lying there...
EB: i'd rather not talk about it i guess.
GG: i understand
EB: but, i wonder...
EB: if your dream self died...
EB: then what were you just dreaming about now?
GG: ummmmmmm
GG: i think i would rather not talk about that either
EB: ok, that's cool.
EB: oh, also...
EB: i found your ring.
GG: you did????
EB: yes...
EB: but then i woke up, and didn't have it anymore.
EB: so i am not sure where it is now.

GG: oh noooooo
GG: john that ring is really important, it belongs to the white queen!
EB: oh, whoa.
GG: when you go to sleep again, you should try to find it and keep it safe!
EB: ok, i will do that.
EB: hey jade, we have a lot to catch up on, but how about later?
EB: we have to hurry, remember there is a big meteor heading for you right now?
GG: yes i have seen it, it is so huge ._.
GG: how much time do you suppose we have?
EB: i will find out now!

==>
**14/11/10**
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**14/11/10**
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**15/11/10**
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**15/11/10**
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**15/11/10**
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**15/11/10**
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**15/11/10**
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**15/11/10**
**John: Open cruxtruder.**
**15/11/10**
==>
**15/11/10**
pesterlogEB: oh fuck!

==>
**15/11/10**
==>
**15/11/10**
pesterlogEB: ok, we have 10 minutes and 25 seconds.
GG: hmmmm i wonder what the significance of that number is
EB: why would it be significant?
EB: numbers don't always need to have significance!
GG: but they usually do!
EB: ok, well the number is now less than it was, and therefore less significant.
EB: and by less, i mean more! you had better hurry upstairs and make your special item.
GG: yes, youre right

EB: hey, what do you think we should prototype this fussy little orb with?
EB: heheheh, it seems like so long ago that rose fed mine a clown.
EB: we were just messing around, we didn't even know what we were doing.
GG: i dont know...
GG: there are so many possibilities
EB: yeah...
EB: it's almost like your grandpa put all this crap here knowing we'd have to make that decision.
GG: hmmmmmm!
GG: yes, it sure seems that way
EB: he seems like he was an awesome guy, i would have liked to have the chance to talk to him.
GG: well
GG: maybe you will get that chance john
EB: oh?
GG: yes, as a matter of fact i am sure we will both get that chance!
GG: i once dreamt that we would
EB: huh...
EB: wait, are you saying we will prototype him?
EB: like i did with nanna, to bring her ghost back to life?
EB: as...
EB: another ghost?
GG: sure, why not!
EB: i guess that makes a lot of sense, actually.
GG: that is what i believe this game is for in part
GG: you got to bring back your nanna, rose brought back her cat, i can bring back grandpa, and dave...
GG: dave got to bring back a dead bird because of course he is too cool to have any dead family members
EB: yeah, also he brought back himself from the future.
EB: who... wasn't dead, but was going to die maybe? i dunno.
EB: specifically to save my life, as well as yours, i think.
GG: wait, he did????
EB: yes.
GG: that is
GG: soooo cooooool :O
EB: it's pretty neat, i guess.
GG: i almost completely forgot i was his server player!!!!!
GG: i hope hes not in trouble, i should check on him
GG: we probably have so much to catch up on
EB: i just messaged him, he is not answering.
GG: i dont see him in his house either :(
EB: ehhh, he's fine, he has been doing a lot of time traveling.
EB: i talked to him from the future, so he must be ok now to make it that far.
GG: oh, ok...
GG: jeez, i feel so out of the loop :(
EB: yes, that is why we need to get you in the loop!
EB: the loop being the game. hurry upstairs! your transporty pad thingies take you straight up,

right?
GG: yes! ok here i go
EB: oh, wait!!!
GG: what!
EB: what do we do about prototyping?
EB: we shouldn't put your grandpa in yet, unless we want lots of imps and ogres and stuff that look like your grandpa.
GG: augh, nooooooooooooooo
EB: we could put in something really lame, to make all the monsters weaker!
EB: or at the very least, more ridiculous looking.
EB: like one of these weird pictures of blue ladies lying around.
EB: what's the deal with those, anyway?
GG: oh god, dont get me started :|
GG: he was a strange and silly man
EB: i guess we could just put nothing in and see what happens.
GG: hmmmmmmm, perhaps
GG: is that allowed?
EB: i don't see why not.
EB: maybe i will ask rose, because she suddenly understands everything for some reason.
GG: yes, thats a good idea
EB: we have ten minutes to think about it.
EB: whoops! i mean a lot less than ten minutes!
EB: hurry upstairs, go go go!!!

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**16/11/10**
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**16/11/10**
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**16/11/10**
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**16/11/10**
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**16/11/10**
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**16/11/10**
## Jade: Proceed to stairwell.
**17/11/10**
pesterlogEB: what is this thing, anyway??
EB: and why is it blocking your transporter?
GG: it is some sort of terrible creature my grandpa hunted
GG: he called it the typheus minion
GG: i always hated it!
EB: typheus?
EB: like the web browser?

GG: i guess so
GG: it is probably a coincidence though
EB: hmm, i don't know...
EB: if you think numbers always mean something, why wouldn't browser names?
GG: yeah maybe.....
GG: i guess it would make sense for someone to name a really awful web browser after such a hideous monster
EB: wow, you sure do hate that thing!
GG: well sorry, i just found it sort of a weird and creepy thing to grow up with!
EB: i think it is pretty cool.
EB: and he is actually sort of cute to be honest, :p
GG: :p!!!!!!
EB: oh, and screw you, typheus is an awesome browser!
EB: it is old school.
GG: joooohhhhhn, it is so crappy
EB: typheus is the best and that's really all there is to say on the matter.
GG: YEAH RIGHT
GG: now is obviously not the best time to have the argument about whose browser is better....
GG: but really john you should upgrade to echidna, its so much nicer
GG: after you upgrade your clunky old computer of course :P
GG: maybe when i am in the game, i can give you one of mine!
EB: oh please.
EB: i will have you know, miss fancy computer dork...
EB: that i DID upgrade my computer.
GG: oh???
EB: yes, you are talking to the proud owner of a brand new BILL COSBY COMPUTER, ok?
GG: :O
EB: it is a stylish laptop in the shape of none other than bill cosby, the comedy LEGEND himself.
GG: omg
EB: he is looking a little sly, and fatherly, and he is wearing a sweater, and he is bill cosby.
EB: i made it with my alchemiter.
GG: john that is incredible
GG: i cant wait to make stuff like that!!!!!!
GG: except...
GG: all my awesome stuff exploded with my room :(
EB: then you will just have to make lots of NEW awesome stuff!
GG: yay!!!
EB: ok hold that thought, im going to yank this stupid monster off of the thing.

## John: Yank monster off of thing.

**17/11/10**

==>

**17/11/10**

pesterlogEB: augh!!!!!!!!!!!
EB: i am making such a fucking mess in here.

## Jade: Go upstairs.

**17/11/10**

pesterlogGG: what is the problem!!!!
EB: oh, nothing.
EB: i am just dropping monsters all over the place, that is all.
EB: are you upstairs?
GG: yes
EB: ok, good.
EB: i left the cruxite by the lathe, as well as the punched card with the green thingy on it.
EB: you should have plenty of time to make it. no drama here!
GG: nice!
GG: how much time?
EB: a little more than 6 minutes.
EB: in the meantime, i will try to contact rose and get this prototyping nonsense sorted out.
EB: it's so confusing...
EB: in my foolishness, i came very close to prototyping your grandpa.
GG: D:
GG: john, try to be more careful!
EB: we very nearly had to face our grandfatherly paradox-dad as a last boss.
EB: that would probably be the worst case scenario.
GG: um.....
GG: what?

==>

**18/11/10**

==>

**18/11/10**

```
WHOP
```

==>
**18/11/10**
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**18/11/10**
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**18/11/10**
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**18/11/10**
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**19/11/10**
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**19/11/10**
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**19/11/10**
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**19/11/10**

```
Alert : John
```

## Rose: Answer John.

**20/11/10**

```
Alert : John
```

pesterlog-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

EB: rose, i have a question, and i am in a hurry!
EB: so hurry up and answer!!!
TT: Did you know your planet was on fire?
EB: oh.
EB: it is?
TT: Yes. It makes a good light for reading, actually.
EB: ok, haha, that's a confusing thing you said, but that topic will have to wait!
EB: jade is minutes away from entering, and i need to decide what to do with this kernel sprite.
EB: i really don't want to mess up and do something stupid.
EB: i was thinking about not prototyping at all, to not give the monsters any new powers.
EB: what do you think, rose?
EB: i thought i'd ask since you seem to know all the mysteries.
TT: Yes, I do seem to be shadowed by each mystery and its somber cortege of riddles, don't I?
EB: yes.
EB: that is exactly what i was going to say.

TT: First of all, I should preface this conversation by saying I know exactly what you and Jade are going to do.
EB: um...
EB: ok?
TT: The more of our future I've been allowed to see, the more I'm presented with a challenge I'm not very comfortable with.
TT: The trolls have tipped us off about what's to come without any regard for the consequences, as appears to be their nature.
TT: But maybe that's why it's worked for them.
TT: Maybe their indiscretion mingles with the cosmic noise that is the fabric of temporal uncertainty.
EB: bluhhhhhh...
EB: rose, tick tick tick!!!
TT: Sorry, John.
TT: I'm just nervous about it.
TT: About whether telling you what you definitely will or won't do will alter a predetermined outcome.
TT: The result would be a splintered timeline, and we would all be sentenced to eventual oblivion.
TT: I'm presently optimistic this has not happened yet, and this is still the alpha timeline. I'd like to keep it that way.
EB: oh, wow.
EB: you mean like when i died in another dimension, because terezi hornswoggled me?
TT: Yes, sort of.
TT: It isn't much fun, John.
EB: what's not?
TT: Living for months in an offshoot reality, waiting for the curtain to drop.
EB: oh, ok, i see.
EB: well, uh...
EB: is there anything you can tell me?
TT: Hmm.
TT: I guess I can permit myself to tell you this, somewhat definitively.
EB: what?
TT: Failing to prototype the kernel is the absolute worst thing that you could possibly do.
TT: Like, ever.
EB: oh no!
TT: We would come into possession of all the disasters.
TT: Exhaustive possession. Monopolization, in fact.
EB: then i guess i will not do that.
EB: why is it so bad?
TT: Because the battlefield will not be able to heal, and then transform.
TT: It will not reach the stage which allows it to become ready to receive our universe.
EB: but...
EB: i thought you said it wasn't going to be able to make a universe anyway?
EB: wasn't it barren or something?
TT: Yes.
EB: so why is it important?

TT: Because if it does not reach this stage, we will not be able to recover the treasure hidden in its core.
TT: Which is to say,
TT: You will not be able to recover it.
TT: When you go to sleep again.
EB: OHHHHHH.
EB: why didn't you say so, of course the answer is treasure.
TT: Yes. This is the treasure that will give us hope.
TT: But only if it comes into being in the first place.
EB: what is the treasure exactly?
TT: John, what is that sound?
EB: what sound?
TT: It seems to be a ticking noise.
EB: aaaahh!
EB: yeah, i've got to go. we can chat about treasure later.
EB: anyway, i will sort out this prototyping silliness myself.
EB: thanks rose!

-- ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] --

## Jade: Examine punched card.

**20/11/10**

What the heck is this?

## Jade: Carve totem.

**20/11/10**

## Jade: Pester Dave.

**20/11/10**

```
Alert : Dave
```

pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] --

GG: dave!
GG: are you busy?
GG: i dont have much time!
GG: i am about to make my entry item, and its a little confusing
GG: i think the more players we add, the trickier they are to... um.....
GG: activate!
GG: like yours was
GG: i figured we could brainstorm about it, while john fusses with the kernel
GG: hellooooo?
TG: nak nak nak
GG: :o
TG: nak nak nak nak nak nak
GG: :\
GG: whaaat....?
TG: nakka nakka nak

GG: dammit dave!!!!!!
GG: this is really urgent!
TG: MY GLASSES ARE TALKING TO ME MY GLASSES ARE TALKING TO ME
TG: naknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknak
GG: ._.

**==>**
**20/11/10**
**Dave: Visit paradox sister.**
**20/11/10**
**==>**
**20/11/10**
**==>**
**20/11/10**
**==>**
**20/11/10**

```
ROSE: Z
```

**==>**
**20/11/10**
**Rose: View John.**
**20/11/10**
**John: Wake up.**
**20/11/10**
**==>**
**20/11/10**
Wait, what happened? Where are you? Hey is that your...

NO BILL NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

How many times must you say goodbye??

**==>**
**20/11/10**
NO NANNA NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Well, at least you are pretty sure she doesn't live in there. She is probably still back at your house, baking or something.

**John: Pester Jade.**
**20/11/10**

```
:: gardenGnostic ::

PESTERLOG :

EB: jade!!!
EB: are you ok?
EB: what happened???
EB: blarrrrrrgh!!!!!!!!!!!!!
```

```
[PESTER]


SERIOUS BUSINESS

f fedoraFreak - ??:??
p.s. - they are all rumpled and unsightly, unfortunately.

f fedoraFreak - ??:??
storing unimbibed urine in rumpled, unsightly fedora.

f fedoraFreak - ??:??
filters adequately, remains yellow, unpalatable.

f fedoraFreak - ??:??
jury rigged makeshift urine filtration system utilizing serveral gorgeous silk
socks, stretched like drum over opne mailbox

[SYSTEM]
```

There is no answer.

==>

**20/11/10**

YOU ARE JUST SO FRUSTRATED wait why the hell would you do that, what was the point.

## John: Equip goggles.

**21/11/10**

```
Alert : Rose
```

In spite of being an idiot, you still have a viable remaining communication device.

And as fortune would have it, someone is communicating with you now. This girl better have some damn answers!!!

## John: Answer Rose.

**21/11/10**

```
Alert : Rose
```

pesterlog-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

TT: John.
EB: blaaauuuuuuuuugh, what happened!!!!!
TT: You were sleeping.
EB: yes, i know!
EB: on the corner of my ghost bed!
EB: in the middle of an oil ocean!
EB: for some reason!!!
TT: Why were you sleeping?
TT: Everywhere I look, I see boys taking naps.
EB: um...
EB: i have no idea.
EB: i don't remember what happened, i was in the middle of helping jade...

EB: and then...
EB: i guess my bed crashed?
EB: and i got knocked out i guess.
EB: i was dreaming.
EB: i couldn't have been out for that long, because my dream was really short.
TT: You weren't.
TT: Ten minutes, I'd say.
TT: What were you dreaming about?
EB: i was on the battlefield again.
EB: but i did not have time to seek the treasure!
TT: I wouldn't imagine so.
EB: but...
EB: i did see a black guy wrapped up in my ghosty bed sheets.
EB: he was acting very suspicious.
TT: A black guy?
EB: oh...
EB: i do not mean like, an african american or anything.
EB: like bill cosby.
TT: Thanks for clearing that up.
EB: r.i.p. bill. :(
EB: this fellow had a hard black shell, like all the dead guys do.
EB: i followed him for a bit...
EB: and then some sorta ruckus transpired, and i woke up.
EB: and now jade won't answer!
EB: do you know if she's ok?
TT: She's fine.
TT: But you're not.
EB: i'm not?
TT: Remember how I said your planet was on fire?
EB: oh yeah...
EB: that didn't by any chance stop being a thing that was true, did it?
TT: It did not.
TT: Do you see that pinkish hue behind you, bleeding over the horizon?
EB: fuck!!!
EB: rose, this is all oil! it'll all just explode any second, won't it???
TT: I don't think the fire's rate of propagation is quite as fast as you're imagining.
TT: But the danger is still significant.
TT: Especially considering that your bed is sinking.
EB: fuuuuuuuuuuuck!!!!!!!
TT: Relax.
TT: Look to your right.

## John: Look to your right.

**21/11/10**

pesterlogTT: This will at least buy you some time.
TT: If you stay calm, and we work together, we can get you out of this.

TT: I'm practically an expert at escaping fires by now.
EB: ok, thank you rose.
EB: hey, how do you know these things anyway?
EB: can you see me somehow?
TT: Yes.
TT: I have a crystal ball.
EB: oh man, really?
TT: Yes.
EB: like a magic one?
TT: I think so.
EB: can it show you the future?
EB: is that how you know what's going to happen?
TT: No, it can only show me various locations in the present moment, as far as I can tell.
TT: My perception of the future has been informed by other sources.
EB: like what?
TT: Informants.
EB: durrrrr.
TT: Whispering gods, memories sifted from dreams, cryptic readings from unearthed talismans, conclusions drawn from riddles deciphered - every gambit you'd expect a quest to extend to an emerging seer.
TT: Just as I presume an heir would be supplied with what's needed for his maturation, assuming he's looking for it.
EB: oh... yeah.
EB: point taken. i guess i should be looking, huh?
TT: You should probably be doing what you're doing.
EB: okay, so...
EB: with what you've learned from your dreams and gods and magic and stuff...
EB: do you have it all mapped out now? do you know everything?
TT: I didn't know why you were asleep, did I?
EB: yeah, but...
EB: neither did i!
TT: I have more pedestrian sources too, you know.
TT: Sometimes trolls blither tidbits about the future, and I can't help but take note of it.
TT: Just as they do with you.
TT: You also have access to the oracle clouds in Skaia, whereas I do not.
EB: oh yeah.
TT: Knowing the future is no remarkable feat here.
TT: It appears to be a fact of life.
TT: I'm not all that special, John.
EB: ok, buuuuuut...
EB: i guess that's not all i'm talking about.
EB: you seem a little different.
EB: kind of, um... spooky?
TT: Really?
EB: i just mean that before, it felt like we were in this adventure together, figuring stuff out as we went along.

EB: and now you have all the answers! because of magic, and other mysterious reasons!
EB: and you want to use your powers to break the game, and i still don't really understand why, and...
EB: bluh.
TT: I'm not actually trying to caricaturize a grim sorcerer.
TT: There's still a perfectly intact piece of my mind which realizes how ridiculous it is to be flying across rainbow oceans with a couple of magic wands and a salamander in a little cowl.
TT: And it wasn't without swallowing a little embarrassment that I revealed I was using a crystal ball just now.
TT: It's all pretty absurd.
TT: And yet,
TT: It's been fun, and above all, practical.
TT: For solving our problems.
EB: ok, yeah, you're right.
EB: i guess i just started worryin'...
EB: that you are getting away from us!
EB: because you know everything, and you're magic, and you have a crystal ball, and a salamander, and you are basically a wizard.
EB: and that's cool, and it sure does sound fun...
EB: but i kinda think it was more fun when you just did things like read books, and tell jokes.
TT: I still read books and tell jokes.
EB: BA-DUM PSHHH!
TT: John,
TT: That was mean.
EB: sorry. :(

==>

**22/11/10**

pesterlogEB: well, if you do not have any objection...
EB: maybe later, i will drop by your planet again and rescue you, thus breaking the spooky spell put on you by your nefarious, shadowy masters.
TT: Swoon!
EB: that way you will stop being so grimdark and ominous, and basically completely off the deep end in every way, as is now painfully obvious to anyone with a brain.
TT: I will do by best to occupy myself as benignly and unmagically as possible until you show up.
EB: yes.
EB: please write some happy stories in your journal, about lively horses, and conspicuously not about wizards, or sadness.
TT: ... "Happy?"
TT: What is this strange, unsad emotion of which you speak?
EB: yes, this is good.
EB: you see rose, these are jokes.
EB: this are what they look like, do not be alarmed.
TT: Jokes?
TT: Are those the things people say when they want unusual noises to come out of the pliable crescent-shaped holes sometimes found in people's faces?

EB: laughs, rose. laaaughs.
EB: also, those crescenty looking holes where laughs come out of?
EB: those are smiles!
EB: observe... :D
TT: I need to make a note of this.
TT: Excuse me while I open this tome bound in the tanned, writhing flesh of a tortured hellscholar. The screaming will subside shortly.
EB: ok, i will wait patiently.
TT: Continue to not be alarmed as I record your advice with runes stroked in the black tears bled from the corruption-weary eyes of fifty thousand imaginary occultists.
TT: And then brace yourself for the fabled blackdeath trance of the woegothics I will slip into, while quaking in the bloodeldritch throes of the broodfester tongues.
EB: no, rose!
EB: that sort of nonsense is exactly what is out of the question!
EB: i see things are more urgent than i realized.
EB: i will have to venture there straightaway, and slap you right out of that silly old trance!
TT: One is not easily shaken from the broodfester tongues, John.
TT: They are stubborn throes.
EB: oh.
EB: well shit.
TT: Besides, you can't come to my planet right away.
TT: You will need to recover the treasure first, because it must be delivered to me.
EB: oh yeah.
EB: what is this treasure, anyway?
EB: and how's it gonna save us!
TT: You'd probably be disappointed if I described it.
EB: tell me anyway!
TT: Ok.
TT: It's called The Tumor.
EB: ...
EB: you're right, that is the shittiest sounding treasure i have ever heard.

==>

**22/11/10**

```
Alert : Rose
Alert : Karkat
Alert : Vriska
```

pesterlogEB: so what is this tumor supposed to do?
EB: and what is the significance of...
EB: removing it, i guess?
EB: does that mean im curing the battlefield or something?
EB: like the planet's doctor?
EB: hello?????
EB: rose????????????
TT: Sorry.
TT: I was preoccupied.

EB: by what?
TT: Oh, let's say,
TT: Troll stuff.
TT: You know how it is.
EB: ??????????????????????????????????
TT: Incidentally, looks like you will have your own troll stuff to attend to shortly.
EB: i will?
TT: Yes.
TT: Involving the one who hates you, and the one who likes you.
EB: um...
EB: which ones are those?
TT: You don't have a guess?
EB: uh... karkat and vriska?
EB: oh god, i was right. there they are now.
EB: how did you know?
TT: I have to go, John.
TT: Talk to your trolls.
TT: We'll catch up shortly.
EB: wait!!!
EB: there's stuff you didn't tell me!
EB: what happened with jade? did i mess anything up with the prototyping??
EB: aaaugh, why can't i remember!!!!!
EB: don't go yet rose, tell me!
EB: rose???????
-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --
EB: BLUH BLUH
EB: HUGE WITCH

## John: Answer the one who hates you.

**22/11/10**

pesterlog-- carcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

CG: IT'S ME AGAIN, ASSHOLE
CG: THE ONE WHO HATES YOU, REMEMBER?
CG: OR SHOULD I SAY FUTURE-REMEMBER???
EB: karkat!!!!!!!!!!
CG: AGAIN WITH KNOWING MY NAME
CG: IT'S REALLY FUCKING UNSETTLING WHEN YOU DO THAT.
CG: I WONDER HOW FAR BACK YOU KNOW IT
CG: I'M GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE A SPECIAL POINT OF NOT BEING THE ONE TO TELL YOU, I DON'T WANT TO GIVE YOU THE SATISFACTION.
EB: hey, shut up a second!
EB: i need you to be nice for a change and do me a favor...
EB: have you talked to jade recently?
EB: can you tell me what happened to her??
CG: WHO THE FUCK IS JADE.

EB: uh...
EB: hmm.
CG: JOHN, THE FACT THAT YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO THINK I CAN READ YOUR MIND JUST UNDERSCORES WHAT A HARROWING GODDAMN IDIOT YOU ARE.
EB: jade is the girl who i am pretty sure just entered our session.
EB: she is my client player.
CG: OH, YOU MEAN THE ONE WHO FUCKS EVERYTHING UP.
EB: um, yeah... i thought you knew that? you talked to her a bunch of times, apparently.
CG: WHY THE FUCK WOULD I KNOW THAT.
CG: THIS IS ONLY THE SECOND TIME I HAVE EVER TALKED TO A HUMAN.
CG: AND THE FIRST TIME, MUCH TO MY MIGRAINE COMPOUNDING REGRET, WAS WITH YOU.
EB: oh!
EB: ok, i see what is going on here.
EB: we are finally getting to our first couple of conversations. cool!
CG: NO, NOT "COOL".
CG: WHAT IS GOING ON HERE IS VERY MUCH ANTITHETICAL TO YOUR PRIMITIVE HUMAN NOTION OF "EARTH COOL".
CG: YOU SEE, IN OUR FIRST CONVERSATION, WE DIDN'T EXACTLY GET OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT.
CG: IT IS A FOOT WHICH SHOULD HAVE REEKED OF YOUR VERBAL RUINATION.
CG: BUT INSTEAD IT SMELLED LIKE
CG: WELL, LET'S NOT GET INTO THAT.
CG: I AM HERE TO DO WHAT YOU AND YOUR PATHETIC CADRE OF CO-HUMANS FAILED TO DO, WHICH IS SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT.
CG: I AM HERE TO UTTERLY ANNIHILATE YOUR SHIT.
CG: I WILL STAY ON MESSAGE THIS TIME. I WILL NOT BE DETERRED BY YOUR GOOFY MANNERISMS AND YOUR ABSURD PENCHANT FOR REVELING IN SELF ABUSE.
CG: WE WILL GET OFF ON A FRESH FOOT, AND BY FRESH I MEAN MOST FOUL INDEED.
CG: ITS TOES ARE WIGGLING UNDER YOUR HIDEOUS PINK NOSTRILS. NOW BREATHE DEEP YOUR MISFORTUNE, YOU SAD LITTLE CLOWN.
CG: THIS IS THE END OF YOU. THAT AROMA YOU DETECT WAFTS FROM THE BOUQUET PERCHED ON YOUR CORPSE BOX.
CG: NOBODY CRIES, EXCEPT YOUR SHITTY GHOST. HEAVY SOBS FROM A SPECTER OF UNQUALIFIED FAILURE.
CG: IT IS A SYMPHONY TO MY ANGRY EARS.
EB: so... the smell is from a foot... but also from funeral flowers?
EB: this metaphor is confusing.
CG: STFU
CG: I'M ONLY GETTING STARTED.
EB: yeah, i know!
EB: this is all that big time trolling i was looking forward to.
EB: and it's pretty good so far, and ordinarily i would be excited to hear more...
CG: YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN???

CG: YOU ARE ACTUALLY ENJOYING THIS, WHAT A SICK FUCK.
EB: but i really am concerned about what happened with jade!
EB: my request for a favor still stands, even though this is early you, and you still think you hate me.
CG: DON'T QUESTION THE SINCERITY OF MY HATE, JUST DON'T EVEN FUCKING GO THERE.
EB: ok, fine! you hate me sooooo much, like, for real.
EB: can you just tell me what's up with jade?
EB: can you see her?
CG: YEAH I SEE HER
CG: IT'S MAKING ME MAD SEEING HER
EB: can you tell me what happened? what did she do that was so bad?
CG: HAHAHAHAHAHA
CG: HERE I AM TALKING TO YOU MOMENTS AFTER YOU DID THE TERRIBLE THING, AND YOU STILL DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU DID!
CG: INCREDIBLE, YOU TRULY ARE DUMBER THAN I THOUGHT.
EB: ok!!! i'm an idiot! can you just tell me anyway????
EB: whoa...
CG: WHAT
EB: the ground is shaking...
EB: what's going on?
CG: I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S GOING ON.
CG: WHAT YOU FUCKING DID IS WHAT'S GOING ON.
EB: so tell me what i fucking did!!!
CG: OH, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU FUCKING DID?
EB: yes!
EB: please, no more stalling or "i already told you's" or any other maddening nonsense!
EB: just...
EB: TELL ME!
CG: VERY WELL, JOHN HUMAN EGBERT.
CG: I WILL TELL YOU WHAT YOU DID
CG: READY FOR ME TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU DID?
CG: HERE'S ME, TELLING YOU WHAT YOU DID
CG: OK, HERE GOES
CG: WHAT YOU DID IS AS FOLLOWS
CG: AS SUCH
CG: AND THUSLY
EB: :|

==>

**22/11/10**

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Alert : Karkat
```

He then proceeded to tell you what you did, as such.

And we then proceeded to watch.

Thusly.

**[S] Jade: Enter.**

**27/11/10**

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**28/11/10**

pesterlogCG: YOU MADE AN UNBEATABLE BOSS IS WHAT YOU DID.

==>

**28/11/10**

pesterlogCG: THE IDIOT YOU CALL THE JADE HUMAN WENT AHEAD AND PROTOTYPED HER FREAK OF A LUSUS, WHILE YOU DECIDED TO TAKE A NAP FOR SOME REASON RATHER THAN DOING WHAT A LEADER IS SUPPOSED TO DO AND STOP HER FROM BEING SO FUCKING RETARDED.

==>

**28/11/10**

pesterlogCG: YOUR VERSION OF JACK, WHO YOU WERE SOMEHOW DUMB ENOUGH TO ENTRUST WITH THE QUEEN'S RING, BECAME ESSENTIALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE.
CG: HE THEN WENT ON A RAMPAGE THROUGH YOUR POINTLESS SESSION, WHICH HILARIOUSLY, WAS ALREADY A LOST CAUSE EVEN BEFORE THIS HAPPENED!
CG: I AM JUST BESIDE MYSELF WITH THE SPECTACULAR BREADTH OF YOUR FAILURE.

==>

**28/11/10**

pesterlogCG: AND IF THIS WASN'T BAD ENOUGH
CG: YOUR "SOLUTION" LATER WOULD BE TO OPEN A RIFT IN SOME GLORIOUS GESTURE OF MEANINGLESS SUICIDE.

==>

**28/11/10**

pesterlogCG: AND I HAVE NO IDEA HOW
CG: BUT THE RIFT YOU OPENED ENABLED HIM TO ENTER OUR SESSION, JUST AS WE WERE ABOUT TO CLAIM OUR PRIZE.

==>

**28/11/10**

pesterlogCG: AND NOW WE'RE THE ONES WHO HAVE TO FUCKING DEAL WITH HIM!
CG: SO THANKS A LOT, SHIT HEAD.

==>

**29/11/10**

pesterlogEB: jade prototyped a lusus?
EB: what's that?
CG: OH
CG: OK, MY BAD, I FORGOT I WAS TALKING TO A MEMBER OF A GENERICALLY BIZARRE ALIEN SPECIES.

CG: I GUESS SOME HUMANS HAVE A LUSUS, WHILE OTHERS DON'T? WHATEVER.
CG: HER LUSUS IS THE CREATURE WHICH SERVES AS HER CUSTODIAN.
EB: oh, you mean her dog!
CG: I GUESS
EB: so, she prototyped becquerel?
EB: why is that so bad?
CG: JOHN, DO YOU EVEN KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS?
CG: IS THIS HOW HUMAN FRIENDSHIP WORKS? YOU JUST DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT EACH OTHER?
CG: HER LUSUS EXHIBITS THE PROPERTIES OF A LEGENDARY ENTITY CALLED A FIRST GUARDIAN.
CG: IT IS AN ABSOLUTE MONSTROSITY.

==>
**29/11/10**
pesterlogEB: what properties?
CG: OK, FOR STARTERS, NOTICE HOW THE FURIOUS WALL OF FIRE CURRENTLY RUSHING TOWARD YOU IS TURNING GREEN?
EB: uh oh...
CG: YEAH
CG: THOSE FUCKING PROPERTIES.

==>
**29/11/10**
pesterlogCG: BUT IT'S A LOT MORE THAN THAT.
CG: AS THE DEFENDERS OF THEIR PLANETS, THEY'RE VIRTUALLY OMNIPOTENT.
CG: PROTOTYPING ONE IS ABSOLUTELY UNCONSCIONABLE.

==>
**29/11/10**
pesterlogCG: THE RESULT IS A BOSS A HELL OF A LOT WORSE THAN WHAT WE HAD TO FIGHT, AND WE PROTOTYPED TWELVE TIMES RATHER THAN A MEASLY FOUR.
CG: AND ONE OF OUR PROTOTYPINGS INCLUDED AN OUTER FUCKING GOD THE SIZE OF A CITY!
CG: I HOPE THIS PUTS IN PERSPECTIVE HOW TERRIBLE YOU ARE.
EB: huh...
EB: yeah, it kind of does.
EB: i'm sorry karkat, i didn't realize we screwed up so bad.

==>
**29/11/10**
pesterlogCG: ALRIGHT WELL
CG: I WASN'T EXPECTING YOU TO MAN UP AND APOLOGIZE FOR IT, SO OK I'LL GIVE YOU CREDIT FOR THAT.
CG: BUT IT'S NOT STOPPING ME FROM DETESTING YOU AND IT SURE AS FUCK ISN'T GOING TO DERAIL THIS RUNAWAY HATE TRAIN, JUST SO YOU KNOW.
EB: oh, yeah, i know.

EB: you're really gonna tear me apart!
EB: i just feel kind of bad i fell asleep, i don't know what came over me.
EB: maybe i ate too much lasagna.
CG: HEY, INOPPORTUNE NAPS HAPPEN IN THIS GAME.
CG: EXCEPT TO ME, BEING THE STALWART MODEL OF LEADERSHIP I AM.
CG: I MANAGED TO STAY AWAKE FOR SEVERAL WEEKS STRAIGHT, I DIDN'T WANT TO LET MY GUARD DOWN FOR A SECOND.
CG: BUT THEN
CG: AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER, AND WE RETREATED IN FAILURE
CG: I FOOLISHLY DID.
CG: AND THAT'S WHEN I SAW HIM.

==>

**29/11/10**

pesterlogEB: who?
CG: JACK.
CG: I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM WHEN HE FIRST APPEARED.
CG: BUT ON PROSPIT, I SAW HIM UP CLOSE, WITHOUT ALL THAT RIDICULOUS GREEN SHIT OBSCURING HIM.
CG: I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT WAS REALLY HIM BY THE WAY HE LOOKED, BUT I JUST KNEW.
CG: HE WAS WEARING A RING I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE, CERTAINLY NOT ONE BELONGING TO OUR QUEENS.
CG: WE DESTROYED THOSE.
CG: HE WORE IT ON HIS ONE HAND, WHICH WAS COVERED IN OUR MUTANT BLOOD.
CG: AND THEN
CG: JUST LIKE THAT
CG: HE KILLED ME
CG: AND I GUESS
CG: EVEN THOUGH IT WAS PROBABLY JUST HIS WAY OF SAYING HI
CG: I STILL FELT KIND OF BETRAYED.
EB: betrayed?
CG: YES JOHN. BETRAYED.
EB: um, ok.

==>

**29/11/10**

pesterlogCG: WHEN I WOKE UP, EVERYONE HERE WAS BUZZING ABOUT THESE ALIENS CALLED HUMANS.
CG: SO NATURALLY I'M LIKE WHO GIVES A SHIT, RIGHT?
CG: WELL, WRONG.
CG: I PRETTY QUICKLY DETERMINED THAT HE WAS FROM YOUR SESSION, NOT OURS.
CG: SO HE WASN'T REALLY "MY JACK"
CG: AND I WAS SORT OF RELIEVED
CG: RELIEVED BUT ALSO ENRAGED

CG: I'M SURE YOU KNOW THE FEELING.
EB: er...
EB: not really.

==>

**29/11/10**

DOG!

pesterlogCG: ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, AND THAT'S WHY YOU ARE SUCH A DISGRACE.
CG: THIS IS PROBABLY THE LAST TIME I WILL EVER EXPLAIN ALL THIS STUFF TO YOU, BECAUSE I CAN'T IMAGINE IT WILL HELP MY HEADACHE MUCH TO REPEAT MYSELF.
CG: I BET IT'LL BE PRETTY FRUSTRATING FOR YOU IN THE PAST!
EB: i suppose it was...
EB: but meh, it is all water under the bridge.
EB: which is where trolls and their shenanigans belong!
CG: HA HA! I'M LAUGHING MY ASS OFF AT YOUR FUNNY FUCKING JOKE.
CG: I HOPE THIS IS THE CALIBER OF HUMOR I CAN EXPECT FROM YOU IN THE FUTURE-PAST, EGBERT.
CG: IT'LL BE A REAL TREAT TROLLING YOU WITH MORE OF THOSE NUB SLAPPERS TO LOOK FORWARD TO!
EB: oh, there will be lots of great material. just wait until i start handing out rabbits, you will love that.
CG: WOW, WHAT A CRYPTIC STATEMENT.
CG: CHECK THIS OUT, I DON'T GIVE A FUCK.
CG: ANYWAY, GUESS I'LL GET GOING AND LET YOU DIE IN YOUR FIRE, WHICH YOU REALLY SHOULD, BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY NOT GOING TO FOR SOME REASON.
CG: I'VE GOT TO REWIND THE TAPE ON THIS CLUSTERFUCK AND FIGURE OUT WHAT WENT WRONG.
EB: yeah, i should get going too.
EB: my friend is pestering me, and i doubt she likes to be kept waiting.
EB: (she is sort of the bossy type!)
CG: WHY WOULD I CARE ABOUT YOUR DUMB HUMAN FRIEND AND HER PETULANT, MEANINGLESS DEMANDS.
CG: WHAT COULD THAT POSSIBLY HAVE TO DO WITH ME.
EB: ummm...
EB: yeah, you're right, it is probably of no significance to you whatsoever.
EB: (hehehehe)
CG: A;SLDKJFSDLKFJS;LDJFLK;J
CG: HERE, JOHN HUMAN DIPSHIT.
CG: HAVE A SECOND AND PENULTIMATE FUCK YOU:
CG: "FUCK"
CG: "YOU"
CG: MAY IT MARK THE SECOND OF MANY TO COME, AND THE MAGNIFICENT DENOUEMENT TO MANY RECEIVED.

CG: TOGETHER WE JUST TUGGED AT THE BOW TO UNRAVEL A PRESENT FULL OF GO FUCK YOURSELF.
CG: HAPPY WRIGGLING DAY YOU UGLY PILE OF TRASH.

-- carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

==>
**29/11/10**
## WV: Examine fourth station.
**29/11/10**
There is something familiar about this.
## WV: Examine pumpkin.
**29/11/10**
You feel as though there is something you've forgotten. Something concealed in long slumbering memories.
## WV: Examine ring.
**29/11/10**
You have not inspected your treasure in years. You have spent ages guarding it without understanding its purpose.

Its only purpose you have understood has been to remind you of things you have taken care to forget. But now...

You think it is time to remember.
## WV: Remember.
**29/11/10**
Of course! The boy on the screen!

He must be the same one. You do not know how it is possible. But you are sure it is him.
==>
**29/11/10**
John is the boy you saw that day.

John is the windy one.
==>
**30/11/10**
==>
**30/11/10**
## WV?: Defend treasure.
**30/11/10**
Egad, a thief approaches!!! This pajama'd rogue surely seeks to put his mitts on your newfound glowy treasure.

He is definitely a thief. You have an eye for these types. He is either a master thief himself, or at the very least, an apprentice of one.

==>

**30/11/10**

**John: Wake up again.**

**30/11/10**

==>

**30/11/10**

```
Alert : Rose
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==>

**30/11/10**

**WV: Command the thief's apprentice.**

**30/11/10**

There is so much left for him to do.

**sir john, i have politely returned.**

**30/11/10**

```
> sir john, i have politely returned.
```

Yes, and it seems you have remembered your human etiquette as well.

John is busy at the moment. He is talking to his friend.

**oh dear. the purple text human again?**

**30/11/10**

```
Alert : Rose
```

Yes. Her.

**what about the green text human, that one was nicer.**

**30/11/10**

```
> what about the green text human, that one was nicer.
```

John is asking about her. But to no avail. She is currently preoccupied.

**drat. please continue to solicit her graciously, good john.**

**30/11/10**

He will.

**why are you on a small rock? are you in peril, sir?**

**30/11/10**

Why yes, he is in peril. He was stranded there on account of a nap instigated by the one he apprentices under.

**the master thief! is that who you are talking to now, john?**

**30/11/10**

```
Alert : Karkat
```

No, now he's talking to the Knight.

**i don't like the gray text knight. it is an unpleasant human**

**30/11/10**

He is not a human.

## john, stop talking to the gray text not human immediately.

**30/11/10**

```
> no stop.
> i don't think he read his etiquette book very thoroughly.
> he likely made the foolish mistake of eating the pages first.
> he is terrible.
> john john john john.
> john listen to me.
> boy.
> stop.
> listen to me.
> stop talking to gray text stupid dumb.
> stupid windy boy.
> john.
> stop.
```

John is too engrossed in the conversation to entertain your wishes.

## stop stop stop stop stop stop stop.

**30/11/10**

The matter he is discussing is quite urgent. Perhaps he'll humor you another time.

Ah, so that's your plan, is it?

Yelling will get you nowhere. Don't you remember?

## WV: Push it.

**30/11/10**

==>

**30/11/10**

```
--- ....
-. --- !!!
```

==>

**30/11/10**

==>

**30/11/10**

You see what happens when you forget your manners?

==>

**01/12/10**

==>

**01/12/10**

==>

**01/12/10**

==>

**01/12/10**

==>

**01/12/10**

```
Alert : Vriska
```

# Apprentice: Answer thief.

**01/12/10**

pesterlog-- arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

AG: Psssssssst.
AG: Hey 8rave leader.
AG: John!
AG: Stop ignoring me. My messages should receive top priority.
AG: Who are you talking to? I don't appreciate 8eing snu88ed like this. How ungr8ful can you get!
AG: Maaaaaaaan.
AG: Come ooooooon.....
EB: hey vriska, sorry to keep you waiting!
AG: W8ting?
AG: Oh! I guess so. I hardly even noticed! I am like this really huge deal, and have a lot of stuff to keep me 8usy, remem8er?
EB: yeah, i know.
EB: um, sorry to cut this short, but this isn't really the best time to chat!
EB: i am in the middle of an ocean of oil that is ablaze with a lot of green fire.
EB: i need to figure out a way to escape!
EB: unfortunately, i fell asleep for some reason, and my bed landed here.
EB: i can't believe i was so stupid.
AG: Don't 8eat yourself up a8out it!
AG: I was the one who put you to sleep.
EB: you were?
AG: Yeah!
EB: um...
EB: you can do that?
AG: Yes, that seems to 8e the limit to what I can do to your primitive species.
AG: I guess our 8rains don't really work the same way? Who knows!
EB: hmm.
EB: what do you mean, "limit"?
EB: are you saying you can usually do more than that?
AG: Duh! So much more, John. I have a lot of gr8 powers.
AG: When we have more time, I will tell you all a8out them.
EB: ok, that is pretty cool i guess...
EB: but...
EB: why???
EB: why would you put me to sleep and put me in this predicament?
AG: John, soon you will understand that you are meant to rise to gr8tness.
AG: This can't possi8ly happen unless you are challenged.
AG: There will 8e times when your limits are tested. This is one of those times!
AG: I know this 8ecause I can see your future right here in front of me. You should trust me!
EB: ok, but...
EB: i kind of get that, but it's also kind of odd...
EB: if you're seeing my future, and you know those things are the outcome, then why are you going

back and...
EB: i guess, involving yourself with these events? see what i mean?
AG: Oh John, this should 8e so o8vious to you 8y now.
AG: You are going to 8become a gr8 hero, that much is sure.
AG: 8ut I want to 8e the one responsi8le for it!
AG: And now I am pretty much guaranteed to 8e.
AG: ::::)
EB: ok, that...
EB: SORT OF makes sense, i guess.
EB: but it's kind of hurting my head to think about!
AG: You don't have to think! Just leave the thinking to me.
AG: All you have to do is dig deep down, find your hero powers, and get yourself out of this jam.
AG: You can do it, John. 8e the hero!
AG: Just like in one of your movies a8out sweaty, rugged adult human males.
EB: ah HA!
EB: so you did watch that video I sent.
EB: what did you think?

==>

**01/12/10**

pesterlogAG: It was ok.
AG: I admit it was a little 8etter than I expected.
EB: yessssssss, i knew it!
AG: 8ut who cares! Let's not get sidetracked 8y films a8out wounded, muscular renegades.
AG: 8y the way, John, have you ever considered growing your hair out?
AG: I 8et it would look fa8ulous.
EB: no, it would look so stupid!
AG: I don't know a8out that!
AG: I have an eye for fashion. 8 of them, in fact!
EB: i thought you didn't want to get sidetracked!!!
AG: Oh yeah. Whoops. ::::\
EB: anyway, putting me to sleep and landing me in hot water is one thing...
EB: but you sort of indirectly caused a MUCH BIGGER problem!
EB: before i fell asleep, i was about to prototype something really ridiculous to make jack weaker.
EB: i am pretty sure that it would have made jack lose both eyes, both arms, and give him silly blue hair, and possibly also make him be a girl?
EB: he probably would have been pretty easy to beat!!!
EB: but instead, it was prototyped by jade's first guardian dog lusus.
EB: and now he is unstoppable!
EB: and he becomes the one who is stirrin' up all that trouble in your session too!
EB: i mean, it sounds like your intentions were good, but you probably didn't realize to what extent you were messing everything up!
AG: Don't 8e a8surd, John.
AG: Of course I realized that would happen.
AG: It was pretty much the whole point, you goof!
EB: what????????

EB: vriska, why would you do that!
AG: Jegus, calm down.
EB: but!
EB: no!
EB: why should i calm down when you just said you deliberately sabotaged all of us?
AG: Relaaaaaaaax.
AG: Listen, John.
AG: Regardless of what I did, he is already here.
AG: I know this consequence will 8e hard for you to accept, 8ut whenever you feel angry or confused a8out it, just repeat this to yourself.
AG: It should 8ecome your mantra!
AG: He is already here.
AG: Say it, John!
EB: but what does that mean!
AG: It means what it sounds like! He's already here!!!!!!!!
AG: Here in our session, trying to hunt us down! Man, this should 8e elementary to you 8y now.
AG: No matter what you or I or any of us did, Jack's here now. That's the reality!
AG: And if I didn't stop you, it wouldn't have changed the reality for us here. We'd still 8e hiding on this rock, and he'd still 8e out there, sniffing around for us.
AG: He wouldn't just disappear! That's not how this time stuff works.
AG: All that REALLY would have happened is I would have allowed you to do something you weren't supposed to do!
AG: You would have prototyped with your pretty 8lue doll, 8ecause of course deep down you know you are o8sessed with me.
AG: And then you and all your friends would exist in a splintered timeline. And you wouldn't even 8e a8le to talk to me anymore! ::::(
AG: And then you'd 8e doooooooomed.
AG: I mean, more doomed than you are already. :::;)
AG: Trust me, I am really smart. I have this all figured out.
EB: i don't know if that makes sense!
EB: i mean, it kind of does...
EB: but something doesn't really add up about it.
EB: if you knew he was going to be created regardless of what anyone did...
EB: why did you decide to involve yourself that way?
EB: like the way you are involving yourself with me becoming a hero or whatever?
AG: You just answered your own question!
AG: I did it 8ecause I wanted to 8e the one responsi8le for cre8ting him.
EB: augh!
EB: BUT WHYYYYYYYY!
AG: 8ecause, John.
AG: It only makes sense that I would be the one to cre8te him.
AG: Since I am also going to 8e the one to kill him.

==>

**01/12/10**

pesterlogEB: that is the dumbest thing i have ever heard.
AG: Don't 8e that way.
AG: Just 8ecause you have your whole reckoning ahead of you to kill Jack, and somehow fail, doesn't mean you have to 8e 8itter a8out it.
EB: i am not bitter! i just think your plan is dumb.
EB: if he is as strong as karkat says, he will probably kill you!
AG: Karkat doesn't know nothing a8out anything.
AG: He never really appreci8ted how powerful I 8ecame. No8ody did! I am easily the strongest troll 8y far.
AG: I am also extremely lucky! That is one of my powers, John. 8eing super lucky, and making my foes super UNlucky. ::::)
EB: er...
EB: is luck actually a real thing?
AG: Yes, and I've got all of it. I am completely untoucha8le.
EB: you sound pretty cocky! you should be careful about that, that is totally how people have bigtime downfalls.
EB: especially when they act kind of nefarious!!!
AG: Nope, I don't have to 8e careful! Too lucky for caution to matter anymore. Them's the 8r8ks!
AG: 8ut don't worry, once all is said and done in your session, and 8y some incredi8ly lucky 8r8k of your own you manage to survive the scratch, we might actually get the chance to meet.
AG: And if so, assuming I haven't gotten too 8ored w8ting around and mopped the floor with Jack already, may8e we can take him down together!
EB: wow, uh...
EB: i am not sure who would make me more nervous, you or jack.
AG: John, that's something a loser would say, come on.
AG: You should have no reason to 8e scared of me.
AG: 8y the time I am through with you, you should 8e even stronger than me.
AG: This is the way it ought to 8e, I think. ::::D
EB: you really think we will meet?
AG: It is a distinct possi8ility.
EB: so...
EB: um, if we meet...
EB: are you going to...
EB: uh.
AG: What?
EB: like,
EB: when you see me,
AG: John, what the hell are you trying to say?
EB: karkat said that...
EB: you might...
AG: Whaaaaaaaat????????
EB: oh jeez, i dunno.
EB: never mind.
AG: You shouldn't listen to anything that loudmouth says.
AG: He had his shot 8eing in charge, and failed misera8ly.
AG: It's my turn now. Scratch that.

AG: OUR turn.
EB: bluhhhhhhhh.
EB: if you say so.
AG: Now quit whining and get yourself out of this mess.
AG: Dig deep down inside that pink, nerdy little torso of yours, find your awesome hero mojo, and do what you're a8out to do.
AG: I will talk to you again after you figure it out.
AG: 8yyyyyyyye! <3
EB: wait!

-- arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

EB: what am i about to doooooooo!
EB: o.
EB: there, that was a 9th o. you don't even deserve 8!!!!!!!!
EB: whoops...

## JOHN, I APOLOGIZE IN A MANNERLY WAY FOR MY BIG LETTERS.

**02/12/10**

Come on. You can't both yell and try to be polite at the same time. It's one or the other.

## BUT I MUST URGE YOU TO ADDRESS THIS DANGER.

**02/12/10**

The danger currently has John's full attention. What would you like him to do?

## WHY DON'T YOU DO THE WINDY THING?

**02/12/10**

```
JOHN: ?
```

John has no idea what the windy thing is. Maybe you could be more descriptive?

## BOY, YOU'RE BEING VERY STUPID.

**02/12/10**

```
> BOY, YOU'RE BEING VERY STUPID. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
> DO THE WINDY THING.
> MAKE IT BLOWY AND GUSTY.
> YOU FOOL.
> YOU CAN'T DIE YET.
> NOT IN THE TASTY FIRE.
> YOU ARE A HERO.
> MAKE THE BREEZE HAPPEN.
> DO THE WINDY THING.
```

He really has no idea.

Better hurry! He's in big trouble here.

## DO THE WINDY THING DO THE WINDY THING DO THE WINDY THING

**02/12/10**

John suddenly does the windy thing.

==>

**02/12/10**

==>

**02/12/10**

==>

**02/12/10**

pesterlog-- arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

AG: Fly, Pupa!!!!!!!!
AG: Flyyyyyyyy!
AG: Hahahahahahahaha!
EB: oh, hey.
EB: who's pupa?
AG: No8ody, just some loser.
AG: Look at that, you did it!
EB: did what?
EB: you mean, this windy thing here?

## Dave: Snoop.

**03/12/10**

==>

**03/12/10**

```
THE #1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

DREAM BUBBLES

"In his dream, he is the prophet. [...]

It's him."

CHARLES DUTTON
```

==>

**03/12/10**

```
DREAM BUBBLES

December 1st, 1995

I slept and saw God's forge in frost. Its hearth was quelled, and as it cooled
so swooned the verdancy it kept above. In slumber it grew a thick winter skin,
white as bedsheets. In their fields the waker dreamt, her breath as steam, her
touch as hot as iron, forgotten in the fire.

Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a
dew!
```

## [S] ==>

**04/12/10**

```
Land of Frost and... Frogs
```

"I slept and saw God's forge in frost. Its hearth was quelled, and as it cooled so swooned the verdancy it kept above. In slumber it grew a thick winter skin, white as bedsheets. In their folds the waker dreamt, her breath as steam, her touch as hot as iron, forgotten in the fire.

Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a dew!"

-Acclaimed actor and sleeping prophet, Charles Dutton

==>

**05/12/10**

==>

**05/12/10**

```
Alert : 00
```

## Jade: Answer.

**05/12/10**

```
Alert : 00
```

pesterlogcuttlefishCuller [CC] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG]

CC: Glub glub glub glub glub!
GG: oh.....
GG: nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
CC: )(ey, take it easy!
CC: I'm not )(ere to give you a )(ard time like my buddies )(ave been.
GG: but youre a troll
GG: and thats what trolls do!
GG: even when they say they wont
GG: sometimes especially!!!!!!
CC: Ok t)(en, you can be t)(e judge of t)(at. I won't be long!
CC: I've just come to say a couple t)(ings.
CC: FIRST!
CC: None of t)(is is really your fault!
CC: T)(is is swimmingly obvious to everyone )(ere w)(o takes a glubbing moment to t)(ink about it rationally.
CC: W)(ic)( isn't many of us! But still.
GG: ok.....
GG: even though i still have no idea what youre talking about
CC: I mean, your lusus jumped rig)(t in t)(ere to save you!
CC: Just like mine did.
CC: Well ok, mine was dead at t)(e time. 38(
CC: And s)(e just kind of...
CC: F-ELL IN!
CC: Kinda drifted down like fis)(food, and POW, GL'BGOLYBSPRIT-E.
CC: )(e)(e)(e)(e)(e)(e)(. S)(e was so funny.
GG: whats a lusus!!!!!
CC: It's a big ol' monster custodian you grow up wit)(!

CC: S)(-E-ES)(, )(ow freaking retarded do you )(ave to be not to know somet)(ing like t)(at?
CC: I'm joking, of course. 38)
GG: :\
CC: I wanted to glub somet)(ing -ELS-E to you well before you started playing.
CC: Just to get t)(e idea in your )(ead!
CC: I am Feferi, by t)(e way. Abdicated empress to be!
GG: ok feferi. what is it?
CC: Soon I will go to sleep and speak to t)(e gods.
CC: I will convince t)(em to establis)( a series of stable dream bubbles, w)(ere we can meet in our sleep!
GG: i dont understand
GG: whats a dream bubble?
CC: YOU'LL S-E----------E! 38D
GG: ugh
GG: feferi i thought you said you were going to stop using your typing quirk!
CC: Did I?
CC: When??
GG: i dont know... im sure i remember you said that
CC: )(mm.
CC: Jade, t)(is is t)(e first time we )(ave ever talked!
CC: Isn't it???
GG: oh
GG: yeah it is
GG: i dont know what i was thinking....
GG: i just had a major case of deja vu!
CC: W)(at's t)(at?
GG: i felt like we already had this conversation
GG: actually
GG: it still sort of feels that way
GG: its not going away :o
CC: Well, maybe we did!
CC: )(ey, by t)(e way.
CC: W)(at exactly are you doing t)(ere wit)( t)(at toy?
CC: You never did explain it to me!

==>

**05/12/10**

pesterlogGG: ummm
GG: what do you mean i never explained it to you?
GG: if this really is the first time we talked, why would i have?
CC: Good point.
CC: Maybe I'm feeling it too.
CC: I )(ave... w)(at was it? Orca vu?
GG: XO
GG: feferi that one was a stretch even by your fish punnery standards
GG: aaah why do i know that you like to make fish puns???

CC: 38?
GG: actually
GG: i do remember this conversation
GG: it was in the past!
GG: but if it was in the past, then where am i now?
CC: In the future! Duh.
GG: so what is going on?
GG: i dont think i am asleep....
GG: i am not on prospit
CC: Yes, you are asleep. But your dream self died, just like mine, remember?
GG: oh...
GG: vaguely
CC: Now you don't dream about Prospit. You have normal dreams!
GG: so this is a dream?
CC: It is a dream, and a memory. It is the past, brought back to life by a witch! It's all those things.
CC: Although we are getting off the script here!
CC: This is not how the conversation originally went, obviously.
CC: You were a lot less patient with me! When I was just trying to ENCOURAGE you.
GG: sorry
GG: i think
GG: i am in the game now, right?
CC: Sure!
CC: Hey, why don't you tell me about this cool robot bunny you we're making?
CC: I've been pretty glubbing curious about it!
CC: Mind if I take a look?
GG: um

==>

**05/12/10**

pesterlogCC: It's great!
CC: Wish I could make something like this. Never had the gills for technology.
CC: Hard to work with under water!
GG: why are you here!
GG: are you asleep too?
CC: Nope!
CC: I woke up from my nap a while ago.
CC: Remember how I woke up and then messaged you? You had just had a bad dream!
CC: And I told you there was nothing to be scared of.
CC: Which there isn't!
GG: oh yeah
GG: i do remember that
GG: then why are you here now?

==>

**05/12/10**

pesterlogCC: Because, stupid.
CC: I'M D------EAD!

## Jade: Wake up again.

**05/12/10**

## ==>

**05/12/10**

You have got to stop falling asleep.

## Jade: Get out of bed.

**05/12/10**

You de-bed.

The snow is quite deep.

## Jade: Pester John.

**05/12/10**

You would like to report to John, but it seems you have misplaced your laptop!

That's right. It was in the atrium when you got slapped with that stupid blindfold and all hell broke loose.

You hope it's ok! It was your favorite computer, AND your favorite lunchbox.

## Jade: Climb.

**05/12/10**

Huh?

## Jade: Turn around.

**05/12/10**

You don't see anything.

Someone out there is messing with you. Good thing grandpa taught you never to leave home without your rifle, even by accident.

## [S] Jade: STRIFE!!!!!!!!!!!!

**06/12/10**

```
URANIUM IMP

STRIFE!

>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
DUHH LAME KID
>AGGRIEVE
>AGGRIEVE
```

```
>AGGRIEVE
IT KEEPS HAPPENING!!!
```

==>

**06/12/10**

==>

**06/12/10**

==>

**06/12/10**

Good dog.

Best friend.

## Jade: Level up!

**06/12/10**

```
ECHELADDER

LIL' CURIE
GLASSHOUSE URCHIN
BLOWSACK SCALAWAG
PEAKCOCK SMARTYPANTS
FALLOUT BLOOMER
DREAMTEEN
OAKLEY FANGIRL #1
NARCOLEPTODDLER
ATOM NABBER
CLAMBERLASS
SATELLITE DEBUTANTE
VIRIDIAN NEOPHYTE
SHUTEYE CRACKSHOT
RIBBIT RUSTLER
KIDDO ECLIPSE
GREENTIKE
```

You finally hop off the lowly GREENTIKE rung and secure your position on the somewhat respectable KIDDO ECLIPSE rung.

You have a lot of climbing ahead of you.

## Jade: Thank best friend.

**06/12/10**

spritelogJADE: thanks bec, good boy!

JADE: soooooo...

JADE: can you talk now?

JADE: what do you have to say?

==>

**06/12/10**

spritelogBECSPRITE:

==>

**06/12/10**

You think you will try to keep conversations with Becsprite to a minimum from now on.

## Greetings.

**06/12/10**

Hello.

==>

**06/12/10**

```
Greetings.
```

You have extraordinarily bad timing. Her guardian will not be pleased with your intrusion.

## Don't I know you?

**06/12/10**

Yes, you do.

You might want to step away from the computer.

==>

**06/12/10**

```
> Greetings. Don't I know you?
```

==>

**06/12/10**

## PM: Rule.

**07/12/10**

You have no idea how to rule. What orders could there possibly be to give anyway?

All you want to do is deliver mail. You do not want to be the stupid queen. And you do not want to wear this stupid mailbox crown.

==>

**07/12/10**

```
DUMB
```

THIS IS STUPID.

## WQ: Approach queen.

**07/12/10**

Your new ruler seems upset. You understand it is not easy being in a position of authority.

You politely inform her that as the queen she is under no obligation to wear a crown. It is her decision.

==>

**07/12/10**

She should understand that a queen is the sum of her decisions, not her fashion accessories. And no queen makes decisions alone. All wise rulers surround themselves with trusted advisors.

The new queen should understand she has friends to help her.

## PM: Appoint royal advisor.

**07/12/10**

```
Dr David Brinner
ATTN : SERIOUS BUSINESS
2??? SE 267th St.
Maple Valley, WA 98038
```

You make your first decision as the new Prospitian Monarch.

## ==>

**07/12/10**

The Questant receives the new ROYAL INSIGNIA.

## Jade: Return.

**07/12/10**

You return to the GRAND FOYER. It's a bit less cluttered than you remember it being.

## ==>

**07/12/10**

spritelogJADE: what happened in here?
JADE: where is everything? all the globes and houseguests...
JADE: and the cruxtruder???
JADE: and grandpa??????????
JADE: bec, what did you do!
JADE: has someone been a bad dog??
JADE: wait never mind, please dont answer that!!!!
JADE: @_@

## Jade: Go upstairs.

**07/12/10**

You return to find your beautiful atrium in ruins. And to make things worse, your alchemiter and totem lathe were destroyed as well.

On the bright side, it looks like your LUNCHTOP was undamaged.

## Jade: Retrieve lunchtop.

**07/12/10**

```
Alert : Dave
```

You have been dying to get back to your computer so you can touch base with John again. He has probably been going crazy wondering about you.

But it seems someone else is messaging you right now.

## Jade: Answer Dave.

**08/12/10**

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering gardenGnostic [GG] --

TG: hey
TG: welcome to the medium finally i guess

GG: hey!!!!!
GG: last time i talked to you i was asking for help and you were just nakking at me
GG: what was up with that bro???
TG: ok i dont know what youre talking about it was probably just some horrorterror chirping at you during one of your nap bubble mindfucks
TG: its not the point i just wanted to say
TG: i just saw you
GG: you did?
TG: yeah
TG: you appeared for a second
TG: shooting at an imp
TG: then you disappeared
GG: ohhhhhhh
GG: yes, i did get around during that battle didnt i?
GG: it was really intense!!!
GG: those stupid things are impossible to kill :(
TG: no you can kill them
TG: youll get better dont worry
GG: in the heat of the fray i didnt notice you!
GG: where were you?
TG: three places
TG: i remember seeing you twice before in different locations
TG: but at the moment im standing in the middle of this snowy goddamn field freezing my shit off
TG: just wanted to see if you were cool
GG: yeah im fine, thanks for asking!
GG: what do you mean you remember seeing me?
GG: was i jumping through time or something?
TG: no i was
TG: this is future me
TG: one of the future mes that is
GG: youre from the future?
TG: yeah jade thats what future me means
GG: :p
GG: john told me you have been doing some time traveling
TG: yeah
GG: that is.....
GG: really really awesome!
TG: its ok
TG: hey its pretty fucking cold
GG: i knooooow
GG: it is a really neat place but its freeeeezing :o
TG: so im gonna go some place warm be back in a while later
-- turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering gardenGnostic [GG] --
GG: wait!
GG: dave!!
GG: uuugh stupid lousy cool dudes

-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering gardenGnostic [GG] --
TG: ok im back
TG: an hour later
GG: an hour?
TG: an hour for me
TG: a second for you
TG: i ran around for an hour got my ass some place warm
TG: went back in time
TG: picked up where we left off
GG: :O
GG: i can not believe how cool that is
GG: this is me believing neither that, nor its coolness :O
TG: yeah
TG: i guess im sorta used to it by now i dont think of hours going by the same way anymore
TG: i mean
TG: they are my hours but not everyone elses theyre kind of like private hours all to myself
TG: while everyone else is sort of in slow motion stuck in the thick of the alpha
GG: hmmmm...
GG: i dont know if i get that but ok!
TG: well yeah
TG: my thing is time yours is space
TG: pretty different things
TG: you GET things about space i dont
TG: or you will
GG: i will?
TG: yup
GG: ok.....
GG: but anyway youre right, its coooold!!!!!!
GG: i have to go back inside
GG: i wish i had winter clothes
GG: and if i did, i ALSO wish that my wardrobifier didnt blow up with all of my beautiful clothes inside it :C
GG: im so horribly unprepared for this.... i have never even seen snow before, can you believe that!!!
TG: pretty believable since you lived on guam or wherever the fuck
TG: and also inside an active volcano
GG: derp yes dave that is so where i lived
GG: that is as biographically accurate as it gets about me!
TG: well ive never seen it either now that i think about it
GG: no???
TG: no
GG: isnt it great?????
TG: nah
TG: lavas better
GG: lava is NOT better than snow :|
TG: yeah it is lava and skeletal skyscrapers all melting and shit how is that not way cooler than

TG: snow and
TG: like
TG: more snow
GG: you cant play in lava, its no fun
GG: you can only die in lava
TG: snows a big chilly carpet of nobody gives a shit
TG: like old man winter spread around his nasty mayonnaise and turned the landscape into his personal asshole sandwich
GG: eww dave no
TG: when i look around all i see is the miles of unharnessed snowmen im just too damn cool to build
GG: no this is so lame
GG: i am hearing an insane and stupid guy say stupid idiot things while wearing dumb sunglasses for lame morons!
TG: whoa jade with the fucking haymaker
TG: i need to go look for my teeth on the canvas as soon as shit stops spinning and there stops being like ten of you
GG: heheheh
GG: why dont we play in the snow later
GG: as soon as you get some.....
TG: time
GG: .....
TG: time
GG: .....
TG: time then shades
GG: .....
TG: time
GG: .....
TG: time/shades lets go
GG: .....
GG: ....
GG: ...
TG: oh my fucking god
GG: ..
GG: .
GG: time 8)
TG: im not gonna play in the snow
TG: maybe you missed those credentials i flashed which clearly stated me being too cool for that
TG: like federally too cool
TG: my coolness is named after a dead president plus his middle initial to make it sound extra legit
GG: i know youre joking around, you are not too cool at all, you dont even think that
TG: ok
GG: brrrrrr
TG: i thought you were going inside
GG: i forgot :\
TG: well at least make some damn clothes

TG: something warmer why dont you alchemize some shit
GG: i cant!!!
GG: all that stuff blew up
TG: blew up
GG: its a long story that involves a pinata and a gun and a very naughty doggie
TG: i completely understand everything about that practically entirely
GG: so anyway, that reminds me ive got to talk to john!
GG: ive got to get him to make me some new gizmos...
GG: assuming thats even possible
TG: no dont bother john

==>

**08/12/10**

pesterlogTG: hes on like his fuckin
TG: wind mission or whatever
TG: getting all his ridiculous magic cyclone powers on and realizing his huge blowy destiny
TG: as the chump of shoosh
GG: john has magic cyclone powers?
TG: almost
GG: whoa....
GG: you guys are all so much better than me, i feel sooooo lame
TG: we all start out somewhere
TG: remember how i was scrambling up that tower to get that egg like an idiot
TG: what the hell was i doing
TG: i was like goddamn pooh bear in a tree reaching up his fat fuckin pooh paw for some mother fuckin honey
GG: heehee
TG: so even though im awesome now at one point i was plausibly likened to an autistic stuffed animal
TG: and you even knew what to do
TG: you told me how it worked all christopher robinning my ignorant ass about that egg
TG: but i was all like IM A LITTLE BLACK RAIN CLOUD BITCH WATCH ME CLIMB
TG: so maybe youre startin out with more sense than me
GG: maaaybe
GG: :)
TG: in any case egbert lost his computer and game disc
TG: so he cant do anything for you anyways
GG: oh no
GG: did he lose it in a magic cyclone?
TG: probably some shit like thats what happened
TG: but youre not completely screwed
TG: we just have to think outside the box here
GG: we do?
TG: yeah honestly i figured wed have to do something like this
TG: so i guess here we are doing it
GG: doing what??

TG: well youre my server player remember
GG: yes
TG: i need you to deploy something first
TG: in my apartment
TG: in a few hours ill go back there and we can continue this
GG: oh jeez, a few hours????
-- turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering gardenGnostic [GG] --
-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering gardenGnostic [GG] --
TG: yeah
TG: as in a few seconds
TG: im back at my place now
GG: fastest hours :o
TG: yeah
TG: now
TG: deploy the intellibeam laserstation
GG: but that costs so much grist!!!
TG: no it costs practically nothing
TG: check out how much ive got
GG: omg...

## Jade: Deploy laserstation.

**08/12/10**

pesterlogGG: what does this thing do?
TG: its mostly pretty stupid and useless
TG: but itll come in handy here
TG: it reads captcha codes
GG: on the back of cards?
TG: yeah
GG: but
GG: we can already read those!
TG: some are too garbled and complicated
TG: the human eye cant decipher them
TG: needs sophisticated scanning technology
TG: and artificial intelligence to figure it out
GG: hmm
GG: but isnt the whole point of captchas that only humans can read them?
GG: and not robots???
TG: yeah well
TG: thats why this is so dumb

## Dave: Eject disc.

**08/12/10**

pesterlogTG: i guess some captchas are so incomprehensible cause the game thinks it would be too cheap to let you duplicate them
TG: like an anti piracy measure
TG: so the solution to the anti piracy measure is to override the anti spam measure

GG: anti spam?
TG: well yeah thats what captchas are for
TG: and theyre on the back of cards for a really good reason
TG: cause god knows the last thing youd want was some web bot being able to figure out the code for like
TG: a potted plant
TG: that would be fucking mayhem
GG: yeah obviously!
TG: but in order to effectively cheat here weve got to open pandoras spam box
TG: and release the laserstation into the world with its leering intellibeam
TG: now no captcha is safe youll have bots signing up for email accounts and duplicating potted plants and shit
GG: oh nooo
TG: basically robots are in control now
TG: which is good news and bad news
TG: the bad news is theyre all pornbots and theyve got LOADS of provocative material theyre just dying to share with us
GG: whats the good news?
TG: thats also the good news
GG: dave i still dont know what youre actually doing here
TG: whats it look like
TG: im duplicating my server disc

## Dave: Scan.

**08/12/10**

pesterlogGG: oh....
GG: to give it to john?
TG: nah i told you were not bothering john
TG: hes got shit to do
TG: ill just install it
GG: but...
GG: you are already roses server player!
GG: and john is mine!
GG: not to mention im yours!!!
GG: can you really be a server player to your own server player?
TG: dont see why not
TG: we have to get creative here
TG: this games already so far off the rails what else is there to do but improvise
GG: but i guess
GG: i thought that john sort of.....
GG: HAD to be my server? you know?
TG: well he was
TG: he got you in didnt he
TG: but now hes not
TG: been a change of plans
TG: time to roll with it

## Dave: Read code.

**08/12/10**

pesterlogGG: well youre from the future right?
GG: dont you know already if itll work?
TG: yeah more or less
TG: i never really studied how it went down all that closely
TG: i just figured when the time came to sort it out the right thing to do would be obvious
TG: like it is now
TG: managing the loops is a balance of careful planning and just rolling with your in the moment decisions
TG: and trusting they were the ones you were always supposed to make
TG: by now im pretty used to having my intuition woven into the fabric of the alpha timeline
GG: pretty smooth dave
TG: yeah i know
GG: shades for everybody
GG: 8) 8)

## Dave: Duplicate disc.

**08/12/10**

pesterlogTG: thisll be the disc i use for your connection
TG: while the original will stay bound to roses connection
GG: so you will be the server for BOTH us ladies???
GG: you just keep getting smoother, i cant handle all this smoothness
TG: well technically
TG: i will be your server
TG: and past me will stay as roses server
TG: which is to say present me will
TG: the one in the black suit
GG: ohh...
GG: i guess that makes sense
TG: he can keep managing her for a while
TG: until she sorta checks out soon and becomes totally useless
TG: then he can start hopping around time like i did
TG: make a ton of money and stuff
TG: eventually become me
TG: and become your server player
GG: ok i think i understand that!
TG: yeah see its not hard to get the hang of
TG: in the meantime ill kind of loiter around this timeframe to help you out for a while
GG: yessss thanks dave <3
GG: um
GG: what do you mean rose will check out? :\
TG: dont worry about it just some more future stuff
TG: now i need you to go downstairs
GG: uhhhh ok

## Jade: Go downstairs.

**08/12/10**

pesterlogTG: im just going to cut right to the chase and upgrade your alchemiter so you can avoid a lot of bullshit

TG: ill give you some codes and you can punch cards and slip em into jumper blocks

TG: which are really the exact same codes you first gave me when we upgraded my alchemiter

TG: which seems like a hella long time ago

GG: it does doesnt it

TG: yeah but it kind of literally is for me

GG: how long?

TG: few days i guess

GG: ok thats not THAT long :p

TG: whatever

## Dave: Deploy and upgrade.

**08/12/10**

pesterlogGG: yaaaaaaaaaaaay!

## Jade: OH GOD HURRY UP AND ALCHEMIZE STUFF GO GO GO.

**08/12/10**

Hey, calm down! Just because it's snowing outside doesn't mean it's Christmas just yet.

There are still plenty of things to do before we bother with that sort of nonsense. Take a deep breath, put the cards down, and relax.

## Dave: Wake up.

**09/12/10**

```
Alert : Rose
```

You already woke up when Jade fired her rifle a foot and a half from your eardrum, and then disappeared.

This idiot here is nakking it up with your ISHADES. Someone is pestering you directly into his brainless reptilian face.

## Dave: Retrieve shades.

**09/12/10**

```
DOOF

NAK
```

STEP OFF.

...

You decide he can keep the SORD..... though.

## Dave: Answer Rose.

**09/12/10**

```
Alert : Rose
```

pesterlog-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] --
TT: Hi there.
TG: nak nak nak
TT: Don't mind me.
TT: I'm just waiting for that guy on the pile of sharp objects to wake up.
TG: THE GLASSES ARE TALKING AGAIN
TG: naknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknaknak
TT: If you don't stop nakking, I will turn you into a thorn bush.
TG: :V
TG: :(
TG: hey
TG: what just happened

==>

**09/12/10**

```
Alert : Rose
```

pesterlogTT: You fell asleep.
TT: Orange Bird Dave killed some monsters and flew away.
TT: Jade fired a bullet at an imp and vanished.
TT: And you woke up.
TG: oh yeah
TG: so shes here then
TT: Yes.
TG: is she ok what was going on there
TT: Yes, she's fine.
TG: i guess i should catch up with her
TT: You already are.
TG: i am
TT: Future you is.
TG: oh ok time travels involved
TG: thats all you needed to say everythings cool and under control then
TT: How was the nap?
TG: weird
TG: and kind of boring
TG: i was in your dream room for a while spying on you
TG: being all creepy and dream duplicitous and shit
TT: It's ok.
TT: I was being similarly wake duplicitous.
TG: whats with your book collection
TG: or
TG: dream book collection
TG: all your books are bizarre and terrible
TT: No, my books are great.
TT: I can recommend some good titles for the next time you're asleep.
TG: nah

TG: but yeah i understand defending your collection i guess if you were in my dream room and talking shit about my awesome dream portraits of dream stiller and dream snoop or whatever wed have to have a fucking talk
TT: Did you do anything on the moon besides rifle through my belongings?
TT: Such as remove your shades and turn your gaze Ringward, by any chance?
TG: oh
TG: yeah
TG: i did
TT: What did you see?
TG: horrible things
TT: Horribleterrible?
TG: yeah
TG: it was like
TG: peering through the dark portal of an eldritch red lobster
TG: and scoping out its all you can eat seafood buffet
TG: and
TG: when i saw them
TG: their voices became clearer
TT: What were they saying?
TG: i couldnt really focus on anything specific
TG: but
TG: in totality
TG: im pretty sure it was
TG: like
TT: ?
TG: a plea for help

==>

**10/12/10**

pesterlogTT: That's good.
TG: no it was disturbing
TG: so i slapped my shades back on
TG: went and perved up some sleeping girls room to take my mind of it
TT: It means they're reaching out to you.
TG: oh god why would i want that
TG: im not about to get molested by calamari with fucking teeth
TG: use your powers and like
TG: stroke a mummys paw or some horseshit and open a dark channel
TG: tell them to keep their lecherous flagella to themselves
TT: You're going to have to help them.
TT: Even if you don't like them.
TT: They're being massacred.
TT: Presently, already, and still to come.
TG: whats that mean
TT: It means time doesn't work rationally out there.
TT: Nor does space.

TT: But that doesn't change the reality of the threat.
TG: who cares if theyre getting killed
TG: theyre hideous and obnoxious
TT: You're underestimating the nature of the threat.
TT: At this point, the threat isn't to our session, or any given universe.
TT: It's to the perpetuation of reality itself.
TT: You wouldn't be saving them, per se.
TT: You'd be saving everything.
TG: oh ok cool

==>

**10/12/10**

pesterlogTT: They've revealed some of their secrets to me already, and given me a few errands to run.
TT: This is why you might have observed some unusual behavior from me.
TG: oh shit youre kidding
TG: no really are you serious i didnt even notice
TG: fuck mind = blown
TT: Once these convulsions of explosive laughter subside and finish rocking my very foundation,
TT: I might point out that you haven't really been as astute as you're implying.
TT: You've deliberately fogged your vision your entire life with ironic eyewear while awake, and while asleep, though perfectly alert, you've chosen to ignore your surroundings.
TT: But now that you've seen them, you have a choice to make.
TG: ok
TT: They will only tell me so much.
TT: They would like an audience with the prince of the moon as well.
TT: We are like the emissaries to what lies beyond this small bubble in their unfathomable dark foam.
TT: Derse skirts its edge, and during the lunar eclipse, we graze it, and that's when their intent for us becomes clear.
TT: I'm doing my part, but they have a mission for you as well.
TG: what am i supposed to do
TT: Listen to them.
TT: My understanding is,
TT: They will teach you how to navigate the unnavigable.
TT: The result should be a map.
TG: like
TG: a treasure map
TT: No.
TT: Something a little more astronomical.
TT: Like a star chart with no stars.
TT: Hence the challenge.
TG: why
TT: To plot a course through the Furthest Ring.
TG: plot a course to what

==>

**10/12/10**

pesterlogTT: The power source of the first guardians.
TG: oh right the green sun ok
TG: wait sorry
TG: i mean the Green Sun my bad
TT: Yes, that's much better.
TG: whats the deal with this thing
TG: i mean aside from giving jades dog his devil powers
TG: and by extension i guess jack
TT: What's the deal with it?
TG: yeah
TT: I don't know that there is a deal with it.
TT: Beyond the deal you just described.
TT: It is what it sounds like.
TT: A huge sun out in the literal middle of nowhere, and it is bright green.
TT: It is simply,
TT: The Green Sun.
TG: how big
TG: i need a sense of scale here
TG: is it like the size of our sun
TG: or bigger
TG: or is it only as big as like
TG: planet fucking jupiter
TT: It is nearly twice the mass of our universe.
TG: ok thats pretty fucking big
TG: see how important that contextualization was now i know how fucking impressed i should be
TG: i mean hopy shit thats huge
TT: Happy I could help.
TG: so ok i make a map to this thing
TG: with the help of a million rambunctious gross tentacle mutants
TG: and then i guess we go there for some reason
TT: Yes.
TG: why do we need a map
TG: cant they just
TG: tell us what direction its in
TG: point a spaceship that way
TG: blast off to adventure
TT: No.
TT: The geometry of the Furthest Ring is too complex.
TT: Remember, its spacetime is labyrinthine.
TT: In fact, it's not really accurate to call it spacetime at all.
TT: Since it is outside the domain of any created universe, where those properties have become instantiated and stabilized.
TG: i can kind of get that time is messed up there

TG: with like loops and causality paradoxes and shit like that
TG: being the knight of time here
TG: not really sure why navigating the space would be a problem though
TG: space isnt my thing remember
TG: what is it like
TG: full of wormholes or something
TT: It depends.
TT: The greater the distance you travel through it, the less reliably time flows.
TT: And the more time you spend in it, the less reliably space behaves.
TT: Time and space aren't as different as you might think.
TG: i thought you werent supposed to know shit about either
TG: seeing as youre the seer whatever that means
TT: I think it means I'm supposed to know shit about the big picture.
TT: Which includes tidbits like that.
TT: But the insides of my shoes stay free from the grit of the minutia.
TG: fair enough
TG: so i take my map and fly to this thing
TT: No, I do.
TG: ok you fly to it
TG: then what
TT: That depends on if John is successful.

==>

**10/12/10**

pesterlogTG: you mean with the quest youre sending him on
TT: Yes.
TG: is there anything you do thats not sending dudes on quests
TT: Nothing whatsoever.
TG: so hes got to get the cancer out of skaia right
TT: Yes, The Tumor.
TG: yeah
TG: so whats The Tumor do
TG: i mean the tumor
TG: jesus can we stop with the fancy colored text bullshit
TT: I guess so.
TT: I thought it was more fun that way.
TG: well ok you can keep doing it then
TT: Thanks.
TT: <black>The Tumor</black> is quite a large growth at the center of the battlefield.
TT: He won't be able to remove it without fully realizing his abilities.
TG: ok cool what is it
TT: Can you promise you won't tell him?
TT: It would probably make him more nervous than he needs to be if he knew.
TG: ok i wont say anything
TG: just tell me
TT: It's a bomb.

==>

**10/12/10**

pesterlogTT: It is set to detonate precisely when the reckoning ends.
TT: This is how long we have to put this plan into motion.
TG: what the hell is a bomb doing in there
TT: It could be a feature of any session not meant to bear fruit.
TT: A means to wipe out a null session rather than leaving it lingering in paradox space for eternity.
TT: Or it could be a mutation specific to our session.
TT: I really don't know.
TG: first time for everything i guess
TG: seriously whered you get all this info
TG: did you get it all from the gods
TG: are these just a bunch of orders youre following
TT: Not exactly.
TT: They've urged me in certain directions and guided my exploration.
TT: I've obtained some answers from them, but ultimately, this idea is mine.
TT: Plus, I have other sources.
TT: One in particular has been quite illuminating.
TG: what
TT: I've been referring to him as an informant, when people ask.
TT: Which isn't often.
TG: what you mean a troll
TT: No.
TT: It's a man who exists in another universe.
TT: He wants to die.
TG: sounds like a really credible dude sign me up for trusting everything he says
TT: Only as credible as the omniscient tend to be.
TG: oh so he knows everything
TT: Yeah, I think that's what omniscient means.
TT: But maybe I'll ask him about that, since he's the omniscient one.
TG: even if he is omniscient which he probably isnt what if hes just lying
TT: He says he doesn't lie.
TT: For some reason, I believe him about that.
TT: He's a convincing fellow.
TG: whys he want to die
TT: He no longer has a purpose now that he's done everything required to summon his master.
TT: As a first guardian, he's completely indestructible.
TT: Well, almost completely.
TG: wait
TG: what
TT: His power is derived from the same source as Earth's guardian.
TT: And conveniently, that of our nemesis as well.
TG: ok i get it now
TT: When John delivers the tumor,
TT: And I do mean The Tumor,

TT: I and I alone will navigate the Furthest Ring.
TT: And I will destroy the sun.
TT: By which I do mean the GREEN MOTHER FUCKING SUN.
TT: And in case it wasn't clear,
TT: I won't be coming back.

==>

**10/12/10**

```
TROLLSLUM :

- gallowsCalibrator
- arsenicCatnip
- carcinoGeneticist
- cuttlefishCuller
- centaursTesticle
- grimAuxiliatix


:: turntechGodhead ::

PESTERLOG :

TT: And I will destroy the sun.
TT: By which I do mean the GREEN MOTHERFUCKING SUN.
TT: And in case it wasn't clear,
TT: I won't be coming back.
TG: whoa fuck

[PESTER!]
```

pesterlogTG: whoa fuck
TG: a suicide mission are you serious
TG: no bullshit thats not happening
TG: hey look suddenly everything we just talked about was useless because its time to make a plan that doesnt fucking suck
TT: Let's not be so dramatic.
TT: I was talking about my dream self.
TT: She's the one who won't be returning.
TG: oh
TG: haha yeah thats fine i guess
TG: those fuckers are all kinds of mad expendable
TG: way to leave me hanging there
TG: for someone whos saying lets cool it on the drama the whole i wont be coming back thing is a pretty theatrical bombshell
TG: for future reference
TT: That's true.
TT: Your outburst was pretty sweet though.
TG: yeah i know
TG: so when do i do my thing
TG: make this map
TG: which i guess is just like
TG: a solid black piece of paper

TG: this is going to be fucking stupid isnt it
TT: If there's one thing you have more than any of us, it's time.
TT: So, whenever you like.
TT: As long as conventionally speaking, it's quite soon.
TG: alright
TG: so
TG: dog it as long as possible
TG: then travel back to about now and go to sleep
TT: Sure.
TT: And if you have trouble going to sleep, maybe you can ask your patron troll to trick the telepathic one into putting you to sleep again.
TG: what
TT: Each of us seems to have a troll infatuated with helping us. Haven't you noticed?
TG: no
TT: What about the psychopath who's currently helping you?
TG: oh yeah terezi
TG: no shes cool
TT: Isn't that camaraderie blossoming into some sort of interspecies whatever?
TG: its blossoming into an interspecies partnership in incredibly shitty cartooning
TG: what do you mean get her to trick someone into putting me asleep again
TG: when did that happen
TT: Just now.
TG: who did that
TT: That would be John's patron troll.
TG: god
TG: fuckin trolls
TG: too many of them who can even keep track of this shit
TG: which ones yours
TG: is it the absurd juggalo one that would be hilarious
TT: There's a juggalo one?
TG: yeah see what i mean
TT: She's contacting me now actually.
TG: oh ok
TG: well im suddenly not interested so go talk to your fairy god troll
TG: ill be over here paving the way for your elaborate dream suicide
TG: when i feel like getting around to it i mean
TT: Thanks.
TG: later

-- turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] --

## Rose: Answer fairy god troll.

**10/12/10**

pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT] --

GA: Since The Gap Between Your Present Moment And The Implementation Of Your Mystifying

Self Destruction Continues To Narrow
GA: This Will Be The Last Conversation In Which I Attempt To Talk You Out Of It Nicely
TT: I explained this.
TT: The intent isn't true self sacrifice.
GA: First Of All Youre Underestimating The Gravity Of A Dream Death
GA: Its A Pretty Serious Thing Okay
GA: And Dream Selves Are Important To A Person In Ways That Arent Always Obvious
GA: I Think Youre Being Frivolous But Thats Not Really The Sentiment Reinforcing The Exoskeleton Of My Argument
GA: Soon You Will Be Blacked Out Of Trollians Viewport
GA: And I Have No Explanation For This
GA: And Neither Do You
GA: So Ill Just Assume The Worst And You Should Too
TT: Are you sure it's not because I'm sleeping?
GA: Ive Seen You Sleep Before
GA: You Are Just
GA: Asleep
GA: On Screen
GA: Peaceful And Harmless And Posing No Threat To Anyone
GA: Unless I Guess You Are Up To Mischief In Your Dreams Which I Cannot Rule Out
GA: Actually Thats Probably What You Do In Your Sleep What Was I Thinking
TT: Shh...
GA: Uh
GA: What
TT: Blah blah blah!
GA: Right Sorry
GA: Im Saying This Is A Special Case
GA: It Is Foreboding And Disconcerting And You Are Being Reckless
TT: You're right, I can't explain why I go dark on your monitor.
TT: But I'm confident in my plan. I have it under control.
GA: Your Hubris Is Really Astonishing
GA: Easily Twice The Mass Of A Universe I Think
GA: That It Hasnt Collapsed Upon Itself Into A Tiny Lavender Singularity Is The Most Striking Marvel Paradox Space Has Coughed Up Yet
TT: Maybe it did?
TT: Maybe that's what went wrong.
TT: We figured it out!
GA: No Please Stop
GA: Humor Wont Deflect My Really Big And Important Tirade Okay
GA: You Are Investing Too Much Confidence In Evil Gods Who Oppose Skaia And Your True Purpose And
GA: I Cant Abide That
GA: And
GA: As Difficult As This Is For Me To Confess
GA: I Think Your Plan Is Very Dangerous
GA: And So Are You

TT: Oh?
GA: Yes
GA: And
GA: Im Afraid I Am Going To Have To Devote All My Efforts To Stopping You
TT: I'm sorry to hear that, Kanaya.
TT: What did you have in mind for this new and exciting adversarial phase of our relationship?
GA: Im So Glad You Asked
GA: You See
GA: I Have Been Training A Powerful Wizard
TT: !

==>
**10/12/10**
pesterlogGA: Yes Your Shout Pole Is Like A Tower Broadcasting Your Fear Across The Ring And You Are Right To Be Afraid
GA: I Have Commissioned None Other Than The Legendary Prince Of Hope And I Am Teaching Him The Ways Of White Sorcery
GA: I Have Observed Your Methods And You Will Come To The Most Unwelcome Realization That All Of Your Guile And Cunning Has Finally Backfired
GA: This Noble Magician Of Pure Light Will Serve As The Counterpoint To Your Arcane Debauchery
GA: He Will Hunt You Down And Goodness And Hope Will Prevail
TT: Is it too late to throw myself at your mercy?
GA: Yes Its Much Too Late For That

==>
**10/12/10**
pesterlogTT: I see.
TT: Then clearly I will have to prepare for this soul sundering duel, whilst making my own funeral arrangements.
GA: Oh Yes I Do Believe Securing A Corpse Box Would Be Prudent
GA: Fitted To Dimensions Suited To Your Myriad Of Unassembled Leaky Body Parts In Aggregate
TT: What will herald the arrival of this swift and righteous thaumaturge?
TT: Will I be blinded by the fearsome lashes of light ribboning from the incandescent coastline of his beauteous aura?
TT: Should I borrow my friend's sunglasses?
GA: Yes Definitely
GA: Definitely Do That
GA: Wait I Hope That Wasnt Too Emphatic
GA: Maybe At This Point I Should Clarify This Is All A Big Joke
TT: Yeah.
TT: I was getting that.
TT: You don't always have to tip your hand, Kanaya. You were doing well.
GA: I Was
TT: Mm-hm.
GA: Okay Great

GA: I Think What I Find Most Challenging About Human Insincerity Based Humor Is The Degree Of Commitment To The Fantasy Which Is Apparently Requisite
TT: We take it very seriously.
GA: I Mean To Say
GA: The Gesture Of Hostility In This Case Was The Joke
GA: I Did In Fact "Train" This Character
GA: I Made Him A Wand To Shut Him Up
TT: Wait, you did? Really?
GA: He Wouldnt Stop Harassing Me For Your "Secrets"
TT: That's incredible. Well done.
GA: Hes The One With The Royalty Complex And Speaks With All The Extra Vees And Doubleyous
TT: Oh, I knew exactly who you were talking about from the start.
GA: Okay
TT: I must say, this little project pleases me.
TT: Do keep me apprised of all further developments.
GA: Okay I Will
TT: At least until my looming grimdarkdeath steals me away.
GA: Uh
GA: Yeah That
GA: Is Still Something That I Dont Really Want To Joke About
GA: I Hope That Came Across As A Sincere Statement

## ==>

**11/12/10**

```
Alert : ♉
```

## Jade: Answer fairy god troll.

**11/12/10**

```
Alert : ♉
```

pesterlog-- adiosToreador [AT] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG] --

AT: hEEEY, jADE,
GG: oh hi!
GG: i remember you, you talked to me a lot in my dreams
AT: yEAH, bUT NOW i'M TALKING TO YOU BEING AWAKE,
AT: bECAUSE,
AT: yOUR ROBOT CAN'T TYPE,
AT: bECAUSE IT HAD AN EXPLOSION,
GG: yup!
GG: thats because my dream self died
GG: pretty catastrophically!
AT: aW, nO, i'M DEFINITELY PRETTY SORRY TO HEAR THAT,
GG: thanks, but i think im ok
GG: i felt pretty shaken up at first though

AT: yES, i DID TOO,
AT: i SPENT SO LONG SLEEPING AND DREAMING AND PLAYING ON PROSPIT,
AT: tHAT BEING AWAKE WAS MADE TO FEEL WEIRD, aND i DIDN'T LIKE IT FOR A WHILE,
GG: yeah i have done a lot of sleeping myself :)
AT: oH, yES, i KNOW, bUT,
AT: i SAW YOU, yOU WERE AWAKE A LOT TOO,
AT: aFTER A CERTAIN MOMENT, i SPENT JUST ABOUT EVERY WAKING HOUR BEING ASLEEP,
GG: wow why did you sleep so much???
AT: iT WAS JUST A BETTER WAY TO BE, mORE PEACEFUL AND FUN AND,
AT: i GUESS,
AT: tHERE WAS SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED THAT WAS INCREDIBLY TERRIBLE,
AT: aND SAD,
AT: aND MADE ME FEEL TERRIBLE AND SAD AND SLEEPY, sO i SLEPT, a LOT,
GG: oh no what happened that was so terrible?
AT: i'D PREFER,
AT: tHAT THE THING i WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT NOT TURN INTO THAT TOPIC,
GG: ok sorry for prying!
GG: what did you want to talk about?
AT: i WANTED TO ASK YOU PERMISSION,
AT: i WOULD HAVE ASKED PERMISSION THE FIRST TIME,
AT: bUT AT THE TIME YOU WERE NOT ABLE TO GIVE IT, oR TALK OR ANYTHING,
GG: permission for what?
AT: tO COMMUNE WITH YOUR LUSUS,
GG: with bec?
GG: uh....
GG: what do you mean by commune?
GG: and
GG: what do you mean the first time!
GG: you did it before?
AT: yEAH,
AT: iT MEANS TO TALK TO HIM, aND, sUGGEST HE DO SOMETHING WHICH IS GOOD,
AT: fOR HIM, aND ALSO FOR PEOPLE HE LIKES,
GG: ohhh
GG: like a psychic power??
AT: yES,
GG: pretty sweet!
GG: when did you do it before?
AT: oH, vERY RECENTLY, pERSONALLY SPEAKING,

==>
**11/12/10**
pesterlogAT: bUT FOR YOU IT WAS VERY LONG AGO,

==>

**11/12/10**

```
DOOF
```

pesterlogAT: aND, iT WAS A REALLY GOOD EXAMPLE i THINK,
AT: oF EXACTLY WHY WIGGLERS SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO DUAL WIELD FLINTLOCK PISTOLS,
GG: hehe what?

==>

**11/12/10**

```
DOOF

NAK
```

pesterlogAT: sO, i DID THE LIBERTY OF COMMUNING WITH YOUR LUSUS,
AT: wHICH i HOPE WASN'T OUT OF LINE,
AT: bUT LIKE i SAID, yOU WERE UNAVAILABLE,
AT: uHHH,
AT: bY WHICH i MEAN, uNAVAILABLY SMALL,

==>

**11/12/10**

```
SHOOSH
```

pesterlogAT: sO THEN i COMMUNED HIM TO USE HIS AMAZING POWERS, tO,
AT: iNTERVENE,
AT: aND REROUTE THE PROJECTILE AWAY FROM THE PATH THAT WOULD HAVE HARMED YOU,
AT: aND ALSO,
AT: aS A WONDERFUL BONUS AND COINCIDENCE,
AT: iT HAPPENED THERE WAS A FELON ON YOUR PROPERTY,

==>

**11/12/10**

```
PAP
```

pesterlogAT: iT WAS i THINK SURELY AN AGING ROGUE WHO WAS VERY MUCH KEEN ON INTRUDING BETWEEN YOUR REALLY NICE LOOKING FAMILY,
AT: aND AS FORTUNE WOULD HAVE IT,
AT: tHE SMALL MISSILE WAS REDIRECTED INTO THE SENIOR INTERLOPER'S CHEST,
AT: aND HE DIED,
AT: }:)

==>

**11/12/10**

pesterlogGG: omg.....
GG: that wasnt a senior interloper, im pretty sure youre talking about my grandpa!!!
AT: oH,

GG: and if im interpreting correctly....
GG: youre saying you used bec to make me shoot him???
GG: augh thats so awful!
AT: uHH,
AT: wHAT'S,
AT: a GRANDPA,
GG: oh boy
GG: ok it is basically an old man, who serves the same role as i guess a lusus does on your planet?
GG: he was like my dad, he took care of me!
AT: wHOA,
AT: tHAT IS A REALLY WEIRD CULTURAL THING, i GUESS,
GG: sigh...
AT: sORRY THEN,
AT: aBOUT,
AT: mY CULTURAL IGNORANCE,
GG: well im not blaming you or anything
GG: it sounds like you were just trying to help
GG: and you did save my life
GG: but.....
GG: i mean jeeeez
GG: talk about a misunderstanding
AT: wELL,
AT: nOW i FEEL VERY STUPID,
AT: bUT,
AT: i DON'T THINK i WILL GIVE INTO BAD SELF ESTEEM THIS TIME ABOUT THIS,
AT: iT'S IMPORTANT TO STAY CONFIDENT ABOUT STUFF, DON'T YOU AGREE,
GG: uh
GG: sure?
AT: aND i THINK THIS IS A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR US TO BOND, aND BECOME CLOSER IN AN EMOTIONAL WAY,
AT: pROBABLY,
GG: .... it is?
AT: oH YES, sEE THE FUNNY THING IS, i ALSO KILLED MY LUSUS BY ACCIDENT,
AT: i MEAN, mY LUSUS THAT WAS A LITTLE FAIRY BULL, nOT AN OLD MAN WITH A HUGE GUN,
GG: oh nooo
GG: how did that happen?
AT: i MURDERED HIM INAPPROPRIATELY WITH A FOUR WHEEL DEVICE,
GG: :|
GG: ummm what kind of device?
AT: lIKE, tHE KIND BASICALLY FOR CRIPPLES TO SIT IN, aND ROLL AROUND,
GG: oh you mean a wheelchair!
AT: i GUESS, tHAT'S A WAY TO CALL IT,
GG: how...
GG: did that happen?
AT: wELL,

AT: i WAS SITTING IN IT, bEING CRIPPLED LIKE USUAL,
AT: aND HE GOT UNDER THE WHEEL IN HIS NAP,
GG: D:
GG: im so sorry
GG: um also
GG: i didnt realize you were paralyzed
GG: not that im saying sorry for that! that would be rude i think
GG: i am just saying sorry for your loss
AT: oH, iT'S OKAY, oN BOTH THINGS,
AT: hE CAME BACK TO LIFE FOR A WHILE, aND COULD TALK, AND THAT WAS FUN,
AT: aND ALSO,
AT: i'M NOT PARALYZED ANYMORE, }:)
GG: oh?
AT: nO, i HAVE ROBOT LEGS, aND i FEEL GREAT, aND i CAN WALK,
GG: wow nice!
AT: oH YES, iT IS TRULY NICE,
AT: i AM A NEW AND DIFFERENT GUY, mOSTLY,
AT: bEING NOT PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED IS MOST CERTAINLY THE KEY TO HAVING HIGH SELF ESTEEM,
GG: um
GG: that.....
GG: i dont know if i agree with that!
AT: oH ABSOLUTELY, tAKE IT FROM ME AS WHAT FACT IS TRUE,
AT: aND NOW, i FEEL EMBOLDENED TO DO BOLD THINGS THAT HEROES SHOULD DO,
AT: lIKE, sAVE THE LIFE OF A PRETTY GIRL, AND KILL THE FIENDISH OLD MAN, wHO,
AT: wHOOPS, wASN'T FIENDISH, aND YOU LOVED HIM, sORRY,
GG: well
GG: thats good i guess
GG: i just wish...
GG: maybe you'd told me what happened when i was younger?
GG: i spent years wondering about it!
GG: when i was REALLY young, i was sure the doll sitting across from him did it
GG: and for a long time i was terrified of the evil blue girl!!!
GG: she sort of haunted my childhood and i had trouble sleeping for a long time
GG: but of course i got older and realized that was silly, but then i just speculated that maybe it was suicide
GG: which was just a really sad thing to think about!!!
AT: wOW, yEAH,
AT: i,
AT: tOTALLY BLEW THAT THEN,
AT: i GUESS i COULD STILL TELL YOU ABOUT IT IN YOUR PAST,
GG: buuuut...
GG: even if you do, i dont remember you doing so!
AT: oH,
AT: tHEN i GUESS I WON'T,
GG: er

GG: ok :\
AT: bUT YEAH, iRREGARDLESS,
AT: tHIS IS LIKELY TO BE EXACTLY THE KIND OF THING NOT TO STAND IN THE WAY ABOUT GOOD FEELINGS ABOUT MYSELF,
GG: .....
AT: i MEAN, i SAW THAT YOUR LUSUS SAVED YOU ANYWAY, iN ADVANCE,
AT: aND,
AT: i JUST WANTED,
AT: tO MAKE IT POSSIBLE SO THAT i WAS THE ONE INVOLVED WITH BEING THE HERO THERE,
AT: tO SAVE YOU,
AT: lIKE, tO PUT MYSELF IN YOUR STORY, iN A BRAVE CAPACITY, bECAUSE,
AT: tHAT'S WHAT FEELING GOOD AND POSITIVE ABOUT YOURSELF IS ALL ABOUT,

==>

**11/12/10**

pesterlogGG: wooooow...
GG: you sound really confused to me!
AT: aBSOLUTELY, i AM CONFUSED LIKE A FOX,
AT: tHE KIND THAT HAS HIGH SELF ESTEEM,
GG: heheheh
GG: youre incredibly silly
GG: i cant really tell to what extent youre joking around here!
AT: i UNDERSTAND THAT, aND JOKES HAPPEN, yES,
AT: bUT FEELING GREAT ABOUT YOURSELF IS NOT A JOKING ISSUE,
AT: iT IS HEAVY DUTY BUSINESS, aND NEEDS TO BE GIVEN ALL THE SERIOUSNESS THAT SAD THINGS GET,
AT: i'VE LEARNED THAT, fROM MY FRIENDS, AND ALSO, FROM RUFIO,
GG: rufio?
AT: yES, hE'S A FAKE,
GG: what do you mean fake?
AT: a FAKE GUY i MADE UP IMAGINARILY,
AT: hE NEVER STOPS BEING A THING THAT'S NOT REAL,
GG: ohh like an imaginary friend....
GG: heh, ok
AT: i'M PRETENDING THAT BEING FULLY HONEST ABOUT RUFIO'S FAKENESS, AND,
AT: bEING UP FRONT ABOUT HIS GENERAL FRAUDULENCE, tHAT IT WILL ONLY GIVE ME EXTRA CONFIDENCE,
AT: i'M PRETENDING THAT AS HARD AS i CAN, iN THE MOST CONFIDENT WAY,
AT: wHICH MAKES IT PARTIALLY MORE TRUE,
GG: that
GG: sure is a philosophy you have there!
AT: yES, bEING CONFIDENT IS ALWAYS ABOUT SAYING AND DOING THE THINGS YOU FEEL,
AT: eVEN IF THE AFRAID PART OF YOU SAYS, nO, pLEASE DON'T DO THAT,
AT: lIKE, uHHHHHHH,

AT: hERE IS A THING i'M AFRAID TO SAY TO YOU, jADE,
AT: bUT,
AT: i'M TOO CONFIDENT NOW TO LET MY AFRAIDNESS MAKE ME FEEL TERRIBLE,
GG: oh??
GG: well, what is it?
AT: rEMEMBER, i TALKED TO YOU A LOT WHEN YOU WERE SLEEPING,
GG: yes
AT: uHH, aND,
AT: wE TALKED ABOUT LOTS OF THINGS, aND WE HAD SOME THINGS IN COMMON, aND IT WAS NICE,
GG: sure!
AT: aND i THINK CONSEQUENTLY, tHE EMOTIONAL RESULT IS PROBABLY,
AT: tHAT MAYBE i HAVE SOME POSSIBLE RED FEELINGS FOR YOU,
GG: red feelings?
GG: you mean
GG: whoooooaaaaaa
GG: wait
GG: really? :o
AT: wOW, tHAT SURE WAS A HARD THING TO SAY AND MADE ME INCREDIBLY NERVOUS,
AT: bUT i SAID IT BECAUSE OF MY REMARKABLE LEG-POWERED SELF CONFIDENCE,
AT: aND NOW i THINK ALL THAT'S LEFT IS DEFINITELY YOUR RECIPROCATION ABOUT THAT, pROBABLY,
GG: um.....
GG: well
GG: i dont think i can reciprocate!
AT: uH OH,
GG: i mean
GG: youre nice
GG: but i dont really know you...
GG: i dont even know your name!
AT: oH GOSH, hOW STUPID CAN i BE,
AT: i FORGOT TO SAY,
AT: i'M TAVROS,
GG: ok tavros
GG: i dont know if youve fully thought about this!
GG: you dont actually know me very well either
AT: oH YES, i SURELY DO,
AT: bECAUSE WE HAD A NUMBER OF SPIRITED CONVERSATIONS, wHEREIN YOU WERE VERY NICE AND PLEASED TO SPEAK WITH ME,
AT: dID,
AT: i MISINTERPRET THAT, wAS IT NOT ACTUALLY NICENESS,
GG: well no
GG: i was being nice
GG: because
GG: i like to be nice to people when i can, and when they are nice to me

GG: but.....
GG: things are a little more complicated than that, you cant know someone just by a few conversations!
GG: i mean, i only talked to you when i was asleep! i am kind of different when im dreaming...
GG: i forget things, and at times im not totally sure whats real
GG: dont you remember thats what its like to dream on prospit?
AT: uH,
AT: kIND OF,
GG: sorry, i feel bad about having to disappoint you...
GG: but i dont know what else to say
AT: bUT WHAT ABOUT,
AT: mY ATTRACTIVE BRAVADO,
AT: aND IGNORING MY INSTINCTUAL COWARDICE HARD ENOUGH TO SAY THAT i LIKE YOU,
AT: iSN'T THAT,
AT: sUPPOSED TO BE VERY ATTRACTIVE, aND ENCOURAGE THE MAJOR HAVING OF FLUSHED FEELINGS IN OTHERS,
AT: i GUESS WHAT i MEAN IS, wHAT ABOUT ALL MY CONFIDENCE,
AT: wHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT,
GG: jeeeeeez, um...
GG: tavros i am really flattered you like me and all
GG: and that sure is confident of you to say so! and thats great buuuut...
GG: i guess confidence is one thing but there is such a thing as being toooo forward i guess?
AT: wOW,
AT: oK,
GG: i aaaalso think...
GG: and really this is just polite friendly advice!
GG: that if youre really confident you dont always have to say it all the time
GG: it...
GG: oh man im sorry to say
GG: it just comes of as a little insecure and off putting and kind of defeats the purpose!
GG: and all things considered i think we should just stay friends
GG: or really.....
GG: continue building a friendship in the first place, since like i said we dont actually know each other that well!
AT: yEAH,
AT: uUUUUUUHHH,
GG: sorry :C
AT: nO, nO, iF i'M BEING REALISTIC i THINK THAT'S WHAT'S REASONABLE TO SAY TO ME,
AT: aND i'LL WORK ON TONING DOWN MY SELF RESPECT A LITTLE,
GG: aaaah no! you should have self respect
GG: just...
GG: oh boy this is frustrating
GG: can we talk about this later?
GG: i have some things to do!

GG: why dont we get back to the original point
GG: why do you want to commune with bec again?

==>

**11/12/10**

pesterlogAT: yES, oF COURSE,
AT: i WANTED TO GET APPROVAL FROM YOU, tO COMMUNE HIM AGAIN,
AT: nOW THAT HE'S A SPRITE,
AT: tO PERPETRATE ONE OF MY HEROIC IDEAS AGAIN,
GG: uh-ohhh
GG: what is your idea this time?
AT: i WILL SUGGEST TO HIM THAT HE ATTACK YOUR ADVERSARY,
AT: aS WELL AS OURS,
AT: aND MAYBE BEAT HIM, tO SOLVE EVERYBODY'S PROBLEMS,
GG: wow, i dunno about that!
AT: bUT i HAVE GREAT SKILL IN COMMANDING BEASTS TO GLORY IN BATTLE,
AT: aND YOURS IS SURELY THE STRONGEST BEAST I'VE SEEN!
GG: but hes my best friend!!!
GG: and you have already managed to get one of my family members killed
AT: bUT ACCORDING TO MY SELF CONFIDENCE, i THINK i'M PRETTY SURE i CAN USE HIS POWER TO BE SUCCESSFUL,
AT: wHOOPS, PRETEND i DIDN'T MENTION MY SELF CONFIDENCE, oR SAY ANYTHING OFF PUTTING,
GG: but all of our adversaries have inherited his powers!
GG: i would imagine the strongest guy would have all of his powers, and then some!!!
GG: i am really not comfortable with this
AT: oH,
GG: you said you are asking me permission first and i appreciate that
GG: but if you are asking im afraid my answer is no!
AT: oKAY, i RESPECT THAT,
AT: bUT, i WONDER,
GG: what?
AT: i WONDER IF A TRULY SELF CONFIDENT GUY, wITH THE BEST SELF ESTEEM THERE IS, wOULD EVEN NEED TO ASK,
AT: mAYBE THE BEST GUY WOULD JUST KNOW HE WOULD BE SUCCESSFUL, aND WOULD DO IT ANYWAY BECAUSE IT IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, aND EVERYONE ELSE'S,
GG: no way!
GG: that would be smug and arrogant and would make you a bully!!!
GG: later if my friends and i want to ask bec for help and decide thats our best hope, then thats our business
GG: until then, just please stop meddling!!!!!!
AT: wOW, oK,
AT: yOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ALL THAT, i'LL RESPECT YOUR WISHES,
AT: oR,
AT: wILL i? };)

GG: noooooooooo dont dont dont dont dont
GG: im serious
GG: uuuuggghh i think my headache is coming back
AT: i WAS jUST,
AT: mAKING A JOKE,
AT: sORRY, }:(
AT: i GUESS US BECOMING A FRIENDSHIP DOESN'T HAVE TO HAPPEN NOW,
GG: no...
GG: its fine
GG: i just really dont want you to do that ok?
AT: yEAH,
GG: i have to go now
GG: bye tavros

-- gardenGnostic [GG] ceased being trolled by adiosToreador [AT] --

arachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling adiosToreador [AT]

AG: Aaaaaaaahahahahahahahaha!
AG: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!
AG: Oh my god, I cannot 8elieve how hilariously pathetic that whole exchange was.
AG: Even 8y your wretched standards, Toreadork!
AG: Hahahahahahahaha, oh god I can't 8reathe!!!!!!!!
AG: A8solutely priceless. XXXXD
AT: hEY, vRISKA,
AT: tHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE, oF A PERSONAL NATURE,
AT: hOW COULD YOU EVEN BE READING THAT,
AG: Pff. Tavros, sometimes your stupidity surprises even me.
AG: Next time you decide to open your heart to an alien girl.....

## ==>

**11/12/10**

```
AT: i GUESS US BECOMING A FRIENDSHIP DOESN'T HAVE TO HAPPEN NOW,
GG: no...
GG: its fine
GG: i just really dont want you to do that ok?
AT: yEAH,
GG: i have to go now
GG: bye tavros
```

pesterlogAG: Make sure her chat client isn't 8eing holographically projected for all to see, ok?

## Thief: Tear into Page.

**12/12/10**

pesterlogAT: uH,
AT: wHOOOPS,
AG: It was so em8arrassing just reading that Tavros. I'm em8arrassed!

AG: I am actually feeling genuine em8arrassment. Your o8scene incompetence is actually polluting my otherwise pristine composure. Nice going!
AT: sO,
AT: i DON'T CARE,
AG: Jade let you down too easy. She's too nice! Someone's got to tear into you for that appalling display, and once again, guess who's shoulders that falls on?
AG: That's right. Vriska's, as usual.
AT: i THINK SHE HAS THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF NICENESS, pERSONALLY,
AT: aN AMOUNT THAT IS SOME, iNSTEAD OF,
AT: nONE,
AG: Hey, I'm nice when it matters, and where it doesn't strangul8te the critical development of people I give a shit a8out, ok?
AG: Really I don't know what you see in her. She is completely useless, like you.
AG: W8, of course!!!!!!!! It makes perfect sense. You and she represent the ideal matespritship, how could I have 8een so 8lind!
AG: Two perfectly pointless gru8s in a bucket.
AT: nO, i HAVE TOO MUCH SELF CONFIDENCE NOW TO BE UPSET BY YOUR SCANDALOUS IMAGERY,
AT: i DON'T THINK SHE IS USELESS,
AT: aND i DON'T THINK i AM EITHER,
AT: bECAUSE OF NEW SELF ESTEEMS OBTAINED, rEMEMBER,
AG: Oh will you please stop going on a8out your fucking self esteem.
AG: I will say this much a8out her, she was right a8out that. How insuffera8le can you get, prattling on and on a8out how confident you are.
AG: Tavros, you give confidence a 8ad name. I gave you all the chances in the world to earn it, to earn REAL confidence, and you failed.
AG: You couldn't even do the one little thing I asked you to! The one thing that would have made you man up once and for all.
AG: So instead you flew away and cried, and decided to sleep away your sorrow for the rest of the adventure.
AG: Do you have any idea how sick that made me? Everything a8out you makes me sick.
AG: When you talk a8out your self confidence, I throw up a little. You don't know what confidence is. Ro8o-legs don't give you confidence, that 8n't no more true than saying my ro8o-arm gave me mine. See what I mean?
AG: Your confidence is faker than even the great Rufio himself, Lord of the Unreal. It's pure fiction, a false fakey fraudy con jo8 from a wimpy loser charlatan 8ullshit artist.
AG: It's shallow and nause8ting, just like you. Do us all a favor and SHUT UP a8out it.
AT: oK, i THINK,
AT: tHIS IS ACTUALLY MAKING ME PRETTY MAD,
AG: Yeah right!!!!!!!!
AG: I'll 8elieve that when I see it, chump.
AT: i DON'T WANT YOU TO MOCK ME ANYMORE,
AT: i DON'T KNOW IF MY CONFIDENCE IS REAL, oR WHAT,
AT: bUT i WOULD LIKE YOU TO STOP SAYING STUFF LIKE THAT TO ME,
AT: aND TO STOP SAYING BAD THINGS ABOUT MY FRIEND JADE, tOO,
AG: Jade is an idiot.

AG: A useless, 8oring no8ody. What has she done for her party other than fuck up every step of the way? What does she ever do 8ut take naps and get in trou8le?
AG: She's awful, and you deserve each other. Oh w8, except she h8tes you!!!!!!!!
Ahahahahahahahaha. Even the 8oring pointless girl h8s you, talk a8out a guy who can't get a 8r8k.
AG: Though I guess she's not compleeeeeeeetely useless. ::::)
AT: wHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT,
AG: Ok, Tavros, I gave her credit for something, so I'll give you credit for something too.
AG: Your plan to control her lusus really wasn't a 8ad idea!
AG: And using your a8ility to "save her life" (lol) was a pretty good way to test how effective your powers are across sessions.
AG: Pretty good way to practice, to know where you stand!
AG: Practicing your a8ilities is important, so when it comes down to using them for something that really matters, you know you're ready for prime time.
AG: I know this first hand.
AG: I got lots and lots and LOTS of practice with your little guinea pig friend. ::::D
AG: So really, turns out she wasn't so useless at all! Far from it.
AT: wHOA, wHAT,
AT: aRE YOU SAYING YOU DID TO HER,
AG: Not really the point!
AG: The point is I'm trying to pay you a compliment.
AG: At this point, you are so sad and disgusting, you should treat anything nice anyone has to say a8out you like a chest full of shimmering 8oon8ucks.
AT: oKAAAY, gOD,
AT: wHAT,
AG: Like I said! Your plan was solid.
AG: Controlling the guardian to go after Jack was a fine idea. Sure would stir some shit up! 8etter than 8eing an insignificant stuttering piece of trash all the time, I say.
AG: And you were definitely on to something a8out doing it "irregardless" (lol) of her wishes.
AG: 8ecause it's for her own good! That's what winners do. They do what is right for someone they care a8out even if the other person does nothing 8ut 8itch and moan and act ungr8ful a8out it. 8etter you learned l8 than never.
AG: In fact, I would go as far as saying that if you went ahead with her plan against her wishes, it MIGHT just earn you a smidgen of respect from me.
AG: We'll see.
AG: There's really just one catch.
AT: oH,
AT: wHAT'S THAT,

==>

**12/12/10**

```
MEG RYAN
CITY OF ANGELS


...Man
THIS FALL
```

```
Nicolas CAGE
John CUSACK
M-


yeah <3
```

pesterlogAG: The catch is it's not going to work!
AT: wHAT ISN'T,
AG: Are you even listening to me? Man, clear the Rufio wax out of your ears.
AG: You couldn't sic the guardian on Noir even if you were inclined. Not even if I were to MAKE you inclined! :::;)
AT: uHH,
AT: wHY,
AG: 8ecause you are dealing with a pro here. I already thought of that.
AG: I thought of everything!

==>
**12/12/10**
pesterlogAG: The guardian is not going to attack the agents who engineered him in the first place.
AG: Or who I should say were "encouraged" (lol) to engineer him.

==>
**12/12/10**

```
MEOW
```

pesterlogAG: I was striking a mutually 8eneficial arrangement! This is often the most effective way to manipul8 others.
AG: I just sort of gave them an idea. Nudged them along in the direction of seizing more power, which they wanted to do anyway.
AG: Remem8er, I already have a lot of experience getting these simple minded agents to march to my drum 8eat.
AG: I was exiling them left and right in our session! I'm an expert at this 8y now.
AT: wHY WOULD YOU DO THAT,

==>
**12/12/10**
pesterlogAG: Tavros, at this point it should 8e o8vious.
AG: I am the unseen hand 8ehind every major event in their session, and to some extent, their whole lives.
AG: At least those events not happening 8y the volition of their own natural incompetence!
AG: Don't you think this is how it should 8e? Shouldn't the greatest player leave her fingerprints on every step of the rise to power of her ultim8 nemesis?
AT: wOW, nO, tHAT'S,
AT: i DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO SAY ALL THE WAYS i THINK THAT IS CRAZY,

==>
**12/12/10**

pesterlogAG: 8ut you must agree, 8ecause you were copycatting my idea.
AT: nO i WASN'T,
AG: You were 8razenly inserting yourself into Jade's history. The self-insertion plan was my idea, and it's revolting and cowardly for you to deny it.
AT: tHAT WAS, fOR A GOOD THING THOUGH,
AG: Hahahaha, sure. Whatever you say.
AG: It's incredi8ly sad how outclassed you are. It's actually depressing that you thought you could 8eat me at my own game. And then most sickeningly of all, you don't own up it!
AG: I have every angle covered already. The human session is on full Serket lockdown. Any effort you make to disrupt my plans will 8e laugha8le, just like everything you have ever done in your life.
AG: The only thing left to do now is prepare to kill Jack myself, and save everyone's ungrateful asses.
AG: It's a shame you're not strong enough to take him on with me. Too 8ad you spent so long sleeping instead of tur8o-leveling like me.
AG: We might have made a pretty awesome team.
AG: Oh well.

## Page: Retrieve arms.

**13/12/10**

pesterlogAT: oKAY, tHEN,
AT: aLL OF YOUR USUAL INSULTING THINGS ASIDE, mY TAKE ON THIS IS,
AT: tHAT YOU CREATED OUR IMPOSSIBLY HARD BAD GUY, wHO WANTS TO KILL US,
AT: aND BY ASSOCIATION, i GUESS THAT MAKES,
AT: yOU THE BAD GUY TOO,
AT: iNSTEAD OF A GOOD GUY WHO'S JUST MEAN,
AG: Nice deduction!
AG: Wrong, excruci8tingly linear, and laced with the sort of a8solutes morons like to throw around.....
AG: 8ut nice!

==>

**13/12/10**

pesterlogAT: aND THAT BEING THE CASE,
AT: eVEN THOUGH i'M TERRIFIED OF YOU,
AT: aND nOT AS STRONG,
AT: oR REAL CONFIDENT,
AT: oNLY MOSTLY FAKE CONFIDENT,
AG: Yeeeeeeees?
AG: Go on.
AT: i THINK,
AT: i AM GOING TO HAVE TO STOP YOU,
AG: Yeah! That's the spirit.
AG: Pretty weakslime threat there, 8ut it's a start.
AG: Tell you what.
AG: If you can find me in this la8, you can have at me.

AG: I'll even give you a free shot! No funny 8usiness or anything.
AT: oK,
AT: tHEN,
AT: hERE i COME,
AG: I'll 8e w8ing. <3

## ==>
**13/12/10**

```
HAPPEN
```

## ==>
**13/12/10**

```
TROLLIAN

Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines


ChumpRoll

- ectoBiologist
- ghostyTrickster
- tentacleTherapist


viewing : gardenGnostic
```

## ==>
**13/12/10**

```
HARLEY

JADE HARLEY
```

## AH: Ride.
**13/12/10**
Yes.
## Hell yes.
**13/12/10**

```
wtf? →
```

## Hell.
**13/12/10**

```
BULLIES
```

## Fucking.
**13/12/10**
## Yes.
**13/12/10**

```
BORF
```

And so came to an end the most heroic thing that ever happened in the history of metafiction.

Let's move on.

## Heir: Level up.

**13/12/10**

```
B$ 9,413,612


HEIR TRANSPARENT
DOCTOR RAGNAROK
MAN-SKYLARK
RIPETIKE
THE BREEZE KNEELS
HAMMERKIND PARAGON
PLANET HEALER
```

THE WINDY THING subsides, and clear skies prevail. You soar to the highest rung, and rule over your echeladder as the HEIR TRANSPARENT.

Boondollars fly.

## Air: Cloud up.

**13/12/10**

**==>**

**13/12/10**

**==>**

**13/12/10**

The clouds have returned. The fireflies are still trapped. The spell remains unbroken.

There is commotion behind you. A nearby village, perhaps?

## [S] John: Enter village.

**15/12/10**

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* Derived in part from a transcript by ShadowOfFate
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**** click controls icon in top-right***

```
Use ARROW KEYS (or WASD KEYS) to walk and SPACEBAR to
interact.
```

**** walk north to goggles (and press SPACE)***

```
Alert : ♍
> Pick up serious business goggles.
You re-equip SERIOUS BUSINESS GOGGLES! Would have sucked if you
lost these.
> Answer Vriska
```

VRISKA: John.
VRISKA: CONGRATUL8TIONS!!!!!!!!
JOHN: for what? you mean...
JOHN: that windy thing? did i actually do that somehow?
VRISKA: Well, yes, you did. And I suppose congratul8tions are in order for

that too.
VRISKA: 8ut mostly, I am congratul8ting you.....
VRISKA: FOR GAINING ALL THE LEVELS!!!!!!!! ::::O
JOHN: oh, right! i got to the top of my echeladder somehow. i didn't even really think it had a top, or that i would get there so fast.
JOHN: so i guess that's it, then! don't have to worry about leveling up anymore. that's pretty neat.
VRISKA: Don't 8e ridiculous, John.
VRISKA: While you may have technically gained all the levels just now, you did not truly gain ALL of them just yet.
VRISKA: In a way, this is really just the 8eginning.
JOHN: it is?
VRISKA: Yes. You are now ready to 8egin your ascent through the god tiers.
VRISKA: No8ody I know was a8le to progress this far anywhere near as fast and you, John. Not even me! I can't tell you how proud I am.
JOHN: wow, really?
JOHN: ok, what do i do?
VRISKA: The thing is, from this point on, you can't make any progress while you're awake. So you've got to get to sleep!
VRISKA: 8ut not just any 8oring old nap will do. You will need to go to sleep in a special 8ed.VRISKA: You must find your *Quest 8ed*, John.
JOHN: that sounds pretty cool. where is it?
VRISKA: Not too far away! 8ut rather than me telling you, why don't you talk to the locals and ask around?
VRISKA: I've helped you get this far, 8ut at some point you are going to have to start taking some steps all 8y yourself. I think you're ready for that!
VRISKA: If you make the right decisions and play all your cards right, hell, you might even wind up at a higher tier than I did!
VRISKA: I hope this turns out to 8e the case. I am rooting for you all the way. Now get going and find that 8ed!!!!!!!!
JOHN: ok, i will! thanks a lot, vriska!

**** visit salamander to your west (and press SPACE)***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Did you see it??? It was there, after the *Windy Thing*!
JOHN: see what?
SALAMANDER: Oh gosh, I can't think of the word. The big flat thing thats as wide as possible, and up.
JOHN: um...
SALAMANDER: The dark colored ceiling that clouds stay under.
JOHN: you mean... the sky?
SALAMANDER: YES! It was so beautiful. I hope to witness its miracle again one day before the end of my sadly short amphibious lifespan.

**** northeast to Pyxis***

> Open Pyxis

You got a MINITABLET

**** north up the steps, follow path***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: That was quite a bluster, wouldn't you say? It really had us all whipping around here, our little legs flailing every which way.

JOHN: you must be talking about the windy thing.

JOHN: yeah, uh. sorry about that.

SALAMANDER: What would you have to be sorry about?

SALAMANDER: A great surge of *The Breeze* like that could only be summoned by the Heir! It means he's finally come!!! This is so exciting.

SALAMANDER: Please let me know if you see him.

JOHN: heheh.

**** follow path into first village clearing, and check stuff out west to east...***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: I thought for sure our mushroom was cooked! The *Green Tragedy* nearly consumed us all.

JOHN: the green tragedy? oh...

JOHN: you mean the fire?

SALAMANDER: Yes. Word has spread of the global catastrophe. Thousands of lives were lost.

SALAMANDER: Luckily the Heir saved us! I'm going to pop a big friendly bubble in his face if I am ever lucky enough to meet him.

JOHN: wow...

JOHN: sounds like he's in for a treat!

> Open Pyxis

You got a CAN OF TAB!

Oh yes, you have been dying to try this beverage for a long time.

Perfect timing too, since you are in need of a good sugar kick.

This can should be JAM PACKED full of real, actual sugar.

Blech. This stuff sucks.

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: We must all come together and unify as a people after the terrible *Green Tragedy*.

SALAMANDER: This harmonious union will mostly entail a lot of standing around and fidgeting hyperactively... together!

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Oh boy oh boy oh boy, I can't wait for the Heir to visit our village. Hey! Maybe he's here RIGHT NOW!

SALAMANDER: Maybe if I blow my spit bubble to be big enough, it will catch the Heir's reflection, and I will be able to bask in his magnificence.

SALAMANDER: Wait... I see someone in my bubble's reflection right now! Could it be... could it...

SALAMANDER: Oh, never mind. It's just a dumb boy with some square glass shapes on his face.

JOHN: hey!!!

**** south down the steps***

> Open Pyxis

You got... one of your FAKE ARMS?

Man, why do they have to rummage through your stuff and start mailing it all over the planet?

**** head west***

> Talk.

JOHN: hey little fella, where are your parents?
JOHN: do salamanders even have parents?
JOHN: oh, duh, of course they do. i guess what i mean is do you have a family or anything?
SALAMANDER: glub
JOHN: hmm, i already adopted one young salamander today. but, then i left her at my friend's house...
JOHN: so i think i'll let you be. i dunno if i'm cut out to be a dad!
JOHN: i mean, i don't even have a tie, or a pipe, or a really serious looking wallet or anything.
JOHN: thinking about it is making me miss my dad. hey, i wonder if i'll see him when i sleep on my quest bed? i hope so.
JOHN: anyway, thanks for listening. see you, little guy!
SALAMANDER: glub

> Open Pyxis

You got MORE ILLEGAL CONTRABAND!
Dude, this frog is SO ILLEGAL. You'd better ditch this thing before a wily agent of Derse sees you with it.

**** back east and north to the clearing***

**** head north up the steps to a T-junction with a sign***

> Read sign post.

Left : village Right : mushroom orchard, and also a secret grotto! shhhh.....

**** head right, i.e. east***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Hey you! Don't go any further! The mushroom orchard has been commandeered by a frightening beast!
SALAMANDER: It is terribly powerful, unlike any underling I have ever seen, at least not before the *Green Tragedy*.
SALAMANDER: The devil is making it nigh impossible to farm our goddamn mushrooms!

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Halt! We are guarding the mushroom orchard. It is for your own good. Do not pass.

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Guard guard guard. We are an elite team of village guards, guarding this orchard here.
SALAMANDER: Together we represent an impenetrable edifice of amphibious fury. There is no way anyone is getting through. Public safety is assured.

**** exit east into the mushroom orchard***

**** click the controls icon at the top-right***

Use *ARROW KEYS* (or *WASD KEYS*) to walk, *SPACEBAR* to attack, and *HOLD SPACEBAR* to charge mangrit. Interact with *MOUSE*.

**** walk to southwest corner of orchard and click the salamander***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: No I don't give a shit that there's a ridiculously powerful and deadly imp running around the orchard.
SALAMANDER: SOMEONE'S got to be farmin' all these goddamn fuckin' mushrooms, pain in the ass though truly it be.
SALAMANDER: So that's what I'm doing.
SALAMANDER: Standing around here
SALAMANDER: farmin' all these
SALAMANDER: goddamn
SALAMANDER: fuckin'
SALAMANDER: mushrooms.

**** chase the teleporting uranium imp around and attack him to drain his health vial and turn him into 34 units of Uranium grist.***

**** Your charged mangrit attack will freeze the imp in place for a while if successful.***

**** And hey, you might want to check out Trickster mode during the battle...***

**** Press CTRL + T***

pap:nak ::

**** Enter "shoosh:doof" as the password. You are now Dave.***

**** Press CTRL + T to switch back to being John.***

**** leave the orchard, and head back passed the guard salamanders***

**** the secret grotto is hidden off this path, go north through the darker blue area...***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: You are entering the private and secluded alcove of the *Clan of the Secret Wizard*.
SALAMANDER: ...
SALAMANDER: shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

**** six salamanders on the east of the grotto, from south to north...***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: I fell asleep in a bush, and when I woke up, I was here, dressed in this absurd cloth. I am so confused, and a little afraid.

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Glub glub. Hey kid. See these robes? Let's get beholding here. Chop chop.

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: behold my robes behold my robes behold my robes behold my robes behold my robes
JOHN: ok, jeez!!! i am beholding them as hard as i can right now,

whatever that means. are you satisfied?
SALAMANDER: .....

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: I am beholding someone without the proper attire in our presence. This is most improper.
JOHN: Sorry. Where can I get some robes to join your club?
SALAMANDER: You really think it's that easy? This is an exclusive guild, and entry is only permitted through brutal ritualistic hazing.
SALAMANDER: By which I mean, we have more of these damn robes than we know what to do with, and we zealously recruit new members with virtually no standards at all.
SALAMANDER: Would you like to join? I will take your robe measurements right now.
JOHN: oh. nah, not really.
JOHN: i don't really feel like walking around wrapped up in a stupid bedsheet.
SALAMANDER: My tender ears have just been scalded by unthinkable blasphemies.

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: I'm kind of not really into this. I'm just doing this because of peer pressure.
SALAMANDER: To be honest, I'm getting a little tired of beholding all these goddamn robes. What does beholding robes even mean? Like, just looking at them? Is that it?
SALAMANDER: Don't tell anyone I said that!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: I am going to ask you to do something. And it's totally up to you if you would like oblige. No pressure or anything.
JOHN: um... do you by any chance want me to behold your robes?
SALAMANDER: YOU ARE AN AMAZING GENIUS AND I LOVE YOU.

**** there's a pyxis at the east end of the grotto***

> Open Pyxis

You got a FIREFLY!
Poor guy was trapped in there. Off you go, little fella. Join your friends in the clouds.

**** and four salamanders on the westside, from south to north...***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Behold my robes, good sir. Behold them and may peace behold you.

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Where is your *Rag of Souls*? You look absolutely ridiculous. Our secret society beholds you as foolish.

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB, yeah, just behold my robes already, ok? Sheesh.

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Would you like to hear the story of the *Clan of the Secret Wizard*, and why you presently have the privilege of beholding my divine robes?

JOHN: but... those are my bedsheets! how did you get them?

SALAMANDER: Silence. I will not entertain such pluck from the lowly unenrobed.

SALAMANDER: Our great elder, the magnificent *Secret Wizard* was one day graced with the *First Rag of Souls* from the clouds.

SALAMANDER: He donned the oily, humble cloth and assumed the countenance of a simple beggar.

SALAMANDER: But lo, he beheld a great pillar of rock, and on that pillar he beheld an impossibly tall white tower belonging to the fabled Heir of Breath.

SALAMANDER: And so our leader ascended this pillar and this tower, but found no sign of the heir.

SALAMANDER: He did however find the Heir's floating blue servant, and she laundered his robes, and so the *Rag of Souls* was born anew.

SALAMANDER: Such was his magnanimity, he employed the *Heavenly Machina* to duplicate this relic and distribute robes to his many followers across the land, so that they too might be beheld with a beholden eye of admiration.

SALAMANDER: So it was, and so it shall have been behelt.

SALAMANDER: Now go. May beheld robes be with you always.

**** and a Pyxis***

> Open Pyxis

You got YOUR OWN COPY OF HARRY ANDERSON'S 'WISE GUY' BACK!

Come on, this is getting ridiculous. Your prized belongings are being scattered to every corner of the globe!

**** leave the grotto, and head left i.e. west from the signpost into the village.***

**** visit the salamanders from east to west...***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: I thought the spell was broken there for a moment! The clouds went away, and the fireflies were all buzzing around, acting disoriented.

SALAMANDER: But then the clouds came back! To be honest, I was a little relieved. I have grown fond of them. And if the fireflies were to escape from above, I would miss them dearly!

SALAMANDER: They're really pretty, and they're my friends.

JOHN: aw...

> Shop.

SNACK VENDOR: WELCOME! Looking for something tasty today???

SNACK STAND

**** You can buy any or all of these as many times as you choose***

CONE OF BUGS - B$ 5 ONION - B$ 10 TASTY MUSHROOM - B$ 10 JAR OF BUGS - B$ 15 MUSHROOM SHAKE - B$ 15 BIG BOY MUSHROOM - B$ 25 GRASSHOPPER - B$ 100 ESCAPE TO EXIT > Talk.

SALAMANDER: Our village has the best snack stand in the land! It offers the juiciest bugs and most succulent onions!
SALAMANDER: I'm so hungry. Alas, I have not a single boondollar to pop my bubble with.
JOHN: i've got loads of boondollars! here, i will treat you to a nice lunch.

```
[The salamander got 100 boondollars!]
```

SALAMANDER: Oh god oh god oh god, this is like a small fortune!
SALAMANDER: I can finally afford to try the most sublime delicacy on the menu. But, if I opt for that, I can aford nothing else that is tasty. Hmm...
JOHN: yes, i guess having money leads to some complicated decisions. oh well, enjoy!

**** same salamander...***

```
> Talk.
```

SALAMANDER: I blew all my money on a grasshopper. It was...
SALAMANDER: Well, it was ok I guess.

**** next salamander (to north)...***

```
> Talk.
```

SALAMANDER: Hey hey! I heard a rumor that you were some kind of Mr. Moneybags over here. Well boy do I have an offer for you.
JOHN: what is it?
SALAMANDER: A treasure! It will cost you 10,000 boondollars to discover what it is, and obtain it.
JOHN: wow, 10,000? that's a lot...
JOHN: but really, i guess it's not so much, since i have millions.
SALAMANDER: Millions??? Why didn't you say so. I revise my offer to 100,000 boondollars.
JOHN: hey! you can't do that.
JOHN: i will pay you 10,000, and that's my final offer!
SALAMANDER: You drive a hard bargain out of that silly toothed mouth of yours. Very well, the deal has been made.

```
You got a SMUPPET!!!;
```

JOHN: aaaauuuuugh, it was was one of dave's dumb butt puppets??? i hate these things! what a ripoff.

**** same salamander...***

```
> Talk.
```

SALAMANDER: Oh wealthy tooth boy. I have another offer for you.
JOHN: i'm not doing business with you anymore, you scoundrel!

**** next salamander (to the south)...***

```
> Talk.
```

SALAMANDER: All that commotion very nearly woke *The Slumbering One*, I think! That would have been dreadful.
SALAMANDER: But he is still asleep. I am sure that only the Heir can wake him, and break the spell over this land.
SALAMANDER: It's said the Heir will wake the denizen by playing a magical song only he can play, and when he wakes up, the Heir will meet the terrible beast face to face!
SALAMANDER: It is then that he will be offered *The Choice*. The nature of

the Heir's triumph depends on what he chooses!
SALAMANDER: Then the Heir will lead us all to a beautiful place, with the most bristling insect furrows and the richest, dampest mushroom soil you could hope to farm.
SALAMANDER: Or so the story goes! Probably a lot of bullshit if you ask me.

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Shhh... listen.
SALAMANDER: Do you hear that? He is still asleep, thank goodness.
SALAMANDER: But when the *Windy Thing* was kicking up all that fuss, it sounded like he was not happy at all.
SALAMANDER: It makes him absolutely furious when anyone other than him bends *The Breeze* to his will! It is not pleasant for anybody.
SALAMANDER: Luckily there is only one person who can do that, and he is surely a mythical figure, who only morons believe in.

**** climb the steps of the well***

> Look inside.

**** freaky noises?***

**** pyxis to your south***

> Open Pyxis

You got a SMUPPET!

Oh great, just what you needed. A pipe full of puppet ass, nice.

**** three more salamanders, from east to west...***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: Oh man, look at that dashing style. Rumpled head objects are all the rage these days!
SALAMANDER: I would love to wear one, but I just don't have the money.
JOHN: hmm, well, i agree it is important to keep up with the fashions.
JOHN: tell you what, i will give you some money for a hat, so that you can be one of the coolest salamanders in town! here you go...

The salamander got 1000 boondollars!

SALAMANDER: oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god oh my god
SALAMANDER: oh my god oh my god oh my god
SALAMANDER: THANK YOU SO MUCH, I LOVE MY NEW RUMPLED HEAD OBJECT, AND I LOVE YOU.
JOHN: heheheh. you're welcome.

**** same salander...***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU

**** next salamander who already had a hat...***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: I am the absolute pinnacle of fashionability. Marvel at the object upon my head, and admire the lustre of its velveteen rumples. It was so expensive.

> Shop.

HABERDASHER: HELLO! Looking for a head object that is rumpled and unsightly?

HABERDASHER: All of our head objects are rumpled and unsightly, fortunately!

**** You can buy any of these that you choose***

RUMPLED HEAD OBJECT - B$ 1,000 EVEN RUMPLIER HEAD OBJECT - B$ 2,000 THE RUMPLIEST HEAD OBJECT OF ALL - B$ 5,000 ESCAPE TO EXIT

**** flagpole in the northwest***

> Examine flag pole.

The flag is at half mast in honor of the heroes who lost their lives to the Green Tragedy.

Barbasol

Many brave firefighters deployed from the Heir's tower to extinguish the flames. Alas, they were all overwhelmed by its fury.

A memorial would be erected in their honor. It would be inscribed with the last words so frequently overheard, words of widsom to remember.

How can shaving cream be so flammable?

How indeed, brave heroes.

How indeed.

**** pyxis to your east***

> Open Pyxis

WHOAAA! You got a WHOLE BOONCASE!!!!!!!

.....

But it's empty, and therefore worthless. Too bad. You guess riches aren't quite so easy to come by.

**** north up the steps***

> Shop.

MERCHANT: What will it be today?

FRAYMOTIF SHOP ~ FEATHERCADENCE - B$ 10,000,000 ~ PNEUMATIC PROGRESSION - B$ 100,000,000 ~ BREATHLESS BATTAGLIA - B$ 1,000,000,000 ~ * IVORIES IN THE FIRE - B$ 10,000,000,000 ~ ☼ MIXOLYDIAN MAELSTROM - B$ 200,000,000,000 ~ ✻ FANTASIA'S INHALE - B$ 1,000,000,000,000 ESCAPE TO EXIT

**** try the FEATHERCADENCE***

Argh, if only you hadn't given stupid Dave that stupid boonbuck, you could have bought this!!!

STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIDEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**** try any of the others***

Yeah, you you're not even remotely close to being able to afford this thing. Whatever it is.

**** final salamander***

> Talk.

SALAMANDER: It is this way to what we locals call *The Glow Shape*. It is above the thing that the Heir will take his most important and legendary naps upon.

JOHN: oh! that must be my quest bed!

JOHN: er... i mean the heir's quest bed.

JOHN: i almost forgot i was being all sneaky and incognito here.

SALAMANDER: My response to that will simply be a singular, unintelligent and unpunctuated glub.

SALAMANDER: glub

**** head north...***

You have found your destination. What would you like to do?

> Proceed to Quest Bed.

**** rather than...***

> Keep exploring village. > Start over.

## John: Proceed to Quest Bed.

**15/12/10**

## John: Take legendary nap.

**16/12/10**

Alert : ♏

pesterlogEB: ok, i think i'm ready to take this legendary nap!

EB: and then climb the god tiers, i guess?

AG: Yes, exactly! Pretty exciting, isn't it?

EB: yeah...

EB: maybe it is a little TOO exciting.

AG: What's that mean?

EB: i am not sleepy at all!

EB: also, this is not much of a bed. more like a really hard slab of rock.

EB: i don't see how i will be able to sleep.

AG: John.

AG: Would you like me to put you to sleep?

EB: um...

EB: you mean, you're asking me this time, instead of just doing it?

EB: what happened to you wanting to be responsible for me becoming a hero!

AG: John, I am clearly involved in your rise to power now regardless. That can't 8e changed!

AG: I am giving you the option, 8ecause at some point a hero has to start making choices.

AG: Once you take a 8r8k from hunting treasure and stop getting distracted 8y side quests, you eventually realize that's what this game is all a8out.

AG: The choices you make affect the destiny of the universe you cre8te, as well as the type of hero you 8become.

AG: It would have 8een nice if someone was around to explain all this to me, and let me have some control over my own f8.

AG: I had to do this a much less pleasant way. I'm sparing you that indignity.

AG: 8esides, it's not like you're some loser who doesn't know how to make tough decisions.

AG: So what'll it 8e, John?
EB: well...
EB: i'm supposed to go to sleep to realize my destiny...
EB: and you have the ability to make me do that, so...
EB: i don't really see the harm in that.
EB: it sounds like it is just the practical thing to do.
AG: Am I hearing a "yes," John?
EB: yes, that is my decision.
EB: vriska, please put me to sleep!
AG: You got it. <3

==>
**16/12/10**
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**16/12/10**
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**16/12/10**
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**16/12/10**
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**16/12/10**
pesterlogAG: 8888)

## [S] JOHN. RISE UP.
**16/12/10**

```
JOHN. RISE UP.

> 4/13/2009 - 12/16/2010
> DAY 612
>
```

==>
**18/12/10**

```
DAVE: Z
```

==>
**18/12/10**
## Dave: Pester Terezi.
**19/12/10**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering gallowsCalibrator [GC] --

TG: ok
GC: WH4T >:?
TG: what do you mean what
GC: 1 M34N WH4T 4R3 YOU W41T1NG FOR!

GC: 4R3 YOU GO1NG TO JUST ST4ND TH3R3, OR 4R3 YOU GO1NG TO SUCK 1T UP 4ND 4SS4SS1N4T3 TH4T N1C3 LOOK1NG D4V3 1N H1S SL33P? >:]
TG: but
TG: you know if im going to or not
TG: its lame for you to pretend theres any element of suspense here
TG: why dont you just tell me
GC: OH 1 G3T 1T
GC: YOU W4NT TO R1S3 TO TH3 GOD T13RS 4ND B3COM3 4S GR34T 4S JOHN
GC: WH1L3 ST1LL FORF31T1NG 4LL OF YOUR D3C1S1ONS 4ND FR33 W1LL TO 4 BL1ND G1RL 1N 4NOTH3R D1M3NS1ON
GC: R34L H3RO1C, D4V3!
GC: OR SHOULD 1 S4Y
GC: SOOOO COOOOOOL >8]
TG: look i dont mind making the decision if thats whats going on here
TG: like doing the free will thing
GC: OH 1S TH4T 4 TH1NG NOW?
TG: yes how would it ever stop being a thing
TG: being a things not something it ever stopped doing
TG: i just want to know whats really going on here
TG: before i decide to start choppin off the heads of outrageously good looking snoozing dudes
GC: 1 TOLD YOU
GC: YOU N33D TO D13 ON YOUR QU3ST B3D TO R34CH TH3 GOD T13R 1N SK414 W1TH JOHN
TG: ok i know but
TG: something about this doesnt add up
TG: who is this guy
TG: i dont remember sleeping on this bed
TG: or reaching the god tier im pretty sure thats something id remember
TG: so is he from the future
TG: does this mean later im going to have to put this ugly goddamn suit back on
TG: which i thought we both agreed id retired from the wardrobe forever
TG: and then go back in time and sleep in this bed and get killed by me right now
TG: do i have the stable loop right
GC: NOP3!
TG: then what
GC: 1 C4N T3LL YOU
GC: BUT F1RST, 4R3 YOU SO SUR3 TH1S 1S TH3 SOURC3 OF YOUR H3S1T4T1ON, D4V3?
GC: K33P1NG TR4CK OF T3MPOR4L LOG1ST1CS?
TG: why wouldnt i be concerned about that
TG: if we make mistakes then dead daves start piling up
TG: and dead daves are the enemy remember
TG: says the sword holding guy whos about to add one to the pile
GC: 1M JUST S4Y1NG
GC: 1T 1SNT 34SY FOR 4NYON3 TO F4C3 TH31R OWN D34TH
GC: 3V3N 1F TH3 CONS3QU3NC3 1S TO TH31R B3N3F1T
GC: NOT 3V3N 4NY OF US M4N4G3D TO DO 1T

GC: W3LL, 3XC3PT FOR ON3
TG: who
GC: T4K3 4 WILD GU3SS!
TG: ok got it
TG: i wonder if this can finally be the conversation that doesnt deteriorate into a lot of bitching and moaning about her
GC: F1N3 >:P
TG: so if im understanding this
TG: this guy isnt from the future who came back to finish a loop
TG: and hes not from the past because id remember doing this
TG: so this isnt part of our timeline choreography at all
TG: must be from an offshoot timeline
TG: which means hes doomed
GC: Y3S
TG: ok so how did this happen where did we fuck up
GC: W3 D1DNT!
GC: SORRY 4BOUT TH1S D4V3
GC: 1T W4S TH3 B3ST W4Y 1 COULD TH1NK OF TO SHOW YOU WH4T TH1S 1NVOLV3S!
GC: YOU WOULDNT STOP BUGG1NG M3 4BOUT WHY YOUD N3V3R B3 4BL3 TO C4TCH UP W1TH JOHN
GC: 1 TOLD YOU YOU WOULDNT B3 4BL3 TO F4C3 YOUR D34TH
GC: 4ND TH4T W4SNT GOOD 3NOUGH FOR YOU! SO H3R3 W3 4R3
TG: what exactly did you do

==>

**19/12/10**

pesterlogGC: OK, R3M3MB3R WH3N YOU W3R3 4SK1NG M3 4BOUT TH1S GOD T13R STUFF
GC: 4ND HOW JOHN W4S 4BL3 TO 4SC3ND
GC: 4ND 1 TOLD YOU 1T WOULD 1NVOLV3 DY1NG
GC: 4ND YOU K3PT GO1NG ON 4BOUT 1T, SO 1 G4V3 YOU 4 CHO1C3
GC: TO F1ND OUT NOW, OR F1ND OUT L4T3R
TG: yeah i remember
TG: that seems like a long time ago already
TG: what was that like more than a day for me chronologically
GC: Y3S BUT 1T W4S ONLY 4 COUPL3 M1NUT3S 4GO FOR M3
GC: YOU F1N4LLY WOR3 M3 DOWN W1TH 4LL YOUR R3C3NT P3ST3R1NG!
GC: SO 1 S41D F1N3
GC: 4ND W3NT B4CK 4 L1TTL3 34RL13R ON YOUR T1M3L1N3 TO K1CK TH1S OFF
GC: SO TH1S 1S HOW W3 4R3 DO1NG TH1S NOW
TG: ok but you didnt actually give me a choice
TG: you just flipped a coin
GC: Y34H
GC: 4ND 1 L3FT TH3 D3C1S1ON OV3R TH3 OUTCOM3 OF TH3 FL1P 1N YOUR H4NDS! >:]

==>

**19/12/10**

SHOOSH SHOOSH

pesterlogGC: M4YB3 YOU FORGOT
GC: 1 WOULDNT BL4M3 YOU S1NC3 TH3R3 H4S B33N 4 LOT TO K33P TR4CK OF
GC: BUT H3R3 1S HOW 1T W3NT DOWN
GC: YOU W3R3 STRUTT1NG 4ROUND 1N YOUR D3L1C1OUS K1W1 31GHT B4LL SU1T 4ND RUNN1NG YOUR FR3SH MOUTH 4S USU4L
GC: durp yo terezi sup sup gotta beat john gotta beat john
GC: hes got a long hood and he does wind, how can i get powers too?
GC: oops red is how i talk, my bad
GC: OH MY GOD...
GC: D4V3 TH1S 1S SO D3C4D3NT
GC: WHY D1DNT YOU 3V3R T3LL M3 HOW 4M4Z1NG 1T 1S TO TYP3 L1K3 TH1S
GC: 1 4LMOST C4NT H4NDL3 1T >:o
TG: ok stop that shit is probably like crack to you
TG: im not going to stand by and watch you fall prey to your own wild cherry apeshit apocalypse
GC: OK >:[
GC: SO 4NYW4Y, 1M L1K3 D4V3 TH4TS GO1NG TO 1NVOLV3 F4C1NG YOUR OWN D34TH
GC: 4ND 1M SORRY TO BR34K 1T TO YOU BUT 1 DONT TH1NK YOUR3 R34DY FOR TH4T
GC: SO TH3N D4V3 1S L1K3 thats so stupid bluh bluh im being difficult, and cool, word up
GC: SO 1 S4Y F1N3
GC: 1 W1LL SHOW YOU
GC: BUT ONLY 1F YOU PROM1S3 TO TH3 3X4CT T3RMS OF MY 4RR4NG3M3NT, 1N ORD3R TO PROT3CT TH3 1NT3GR1TY OF TH3 T1M3L1N3 >:]
TG: the arrangement being the coin flip thing
TG: thank god we did that otherwise wed be screwed
TG: i probably would have gone back in time and killed my own grandfather oh wait i never had one
GC: 4H, BUT 1T W4S 1MPORT4NT!
GC: YOU JUST D1DNT KNOW WH4T W4S GO1NG ON, WH1CH W4S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD
GC: 1 TOLD YOU 1 W4S GO1NG TO FL1P 4 CO1N
GC: 4ND B3FOR3 1 D1D, YOU H4D TO P1CK 4 S1D3 W1THOUT T3LL1NG M3
GC: GOOD H34DS OR B4D H34DS
GC: 4ND YOU W3R3 L1K3 hey sure terezi i will hella go along with your two face thing
GC: WH4T3V3R TH4T M34NS >:\
TG: oh yeah
GC: WH4T D1D TH4T M34N, BY TH3 W4Y
GC: WH4TS 4 TWO F4C3 TH1NG
TG: twoface is a human batman villain whos half ugly and flips coins all the time to make evil decisions
GC: OH...

GC: W3LL TH4TS K1ND OF D1SH34RT3N1NG, 1 SORT OF THOUGHT MY CO1N FL1PP1NG W4S 4 COOL 4ND UN1QU3 TH1NG >:[
TG: its ok flippin coins for reasons is still pretty badass i guess
TG: why dont you finish your story

==>

**19/12/10**

```
Alert : ♎
 ► B4CK 1N T1M3 ► GO TO SL33P -► zzz muh

Alert : ♎
 ► W41T FOR FUTUR3 ► B4CK IN T1M3 -► ssh only dreams

TEREZI: NOW WH4T??
```

pesterlogGC: R1GHT
GC: SO TH3 CHO1C3 1F YOU R3C4LL W4S
GC: 1 COULD SHOW YOU HOW TO R34CH TH3 GOD T13R NOW
GC: OR 1 COULD SHOW YOU L4T3R
GC: 4ND YOU H4D TO 4SS1GN ON3 OPT1ON TO GOOD H34DS
GC: 4ND TH3 OTH3R OPT1ON TO B4D H34DS
GC: 4ND WH4T3V3R TH3 R3SULT OF TH3 FL1P, YOU H4D TO PROM1S3 TO DO WH4T YOU COMM1TT3D TO B3FOR3 H4ND!
GC: NO CH34T1NG 4ND CH4NG1NG YOUR M1ND, OR TH4T WOULD FUCK 1T UP
TG: right exactly
TG: so like i said before i had no choice at all i picked some options and you flipped a coin
GC: Y3S, BUT L34V1NG TH3 CHO1C3 TO YOU W4S 1MPORT4NT H3R3
GC: YOULL S33 WHY 1F YOU TH1NK 4BOUT 1T
TG: not seein it
TG: i picked good heads to mean youd show me now
TG: bad heads to mean youd show me later
TG: you said it came up bad heads
TG: so i was like ok i can wait
TG: and i did for like a whole day
TG: and now here you are showing me
TG: did i miss something
GC: Y3S
GC: YOU FORGOT TH4T TH3R3 W4S 4LSO 4N OFFSHOOT R34L1TY 1N WH1CH YOU M4D3 JUST TH3 OPPOS1T3 D3C1S1ON!
GC: TH4T W4S TH3 ON3 WH3R3 B4D H34DS M34NT 1 WOULD SHOW YOU R1GHT 4W4Y
GC: R3M3MB3R B3FOR3 TH3 FL1P, 1 1NSTRUCT3D YOU WH4T TO DO 1N TH4T 3V3NT
GC: TO GO B4CK 1N T1M3, 4ND 4W41T FURTH3R 1NSTRUCT1ON
GC: 4ND YOU D1D!
GC: H3 D1D, TH4T 1S
GC: H3 W3NT B4CK 1N T1M3, 4ND 1 TOLD H1M TO F1ND TH1S B3D 4ND GO TO SL33P
GC: 4ND TH3N FUTUR3 D4V3 WOULD COM3 L4T3R 4ND K1LL H1M, S3ND1NG H1M TO TH3 GOD T13R 1F H3 SO W1LL3D
GC: 1F H3 COULD F1ND TH3 WH3R3W1TH4LL TO GO THROUGH W1TH 1T

GC: TH3 SL33P1NG D4V3 1S TH3 DOOM3D D4V3, TH3 ON3 WHO D1DNT W41T
GC: FUTUR3 D4V3 1S YOU, TH3 ON3 WHO W41T3D
GC: 1N YOUR QU3ST, YOUR3 TH3 4LPH4 D4V3
GC: H3S YOU >8]

## Dave: Show him your stabs.

**20/12/10**

pesterlogTG: then
TG: this is kind of useless isnt it
TG: i thought you were bringing me back here to finish a stable time loop not murder a guy you punked whos gonna die regardless
TG: whats the fucking point of giving a doomed version of myself superpowers anyway
GC: M4YB3 H3 W1LL STOP B31NG DOOM3D 4FT3R YOU K1LL H1M?
GC: M4YB3 H3 W1LL G3T TH3 D4V3 POW3RS 4ND L1V3 4 LONG 4ND COOL L1F3 NOT B31NG DOOM3D 4NYMOR3
GC: HOW WOULD YOU KNOW UNL3SS YOU T4K3 4 ST4B 4T 1T?
GC: H3H3H3
TG: its just the worst thing when you get morbid
GC: >:P
TG: anyway maybe
TG: but i kind of doubt thats how it works i mean
TG: doomed means doomed doesnt it
TG: the loopholes are only temporary like look how davesprite turned out
GC: >:[
GC: R1P MR OR4NG3 CR34MS1CL3S, M4Y H3 R3ST 1N D3L1C1OUSN3SS
TG: am i wrong in guessing that
TG: shouldnt you know better than me
GC: D4V3 WH3N 1T COM3S TO T1M3 STUFF, WHY WOULD TH3 S33R OF M1ND KNOW B3TT3R TH4N TH3 KN1GHT OF T1M3?
TG: i dont know
TG: what does being a seer of mind actually mean
GC: TH4T 1S
GC: 4 GR33334T QU3ST1ON >:]
GC: M4YB3 1F YOU TH1NK 4BOUT 1T YOU C4N F1GUR3 1T OUT YOURS3LF
TG: oh ok its someone who asks a bunch of dumb riddles i figured it out already
GC: Y34H R1GHT!!!
TG: lets not get derailed here
TG: we were talking about a serious issue and im standing over my soon to be corpse while holding a fucking sword
GC: OK, TH4T 1S F41R
GC: YOU 4R3 PROB4BLY CORR3CT 4BOUT DOOM3D MR K1W1SU1T H3R3
GC: P4R4DOX SP4C3 1S PR3TTY V1C1OUS 4BOUT PUN1SH1NG THOS3 1N V1OL4T1ON OF 1TS PL4N
TG: punishing
GC: SUR3
GC: 1T F1NDS W4YS TO 4NN1H1L4T3 TH3 P4THS WH1CH DO NOT CONTR1BUT3

CONSTRUCT1V3LY TO 1TS OWN PROP4G4T1ON
GC: 4ND 1T 1S 3QU4LLY M3RC1L3SS TO THOS3 WHO 1NH4B1T TH3M, 4ND 1N P4RT1CUL4R, THOS3 WHO C4US3 TH3M
GC: 1T 4PP34RS TO H4V3 4 S3NS3 OF JUST1C3, DONT YOU TH1NK?
TG: i guess
GC: W3LL, YOU 4SK3D WH4T 1 THOUGHT, 4ND TH4TS WH4T 1 TH1NK
GC: TH3 QU3ST1ON R3M41NS
GC: NOW WH4T??

==>

**20/12/10**

pesterlogTG: i dunno none of this is making for a very persuasive argument that i should kill doomed me
GC: BUT H3 1S GO1NG TO D13 4NYW4Y!
GC: WHY NOT JUST B3 TH3 ON3 TO PUT H1M DOWN?
GC: 4T TH3 V3RY L34ST, YOU COULD M4K3 SUR3 1T 1S 4 PL34S4NT D3M1S3 1NST34D OF SOM3TH1NG N4ST13R >:]
TG: see
TG: this shit youre doing now
TG: this is the morbid shit i was talking about
TG: its not anywhere near as endearing as you probably think
TG: even when you bracket smile after it
TG: like ok you said something fucked up but hey theres a cute face my heart just fucking melted
GC: D4V3, W3 BOTH KNOW MY BR4CK3T SM1L3S 4R3 1RR3S1ST1BL3
GC: >:] >:] >:]
TG: ok yeah youre right i just got won back over totally
TG: i think
TG: this whole thing was a ruse
TG: and not even the funny kind that qualify as distactions
TG: i think you got my whole timeline there in front of you and you know damn well i have no intention of killing this guy ever
TG: and its just a big game you set up to watch me squirm over weird mortality issues while you giggle
GC: Y34H
GC: SO?????
TG: so
TG: i guess
TG: well played??????
TG: i dont know
TG: just one question
TG: and please just drop your fucking justice riddles and be honest
TG: do i ever make the god tier
TG: like the right way
GC: V3RY W3LL, 1 W1LL STOP TORM3NT1NG YOU D4V3
GC: NO, YOU DONT
GC: BUT TH4T 1S NOT 4S B4D 4S 1T SOUNDS!

GC: L1K3 1 S41D, NON3 OF US M4D3 1T
GC: 3XC3PT FOR... OK N3V3R M1ND
GC: 1T W4SNT N3C3SS4RY! W3 W3R3 4LR34DY BR33Z1NG THROUGH TH3 G4M3 4T OUR LOW3R L3V3LS
GC: BY TH3 T1M3 W3 R34CH3D TH3 TOP OF OUR 3CH3L4DD3RS 4ND M4ST3R3D OUR FR4YMOT1FS, W3 W3R3 COMPL3T3LY DOM1N4T1NG!
GC: OK, SO TH3 3ND BOSS W4S MOR3 CH4LL3NG1NG TH4N W3 3XP3CT3D
GC: BUT BY TH3N 1T W4S TOO L4T3 TO GO B4CK 4ND DO 4NYTH1NG 4BOUT 1T, 4ND W3 H4D 4N 4RMY OF L3TH4L PSYCH1C ROBOTS TO H3LP US
GC: 1T 4LL WORK3D OUT 1N TH3 3ND
GC: WHY DO YOU TH1NK 1 H4D YOU BUY 4LL THOS3 FR4YMOT1FS?
GC: 3V3N 1F YOUR3 NOT QU1T3 WH3R3 JOHN 1S, YOUR3 ST1LL 4 PR3TTY D34DLY W34PON >:]
TG: ok
TG: then cool i guess i can live without wearing a sweet windsock hoodie and making time tornadoes or whatever
TG: i was only bugging you about it cause you were being so vague
GC: Y3S 1 KNOW
GC: 1 THOUGHT 1T W4S B3TT3R TO SHOW YOU WH4T W4S 1NVOLV3D
GC: 1TS ON3 TH1NG TO S4Y sup sup terezi help me be a god sup sup sup
GC: BUT F4C1NG 1T 1S D1FF3R3NT
GC: OUR R4C3 1S NOT 3X4CTLY UNCOMFORT4BL3 1N TH3 PROX1M1TY OF D34TH
GC: BUT 1T W4S ST1LL 4 CH4LL3NG3 W3 W3R3NT PR3P4R3D FOR
GC: 4ND TH3N
GC: J4CK K1LL3D OUR DR34M S3LV3S
GC: 4ND 1 GU3SS W3 LOST TH4T CH4NC3 FOR GOOD >:[

==>

**20/12/10**

```
PLING
```

pesterlogTG: alright then
TG: i guess thats enough of this horseshit time to move on right
GC: SUR3
GC: 1F YOU R34LLY W4NT TO L34V3 POOR DOOM3D D4V3 H3R3 TO H1S OWN D3V1C3S
TG: i dont even want to be around when he wakes up itll be weird and awkward
GC: 1 DONT SUPPOS3 1 COULD T4LK YOU 1NTO PUTT1NG H1M OUT OF H1S M1S3RY B4S3D ON TH3 R3SULT OF 4 CO1N FL1P >:D
TG: no fuck no
TG: put your fucking death coin away jesus
TG: i am forbidding you from ever flipping that coin again when youre talking to me or even thinking about me
GC: F1N3!!!! WOW D4V3
GC: SO TOUCHY 4BOUT 4 S1LLY L1TTL3 CO1N
GC: YOUR3 OV3R3ST1M4T1NG 1TS R3L3V4NC3 H3R3 4NYW4Y
GC: 1N F4CT

GC: 4FT3R 1 FL1PP3D 1T, 1 D1DNT 3V3N LOOK 4T TH3 R3SULT!
TG: what you didnt
GC: NOP3
GC: D4V3, WHY WOULD 4 BL1ND G1RL LOOK 4T 4 CO1N SH3 C4NT 3V3N S33?
GC: 1T DO3SNT M4K3 S3NS3!
TG: thats fucking idiotic
TG: you could smell a flea off a dogs balls
GC: >:\
GC: D4V3 S33
GC: TH1S SH1T YOUR3 DO1NG NOW
GC: TH1S 1S TH3 GROSS SH1T 1 W4S T4LK1NG 4BOUT
GC: 1TS NOT 4NYWH3R3 N34R 4S 3ND34R1NG 4S YOU TH1NK 4H4H4H4H4H4
TG: this is bs
TG: so ok your coinflip of death was meaningless great to know
TG: is there anything else we need to do here
TG: i sent you the money i got all the fraymotifs tell me what is there thats left besides you jerking me around
TG: probably time we chill out for a while and i get back in sync with my teammates
GC: OH Y3S, 1 KNOW
GC: YOUV3 GOT SOM3 WORK TO DO, 1 C4N T4K3 4 H1NT 4ND G1V3 YOU SOM3 SP4C3 TO DO 1T >:]
GC: J4D3 1S GO1NG TO N33D YOUR H3LP ON H3R N1C3 FROST3D M4RSHM4LLOW PL4N3T
TG: then i guess thats where ill go
GC: 4ND 1F YOU C4N F1ND 1T 1N YOUR COOLK1D H34RT NOT TO ST4Y M4D 4T M3, F33L FR33 TO G3T 1N TOUCH 4NY T1M3
TG: ok
TG: i mean
TG: im not even actually mad i just
TG: i dunno
GC: >:o
TG: i still dont really get what you did
TG: was the trick really necessary
TG: it sounds like
TG: the splitoff was a result of both possible decisions i could have made
TG: and had fuckall to do with your coin or randomness or luck
GC: 3X4CTLY!!!
GC: S33 YOU DO G3T 1T
TG: get what
GC: YOU 4SK3D WH4T 1T M34NS TO B3 TH3 S33R OF M1ND
TG: yeah
TG: and
TG: i obviously still dont know
GC: OK TH3N 1LL JUST 4SK TH1S
GC: HOW MUCH OF YOUR R34L1TY DO YOU TH1NK 1S M4D3 OF WH4TS 1N YOUR M1ND?

TG: i dont know sounds like a riddle
TG: fuck it ill just say all of it
TG: i mean that is the answer right
GC: SM4RT4SS >:P
GC: 1T 1S NOT 4 R1DDL3, 1T 1S 4 S3R1OUS QU3ST1ON, TH3R3 1S 4 B1G D1FF3R3NC3 D4V3
GC: 1F YOU S33 WH4TS 1N YOUR M1ND CL34RLY 4ND UND3RST4ND TH3 POW3R YOUR THOUGHTS H4V3
GC: TH3N YOU UND3RST4ND R34L1TY WH1L3 3V3RYON3 3LS3 1S RUNN1NG 4ROUND CONFUS3D 4ND 4NGRY 4ND UPS3T
GC: B3C4US3 TH3Y TH1NK R34L1TY 1S SOM3TH1NG H4PP3N1NG TO TH3M
GC: R4TH3R TH4N SOM3TH1NG TH3Y 4R3 M4K1NG 3V3RY MOM3NT W1TH 3V3RY THOUGHT
TG: oh ok
GC: HOW W3LL DO YOU TH1NK YOU KNOW YOUR M1ND D4V3?
TG: really well
TG: i know it biblically its an obscene nsfw spectacle
GC: H3H3H3
GC: 1 DONT KNOW WH4T TH4T M34NS BUT 1 KNOW 1T 1S PROB4BLY 4 RUD3 JOK3!
TG: means my skull is a bucket and my brains a plump fuckgrub
GC: GROSS D4V3 1S GROSS!!!
GC: BUT 1 KN3W TH4T TOO
GC: 1 KNOW YOUR M1ND B3TT3R TH4N YOU
TG: oh do you
GC: 1 4M NOT PSYCH1C, BUT 1 H4V3 TH3 S1GHT S33RS 4R3 M34NT TO H4V3
GC: 1T W4S MY ROL3 TO H4V3 1T
GC: TO T4LK TO P3OPL3 4ND S33 TH3 TUNN3LS 4ND VORT1C3S 1N TH31R M1NDS 4ND TO UND3RST4ND TH3 R34L1T13S TH3Y WOULD CR34T3 1F THOS3 THOUGHTS L34D TO 4CT1ON
GC: FOR MY 3N3M13S, 1 W4S M34NT TO BR1NG 4BOUT TH3 1NH3R3NT R3TR1BUT1ON FLOW1NG FROM TH3 R34L1TY M4D3 BY TH31R OWN 3V1L THOUGHTS
GC: 4ND FOR MY FR13NDS, TO PROT3CT TH3M FROM TH31R T3ND3NCY TO UND3R3ST1M4T3 TH3 POW3R TH31R CONFUS1ON H4S OV3R TH31R F4T3
GC: TO K33P TH3M OUT OF TROUBL3, D4V3 >:]
TG: is that what you were doing just now
GC: M4YB3 1 W4S!
GC: YOU N3V3R KNOW, S33RS 4R3 NOTOR1OUSLY CRYPT1C 1N TH31R W4YS
TG: yeah no fuck
GC: 4NYW4Y, 1TS B33N FUN D4V3
GC: 1TS B33N SO FUN B3C4US3
GC: TH3 MOR3 P3OPL3 TRY TO H1D3
GC: TH3 MOR3 TH3Y SHOW M3
GC: SO 1 GU3SS TH4TS HOW 1 KNOW
GC: 1 L1K3 YOU SO MUCH >:D
TG: man
TG: you are just

TG: some kind of knowitall arent you
TG: what else do you know
GC: HMM
GC: 1 KNOW SOM3 V3RY 1MPORT4NT TH1NGS
TG: like
GC: 1 KNOW TH4T YOU W3R3 ON TO SOM3TH1NG WH3N YOU S41D LUCK W4SNT 1NVOLV3D W1TH TH3 CO1N FL1P
TG: yeah because
TG: you didnt even look
TG: it was like
TG: schrodingers fucking coin
TG: and then
TG: it turned into schrodingers fucking dave
GC: R1CKY SCHROD1NG3R?
TG: yeah
GC: W3LL Y3S, TH4T M4Y B3 TRU3, BUT 3V3N SO 1 DO KNOW TH4T LUCK 1S 4 V3RY R34L TH1NG!
GC: FORTUN3 1S TH3 3SS3NC3 OF L1GHT, 4ND 1T SH1N3S ON THOS3 WHOV3 M4ST3R3D 1T
GC: BUT 1 KNOW SOM3TH1NG MOR3 1MPORT4NT TH4N TH1S
GC: 1T 1S 4 B1G S3CR3T
GC: M4YB3 TH3 B1GG3ST 4ND MOST 1MPORT4NT S3CR3T OF 4LL
TG: what

==>
**20/12/10**
pesterlogGC: LUCK DO3SNT 4CTU4LLY M4TT3R >8]

==>
**20/12/10**
==>
**20/12/10**
==>
**20/12/10**

```
HB> THIS IS IT RUNT
```

==>
**20/12/10**

```
HB> HERE'S YER CHANCE
```

## KISS HER
**20/12/10**
## KISS THAT GIRL YOU WIMP
**20/12/10**

```
choke
```

## AW FER CRYING OUT LOUD

**20/12/10**

```
HB> YOU MAKE ME SAD RUNT
HB> JUST SHAKING MY HEAD HERE
```

## THATS IT

**21/12/10**

```
HB> I CANT TAKE IT ANYMORE
HB> I GOT TO STOP PLAYING GAMES FER GIRLS
HB> YER ON YER OWN RUNT
```

## ==>

**21/12/10**

```
VRISKA: Oh, now you want to kiss me????????
VRISKA: Little l8, don't you think
```

## ==>

**21/12/10**

```
VRISKA: Save your breath, page.
VRISKA: I 8n't dead just yet
```

## ==>

**21/12/10**

```
VRISKA: 8esides, plenty of time for that l8r ::::)
```

## ==>

**21/12/10**

```
VRISKA: Pick me up. Need to get somewhere fast.
VRISKA: Are you ready to flyyyyyyyy, Pupa?
```

## ==>

**21/12/10**

## ==>

**21/12/10**

## ==>

**21/12/10**

## ==>

**21/12/10**

```
VRISKA: I won't make you do it.
VRISKA: This is up to you.
VRISKA: Here's your chance!
```

## ==>

**21/12/10**

```
VRISKA: 8ut do it fast, ok?
VRISKA: Please don't make me 8leed to death slowly
```

## Thief.

**21/12/10**

```
SNOWMAN: Thief.
SNOWMAN: Why not take control?
```

## ==>

**21/12/10**

```
VRISKA: NO!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: This is his decision.
VRISKA: I know he can do it
```

## ==>

**21/12/10**

```
VRISKA: Tavros, hurry up!
```

## ==>

**21/12/10**

```
VRISKA: KILL ME
```

## ==>

**21/12/10**

```
K8LL M8
```

## Steal his will.

**21/12/10**

```
SNOWMAN: It is what a thief does.
SNOWMAN: End this.
```

## ==>

**22/12/10**

```
VRISKA: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...
VRISKA: DO IT YO8 COW8RD
VRISKA: K8LL M8 K8LL M8 K8LL M8 K8LL M8...
```

## DD: => SWITCH 4

**22/12/10**

## Take her out.

**22/12/10**

```
VRISKA: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA...

DD> You're making a mess, junior.
```

## Finish her.

**22/12/10**

```
DD> Whatcha waiting for.
```

## What are you.

**22/12/10**

```
DD> Some kind of wimp?
```

## ==>

**22/12/10**

## ==>

**22/12/10**

## ==>

**22/12/10**

```
TEREZI: >:?
```

## Rise up, Thief.

**22/12/10**

## ==>

**23/12/10**

## Snowman: Escape.

**23/12/10**

## ==>

**23/12/10**

The windy boy is dead. The tragedy is overwhelming. All hope is lost.

Oh well. Time to get out of this tin can!

## WV: Escape.

**23/12/10**

## ==>

**23/12/10**

The door jams.

## ==>

**23/12/10**

Oh, right. The station is out of power. You forgot about that!

## WV: Examine treasure.

**23/12/10**

Of course you still have your secret treasure, but it will almost certainly prove to be of no use to you in this dilemma whatsoever. It clearly serves no significant purpose other than to be pretty, and to make your hand glowy. Back in the sleeve of your trusty knife it goes.

## WV: Search for power source.

**23/12/10**

```
BURP
```

Oh yeah, there's another thing you forgot about! You ate that delicious green nuclear rock earlier in the day, even though it feels like it was more than a year ago.

Guess there's nothing to do but wait it out.

## Jade: Prepare for imminent windfall.

**23/12/10**

```
Alert : Karkat
```

Ugh, there he goes again, bothering you. He is so impatient. Doesn't he realize how time consuming it is preparing for the holidays? He's just going to have to hold his stupid angry alien space horses.

Wait... you almost forgot, it's still April, and nowhere near the holiday season. You guess all this wintry weather tricked you into thinking it was.

But wait! Even THAT doesn't make any sense, since it never snowed on your island, and you were never able to connect it with the holiday season! Boy, are you confused.

But you always wanted a white Christmas, and dammit, that is what you are going to have, even though it's April, and even though you are giving all these presents to yourself, and even though Jesus Christ is no longer a relevant figure to celebrate on account of the annihilation of humanity!

Oh shut up, Karkat.

## ==>

**23/12/10**

Karkat cannot be conveyed with a more detailed portrait yet. He is too angry, and is forced to look like shit.

Maybe later if he can manage to calm down.

## shit. lets be santa

**24/12/10**

```
KRINGLEFUCKER

⬡ -10,000
```

pesterlogTG: yes perfect
GG: it is the prettiest tree i have ever seen!!!!!
TG: ok im going to torrent you another like negative billion artifact grists
GG: ok great!
GG: everything about that makes total sense
TG: yeah
TG: now draw the conksuckiest boot you ever drew
GG: ok

## Jade: Draw conksuck boot.

**24/12/10**

```
CONKSUCK BOOT

⬡ -100
```

pesterlogGG: is this conksucky enough
TG: its the conksuckiest piece of fucking shit that ever still somehow qualified as a boot

GG: <3
TG: you just know imigrants were responsible
GG: well...
GG: i am not even sure if i am technically a u.s. citizen!
TG: yeah see what i mean

## Jade: Deck halls.

**24/12/10**

and the night

before christmas.....

and all through

then house.....

not a creature

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF


shit.
lets be
santa

great

boots


fuck


come ON


 *sign* ...


fuck.

who would even
make these.......

conksuck boots
anyway

imigrants??..


BIMP


and the night
before christmas........

and all through
then house

not a creature
```

```
GOD BLESS US EVRYBODY
```

## Jade: Alchemize.

**24/12/10**

You have put a lot of thought into this and you have some great ideas.

But first you would like to make something practical. Something to keep you warm in this chilly weather!

## Jade: Make earmuffs.

**24/12/10**

```
FLUFFY BALL PLUS HEADBAND

⬡ 50,000
```

You combine Rose's HEADBAND with... some sort of of fluffy ball you drew?

This isn't really working. Also, this pointless thing was absurdly expensive for some reason.

## Jade: Just draw some earmuffs.

**24/12/10**

```
EARMUFFS

⬡ 2
```

You simply draw a pair of earmuffs, and make them. Yay!

## Jade: Combine earmuffs and lunchtop.

**24/12/10**

```
LUNCHMUFFS

⬡ 100   ⬡ 50   ▽ 1
```

You make a pair of LUNCHMUFFS! Finally, an easy hands-free computing solution that keeps your ears warm, and looks amazing to boot!

## Jade: Combine Johnny 5 and lunchtop.

**24/12/10**

You figure as long as you have the LUNCHTOP card handy, you might as well try to do something with this dumb JOHNNY 5 GHOST IMAGE you accidentally made once.

You don't even know what this robot's deal is. You've never seen this stupid movie.

## ==>

**24/12/10**

```
JOHNNYTOP

⬡ 5,000   ⬡ 2,500   ▽ 50   □ 5
```

You make the JOHNNYTOP!

Finally, a difficult to use hands-on computing solution that does nothing but roll around of his own accord while talking about his emotions and reading books fast!

FINALLY!!!!!!

## Jade: Combine Iron Man armor and outfit.

**24/12/10**

You decide to cut to the chase and do something that will have indisputably cool results.

You go to one of the stairwell rooms and carefully observe the armor while you sketch it. You have secretly wondered whether your grandpa was actually Iron Man in his younger years. It would explain so many things, including why this armor is here.

==>

**24/12/10**

```
IRON LASS SUIT

⬡ 100,000  ⬡ 20,000  ▲ 10,000  ⬡ 1,000
```

You make the IRON LASS SUIT!

It's quite stylish, but maybe a bit cumbersome for casual wear. Probably only good for special occasions.

If you are going to adopt a new regular outfit, you'd prefer something a little comfier and less ostentatious, and if possible, in less flagrant violation of copyright laws.

## Jade: Combine one of grandpa's beauties and outfit.

**24/12/10**

You sketch one of his silly sun-bleached blue lady portraits. He would be so proud.

==>

**24/12/10**

```
DRESS OF ECLECTICA

⬡ 8
```

You make the DRESS OF ECLECTICA!

This is so much better.

## Jade: Combine Rose's crystal ball and magic cue ball.

**24/12/10**

You lost your MAGIC CUE BALL in the explosion, so you will have to draw it and hope your modus knows what you're getting at.

You have been dying to see its predictions, and you think you are on to something here!

==>

**24/12/10**

Sadly, the modus interprets your circle as a boring and useless MAGIC 8 BALL.

Oh well, you guess you'll do it anyway.

## Jade: Combine Rose's crystal ball and magic 8 ball.

**24/12/10**

```
TRANSPARENT MAGIC 8 BALL

▲ 8   ▽ 1   □  1
```

You make a TRANSPARENT MAGIC 8 BALL!

You can now see inside, and watch the dark water sloshing about the cavity in the globe.

The predictions seem kind of lame when you can see all the other possibilities tumbling around in there. Kind of makes the fortune feel irrelevant.

## Jade: Combine crystal ball and glasses.

**24/12/10**

```
SOOTH SPECS

⬡ 2,000   ▽ 20,000   □  200,000
```

You make the SOOTH SPECS!

Now you can see everything, albeit through a dizzying fisheye filter.

## Jade: Combine sooth specs and lunchtop.

**24/12/10**

```
JUNIOR COMPU-SOOTH SPECTAGOGGLES

⬡ 2,000   ▽ 20,000   ⬡ 200,000   ⬡ 2,000,000
```

You make the JUNIOR COMPU-SOOTH SPECTAGOGGLES!

You can never have too many cool computers.

## Jade: Combine furry trophy, lunchtop, and shirt/shoes.

**24/12/10**

You grab one of your grandpa's softest trophies and use it to make a really stylish WARM FUZZY SQUIDDLEJACKET!

You do the exact same thing to your shoes to create a matching pair of SQUIDDLESNEAKS!

The jacket and the shoes are ALSO computers. You will never be caught without a computer, ever.

You are suddenly feeling more fashionable than any kid in paradox space. All of the style belongs to you. The only thing left to do is make yourself deadlier.

## Jade: Combine Dave's Midnight Crew poster and rifle.

**24/12/10**

```
GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

▽ 500,500
```

You make a GIRL'S BEST FRIEND!

Pew pew pew!

## Jade: Combine Charles Dutton and squiddle.

**25/12/10**

You still have this CHARLES DUTTON GHOST IMAGE you accidentally made.

You...

You are not sure what to do with this gentleman, if anything.

Oh well, when in doubt, squiddle it!

==>

**25/12/10**

```
DUTTLE

⬡ 0
```

You made a DUTTLE!

The duttle is weirding you out a little. You believe you will keep your distance from the duttle.

## Jade: Sketch particle accelerator.

**25/12/10**

You put the leering duttle out of your mind and try to sketch one of the pieces of equipment from your destroyed room to the best of your recollection.

Hopefully it works, so you can try making something sweet.

## Jade: Combine rifle, iron lass suit and particle accelerator

**25/12/10**

It worked! The result is a huge kickass PROTON CANNON.

Obviously you can only wield this weapon in your IRON LASS SUIT.

==>

**25/12/10**

```
PROTON CANNON

⬡ 10,000,000,000  ⬡ 5,000,000,000  ▽ 1
```

Or you would, if you were able to afford the thing.

Dave turbo-torrented you a lot of grist, but you don't have THAT much.

## Jade: Combine mummy and MC poster and outfit.

**25/12/10**

```
DEAD SHUFFLE DRESS

▲ 40  ⬡ 40  □  40  ▲ 40
```

You made the DEAD SHUFFLE DRESS!

While wearing this outfit, you almost feel as if you were ripped straight from the animes!

## Jade: Combine green sun bedsheets and girl's best friend.

**25/12/10**

```
GREEN SUN STREETSWEEPER

⬡ 1,000,000  ⬡ 1,000  ⬡ 1
```

You make the GREEN SUN STREETSWEEPER! Aw yeah.

Ok how about one more outfit. Outfits are the best, you think.

## Jade: Combine dress of eclectica, Felt poster, and 8 ball.

**25/12/10**

```
THREE IN THE MORNING DRESS

▲ 8  ⬡ 1
```

You make the THREE IN THE MORNING DRESS!

It is so fancy. You cannot imagine wearing it on anything other than super special occasions. Not to mention you'll freeze your ass off in this thing!

## Jade: Combine mecha, streetsweeper, and iron suit.

**25/12/10**

You still have this MECHA GHOST IMAGE you made a while ago, by accident as usual. Might as well throw a bunch of crazy shit together and see what sort of insane loot crops up.

The suspense is almost too much.

You make...

YOU MAKE.....

## ==>

**25/12/10**

JOHNNY 5.

God dammit.

Motherfucker thinks he's alive.

HE IS A TIN CAN, ROBOTS DON'T HAVE FEELINGS.

## Jade: Combine Dutton and sooth specs.

**25/12/10**

```
DUTTON BUBBLE GOGGLES

▽ 0
```

You make the DUTTON BUBBLE GOGGLES!

==>

**25/12/10**

You can see into eternity.

Forever.

Ok that's enough.

==>

**25/12/10**

HAPPY APRIL 13TH, 2009 EVERYBODY!!!!!!!!!!!!!

==>

**27/12/10**

```
Alert : ♒  x 7
```

All of your computers light up at once as some douche bag starts hassling you, whoever this douche bag might be.

You will have to remember to keep most of these computers turned off.

## Jade: Answer this douche bag.

**27/12/10**

```
Alert : Jade
```

pesterlog-- caligulasAquarium [CA] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG] --

CA: noww that youre done makin all that pointless rubbish
CA: ivve got somethin wway more wworth your wwhile
GG: which one were you again?
GG: wait
GG: werent you the guy who was always trying to hit on me??
CA: that couldvve been anyone
CA: lets not get distracted by your sad league of suitors and their flushed desperations
CA: im offerin you the edge here
CA: in your rivvalry wwith the other female
GG: uh...
CA: wwevve got the same abstratus
CA: and i dont need this thing anymore
CA: since i became more powwerful than you could evver imagine as a mighty wwizard of wwhite science
CA: so you might as wwell take it and settle your score wwith that awwful wwitch
GG: but
GG: im the wwitch!
GG: i mean witch
CA: yeah ok the seer then if you wwant to be dealin wwith technicalities
GG: rose?
GG: i do not have a score to settle with rose!!!

GG: why would you think that?
CA: oh
CA: wwell fuck
CA: suppose i wwas guessin it wwas natural to presume somesuch relation like that betwween the twwo a you
GG: i think you are projecting your own attitude on to others
GG: just because you tend to hate and/or hit on everyone you meet doesnt mean everyone else is that way
GG: rose just sent me a code for a crystal ball, shes my friend and is basically the best!
CA: oh i see so she shared her "magic secrets" wwith you then
CA: its probably a trap i wwouldnt trust her
CA: she is a cunnin and treacherous sort trust me i knoww her type
GG: wait do you have a thing for her too???
GG: did she reject you or something?
CA: you are slingin around such a bloody mess of slander wwith these accusations
CA: you wwouldnt understand anywway
CA: its already been painfully established you people cant get your shalloww think pans under the majesty of our quadrants
GG: :|
CA: if you must knoww things betwween us wwere gettin pretty bellicose and im pretty sure she wwas wwaxin as obsidian for me as a human got it in em to do
CA: and if not for the interdimensional divvide keepin us apart honestly i dont doubt our rivvalry could be brewwin outright pitch
GG: uh huh...
CA: but the thing is i need a rivval wwho can pose me a challenge
CA: and frankly shes not evven fit for holdin my cape anymore
CA: at this point i find all her adorable black pixie dabblins to be prime kiddie playtime shit
CA: all of her FRAUDULENT MAGICS cannot come close to posin threat to my mastery ovver the TRUEST SCIENCES
CA: an wwith my empiricists wwand i servve as the righteous hope that wwill incinerate delusion and the deluded alike
CA: my holy fire is the wwhite fury bled from the wwrath-wweary eyes of fifty thousand nonfictional angels
CA: and wwhen theyre finished wweepin they wwill boww before their prince
GG: wow what are you talking about
CA: so really you should be honored to inherit my old callin
CA: both my armaments and my feud
CA: itll be wwitch against wwitch
CA: a real one vvs an impostor
CA: faker one dies
GG: hey look at that, time for me to get going!
CA: oh wwill you just take the fuckin gun already
GG: no i dont want it!!!!!
CA: its a wway more powwerful wweapon than any of that crap you made
CA: its a legendary relic wwithout equal
GG: more like a legendary piece of shit!

CA: youre bein needlessly fuckin stubborn about this im doin you a fuckin favvor here
GG: yes but i dont like you very much and i feel really icky about accepting a present from you
CA: if you accept it this is the last ill evver be botherin you about anythin ok
GG: siiigh
GG: fine
CA: FFFFFFWW
GG: what?
CA: thats the code
GG: oh...

## Jade: Make this legendary piece of shit.

**28/12/10**

```
AHAB'S CROSSHAIRS

⬡ 16,777,215  ▽ 1
```

pesterlogGG: hmmm...
GG: i have seen this before
CA: howws that possible
CA: its a one of a kind wweapon plundered from an alternian ghost ship
GG: i am very sure its the same rifle included with johns present
GG: but...
GG: bigger of course
CA: probably a cheap imitation of the original
CA: uh
CA: kind of like that one there is
CA: so theres your answwer stable loops ahoy
CA: noww enjoy the utter fuckin domination it affords
GG: yes but....
GG: i did not provide the weapons!
GG: my penpal did
CA: wwhos that
GG: the guy who helps me build the present
GG: we worked on it together but he supplied the bunnys weapons
GG: im pretty sure hes from the future!
CA: wwhy
GG: because he said hes my grandson
CA: wwhat the fuck is a grandson
CA: is that some kind of pervverse human familial thing
GG: umm yes
CA: nevvermind then your procreational biologistics make my fins curl in distaste
GG: oh no!!!!!
GG: aaaaa please dont tell anyone i told you about him!
GG: augh how could i let that slip to you of all people
CA: settle dowwn jade youre radically underestimatin the amount of shit i dont givve about this
CA: ill havve you knoww this is the last time im plannin on talkin to any human
CA: i got bigger ships to sink and soon wwhen im good and ready me and my luminous fuckin

science stick havve got a date wwith jack noir
CA: AND NO NOT THAT KIND OF DATE GIVVE ME A LITTLE FUCKIN CREDIT
GG: wow ok!!!!
GG: i wasnt going to say anything
CA: wwhys this matter so hush hush anywway
GG: he didnt want me to tell my friends who he really was
GG: i guess maybe he was concerned about upsetting the timeline? i dunno
CA: wwell maybe he didnt wwanna disrupt wwhatevver disgustin sequence of evvents wwas responsible for his spawwnin in the first place
GG: maybe!
GG: i have wondered about that, assuming he is right...
GG: he was so nice, and it really did feel like i was talking to family, so i really dont think he was making it up
GG: i couldnt help but try to imagine his parents...
GG: and more interestingly.....
GG: his grandfather :O
GG: i still wonder who it could be...
GG: although i guess at this point
GG: the options are pretty limited :o
CA: ok i think im startin to feel ill talkin about things makin me fathom pink wwigglers comin out a your owwn personal torso
CA: so change a fuckin subject
CA: that gun i just gavve you is somethin of a hatchright to the kid
CA: happy i could play a role in your dirty stinkin lineage
GG: like an heirloom? i guess it could be
GG: do you even have those? if you dont have parents how could you?
CA: no wwe dont knoww our direct forebears and im pretty sure any attempt to seek out or evven inquire about the supplier of your genes wwould be a fine wway to get yourself killed
CA: but wwevve got our lore and it says wwe all got indivvidual ancestors wwho contribute to most of our genes abovve and beyond wwhat the grubs slurry does
GG: ewwwwwwww
CA: oh shut up
CA: anywway a lot of us believve wwere meant to trace the footsteps of those ancestors evven though wwe can nevver knoww em
CA: and on that journey wwe can come across belongings they once had cause wwe wwere hatched to find em and finish their wwork
CA: i kinda think thats wwhy i found the gun in the first place
CA: but noww im forsakin it because fuck i just found a better destiny than my old crappy one wwhich i nevver got any appreciation for anywway
GG: hmmmm
GG: then maybe that is how this heirloom should work
CA: wwhat do you mean
GG: well i dont want to use it!
CA: aww man come on
GG: so ill just dump it outside the house with the trash
GG: and if it is fated to find my penpal one day then so be it!

CA: god damn it
CA: its like you people go out of your wway to think a howw to disrespect me
GG: maybe you should have been nicer to me!
GG: in any case i dont appreciate the spirit in which the gift was given so this is what i will do!
CA: fine fuck it wwhat do i care
CA: this has been a completely flippin useless exchange as havve they all been wwith your species
CA: and for the record
CA: evven though i said that stuff about bein fated to find my gun
CA: fate isnt real
CA: its a lot of FAKE FUCKIN HORSEFEATHERS
CA: noww go and be cleansed by the light of truth purity nonfakeness hope and abovve all SCIENCE

gardenGnostic's johnnytop exploded.

## Jade: Throw LPOS outside with the trash.

**28/12/10**

==>

**28/12/10**

```
10:25:00 → :24:59 → :58 → :57 → :56 → :55 → :54 → :53 → :52 → :51 → :50
```

==>

**28/12/10**

```
6:12:00 → :11:59 → :58 → :57 → :56 → :55 → :54 → :53 → :52 → :51 → :50
```

==>

**28/12/10**

```
5:12:30 → :29 → :28 → :27 → :26 → :25 → :24 → :23 → :22 → :21 → :20
```

==>

**28/12/10**

```
Alert : ♈

4:13:59 → :58 → :57 → :56 → :55 → :54 → :53 → :52 → :51
```

## Sollux: Answer Aradia.

**28/12/10**

pesterlogapocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

AA: hi
TA: hii?
AA: i guess i sh0uld say s0mething
AA: bef0re i g0
TA: aradiia, ii am riight glubbiing here, liike two feet away from you.
TA: iif you want two 2ay 2omethiing two me why don't you ju2t turn two your left and 2ay iit, iit'2 bad enough that you've hardly 2aiid two lou2y word2 two me 2iince you became that 2weaty a22hole'2 2moochbot.

AA: i kn0w
AA: but this is hard f0r me
TA: how ii2 iit hard.
TA: you are a tiin can, robot2 don't have feeliing2.
AA: n0 thats n0t true
TA: ok then, what ii2 iit.
AA: s0rry ab0ut everything
AA: and all the bad luck y0uve had
AA: y0u didnt deserve it
AA: i have t0 g0 n0w
TA: what, where are you goiing?
AA: im n0t sure
TA: er, cool ii gue22??
AA: anyway thats it
TA: waiit.
TA: you mean for good, wiill ii see you agaiin?
AA: i d0nt kn0w that either
AA: but i guess if y0u d0
AA: pr0bably n0t with y0ur eyes
TA: what the hell i2 that 2uppo2ed two mean?
AA: i think y0ull be 0k with it th0ugh
AA: 0_0
AA: i wish
AA: i c0uld s0meh0w make that em0tic0n smile
AA: 0u0
AA: n0 that l00ks stupid
AA: 0h well

apocalypseArisen [AA] ceased trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

==>
**28/12/10**
==>
**28/12/10**
==>
**28/12/10**
==>
**28/12/10**

BOTSPLODE

**0_0**
**28/12/10**
Come on buddy, turn that 0_0 into a 0u0!

wait

No that looks stupid.

Oh well.

## ==>

**29/12/10**

```
3:15:00 → 3:14:59 → :58 → :57 → :56 → :55 → :54 → :53 → :52 → :51 → :50
```

## Doomed Dave: Wake up.

**29/12/10**

## Doomed Dave: Pester Terezi.

**29/12/10**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering gallowsCalibrator [GC] --

TG: well that was apparently pointless
TG: now what
TG: hello
TG: terezi
TG: whats up
GC: >:[

## ==>

**29/12/10**

## ==>

**29/12/10**

## ==>

**29/12/10**

```
poooke
```

## ==>

**29/12/10**

```
DOOF
```

## Terezi: Abscond.

**29/12/10**

```
3:14:05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01 → :00
```

## Jade: Employ junior compu-sooth spectagoggles.

**30/12/10**

These things cost a fortune to make. They better do something awesome.

AND IT TURNS OUT THEY DO!

The sophisticated computing technology merged with the crystal ball provides a simple way to see anything going on right now in the incipisphere! How amazing is that?

As the Witch of Space, you figure it's about time you got better acquainted with the full breadth of your domain, which is to say, all physical locations.

## Jade: View John.

**30/12/10**

There he is. On the battlefield no less! That's a pretty cute outfit he's got on. You wonder what he did to make it?

You also wonder why he's not answering your messages. Does he even have a computer on him?? He should try to have more foresight, and carry no less than 5 computers on him at all times, like a sensible person.

## Jade: View Rose.

**30/12/10**

## ==>

**30/12/10**

```
Alert :
```

There she is! What is she doing on the lava planet?

She seemed awfully preoccupied when you spoke with her moments ago and she gave you the code for the crystal ball. You wonder who she could be talking to?

## Jade: View Dave.

**30/12/10**

According to the spectagoggles, there are currently 13 Daves scattered around the incipisphere, including Davesprite. That is an absolutely preposterous amount of Daves.

You guess Davesprite is the one prototyped by his future self that John was telling you about? Dave sure is a clever guy. Might as well have a look...

## Jade: View Davesprite.

**30/12/10**

The goggles zero in on a pendant. Which is... covered in blood?

## ==>

**30/12/10**

oh noooooooo

It seems that Dave is no longer too cool to have any dead family members. This is so sad.

Hang on...

The Davecount suddenly dropped from 13 to 12. Maybe one of them time traveled away? You hope it doesn't mean what you think it...

## Jade: View missing Dave.

**30/12/10**

*OH NOOOOOOOO*

# Jade: Pester a Dave.

**30/12/10**

```
Alert : Dave
```

pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] --

GG: dave!!!!!!
GG: any dave out there please listen!
TG: this is a dave out there whats up
GG: dave i just saw you, and you were dead!
GG: you were in a green suit and covered in blood, oh god it was terrible :(
GG: if that was a future dave you have to make sure that doesnt happen!!!
TG: it wasnt a future dave he was from a while ago
GG: oh
GG: i am confused :o
TG: sorry you had to see that
TG: but dont worry it was just a doomed dave no big deal really
TG: i was swindled into splitting time paths along the way and that guy got the dead end of the stick
TG: ill be fine
GG: ok...
GG: i am still not sure i get that!
GG: but i guess i am relieved?
TG: yes you are go ahead and be relieved
GG: wheeeew! there i just was
TG: nice
GG: how did that poor dave die?
GG: was it jack?
TG: yeah
TG: hes pretty much the guy in charge of random teleportation murders right now
GG: D:
GG: what about your...
GG: um....
GG: oh no i dont even know if you know about this
TG: what
TG: my bro
TG: yeah jack killed him too
GG: ;_;
GG: is it something you would like to talk about
TG: not much to talk about
TG: this is some pretty serious existence threatening shit going down and some people are going to die i guess
TG: even crazy hard dudes like my bro slash weird covert biological ghost dad
GG: ghost dad???
TG: yeah roses too
TG: i thought john filled you in on the ectobiology stuff
GG: oh...

GG: yes he mentioned something about it
GG: i guess i didnt realize its full implications....
GG: but time was short when we talked!
TG: bottom line is were all related slimewise except you and me and him and rose pairways respectively
TG: makes the shipping chart pretty simple here hang on while i dig up that piece of shit karkat made
TG: where the fuck did that thing go
TG: fuck it never mind
TG: just imagine something ugly made by a jackass
GG: ugh i forgot i still have to get back to him
GG: its like a big unpleasant chore hanging over my head D:
TG: i guess
GG: anyway dave im really sorry about your bro/dad
GG: you were pretty close with him right?
TG: meh it was a pretty bizarre relationship by any standard
TG: fightin off wave after wave of face pumicing puppet ass every day
TG: always being on guard for stealth attacks in the middle of the night while getting up to go to the fucking bathroom
GG: heheh
TG: but i guess it all sorta amounted to some vague unspoken semblance of kinship
TG: if thats a thing
TG: like if honor among thieves is something then lets call it camaraderie among ironic rapping roof ninjas
TG: but thanks
GG: sure
TG: i thought about taking his sword
TG: when i was there
TG: but i couldnt
TG: couldnt really bring myself to try to pull it out it was too weird
GG: dave we have to stop him!!!!!
TG: what
GG: jack!
GG: he shouldnt get away with this
TG: you think
GG: yes
GG: why dont you stop jumping around through time like a maniac and stop being like a hundred daves all the time and come to my house so we can make a plan to kill him??
TG: well id like to
TG: but im still trapped in the chronologistics of this fuckin one man ballet
TG: there are loops outstanding and if i step out of line you get to see more bloody daves
TG: im getting pretty sick of it but i think itll be over soon
TG: then ill break out and ride linear the rest of the way i think
TG: once its time to put the end game in motion
TG: til then youre on your own for a while
GG: oh :(

TG: besides we cant beat him
TG: look what he did to bro and davesprite together
TG: im at the top of my echeladder with all the fraymotifs and i stand no chance
TG: johns even better than that even though he doesnt know it at the moment
TG: and he stands no chance either
TG: only thing we can do is hold out until the scratch
GG: what is the scratch?
TG: guess i shouldnt really say
TG: since you sort of lead the way in making that plan
GG: really??
TG: yeah well
TG: suffice to say
TG: if we cant beat him
TG: all we can really do is exile him to a place where he cant teleport back
TG: which hopefully buys us some time
TG: to try to take out his power source in a crazy suicide mission
GG: hmmmm...
GG: so was that like a hint?
GG: about what im supposed to do :D
TG: kinda
GG: well maybe im just being naive...
GG: but a crazy suicide mission does not sound like the ideal solution to me!
GG: are you suuuure we cant beat him?
GG: i dont know if we should rule it out!
TG: well
TG: youre about to do what youre about to do
TG: and im not going to tell you not to
TG: i wont do the bullshit troll thing and tell you what youre going to do and then just dare you not to
TG: while knowing damn well you will anyway
TG: so ill just say
TG: whats next is up to you
TG: and if later you want to talk about it
TG: im here
GG: ok
GG: thanks dave!

## Jade: Do what you're about to do.

**31/12/10**

You don't know what you're about to do!

But you've got to do something. You can't stand by and let that monster teleport-murder people all day, and frankly, the suicide plan Dave mentioned sounds just plain stupid. There must be a better way. Think, imagination!

You suddenly remember the idea your awkward fairy god troll proposed. Maybe you were too hard

on him. He was just trying to be nice, and it was an honest mistake when he slaughtered your grandfather ghost dad with his own childhood flintlock pistol. Maybe you should give his plan another chance.

## Jade: Pester Tavros.

**31/12/10**

pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering adiosToreador [AT] --

GG: hey tavros!
GG: i was thinking about your plan
GG: about uh...
GG: "communing" with my lusus :)
GG: maybe its not a bad idea!
GG: are you there?
GG: hmm, i guess you are off doing something else
GG: oh well, hope youre doing ok....
GG: talk to you later!

-- gardenGnostic [GG] ceased pestering adiosToreador [AT] --

## ==>

**31/12/10**

You don't think you can afford to wait around for him. This leaves the only other plan you can think of. One of last resort.

Maybe it's for the best this way anyway. Who better to trust for the job?

You prepare a delicious meal to summon your loyal lusus you mean dog.

## Jade: Go upstairs to laboratory.

**31/12/10**

```
HARLEY

JADE HARLEY
```

You enter the spooky old lab. You don't come here often.

Huh? For a split second, you thought you saw something flash on the FENESTRATED WALL there. Probably just your mind playing spooky tricks on you.

You never had any idea what that thing was for.

## Jade: Summon dog.

**31/12/10**

Becquerel comes quickly at the promise of irradiated steak. He is such a good boy, and truly the best friend a girl could ever hope for.

## ==>

**31/12/10**

```
HUP!
```

You're sure gonna miss him!

==>

**31/12/10**

==>

**31/12/10**

## Jade: Say hello.

**31/12/10**

spritelogJADE: hello!

JADE: ummmmmm

JADE: jade?

JADE: can you talk?

JADESPRITE: i...

JADE: oh good!

JADE: hehehe, i was starting to get worried there

==>

**31/12/10**

spritelogJADESPRITE: what did you do...

==>

**31/12/10**

spritelogJADESPRITE: what did you do???

==>

**31/12/10**

spritelogJADESPRITE: WHAT DID YOU DO??????

==>

**31/12/10**

spritelogJADESPRITE:

# WHAT DID YOU DO?

## Elsewhere...

**31/12/10**

```
0:00:10 → :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01

viewing : gardenGnostic

:)
```

While a timer counts down with no particular clock stepping forward to claim it...

==>

**31/12/10**

```
0:00:00
```

The most important character in Homestuck fondly regards the miracle of a new beginning.

## Lab: Drop.

**31/12/10**

```
DROP
```

## ==>

**01/01/11**

```
BOUNCE
```

## ==>

**01/01/11**

```
SNOWBALL
```

## ==>

**01/01/11**

## ==>

**01/01/11**

## ==>

**02/01/11**

## ==>

**02/01/11**

## Lord English: Reveal yourself!!!!!

**02/01/11**

BEHoLD.

## AH: Don't actually turn out to be LE.

**02/01/11**

What are you a fucking idiot? Of course I am not Lord English. How dumb would that even be.

Jesus this coat is huge. I am swimming in this garish piece of shit. Would ANYBODY fit in this thing???

## AH: Disrobe.

**02/01/11**

Why don't we cover this thing up. It would be a real shame to spoil their little moment with this nonsense.

## ==>

**02/01/11**

That's better.

## AH: Retire to study.

**02/01/11**

I retire to my heavily processed photograph of Andrew Carnegie's study, painstakingly retrieved from a google image search.

## AH: Greet Ms. Paint.

**02/01/11**

Ms. Paint, you are doing a wonderful job. Thank you.

It was also very thoughtful of you to switch the layer mode of your coat of paint to the overlay setting, so it would not obscure the details of Mr. Carnegie's lavish room.

## AH: Go check out Cal.

**02/01/11**

That Ms. Paint is one classy Prospitian lady. She is the model of grace and beauty. I am always a bit flustered in her presence, especially when she carries her little pail around like that.

Whereas THIS lazy sack of crap here makes me sick to my stomach.

Cal, God damn it. We were all supposed to dress up for this. It doesn't look like you even touched that nice suit I sewed for you, let alone swapped your eyes with those billiard balls and make them alternate rapidly.

This insubordination is putting me in a foul mood. It's bad enough I just had to take Falcor out behind the woodshed and blow his brains out after he caught the rabies.

## AH: Pull up to the old underwood.

**02/01/11**

```
Underwood
```

Got a lot of typing to do. Hope the ribbon holds up.

I should probably bust out that shitty drawing of myself again so I can type as quickly as possible.

## AH: Bust out shitty self portrait.

**02/01/11**

Whoops, needs the Felt duds. Hang on.

## AH: Apply duds.

**02/01/11**

Awesome, works for me.

## AH: Begin typing.

**02/01/11**

```
TAP... TAP...

Animation (Frames) | Measurement Log

1 - 0.5 sec.
2 - 0.5 sec.
```

No no this is not nearly fast enough, or jittery enough. Come on, I can do better than that.

Let's go, dude. Recap it like you mean it.

## Recap 3.

**02/01/11**

```
TAP BANG DING TAP BANG DING

Animation (Frames) | Measurement Log

1 - 0.05
2 - 0.05
```

```
3 - 0.05
4 - 0.05
5 - 0.05
6 - 0.05
```

recap log

retrieved from the battlefield and stuffed many years ago. Becsprite becomes Jadesprite. But dream Jade is not pleased by the transformation. She freaks out, and releases the typical first guardian pyrotechnics. The lab plummets, crushing the column and greenhouse below. It bounces away from the house, rolling into large snowball, and settling near a green stump. The two Jades sit in a state of dismay amidst the rubble of the lab, in the glow of a damaged 4th wall.

As the clock ticks down to the CRITICAL EVENT, the most important character in Homestuck sits and watches this pandemonium ensue.

And then, the second most important character in Homestuck positions a shitty drawing of himself in front of a typewriter and writes this recap.

I think this typewriter is running out of ribbon ink.

Thank God, that white ink is such a pain in the ass to read.

Almost as much as these recaps are to write.

## Highlighting all that white text crashed my browser.

**02/01/11**

Sorry.

Why don't we get back to what's happening on the other side of the coat.

These poor girls are very upset and emotional, and we kind of left them hanging.

==>

**03/01/11**

spritelogJADE: uuugh
JADE: what happened?
JADESPRITE: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
JADE: oh god
JADESPRITE: what did you do what did you do what did you do
JADE: oh no oh god.....
JADE: what did i dooooo

==>

**03/01/11**

spritelogJADE: um... jade?
JADESPRITE: boo hoo hoooooo
JADE: what is the matter?
JADE: why are you so sad?
JADESPRITE: what did you do to me??
JADE: i prototyped you and brought you back!
JADE: should i not have?
JADESPRITE: no!
JADESPRITE: you shouldnt have, this is overwhelming and awful
JADE: oh no, it is?
JADESPRITE: yes!
JADESPRITE: its hard to describe what its like
JADESPRITE: but its too much for me
JADESPRITE: and the sun...
JADESPRITE: its way too big and bright and i cant stop seeing it...
JADESPRITE: it wont go away aaaaah!
JADE: :(
JADE: thats terrible, im really sorry
JADE: i guess i did not think this through
JADESPRITE: cant this be undone?
JADESPRITE: i was happy where i was with my friends
JADESPRITE: i want to go back
JADE: i dont think...
JADE: that it can be undone :(
JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADESPRITE: woof :'(
JADE: :o

==>

**03/01/11**

spritelogJADE: well...
JADE: now i dont know what to do
JADE: i really messed up, i feel so bad
JADESPRITE: i dont know what to do with myself either
JADESPRITE: i think i will just go somewhere else
JADESPRITE: i want to be alone
JADE: where would you go?
JADESPRITE: i dont know
JADESPRITE: i think i can travel anywhere now
JADESPRITE: but all id like to do is go back
JADESPRITE: and i dont know if thats possible
JADESPRITE: i wonder if theres a way...
JADE: but you cant!
JADE: i mean, not just yet, please?
JADESPRITE: why
JADE: i know you are upset jade
JADE: but i did sort of bring you back for a reason
JADESPRITE: why, why would you do this?
JADE: we need your help!
JADESPRITE: who?
JADE: well, all of us here
JADE: me and dave and rose and john
JADESPRITE: john!!!!!!!!!!!
JADESPRITE: oh noooooo, john...
JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADE: D:
JADE: what is it now!
JADESPRITE: john, poor john...
JADESPRITE: id forgotten about him
JADE: what do you mean, how could you forget about john???
JADESPRITE: it was so long ago! i put that sad memory behind me
JADESPRITE: after we died i looked all over for him but couldnt find him
JADESPRITE: and i was so lonely, but i finally got over it when i met my friends.....
JADESPRITE: and now theyre gone toooo aaahhhh boooooooo hoo hoo hoo hoo
JADE: but john didnt die!
JADE: i saved him
JADE: YOU saved him, dont you remember?
JADE: you pushed him out of the way of prospits moon at the last minute, and hes ok now!!!
JADESPRITE: oh my god prospit.....
JADESPRITE: .....
JADE: oh nooo jade please dont
JADESPRITE: BOOOOOOOOOOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADE: :C

==>

**03/01/11**

spritelogJADESPRITE: why are you doing this to me, why are you making me remember
JADE: :(
JADESPRITE: it was so beautiful and it was all destroyed before i even knew what was going on....
JADESPRITE: and so many nice people were killed
JADE: i know jade i was there too...
JADE: these are both our memories!
JADESPRITE: and the queen, did she survive?
JADESPRITE: and her ring, i was protecting her ring, oh noooo what happened to it???
JADE: jade, pleeease...
JADESPRITE: i was just waiting for john to wake up, i was so sure it was going to be soon
JADESPRITE: and i was going to show him around prospit
JADESPRITE: i had so many things planned and so many friends to introduce him to...
JADESPRITE: he was my best friend and i was looking forward to meeting him for so long
JADESPRITE: but then it all burned down and everyone died and the moon fell and.....
JADE: stop...
JADE: you are going to make me cry too, stop it!!!
JADESPRITE: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo
JADE: *sob*
JADESPRITE: woooof...
JADE: PFFheheh... *sob* heheheheheheheh

==>

**04/01/11**

spritelogJADESPRITE: i dont want to be here, i have to go back
JADESPRITE: but i dont know how
JADESPRITE: can you help me?
JADE: you want me to help you...
JADE: die again?
JADESPRITE: yes, i think thats what i would like
JADESPRITE: i cant take this, i wasnt ready to come back
JADESPRITE: not like this
JADE: wow...
JADE: ok, i know this is my fault
JADE: but that is a really hard thing to ask me to do!
JADE: even if it was possible the way you are now
JADE: i dont think i could go through with it :(
JADESPRITE: boo hoo hoo hoo hoo
JADE: ok ok shhhhh...
JADE: jade listen
JADE: i never did tell you why i brought you back
JADE: and it may be that
JADE: if you attempt what i wanted you to do in the first place
JADE: god i cant believe im saying this...
JADE: but you might end up getting what you want anyway

JADE: because it was always going to be risky
JADESPRITE: what is it?
JADE: well, you remember the guy who destroyed prospit?
JADESPRITE: oh god D:
JADESPRITE: ohh god noooooo...
JADE: shh!!!
JADE: anyway, he is the reason i brought you here
JADE: he has the same powers you have, making him unbeatable to us...
JADE: but maybe not you!
JADE: so you could go find him and
JADESPRITE: you want me to fight him???
JADE: um
JADESPRITE: are you crazy? do i look like i am ready to fight anybody???????
JADE: i just thought
JADE: as long as youre here
JADESPRITE: i cant fight anybody!
JADESPRITE: jade i am scared and confused and sad and...
JADESPRITE: i wouldnt even know how to begin fighting that horrible guy
JADESPRITE: i would be too afraid of him to even go find him
JADE: but
JADE: i thought you wanted to die?
JADE: you wouldnt go even if he could...
JADESPRITE: no i dont want him to kill me!!!
JADESPRITE: you just dont understand aaaaa boo hoo hoo
JADE: jeez...
JADE: youre right, i really dont
JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO
JADE: i said SHH!
JADE: wow
JADE: jade...
JADE: i dont mean to be insensitive but
JADE: there is a lot at stake here!
JADESPRITE: woof
JADE: i... pfhehe, dont change the subject!
JADE: i mean, dont you remember what this was all about?
JADE: what you were working for... what WE were working for all those years before you died?
JADE: remember what we saw in the clouds, or what the queen told us?
JADESPRITE: uh...
JADE: how could you not remember john survived?
JADE: we both saw him in a cloud! he was in his dream suit and awake, reading our letter!
JADE: didnt you think about that?
JADESPRITE: ummmm, so? what does it matter?
JADE: ...
JADESPRITE: it was all a lie jade. what we saw in the clouds and all that. none of it meant anything
JADE: what!!!!!

JADE: how can you SAY that?
JADESPRITE: it was a nice life, but everything we did lead to nothing
JADESPRITE: john and i both died, and i eventually accepted that and moved on
JADE: JOHN DIDNT DIE!!!
JADE: omg...
JADE: this is so frustrating, i just told you he didnt
JADE: i knew i was kind of ditzy and forgetful in my dreams, but
JADESPRITE: boooo ho-
JADE: SHHHHH! okaaaaaay, jeez!
JADE: i just dont know what to think
JADE: i guess you are part of me, and you are who i was when i slept
JADE: but it makes me sad to think i would act like this
JADESPRITE: act like what?
JADE: i would like to think that even if i was sad and scared, if i was put in a position where everyone depended on me, i could put all those feelings aside and do whats right!
JADESPRITE: but i dont know whats right
JADE: yes you do!
JADE: even though you dont want to be, youre here now, and there are still people who need you
JADE: there is still something worth fighting for!

==>

**04/01/11**

spritelogJADESPRITE: no!!!
JADESPRITE: not for me there isnt
JADESPRITE: there is nothing but death and sadness and destruction here
JADESPRITE: theres no hope, and i dont see anything worth fighting for
JADE: that is a horrible thing to say!
JADESPRITE: i dont belong here anyway
JADESPRITE: really none of this is my business anymore and i want to go home
JADE: AUGH!
JADE: that is SO SELFISH!!!
JADE: i cant believe this
JADE: how can you say these things, dont you remember anything that the queen told us?
JADE: that we would eventually build a new world and make a future together with our friends?
JADE: dont you remember being excited about finding out what that meant?
JADESPRITE: yes
JADESPRITE: but it was just a story
JADESPRITE: it was never going to come true
JADE: yes it will!!!
JADE: some of us, the ones who still have hope, are fighting for that RIGHT NOW
JADE: how can you have such a negative outlook on absolutely everything?
JADESPRITE: boo hoo ho-
JADE: shut up!!!!!!
JADE: stop being such a damn crybaby!
JADE: really, we both had the EXACT SAME EXPERIENCES. and look, i am managing to keep my head up, see?

JADE: you dont even have the full picture either, because you checked out early!
JADE: you didnt have to stand by as bec gave jack his powers when you might have been able to stop that
JADE: and you didnt have to watch as jack became so strong he could appear anywhere and kill anyone you loved at any moment!
JADE: you didnt have to see a dave lying in his own blood :(
JADESPRITE: what...
JADESPRITE: dave?
JADESPRITE: he died too?
JADE: no, see...
JADESPRITE: ohhhh boo-
JADE: HEY! no. youre not allowed to cry about that because you DIDNT SEE IT
JADE: thats the whole point!!!
JADE: you are just looking for any excuse you can to be sad and useless and its starting to piss me off!
JADESPRITE: *sniffle*
JADE: no
JADESPRITE: *whimper*
JADE: NO. BAD.
JADESPRITE: aaaaaaaBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADE: NO, FOR GODS SAKE WILL YOU SHUT UP AND PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, YOU ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY

==>
**04/01/11**
spritelogJADESPRITE: WAAA

JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADE: SHUT UP
JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADE: SHUT
JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADE: THE
JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADE: FUCK
JADESPRITE: BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO
JADE: UP
JADESPRITE:

==>
**04/01/11**
==>
**05/01/11**

```
Alert : ♋  x 7
```

## Jade: Answer patron troll.

**05/01/11**

```
Alert : ♋  x at least 17
```

pesterlog-- carcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG] --

CG: ATTENTION HARLEY.
CG: PLEASE STOP WEEPING WITH AND OR BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF YOUR SELF PROTOTYPED LUSUSPRITE
CG: STOP DOING ONE OF THOSE THINGS AT LEAST
CG: LONG ENOUGH TO ANSWER ME.
CG: PLEASE.
CG: PRETTY POLITE EARTH PLEASE.
CG: WHO AM I KIDDING
CG: I'M WASTING MY TIME AGAIN
GG: karkat!!!!!
CG: WHOA FUCK
CG: YOU ANSWERED ME, I DONT BELIEVE IT
GG: yes
GG: im going crazy here
GG: i never thought id say this, but im actually almost relieved to talk to you
CG: WHAT
CG: YOU ARE
GG: or really ANYBODY besides that lunatic
GG: SHE IS DRIVING ME NUTS!!!!!!!

CG: OH YEAH?
CG: HOW SO, EVERYTHING HERE APPEARS TO BE PROCEEDING RATIONALLY.
CG: WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM
GG: are you joking??? look at this mess!
CG: MESS? JADE, NOW IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE *YOU'RE* THE ONE WHO'S JOKING.
CG: YOUR HIVE BALL ROLLED DOWN A BEAUTIFUL WINTER HILL, AND YOU ARE SPENDING SOME QUALITY TIME WITH FAMILY.
CG: YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE TO FILL ME IN ON THE NATURE OF THE PROBLEM.
GG: okay...
GG: i made the mistake of prototyping my dream self who has been dead for years
GG: and shes completely crazy and theres no talking any sense into her
CG: HMM.
GG: hmm?
CG: YES. "HMM."
GG: hmm what
CG: HMM AS IN HMM INTERESTING.
CG: AS IN HMM HOW VERY, VERY FUCKING INTERESTING INDEED.

==>

**05/01/11**

pesterlogGG: :\
GG: what are you getting at???
CG: WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHAT AM I GETTING AT.
CG: I'M GETTING AT WHATEVER HMM INTERESTING GETS AT.
CG: PLEASE GO ON, I'M LISTENING TO YOUR PROBLEM.
GG: well...
GG: i mean, i understand why she is upset
GG: but she is completely inconsolable, and wont listen to reason about anything!
GG: and i guess i could deal with that but...
GG: the frustrating thing is that shes actually me :(
GG: i really dont think i would act like that
CG: HMMMMM.
GG: will you stop saying hmm!!!!!!
CG: OK, FINE.
CG: WHAT OTHER SEQUENCE OF LETTERS WOULD YOU HAVE ME USE TO REGISTER MY PROFOUND FASCINATION.
GG: fascination?
GG: what do you find so fascinating?
CG: I'M JUST TRYING TO UNDERSTAND.
CG: I AM BEING SENSITIVE ABOUT IT INSTEAD OF A RAGING FUCKASS, ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANT.
CG: YES, IT IS, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME JUST ASK FUTURE YOU, ASSUMING THAT CONVERSATION DOESN'T MAKE YOU CRY AS WELL.
CG: NOW TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS.
GG: my feelings?
CG: YES, HOW DID THIS MAKE YOU FEEL.

GG: well...
GG: at first i was sad
GG: because she made me remember all the sad things that just happened
GG: but im trying to be strong about all that so we can keep moving forward
GG: and if i can then why cant she?
GG: but she just went on and on
GG: and i started getting angry...
GG: ugh i have never been so angry in my LIFE!!!
CG: HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM.
GG: I SAID STOP SAYING FUCKING HMM
CG: o:B
GG: what does THAT mean?????
GG: is that supposed to be someone with a halo and goofy teeth?
GG: ARE YOU MAKING FUN OF ME?
CG: NO, NO
CG: YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT BACKWARDS
CG: THOSE ARE MY HORNS
GG: oh
GG: haha oops
CG: OK SO IF I'M UNDERSTANDING YOU
CG: YOU'RE ANGRY AT A VERSION OF YOURSELF FROM A DIFFERENT POINT IN TIME
CG: BECAUSE SHE'S BEING AN OVERLY EMOTIONAL SHITHEAD WHO IS BASICALLY THE MOST REVOLTING SELF LOATHING PIECE OF FILTH YOU HAVE EVER MET
CG: AM I FOLLOWING
GG: yeah, pretty much
CG: I'M NOT GOING TO SAY HMM AGAIN
CG: BUT COME ON
CG: DON'T YOU FIND THE SITUATION TO BE JUST THE SLIGHTEST BIT INTERESTING?
CG: I MEAN, CONSIDERING
GG: considering what??
CG: IF I RECALL, IT WASN'T THAT LONG AGO FROM EITHER OF OUR PERSPECTIVES THAT YOU WERE RIPPING ON ME AND MY SMUG WINDBAG FUTURE SELF FOR ARGUING WITH EACH OTHER
GG: oh come on...
GG: this is NOTHING like that!
CG: HOW IS THIS NOT LIKE THAT
GG: because she's...
GG: well
GG: she's ACTUALLY INSANE
CG: OH I SEE, AND ALL THOSE IDIOT PAST AND FUTURE KARKATS WEREN'T???
GG: but
GG: those are you
GG: im not her!
CG: OH AREN'T YOU
CG: YOU JUST SAID YOU WERE, I JUST HEARD YOU SAY THAT
CG: SO TELL ME

CG: HOW IS THIS EVEN THE SLIGHTEST FUCKING BIT DIFFERENT?
GG: i dont know
GG: it just...
CG: YES, GO ON
CG: I'M REALLY CURIOUS
CG: HOW
GG: ...
GG: oh my god
GG: youre right :(

==>

**06/01/11**

pesterlogGG: so then i guess
GG: im a hypocrite :(
CG: NOT REALLY
CG: IT JUST MEANS YOU'RE A SANE RATIONAL PERSON, AND THERE JUST MIGHT BE HOPE FOR YOU YET
GG: wait...
GG: so me arguing with my dead dream self
GG: and smacking her around while screaming at her
GG: makes me SANE???
CG: YES, ABSOLUTELY.
CG: IT MEANS ALL OF YOUR HIDEOUS FLAWS DISGUST YOU.
CG: YOU ARE RIGHT TO BE DISGUSTED, IT'S MORE THAN MOST PEOPLE CAN SAY FOR THEMSELVES.
CG: REALLY, CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER.
GG: hahaha, wow
GG: you are so weird
CG: CONGRATULATIONS, IN ADDITION TO, JUST MAYBE, AN APOLOGY.
CG: DON'T YOU THINK?
GG: you want me to apologize?!
GG: for what, calling you crazy for arguing with yourself???
CG: WOULD IT REALLY KILL YOU TO CONSIDER IT?
GG: after taking so much crap from you for all those years?
GG: no forget it, im not apologizing that is BULLSHIT
CG: DEAD DREAM DOG JADE, IS THAT YOU??? YOU'RE SOUNDING A BIT HYSTERICAL, MAYBE YOU SHOULD CALM DOWN.
GG: shut uuuup!!!
CG: WELL IF YOU CAN MANAGE TO GET YOUR ANEURYSM UNDER CONTROL
CG: MAYBE YOU WILL REALIZE I DIDN'T ACTUALLY SPECIFY TO WHOM AN APOLOGY WAS IN ORDER.
CG: IDIOT.
GG: what
GG: are you saying you want to apologize
CG: I GUESS
CG: THIS APOLOGY WAS GOING TO GO DOWN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, SO THIS

MIGHT AS WELL BE THE TIME.
CG: AND LET'S FACE IT, I WAS REALLY BEING THE WORST KIND OF PHLEGM BUBBLE BLOWN OUT A NOISY GLISTENING ASS.
CG: SO I'M SORRY.
CG: BUT TO BE FAIR, IT WAS MY PAST SELF WHO WAS GIVING YOU SUCH A HARD TIME, AND HE'S COMPLETELY DERANGED.
GG: ok, i appreciate the THOUGHT of an apology, but i dont know if it really counts if you are just going to pawn off responsibility on your "past self" again!
GG: maybe your "present self" should own up to it!
CG: YEAH THAT'S WHAT HE'S DOING.
CG: HE, BEING ME, RIGHT NOW, IS OWNING UP TO WHAT A FUCKING RETARD PAST ME WAS, AND CONTINUES TO BE.
GG: laaaaame
CG: YES, I KNOW IT'S LAME.
CG: OR I KNOW THAT YOU THINK IT'S LAME WHEN I SAY SHIT LIKE THAT.
CG: BECAUSE REMEMBER
CG: I HAVE BEEN TALKING TO YOU FROM THE FUTURE, AND I KNOW YOU DON'T COTTON TO MY PCG/FCG STUPIDITY.
CG: BUT SEE, YOU DON'T KNOW THAT YOU KNOW THAT YET.
CG: OR MORE SPECIFICALLY, YOU DON'T KNOW THAT I KNOW THAT YOU KNOW THAT YET.
CG: SO I'M KIND OF PULLING A FAST ONE HERE.
GG: hahahaha, that is so ridiculous
GG: why dont you stop it with all this nonsense and own up to being terrible unequivocally?
CG: YEAH I'M GOING TO.
CG: THE THING IS, I KIND OF MISREPRESENTED MYSELF.
CG: I'M NOT AS MUCH OF A SCUMBAG AS I WAS SO DETERMINED TO MAKE OUT WITH MYSELF TO BE.
CG: FUCK I MEAN
CG: MAKE MYSELF OUT TO BE
GG: :o
CG: I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY I TROLLED YOU LIKE THAT SO PERSISTENTLY
CG: FOR SOME REASON DEEP DOWN I JUST KNEW THAT I HAD TO
CG: EVEN IF IT MEANT DIGGING MYSELF INTO A HUGE HOLE WITH YOU AND EVERYONE ELSE THAT WOULD BE HARD TO CLIMB OUT OF
CG: AND LIKE PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING I SAID WAS COMPLETELY BASELESS BECAUSE I DIDN'T ACTUALLY KNOW YOU
CG: JUST LIKE YOU DIDN'T AND STILL DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW ME
CG: SO I GUESS I AM APOLOGIZING FOR IT, LIKE REALLY SERIOUSLY NOW.
CG: I, PRESENT KARKAT, IN THE CURRENT MOMENT, APOLOGIZE ON BEHALF OF MY STUPID PAST SELF, *WHO IS ACTUALLY ME*.
CG: THE GUY TALKING RIGHT NOW.
CG: LIKE, THERE'S NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THOSE GUYS, OK?
GG: hmmmm...
CG: HMMMM???????
GG: yes, hm

CG: HM WHAT
GG: ok karkat, that sounds pretty sincere to me
GG: and youre right, i dont actually know you
GG: i just know the part of you who acted like a bully
GG: i understand there can be more to a person than just the stuff they say when theyre angry
GG: so i will accept your apology and give you another chance
CG: OK, GREAT.
GG: and i will apologize for calling you crazy
GG: obviously i am not in much position to judge :|
CG: NO BUT
CG: YOU WERE RIGHT, I AM CRAZY
CG: BUT THANKS ANYWAY
GG: so you say you have been talking to me from the future?
CG: YEAH
CG: MAKING PLANS AND WHATNOT
CG: TO PRY OURSELVES MUTUALLY OUT OF THIS MASSIVE MOBIUS DOUBLE CLUSTERFUCK.
GG: ok, so what is the plan?
GG: i mean, why did you want me to contact you at this moment so badly?
CG: OK WELL THE MOST IMMEDIATE POINT OF BUSINESS IS
CG: YOU SEE THAT GLOWING BLUE SCREEN BEHIND YOU?
GG: yes
CG: YOU NEED TO TURN THAT FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT OFF.

==>

**06/01/11**

```
GTFO
```

pesterlogGG: ok, i can do that
GG: but why, what does it do?
GG: its been here my whole life and i could never figure it out
CG: I'M NOT GOING TO SAY MUCH ABOUT IT.
CG: BUT SUFFICE TO SAY THERE ARE JUST SOME THINGS YOU DON'T WANT TO SCREW WITH.
CG: THERE ARE OUTCOMES THAT ARE EVEN WORSE THAN THE COMPLETE ANNIHILATION OF EXISTENCE ITSELF
CG: FORCES MORE DAMAGING TO THE INTEGRITY OF REALITY THAN THOSE CAPABLE OF TURNING IMAGINATION INTO PURE VOID
CG: THEY ARE FORCES WHICH IF HANDLED RECKLESSLY WILL NULLIFY THE BASIC ABILITY OF INTELLIGENT BEINGS IN ALL REAL AND HYPOTHETICAL PLANES OF EXISTENCE TO GIVE A SHIT.
GG: i dont think im following...
CG: YOU DON'T HAVE TO FOLLOW
CG: ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS TURN THE THING OFF
CG: AND THEN DO THE NEXT THING I WAS TOLD TO TELL YOU TO DO.
GG: you were told?

GG: by who?
CG: BY YOU.
GG: oh...
GG: future me?
CG: YES.
CG: YOU COULD BE TELLING YOURSELF THIS RIGHT NOW, BUT WE'RE SORT OF WORKING ON A STRICT NO MEMO POLICY.
CG: WHICH IS YOUR IDEA OF COURSE.
CG: DID I MENTION HOW YOU DON'T LIKE IT WHEN WE ARGUE WITH OUR PAST/FUTURE SELVES? YES, PRETTY SURE I DID.
CG: SO I'M GOING ALONG WITH THE POLICY AS BEST I CAN.
CG: I AM BEING PLEASANT AND AGREEABLE, AND I WILL GENTLY LOWER A MAGNIFICENT, CORUSCATING COLUMN OF HOT FUCK YOU DOWN THE PROTEIN CHUTE OF ANYONE WHO SAYS OTHERWISE.
GG: uh... ok
GG: well it sounds like a pretty good policy to me!
CG: YOU DON'T SAY.
CG: SO ANYWAY, BECAUSE OF THAT, MY ROLE AT THE MOMENT IS TO ACT AS A SORT OF GO BETWEEN FOR YOU AND YOUR FUTURE SELF
CG: TO HELP ALONG THE PROCESS OF MAKING THESE PLANS
CG: WHILE YOUR FUTURE SELF IS DELIBERATELY VAGUE ABOUT SOME STUFF SO AS NOT TO "JINX" THE CONCEPTION OF THE IDEAS IN THE FIRST PLACE I GUESS?
CG: ALL WHILE YOUR CURRENT SELF IS NECESSARILY KIND OF DUMB ABOUT EVERYTHING.
GG: hey!!!
CG: SORRY, OK, JUST KIND OF IGNORANT
CG: BECAUSE STUFF HASN'T HAPPENED YET
CG: YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
CG: IT'S NOT ALL THAT STRAIGHTFORWARD FOR ME EITHER, BUT I'M USED TO THIS SORT OF IDIOCY BY NOW.
CG: IT'S A LOT BETTER THAN THE MORONIC REVERSE CONVERSATION WITH EGBERT I TRAPPED MYSELF INTO.
CG: MEANWHILE TIME IS KIND OF RUNNING OUT HERE, WHERE I AM
CG: WE'RE COUNTING DOWN TO SOMETHING
CG: SOMETHING LOOMING ON THE TROLLIAN TIMELINE AND NO ONE KNOWS WHAT IT IS
CG: AND MY TEAM IS KIND OF FALLING APART
CG: I'M COMPLETELY LOSING TRACK OF EVERYONE AND WHAT THEY'RE DOING.
CG: SO AT THIS POINT I'M JUST GOING ALONG WITH WHATEVER THERE IS TO GO ALONG WITH.
CG: AND THAT IS YOU AND YOUR CRAZY FUTURE PLANS.
CG: AND THE SCRATCH.
GG: oh yeah! dave told me about that.
GG: what is it?
CG: I DON'T FUCKING KNOW!
CG: AT ONE POINT I THOUGHT I DID, I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST WHATEVER SENT JACK

HERE.
CG: BUT CLEARLY IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE.
CG: ARADIA KNEW BUT SHE DIDN'T SAY, AND THEN SHE WENT AND GODDAMN EXPLODED.
CG: YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME EITHER, BECAUSE I'M NOT "SUPPOSED TO KNOW" YET.
CG: WHATEVER, I DON'T EVEN CARE, LET'S JUST DO IT.
GG: ok then...
GG: what was the thing i told you to tell me to do?
GG: right now, i mean
CG: OK, DON'T ASK ME WHY, BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW THAT EITHER.
CG: BUT THAT BLUE SCREEN THERE
CG: FIRST, LIKE I SAID, SHUT IT OFF
GG: ok
GG: then what
CG: THEN YOU NEED TO DRAW IT.
GG: draw it?
CG: YES
GG: and then?
CG: THEN NOTHING
CG: THAT'S IT.

## Jade: Examine 4th wall.

**07/01/11**

You size up the arcane contraption. The blue flicker of the coat's lining is arresting. But you don't know it's a coat. That would only invite more questions. You don't know what it shields. Nor do you know whose shoulders it was meant to cover. If you knew that - if you even knew his name - you would understand terror no human ever has.

You should really listen to Karkat and turn it off. If you start messing with it, I will seriously start fucking everything up. It would be irresponsible of both of us to let that happen.

You suddenly wonder where Jadesprite went. You wonder that because I said you did. I know where she went. But I will not say.

Not that you can hear a word I'm saying.

The coat's too thick.

## Jade: Turn it off.

**07/01/11**

==>

**07/01/11**

==>

**07/01/11**

## WV: Build a fort.

**07/01/11**

In your attempt to find an exit, you have pried some paneling off the walls. But you are no closer to discovering a means of escape.

So you have resolved to build a fort instead.

You feel safe and sound in the cozy confines of your wobbly station panel walls. It should allow you to relax and pass the time, while you wait for the only source of energy you are aware of to present itself.

## Serenity: Go get help.

**07/01/11**

You have humored these antics long enough. It is time you slipped out the partially open door to seek help, since your beloved master has clearly gone stark raving mad.

## WQ: Advise Prospitian Monarch.

**07/01/11**

Your new queen is eager for your counsel. She wishes to know the royal itinerary she inherits.

The itinerary, for now, is simple. She must wait for her fourth and final subject to arrive.

==>

**07/01/11**

```
0,000,000,000:00:00:04:13:10 → :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05
```

A fifth exile, sleeping for centuries in the belly of the ruins, far beneath the desecrated idol once sharing its visage with the legendary SPEAKER OF THE VAST CROAK.

==>

**07/01/11**

```
Complacency of the Learned
```

Soon the WRIT KEEPER will awaken and serve his new queen.

It is then that her work may begin.

==>

**07/01/11**

She would like clarification on the nature of the work, which you are happy to provide. You explain that it is very simple.

As the new queen, she will be charged with bringing the slayer to justice, and rebuilding her kingdom in a new land.

Her Majesty again is overwhelmed.

==>

**07/01/11**

And again, you explain she will have help.

She may choose to appoint a WASTELANDIC VINDICATOR as her kingdom's hero, a warrior selected and groomed to face the slayer with the weapon he protects.

==>

**07/01/11**

But first, there will be tidying up to do.

Explosives will be needed. If she were to appoint a brave ARMAMENTS REGENT for her kingdom, he could be of assistance.

==>

**07/01/11**

Once the regent's task is complete, the queen must use the key to set the destination for her royal entourage.

And once all the pieces are in place...

==>

**07/01/11**

The vessels must be destroyed.

## Serenity: Blink for help furiously!

**07/01/11**

You interrupt whatever nonsense these silly people are planning with an extremely urgent message!!!

==>

**07/01/11**

```
.... . .-.. .--. ! / -- -.-- / ..-. .-. .. . -. -.. / .. ... / ... - ..- -.-.
-.- / .. -. ... .. -.. . / - .... . / -... .. --. / -.-. .- -. , / .. -. ... ..
-.. . / .- / ... -- .- .-.. .-.. / .... --- ..- ... . / .... . /
-... ..- .. .-.. - ! / -.-- --- ..- / -- ..- ... - / .... ..- .-. .-.
-.-- , / .... . / .. ... / -. --- - / ...- . .-. -.-- / -... .-. .. --. ....
- , / .- -. -.. / .... . / -.. --- . ... -. ` - / ..- -. -.. . .-. ... - .- -.
-.. / .. - / .-- .... . -. / .. / -... .-.. .. -. -.- ! / .- .-. . / -.--
--- ..- / .-- .- - -.-. .... .. -. --. / -- . ? / --- .... / -. --- , / -.. ---
-. ` - / -... .-.. .. -. -.- / -- . / -.-- --- ..- / -.. --- -. ` - / ..- -.
-.. . .-. ... - .- -. -.. / -... .-.. .. -. -.- .. -. --. / . ..
- .... . .-. !!! / .... --- .-- / -.. --- / -.-- --- ..- / .--. . --- .--. .-..
. / . ...- . -. / . -..- -.-. .... .- -. --. . / .. -.. . .- ... / .-- ..
- .... --- ..- - / .-.. ..- -- .. -. --- ..- ... / .-. . .- .-. / . -.
-.. ... !!!!!!
```

Unfortunately, your simple message cannot seem to penetrate their thick carapaces.

Doesn't ANYBODY in this stupid desert speak blinking?

## AR: Prepare to tidy up.

**07/01/11**

You heard the new queen in town needs a powdermonkey on the double. As the kingdom's new regent, whatever that is, you spring into action.

Now this is something you can handle. Anything to take your mind off that terrible pointy head that fell on the illegal statue.

Until you have to rig that one with bombs too, that is...

==>

**07/01/11**

```
WV: Z
```

# WV: Dream.

**09/01/11**

```
MAYOR'S HOUSE
```

.-- .... .- - / .- / -.. .- .-. .. -. --. / -.. .-. . .- --

==>

**09/01/11**

- --- / -.-. --- -- -... .. -. . / - .... . / ..-. .. -. . ... - / --.- ..- .- .-.. .. - .. . ... / --- ..-. / .... ..- -- .- -. .. -
-.-- / .-- .. - .... / - .... . / . .-.. . --. .- -. -.-. . / .- -. -.. / -. --- -... .. .-.. .. - -.-- / --- ..-. / - .... . / .- -. .. -- .- .-..
/ -.- .. -. --. -.. --- --

==>

**09/01/11**

.... --- .-- / -.-- --- ..- / .-- .. ... .... / -.-- --- ..- / -.-. --- ..- .-.. -.. / -.- -. --- .-- / - .... . .. .-. / .-- --- .-. .-.. -..

==>

**09/01/11**

- --- / .... . .- .-. / --- -. . / -. .. --. .... - / - .... --- ... . / -- ..- - . -.. / .--. .- .-- .--. .- -.. ... /
- .-. .- .. .--. ... . / ..- .--. / -.-- --- ..- .-. / ... - .- .. .-. ...

==>

**09/01/11**

```
REACH
```

.- / .-.. --- .-- / -... ..- - / ..-. .-. .. . -. -.. .-.. -.-- / --. .-. --- .-- .-.. / ..- -. ... . - - .-.. . ... / -.-- --- ..- .-. / ... .-..
..- -- -... . .-.

==>

**09/01/11**

```
MONOCLE PUT
```

.- -. -.. / .- ... / - .... . / ... --- .--. --- .-. / ... . . .--. ... / ..-. .-. --- -- / -.-- --- ..- .-. / . -.-- . ...

==>

**09/01/11**

- .... . -.-- / -.. . - . -.-. - / .- / ... .... .- .-. .--. / .--. .- .. .-. / --- ..-. / . .- .-. ... / -.-. ..- - - .. -. --. / -- --- ---
-. .-.. .. --. .... -

==>

**09/01/11**

.- / -- -.-- ... - . .-. .. --- ..- ... / .-- --- .-.. ...- . -. / - --- -. --. ..- . / .. -. ...- .. - . ...

==>

**09/01/11**

```
MONOCLE DROP
```

.-- --- ..- .-.. -.. -. .----. - / - .... . ... . / . .- .-. ... / ... ..- .. - / -.-- --- ..- ?

==>

**09/01/11**

.-- --- ..- .-.. -.. / -. --- - / - .... .. ... / .--. .-. --- ..- -.. / .-.. --- -. --. / ... -. --- ..- - / .- ... ... .. ... - / -.--
--- ..- / .. -. / - .... . / .... ..- -. - ?

==>

**09/01/11**

==>

**09/01/11**

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**09/01/11**

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**09/01/11**

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**09/01/11**

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**09/01/11**

==>

**09/01/11**

```
RED MILES
```

==>

**09/01/11**

==>

**09/01/11**

==>

**09/01/11**

A weird bug approaches.

It must be your lucky day.

==>

**09/01/11**

.... . -.-- / -.-- --- ..- !!!!!!!!

.--- ..- ... - / .-- .... .- - / -.. --- / -.-- --- ..- / - .... .. -. -.- / -.-- --- ..- .-. . / .--. .-.. .- -. -. .. -. --. / --- -. / -..
--- .. -. --. / .-- .. - .... / - .... .- - / .-. .. -. --. ?

==>

**09/01/11**

.-- .... .- - . ...- . .-. / .. - / .. ... / ..-. --- .-. --. . - / .. - !

- .... . / ... .-.. .- -.-- . .-. / .. ... / -- .. .. .. .. .. .. .. .. -. . ::::)

==>

**10/01/11**

```
8oot!
```

-. --- .-- / .-- ---.. -.- . / ..- .--. !

==>

**10/01/11**

.. / ... .- .. -.. / .-- ---.. ---.. ---.. ---.. ---.. ---.. ---.. ---.. -.- . !

==>

**10/01/11**

## [S] Wake.

**15/01/11**

```
04:13:58 → :57 → :56 → :55 → :54 → :53 → :52 → :51 → :50 → :49

}}ESRED{{

DOOF

ROBOSPLODE

04:13:01 → 03:14:03 → :02 → :01

SLAP
```

## Tavros: Land already.

**15/01/11**

```
2:41:39 → :38 → :37 → :36 → :35
```

==>

**15/01/11**

```
DEAD.

>:O
```

==>

**15/01/11**

```
TEREZI: !
```

## Kanaya: View Rose.

**16/01/11**

```
Alert : Jade
```

You have already viewed this moment a hundred times. It is no less confounding on your one hundred and first.

There is nothing otherwise unusual about the scene. A simple girl is understandably preoccupied by her handsome assortment of orbs, while surrounded by her ever growing band of amphibious and reptilian acolytes.

==>

**16/01/11**

```
viewing: tentacleTherapist
```

And then darkness.

You have one lead in your investigation. But she hasn't been very helpful so far.

## Kanaya: Contact future Jade.

**16/01/11**

```
Alert : Jade
```

pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG] --

GA: Are You Feeling Any More Cooperative In This Timeframe
GG: password!
GA: I See No Of Course Not
GA: Please
GA: I Know You Were Talking To Her Shortly Before
GA: What Did You Say To Her
GG: I SAID PASSWORD FUCKASS!!!!!
GA: Wow
GG: whoops sorry
GG: ive been having too many password arguments with karkat i guess :p
GA: I Still Dont Understand The Password Thing
GA: Past You Doesnt Care About Passwords What Happened
GG: well.....
GG: it depends, do you want to have a silly conversation or a serious conversation?
GA: Which Is Favorable
GG: both are!
GG: but a silly conversation mostly doesnt matter or make the timeline more confusing than it needs to be
GG: so we can have one right now if you want
GG: in fact i would say it is coming dangerously close to being one already!
GG: but if it is a serious conversation you want then im afraid i must demand a.....
GG: PASSWORD :P
GA: Can We Discuss A Serious Issue In A Silly Manner
GG: nope!
GA: How Am I Supposed To Know The Password
GG: because i told you
GA: I Dont Remember That
GG: exactly!!!!!!!!!!!
GA: I Feel Like I Am Trudging Waist Deep Through A Slither Basin Full Of Your Human Surprise Noodles
GG: hehehe
GG: yum :B ??????????????????????
GA: I Understand This Silliness Is Currently Permissible But Are Serious Questions About The Password Nonsense Permissible As Well
GG: hmm, i suppose those are acceptable
GA: Why Are You Demanding Passwords From Me And Also Apparently Karkat
GG: to keep the conversations linear!

GG: i gave you a password at the end of our previous conversation
GG: you have to give me that password to start our next conversation
GG: this ensures that past you cant jump ahead into the conversation and mess everything up, like you are trying to do now!
GA: I Am Not Trying To Do That
GG: i know, but trust me its better this way :)
GA: When Will I Get The Password
GG: i dont know, i have no idea what time you are from!
GG: but you will get it, i gave it to you some time ago at the end of our last conversation
GG: and i have been eagerly awaiting your linear and unconfusing reply ever since!
GG: bye kanaya <3

-- gardenGnostic [GG] ceased being trolled by grimAuxiliatrix [GA] --

## Kanaya: Contact past Jade.

**17/01/11**

**==>**

**17/01/11**

```
Alert : ♍
```

pesterlog-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG] --

GA: Im Appreciating Our Conversations From This Timeframe More And More
GA: Past You Is Much Less Of A Taskmaster Than Future You Or Pre Blackout Rose
GG: thanks i think!
GG: what do you mean by pre blackout rose?
GA: I Mean Post Blackout Rose Is A Lot Less Difficult Insofar As She Is Unavailable
GG: umm, ok...
GG: but what do you mean by blackout???
GA: I Guess Youll Find Out Soon
GA: And Then Report It To Me Under Extremely Specific Circumstances
GA: Which Is Good Because I Sure Dont Know
GG: hmm @_@
GA: Yes Hmm And That Face Is A Good Response
GA: Your Eyes Are Right To Be Swirled Letters
GA: What Are You Doing
GG: im doing what you told me to do!
GG: im getting dave to set up that expensive equipment
GG: so i can start doing all that witch of spacey stuff you were telling me about
GG: which i appreciate, since my sprite turned out to be sad and useless, and not very wise at all :(
GA: I See
GA: Well I Didnt Actually Tell You To I Was Just Being Informative
GA: Also It Isnt Technically Witch Of Spacey Stuff
GA: I Was A Sylph Not A Witch
GG: oh
GG: what is a sylph?

GA: I Think Its Sort Of Like A Witch
GA: But More Magical
GG: a magical witch???
GA: Yes Im Completely Certain Of That Suddenly
GG: thats awesome
GA: But Regardless I Think Our Roles Are Approximately The Same Since We Are Both Stokers Of The Forge
GA: As Well As Holders Of Breeding Duties
GA: However I Should Clarify That My Earlier Counsel Was Mostly Academic
GA: It Takes Weeks To Do All Of It Properly
GA: You Wont Have Time
GG: breeding duties?????

==>
**17/01/11**
pesterlogGA: Yeah
GG: uhhhhhhhhh...
GG: please tell me that doesnt involve what it sounds like!
GA: What Does It Sound Like
GG: it sounds like
GG: it involves
GG: a lot of breeding :\
GA: Well It Does
GA: But Not Breeding Through Means Typical Of Most Species
GG: oh
GG: does the equipment we are deploying have anything to do with it?
GA: It Has A Lot To Do With It
GA: It Is Cloning Equipment Much Like What Is Scattered All Over The Veil
GA: The Same Kind Responsible For Creating All Of Us
GG: ok then, thats pretty neat
GA: I Didnt Mean To Alarm You By Implying You Were Required To Wage A Great Deal Of Personal Procreation Over A Span Of Several Weeks
GG: yeah, whew <_<;
GA: Though It Should Be Clear That Repopulation Is Among Our Duties As Well In The Long Term
GA: And Ive Gathered That The Cloning Apparatus In The Veil Is Probably Meant To Permit An Initial Boost On The World We Select For Settlement
GA: But Beyond That It Is Up To The Descendants To Perpetuate The Race
GA: And Your Species Has Quite An Advantage In This Respect
GG: how so?
GA: Your Procreation May Be Carried Out By Paired Individuals Autonomously
GA: Whereas Ours May Not
GA: Which Is What Makes My Role Particularly Important
GG: what is your role?
GA: Im The Keeper Of The Matriorb
GA: It Is An Egg That Will Hatch A New Mother Grub

GA: She Alone Will Be Responsible For Bearing Our Young
GG: whoa, cool!
GG: so you are like bugs, like bees or ants or such, but with horns
GA: I Guess So
GA: And You Are Like Erect Livestock
GA: Without The Muscle Definition
GA: Or The Hermaphroditic Physiology For That Matter
GG: :o
GA: But Milk Producers Nonetheless
GA: That Rare Kind Of Organism To Nurture Hatchless Young Within
GA: Are You Not
GG: errr.....
GG: yes 8|

==>

**17/01/11**

```
You got the AUXILIATRIX KEY!
```

pesterlogGA: Anyway
GA: I Had Imagined I Would Hatch The New Grub On A Planet In Your Universe
GA: And When That Became Impossible I Quickly Lost Hope
GA: I Assumed It Would Remain Locked In Its Card Forever
GA: Which Could Only Be Opened When The Orb Was Meant To Be Used
GA: But Then I Found Something Quite Unexpected When I Was Exploring This Lab
GA: I Found A Key
GA: It Was Deep In The Meteor
GA: And As I Suspected It Released The Orb
GA: Which Was Really Confusing To Me For A While
GA: Until I Realized What It Meant
GA: Which Is So Obvious Im Amazed I Didnt Think Of It Right Away
GG: what!
GA: It Means I Am Supposed To Use It Now
GA: To Hatch The Grub In The Heart Of This Meteor

==>

**17/01/11**

pesterlogGG: you think so?
GA: Sure
GA: There Is No Reason A Meteor Couldnt Act As The Center Of Our Races Resurrection
GA: They Are Themselves Like Large Seeds After All
GA: The Only Question Is Whether We Can Manage To Keep It From Being Destroyed
GA: As Well As Whether I Am Able To Raise A Mother Grub To Maturity
GA: Oh Wow That Thought Is Actually Pretty Overwhelming
GG: i think you can do it!
GA: You Do
GG: yes...
GG: didnt you say your lusus was a grub?

GA: Yes She Was In Fact A Mother Grub
GA: Who Relinquished Her Calling As Matriarch To Raise Me
GG: thats perfect!
GG: if you were raised by a mother grub, then you are in a great position to raise one yourself
GG: it is like...
GG: a sort of family legacy!
GG: a really cool alien family legacy
GA: Okay
GA: Thanks For Saying So

==>

**18/01/11**

pesterlogGG: dont mention it!
GG: so how does this cloning stuff work?
GA: Its Very Involved
GA: Like I Said You Wont Have Time
GA: In Fact It Probably Should Have Taken Considerably Longer Than It Took Me
GA: I Was A Little Rushed
GG: i want to try anyway!
GG: if you can hold out hope for rebuilding your race in the center of a meteor, then i think i can at least try to get a little cloning done with the time i have left
GA: Yes Youre Right
GA: I Cant Imagine How You Can Complete The Objective In The Time Given
GA: But Weirder Things Have Happened I Think
GA: First Deploy The Pad
GG: yes, dave is doing that at the top of this ridiculous tower
GA: Um
GA: Why All The Way Up There
GG: didnt you say it needed to be in a warm place?
GA: Yes Thats Right
GG: my house is freezing now
GG: it ran on geothermal power before...
GG: and i guess theres no heat anywhere inside this planet
GA: That Will Probably Change If You Light The Forge
GA: But One Thing At A Time I Guess
GG: yes i would like to hear about that later...
GG: but yeah the weather seems just fine out here in the medium!
GG: lets see how dave is doing.....

## Dave: Deploy cloning apparatus.

**18/01/11**

## Jade: Examine.

**18/01/11**

pesterlogGG: its...
GG: so small :o
GA: Thats The Appropriate Size For The Equipment

GG: but
GG: clone babies can barely even fit on that thing!
GA: Babies
GA: What
GG: i mean young humans!!!
GG: you know, that we milk producers nurture hatchless within?
GA: Yes I Know
GA: I Didnt Mean To Suggest Your Breeding Duties Involved Cloning Humans
GA: Repopulation Is Not Whats Happening Here
GA: Its Not Your Objective As The Witch Of Space
GA: Not Yet Anyway
GG: then what is the objective?
GG: what am i breeding????
GA: Frogs
GG: :O
GA: Sorry I Thought That Was Obvious

==>
**18/01/11**
pesterlogGG: i cant get over how tiny this thing is!
GG: its so cute
GG: so the baby frogs show up on this pad here?
GA: Yes
GG: i cant wait to try it
GA: What Are You Laughing At There
GG: oh
GG: lol
GG: dave just has a lot of funny stuff to say about all this
GA: What Is He Saying
GG: oh you know, a bunch of silly stuff
GG: theres too much to copy/paste!
GA: Hmm
GG: here ill save it all to a file and send it to you
-- gardenGnostic [GG] sent grimAuxiliatrix [GA] the file "daveisafunnyguy.txt" --
GA: Okay Im Laughing Pretty Hard At All That
GG: hahaha
GG: alright how do i get started!
GA: He Will Need To Deploy The Terminal
GA: Then You Can Start Hunting For Frogs To Appearify From Around Your World

## Dave: Deploy terminal.

**18/01/11**
==>
**18/01/11**
pesterlogGG: ok, here is a frog on the screen
GG: on no, is it trapped in ice?

GA: I Would Conjecture That Most Of Them Are
GA: And Will Stay That Way Until The Forge Is Brought To Life
GA: I Think The Event Is Designed To Trigger Drastic Planetary Upheaval Wherever The Forge Is Stationed
GA: It Did On My Planet As Well
GG: was your planet covered in ice too?
GA: No Mostly Water
GG: cool!
GG: anyway, i will try to rescue this frog
GG: so i push this button to appearify it?
GA: Yes
GA: It Probably Wont Do Any Good But You Can Try
GG: ok.....

## Jade: Appearify frog.

**18/01/11**

pesterlogGG: oh god, it is still a frogcicle!!!!
GG: this will not do
GA: The Problem Isnt That The Frog Is Still Frozen
GA: The Problem Is That You Were Able To Appearify It At All
GA: Ectobiology Is Based Entirely On Your Inability To Appearify A Subject
GG: i dont understand!
GG: but i am intrigued...
GA: If That Frog Were Destined To Do Something Else
GA: Such As Become Ensnared In Your Net Later
GA: You Would Not Be Able To Appearify It Because That Would Cause A Paradox
GA: So Instead You Would Appearify Its Slime Imprint
GA: The Paradox Slime Is What Is Important Here
GA: You Can Mix It With The Slime From Other Paradoxically Appearified Frog Imprints
GA: Study The Genes And Selectively Combine
GA: And Then Create Resulting Paradox Clones
GG: ok, that makes sense i think
GG: how can i appearify some frog slime?
GA: You Will Need To Direct The Terminal To Another Frog
GA: And Then You Must Be Sure Later To Interfere With That Frog In Some Way
GA: For Instance By Planning To Venture Out To Capture That Exact Frog As I Suggested Earlier
GA: That Way It Will Be Impossible To Appearify The Frog Before Your Interference Has Taken Place
GA: Only Its Slime Will Arrive
GG: so it is like
GG: a sort of backwards frog breeding
GG: clone first, catch later?
GA: Yes

## Jade: Search for a new frog.

**19/01/11**

pesterlogGG: ok, i will try this
GG: heheh, look at this handsome guy here, hiding in the woods and being sneaky
GG: he looks frozen solid too
GG: so if i go bother him later, that means if i try to take him now i will only get slime right???
GA: Yes That Should Work
GA: Make A Note Of The Coordinates
GA: When You Travel To Interact With Your Cloned Subjects You Are Also Taking The Opportunity To Explore And Discover New Habitats
GA: As Well As New Species Of Frogs For Your Terminal To Track
GA: Its Efficient To Go Adventuring In This Fashion While You Are Waiting For Your Young Clones To Mature
GG: that sounds like fun!!!!!!!
GA: Yes Its A Lot Of Fun
GA: It Is Also Extremely Time Consuming
GA: Unlike Some Appearifiers In The Veil This One Is Locked To The Present Moment
GA: You Cannot Use It As A Window Into The Future Or Past And Isolate Frogs Whose Futures Are Certain And Therefore Most Paradoxifiable
GA: Means Of Expedition Are Limited
GA: I Suppose You Could Use Time Travel To Accelerate The Process
GA: But You Would Need To Establish Weeks Worth Of Stable Time Loops
GA: I Think It Would Be An Overly Elaborate And Dangerous Undertaking Personally And Anyone Who Would Attempt Such A Thing Is Reckless
GA: I Wouldnt Advise It
GG: hmmmmm
GG: k hang on while i clone this fella.....

## Jade: Clone frog.

**19/01/11**

pesterlogGG: yaaaaaay!!!
GA: Youll Need Somewhere To Keep Them While They Grow
GA: Like A Pool Or A Tank Or Such
GA: Or At Least Something Temporary
GA: Water Wasnt Very Hard For Me To Come By But For You I Dont Know
GG: i will think of something...
GG: i wont let the poor little guy suffocate!

## Jade: Give him a home.

**19/01/11**

pesterlogGG: so i am supposed to wait for him to grow up, and then breed him with other frog paradox clones?
GA: Yes But This Isnt All There Is To The Cloning Process
GA: A True Paradox Clone Is An Exact Genetic Duplicate Of The Subject
GA: Later That Clone Will Be Sent Back In Time To Become Itself
GA: In Fact If It Is An Exact Duplicate This Is Guaranteed To Happen
GA: This Is What Classifies It As A Paradox Clone
GA: Any Duplicate Which Genetically Deviates From The Original Is Not

GA: It Is Simply A Mutant
GA: And For Breeding Purposes Mutation Is Desirable
GA: Within Reason
GA: You May Adjust The Settings On The Equipment To Promote Genetic Anomalies
GA: But Its Very Delicate And You Can Go Too Far
GA: Responsibly Guiding The Evolution Of The Genetic Code During The Breeding Process Is Very Important
GA: In Fact It Is The Most Important Thing About This Of All
GG: it is?
GA: Yes
GG: huh...
GG: so what is the actual purpose of all this breeding?
GG: am i trying to make one really special frog with just the right genetic code or something?
GG: sort of like the ULTIMATE FROG :O
GA: Actually
GA: Yes
GA: Thats Exactly What Youre Doing
GG: oh!
GA: Your Objective Is To Breed The Genesis Frog

==>

**19/01/11**

pesterlogGG: why?
GA: You Cant Complete The Game Without Doing So
GA: Your Entire Mission Depends On Breeding Him
GG: him?
GG: so he is a boy frog?
GA: Yes
GA: He Will Begin As A Tadpole Like You Have There But Considerably Bigger
GA: And He Will Mature To Become The Speaker
GA: A Deity Like Figure Idolized By The Consorts Who Wait For Him To Come
GG: the speaker?
GA: Hes Known As The Speaker Of The Vast Croak
GG: hehehe
GG: CROOOOOOAK
GA: Yes The Croak Really Is Quite Vast And Is Something To Behold
GA: Its The Most Amazing Thing I Have Seen
GG: then the speaker is like a god, but there are a lot of them?
GG: like one for each session, kind of like the kings and queens?
GA: Yes There Will Be One For Every Session Should The Players Be Successful
GA: And Each One Is A Unique Product Of Their Quest
GA: The Kingdoms Are At Odds Over His Creation
GA: Prospit Worships Him Much As The Consorts Do
GA: Derse Reviles Him And Outlaws Frogs Wherever They Can
GA: Even The Iconography
GA: Their Agents Mock His Name With Slurs

GA: Like Speaker Of The Vast Joke
GA: Or Bilious Slick
GA: Although To Be Honest That Is What We Ended Up Calling Him
GA: Not To Be Disrespectful Though It Was Just A Catchier Name
GG: it is pretty catchy...
GG: if i call him that i will be sure to say i mean no offense!
GA: I Doubt Its Even Possible To Offend Him
GG: thats good
GG: ok then what?
GG: what do we do after i make this big god froggy?
GG: does it have something to do with the new universe we create?
GA: Most Certainly
GG: you said he was a genesis frog
GG: does that mean we bring him into the universe and...
GG: he makes new planets or life or such?
GA: No
GA: Youre Not Really Understanding The Magnitude Of His Role
GA: He Is Not Responsible For Just One Aspect Of The Universe You Create
GA: Hes Responsible For All Of Them
GA: Bilious Slick Is Your Universe

==>

**19/01/11**

pesterlogGG: really???
GA: I Dont Mean Hes The Universe You Are From
GA: We Engineered That Incarnation
GA: He Is The Universe That You Are Trying To Create
GG: yes i got that!
GA: Sorry
GA: I Thought It Was Obvious But Then Wasnt Sure
GG: you mean he is LITERALLY a universe?
GA: Yes Literally
GA: That Statement Was As Literal As You Can Possibly Make Words Be
GA: I Know Your Species Is Frequently Insincere For A Variety Of Reasons
GG: but your species is too!
GG: especially karkat, he is incredibly sarcastic
GA: Thats True But When We Do It Its Usually Just Because We Are Trying To Be Jerks
GA: Rather Than By Way Of A Mild Manner Perpetually Dispatching Little Puzzles Of Rhetoric Without Apparent Purpose
GG: but i dont do that!
GG: i try to say what i mean as much as i can
GA: Yeah I Think Ive Been Discerning That
GA: Its A Nice Change Of Pace
GG: from what?
GA: Oh Its Not Important
GG: haha, you mean from rose?

GA: Well
GA: Not That It Wasnt An Enjoyable Exercise In Xenocultural Inculcation
GG: yeah, rose and dave are like that all the time!
GG: they inculcate that stuff like crazy
GG: so you have been talking to her a lot i guess?
GA: Sort Of
GG: are you best friends now??
GA: I Guess As Mutually Friendly As The Time Has Permitted Two People To Be
GA: I Wont Be Speaking To Her Anymore Though
GG: why?
GG: oh yeah, because you said she is blacked out?
GG: what the heck does that mean!
GA: It Just Means In A Few Moments From Your Perspective I Wont Be Able To See Her Through My Viewport Or Talk To Her
GA: I Dont Know Why Exactly But Its Not That Hard To Guess
GA: She Has Been Relying On The Powers And Counsel Of Dark Gods And Other Sources Of Ambiguous Intent
GA: And She Has Consequently Devised A Plan Which Sounds Very Dangerous To Me
GG: yeah, i didnt like the sound of her plan either!
GA: You Are More Sensible
GA: Its Probably The Influence Skaia Has Had On You
GA: Having Spent Much Of Your Life Awake On Prospit
GA: Like Me
GG: you did???????
GA: If Were Alike In Some Ways Maybe Its Because Of This
GG: yeah! :D
GA: I Woke Up A Long Time Ago
GA: I Had Trouble Sleeping When I Was Young
GA: The Sunlight Was Unnaturally Invigorating To Me I Guess
GA: My Lusus Could Do Nothing To Help
GA: And When I Was Supposed To Be In My Cocoon I Would Often Wander Out To The Desert
GA: Where One Day I Was Visited By A Stranger Who Dressed And Spoke In White
GA: He Put Me To Sleep And I Awoke On Prospit
GA: Where I Have Dreamed Ever Since
GA: He Said He Was My Guardian
GA: And Though He Visited Rarely I Did Regard Him As That
GA: Then Later He Stopped Coming
GA: In Time I Began To Believe He Was A Figment Of My Mind
GA: Like An Imaginary Friend To Give Me Reassurance When I Needed It
GA: But Then While Playing Our Game I Learned He Was Real
GA: He Had Spoken To Others From Our Party
GA: And Had Been Manipulating Us All To Advance His Schemes
GA: It Was Saddening To Learn My Fortuitous Awakening Had Been The Product Of A Nefarious Ploy
GA: Youre Lucky That Your Awakening Probably Had No Such Entanglements
GG: jeez, i hope not...

GA: But I Guess Its Only A Minor Contamination Of Something Otherwise Great
GA: I Was Allowed To See What Skaia Would Show Me
GA: And To Prepare For Dangers Ahead And Try To Protect People
GG: me too!!!!!
GG: wow kanaya i did not realize how much we had in common
GA: Youre Right We Do
GA: I Feel A Bit Silly That It Took Me So Long To Engage With The One Corresponding Closely With My Role
GA: It Must Be A Certain Madness Im Afflicted By
GA: To Orbit Those More Reckless And Dangerous Than I And More Daring For It
GA: I Guess I Want To Help Them But They Never Can Be Helped It Seems
GG: well, it sounds like helping people is something that is in your nature
GG: i can understand that
GG: are you saying rose is reckless and dangerous?
GA: Yes Definitely
GA: We Have Our Share Of Dangerous Players Who Seem To Do Nothing But Cause Problems
GA: I Believe She Is Yours
GA: And If Her Insane Plan Wasnt Alarming Enough
GA: She Has Been Communicating With The Stranger I Mentioned
GA: And Unsurprisingly She Has Not Been Forthright About The Nature Of Their Conversations
GG: you mean your guardian?
GA: Yes
GA: And Hes Not Merely A Guardian
GA: Im Very Sure He Is A First Guardian
GA: Like Your Lusus Was
GG: uh oh...
GG: im not sure why, but the sound of that makes me really nervous
GA: I Feel The Same Way About It
GA: The Involvement Of Any Such Entity Strikes Me As Quite Inauspicious
GA: Even When Seemingly Benign
GG: she didnt mention anything about this when we talked
GG: but then she seemed preoccupied
GA: She Was
GA: Youll Have A Chance To Determine More Soon
GA: After Which Hopefully You Can Tell Me
GG: yeah, i will!
GA: In The Meantime I Will Go
GA: I Would Like To Return To The Core To Situate This Orb
GA: It Seems You Have Your Own Orb To Care For Now
GG: lol yeah i guess so!
GG: ok, you can go do that, and i guess i will check on rose, but...
GG: theres still so much i want to know!
GG: i want to know more about stoking the forge and breeding the frogs, and about your time on prospit and all that!
GA: Okay I Will Definitely Help You As Much As I Can
GA: The Young Prospit Wakers Ought To Stick Together

GG: yes! <3
GA: Ill Message You Again In Your Future
GA: And You May Reply If You Have Cause To
GG: if i have cause to?
GG: oh!!!
GG: that reminds me, i was thinking of implementing a system to keep some of these confusing conversations simple and linear
GA: Does It By Any Chance Have To Do With Passwords
GG: yeah! i guess someone told you?
GA: Yes You
GA: You Delivered News Of The System By Demanding A Password From Me
GG: aaaaa you see??????
GG: you nearly just gave me the idea for the plan in the first place paradoxically from my own future self!!!
GG: i just find that kind of thing annoying for some reason, it doesnt feel right...
GG: i would rather ideas came from the place they actually came from
GA: Thats A Reasonable Attitude
GG: ok lets put the system in play starting now!
GG: i will give you a password, and you give it to me in the future when you want to pick up this conversation again
GA: Okay
GG: the password is.....
GG: CROOOOOOOOOOOAK
GG: it must be in all caps, and must contain precisely ten Os!
GA: Ten
GA: Im Counting Eleven
GG: whoops!
GG: eleven then :p
GA: The Password System Is Already Paying Overwhelming Dividends Of Ease And Rationality
GG: kanaya :o
GG: that sounded
GG: just a weeeeeee bit
GG: sarcastic ;D
GA: Oh
GA: Wow Yeah
GA: I Hope Im Not Falling Prey To A Crisis Of Sincerity
GG: you are just becoming multicultural, thats all
GG: i think i am learning to be more multicultural through karkat as well
GG: it mostly involves saying fuck a lot
GA: Oh No
GG: heheheheh, its ok, hes really not so bad
GA: Yeah I Know
GG: ok! go hatch that orb!
GG: i will be waiting
GA: Yes Ill Do That
GA: Bye Jade

GG: later!

-- grimAuxiliatrix [GA] ceased trolling gardenGnostic [GG] --

# [S] Kanaya: Return to the core.

**22/01/11**

* Derived in part from transcripts by ShadowOfFate and by Greyscale.

**** Terezi slaps Karkat and teleports away***

DOOF

**** click the controls icon in the top-right***

Use *ARROW KEYS* (or *WASD KEYS*) to walk and *SPACEBAR* to interact.

**** go to the transporter pad (and press SPACE)***

> Transportalize.

You can't leave without telling your leader where you're going first! That would be irresponsible. Also, you forgot to take the matriorb with you. You're clearly going to need that.

**** you can also generate either half of that message if you do only one thing***

You can't leave without telling your leader where you're going first! That would be irresponsible.

**** or the other:***

You forgot to take the matriorb with you! You're clearly going to need that.

**** pick it up then, it's the spiky thing to your south***

> Take.

You got the MATRIORB!

**** go to the occupied hornpile***

> Talk to Feferi and Sollux.

KANAYA: Relaxing In The Horn Pile I See

FEFERI: Y-ES! W)(y don't you )(op in too, Kanaya? 38D

FEFERI: T)(ere is plenty of space. Sollux and I are glubbing about feelings.

KANAYA: That Sounds Nice

KANAYA: But It Really Doesnt Look Like There Is Much Room In That Pile Of Horns At All And I Should Get Going Anyway

SOLLUX: yeah, of cour2e there'2 no room, iit wa2 kiind of a moroniic iinviitatiion two be hone2t.

FEFERI: )(-EY, S)(UT YOUR MOP-EY BLOW )(OL-E!!! I was just s)(owing a little bassic courtesea.

FEFERI: Really, you are just t)(e grouc)(iest dude sometimes.

FEFERI: (And it's really cute!)

SOLLUX: al2o let'2 get real, thii2 horn piile ii2n't comfortable at all, ii've got hard metal edge2 jabbiing me everywhere, and iit'2 lumpy a2 hell,

and you can't move a fuckiing iinch wiithout honkiing the 2hiit out of iit and makiing everyone iin the room look at you.
SOLLUX: what iidiiot thought thii2 wa2 the iideal thiing two chiill out on. oh that'2 riight, a braiindead clown who eat2 toxiic 2liime.
SOLLUX: you probably liike iit becau2e iit'2 liike a coral reef or 2ome horriible jagged underwater piile of 2hiit liike that.
FEFERI: GROUC)(Y MOT)(-ER GLUBB-ER.
FEFERI: <3
KANAYA: Um
KANAYA: Okay I Will Leave You Be
FEFERI: Kanaya, I see t)(at look on your face.
FEFERI: You are curious, but are nervous about meddling, M I RIT------E?
KANAYA: Uhh
SOLLUX: ff come on we we're haviing a priivate conver2atiion here.
FEFERI: It's ok, really! We were s)(aring some feelings about stuff. Sollux was feeling bummed out because Aradia blew up, and s)(e was )(is very close friend.
SOLLUX: 2iiiigh, HOLY 2HiiT, ye2 let'2 talk about all my problem2 openly, ii LOVE that. hey kk, check thii2 out, my emotiion2 are 2erviing a2 entertaiinment agaiin!
FEFERI: Yea)(! -Ey, Karcrab, get yer nubs over )(ere! Plenty of room in t)(e pile!
FEFERI: OMG, t)(at was SUC)( an obscene gesture )(e just made. 38O
SOLLUX: anyway, yeah, now that aa ii2 gone forever ii feel more depre22ed and u2ele22 than u2ual, and ii wa2 already pretty cod damn u2ele22 two begiin wiith, let'2 face iit.
FEFERI: But I )(ave it on good aut)(ority t)(at s)(e is fine!
FEFERI: Everyt)(ing is going to go swimmingly, YOU'LL S-E-E. 38)
SOLLUX: you are 2o riidiiculou2ly optiimii2tiic iit'2 kiind of 2iickeniing, why do you even put up wiith me?
SOLLUX: iif you weren't 2o great ii would thiink you were a fuckiing iidiiot for liikiing me.
SOLLUX: 2o, ii gue22 thank2 for liikiing me?
SOLLUX: waiit, that 2ounded 2o pathetiic, oh god. ii 2hould probably take that back.
SOLLUX: KANAYA WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU 2TIILL DOIING HERE, GOD DAMN IIT, CAN'T A GUY GET A LIITTLE GLUBBIING PRIIVACY WIITH A FII2H GIIRL IIN A PIILE OF HORN2.

**** once you've talked to them, a white chat balloon appears above the computer to the southeast.***

> Answer.

You have no interest in talking to this con artist right now. You are busy, and you won't even bother dignifying his text by highlighting it. Maybe a little later.

**** back to your west***

> Examine broken 8 ball.

8ad 8r8k. Just another member of your team unaccounted for. Where the hell is she? Oh well, at least she's out of everybody's hair for a while. She's probably off swooning over that shitty greasy human movie star, and being generally harmless.

**** southwest corner of lab***

> Examine Tinkerbull plush.

Dear Tinkerbull. Sweet, sweet precious Tinkerbull. Tavros loved this memorial plush sewn for him so much. Seeing it here on the floor would be especially poignant if he were dead. But you know for a fact that he is alive and well. So it's all good.

**** north to Karkat***

> Talk about Terezi.

KANAYA: What Was That About

KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW, I GUESS I FUCKED UP AGAIN.

KARKAT: I CAN'T SEEM TO DO ANYTHING RIGHT IN HER EYES ANYMORE.

KARKAT: I MEAN NOSE.

KANAYA: Maybe You Should Go Say Something To Her

KARKAT: WELL I WOULD, BUT SHE'S PROBABLY BURROWED FUCK DEEP IN THIS LAB BY NOW. I'M SURE SHE'S BUSY SCOOTING UP AND DOWN STAIRS AND SHOOSHING THROUGH POINTLESS CORRIDORS, AND OPENING CHESTS CONTAINING LIKE THREE BOONDOLLARS AND HIDEOUS PAINTINGS OF ENORMOUS NAKED BARNYARD MONSTERS.

KARKAT: WHAT IS WITH ALL THE CHESTS ANYWAY? AND WHY DO WE KEEP SQUIRRELING OUR USELESS SHIT AWAY IN THEM? I REALLY SHOULD HAVE WRITTEN A MEMO ABOUT THIS. LIKE, THE RULES OF CHESTIQUETTE.

KANAYA: Squirreling

KARKAT: SQUIRREL IS THE HUMAN WORD FOR NUT CREATURE

KANAYA: Oh

KANAYA: Well I Think The Chests Are Fun They Make For Nice Surprises

KARKAT: WHATEVER

KARKAT: ANYWAY I CAN'T LEAVE, IF YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED THE TEAM HAS BEEN FALLING APART HERE EVER SINCE ARADIA EXPLODED FOR NO REASON, AND THEREFORE PRESUMABLY DIED FOREVER.

KARKAT: SERIOUSLY, WHERE THE HELL IS EVERYBODY? WHERE'S GAMZEE??? SHIT ISN'T RIGHT

KARKAT: I'VE GOT TO STAY PUT HERE AND KEEP IT TOGETHER.

KANAYA: Okay Then

KANAYA: If I See Her Along My Way Ill Let Her Know You Want To Talk

KANAYA: If You Dont Think Thats Too Meddlesome Of Me

KARKAT: NO THAT'S FINE, THANKS.

KARKAT: WAIT

KARKAT: YOU'RE GOING SOMEWHERE?

> Tell Karkat where you're going.

KANAYA: Im Returning To The Core To Deposit The Matriorb

KANAYA: Wish Me Luck

KARKAT: WHOA WHAT THE FUCK???

KARKAT: I MEAN, THAT'S GREAT, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO DO WITH IT. BUT YOU CAN'T GO, I NEED YOU HERE. LOOK AROUND, SHIT IS MAYHEM.

KANAYA: Ill Only Be Gone For A Few Minutes

KANAYA: Anyway Youre Doing A Good Job And I Think You Can Manage To Cope With My Momentary Absense

KARKAT: OK FINE.

KARKAT: IN THAT CASE

KARKAT: GOOD LUCK, HOPE IT WORKS.

KANAYA: Thanks

> Be Karkat

**** You are now, unsurprisingly, Karkat***

> Talk about Jade.

KANAYA: It Sounds Like Youve Been Talking To The Jade Human Like You Said You Would

KARKAT: YEAH

KANAYA: I Just Used The Phrase The Jade Human Satirically For No Reason It Is Just One Of Many Ways In Which Im Becoming More Multicultural

KARKAT: NICE ONE, I'M LAUGHING UP A FUCKING STORM.

KANAYA: Have You Found Her Password System To Be Practical

KARKAT: DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED ON THE PASSWORD BULLSHIT.

KARKAT: SO, OK. FUTURE JADE GIVES ME SOME REALLY MYSTERIOUS THING TO TELL PAST JADE, TO MAKE SURE SHE DOES SOMETHING SHE NEEDS TO DO WITHOUT EXPLICITLY GIVING HERSELF THE IDEA FROM THE FUTURE.

KARKAT: WHICH IS DUMB, BUT OK I GO ALONG WITH IT SO SHE DOESN'T COMPLETELY FLIP THE FUCK OUT AT ME. AND THEN I GET BACK TO HER IN THE FUTURE TO SAY I DID IT.

KARKAT: AND WHAT AM I GREETED WITH? PASSWORD.

KARKAT: PASSWORD PASSWORD PASSWORD PASSWORD PASSWORD PASSWORD. PASSWORD YOU NUBBY GRUMPY SACK OF UGLY FUCK. I WANT A PASSWORD RIGHT NOW OR I WILL DIRECT MY COLD LASER HATESTARE THROUGH YOUR BULGE FROM BEHIND MY GOOFY ASS GOGGLY GIRL GLASSES FOR LAME SHITTY SISSIES.

KARKAT: OK I'M PARAPHRASING HERE.

KARKAT: SO I GIVE HER THE PASSWORD AND SHE'S LIKE WRONG!!! I HAVEN'T GIVEN YOU THAT PASSWORD YET, OR YOU ALREADY GAVE ME THAT PASSWORD, OR IT'STOO EARLY FOR IT OR WHATEVER. FIND THE RIGHT FUTURE ME TO GIVE THE PASSWORD TO.

KARKAT: SO I'M LIKE FUCK, I RESPECTFULLY SUBMIT THIS IS NEW LEVELS OF STUPIDITY AND POINTLESSNESS THAT ONLY RETARDS WOULD ENJOY WHILE EARNESTLY INVESTIGATING THEIR OWN GENITALS, BUT THAT'S JUST MY OPINION.

KARKAT: AND THEN WE SPEND WAY MORE TIME ARGUING ABOUT PASSWORD SHIT THAN ANYTHING CONSTRUCTIVE.

KANAYA: It Sounds Like You Like Her

KARKAT: WHAT?? WHERE ARE YOU GETTING THAT

KANAYA: Well She Is Giving You A Reason To Be Frustrated And Loud

What More Could You Ask For In A Friend
KANAYA: Shes Quite Considerate Actually
KARKAT: OK, YES, I'LL SAY SHE'S A LOT MORE DECENT THAN I GAVE HER CREDIT FOR ORIGINALLY
KARKAT: AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS MESS I GUESS A COHERENT PLAN IS STARTING TO EMERGE? I STILL CAN'T DETERMINE EXACTLY WHAT IT IS BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS SO VAGUE, BUT WHATEVER.
KARKAT: AT LEAST SHE ACTUALLY SEEMS TO CARE ABOUT HELPING US WITH OUR PROBLEM TOO, WHICH IS MORE THAN I THOUGHT A HUMAN WOULD DO, AND WAY MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR A LOT OF THE LOUSY SELF ABSORBED FUCKS AROUND HERE.
KANAYA: Do You Think Terezi Is Aware Of Your Interactions With Her
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW, PROBABLY?
KANAYA: I Dont Want To Sound Too Meddlesome Because I Know People Dont Like That Much But Didnt You And She Used To Have A Thing Like That
KARKAT: MAN, WHY DOES EVERYONE THINK WE HAD A THING???
KANAYA: Well Didnt You
KARKAT: THE THING WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE EXISTED NOTWITHSTANDING, WHAT RIGHT WOULD SHE HAVE TO BE UPSET ABOUT ME TALKING TO JADE.
KANAYA: Maybe She Thinks You Are Trying To Make Her Jealous
KARKAT: OH LIKE SHE'S NOT DOING THE SAME THING TO ME BY TALKING TO THAT POMPOUS TOOL WHO'S IDIOTICALLY INSECURE ABOUT THE COLOR OF HIS EYES.
KARKAT: WHILE HYPOCRITICALLY TYPING WITH HIS CANDY RED TEXT TO DRIVE THE GIRLS WILD, WHAT A FUCKING SHOWOFF.
KARKAT: YOU JUST KNOW SHE'S DOING IT TO ANNOY ME, SHE WAS PROBABLY EVEN PUTTING ON A LITTLE SHOW FOR ME CRYING OVER HIS CORPSE, LIKE SHE REALLY GIVES A SHIT.
KANAYA: Do You Actually Believe She Was Pretending
KARKAT: YEAH SURE. I DUNNO
KANAYA: Maybe You Should Try Not To Be So Quick To Dismiss The Sincerity Of Peoples Emotions
KARKAT: I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.
KARKAT: WOW I WAS BEING PRETTY DUMB JUST NOW. WHAT A FUCKING IDIOT.
KARKAT: PAST ME IS ALWAYS SO TERRIBLE, EVEN WHEN I LITERALLY JUST FINISHED BEING HIM.
KANAYA: ...
KARKAT: UH
KANAYA: I Wasnt Actually Crying Just Now I Was Exaggerating My Reaction For Effect
KARKAT: OK YOU'RE GOING WAY TOO FAR WITH THE MULTICULTURAL SHIT, YOU NEED TO TAKE IT DOWN A PEG.

***south to blue scalemate***

```
> Examine scalemate.
```

```
Why Duke Pinesnort, it seems your lovely green complexion has
turned to blue as each past treachery has tightened your noose a
```

little more. Worry not. It will all be over soon as you are stuffed in your suffocophagus and given a funeral fit not for a nobleman but a lowly beggar. Let that be a lesson to your family, who was also executed in the name of justice.

**** west to surface***

> Examine drawing tablet.

What have we here? Looks like there's a half finished comic on this thing. Some kind of coolkid... and a girl with red glasses. What are they doing there together? Yeah, maybe you shouldn't snoop into her coolkid fanfic. It's probably private.

**** south to white splodge on the floor***

> Examine used host plush.

This one has been decapitated for some reason. Weird. And gross.

**** east to orange/red bottle***

> Examine Faygo.

Gamzee left perfectly good lukewarm bottles of wicked elixir lying around. There is something so wrong about this. You think about taking a robust swig, but then you come to your senses and don't.

**** east to red suit on floor***

> Examine dragonsuit.

Terezi's ridiculous cosplay getup. You feel kind of bad for mocking her for it. Just one of many exhibits of boorish behavior you should probably apologize for. That is, if you're presently Karkat while examining this item. If you aren't, those thoughts are not relevant to you. You decided not to program contingencies for examining this item with different characters, because that would have been a waste of time.

**** northeast to unicycle looking thing on floor***

> Examine Uni-real Air.

It's sad seeing UNI-REAL AIR lying here without Gamzee around to neglect it while people trip over it. It's almost a little poignant, like seeing a toppled tricycle in the yard of a missing child. Oops you mean a toppled three wheel device in the lawnring of a culled wiggler. Doesn't get more tragic than that.

**** north to exploded area***

> Examine robo-debris.

The final Aradiabot exploded about an hour ago. She is dead for good now you guess. Or is she??? Yes, she is. You're completely certain of it.

**** southeast to teapot***

> Examine teapot.

Nepeta has left her steeping pot of flavorful cameowmile untouched. She is gone too. Another purrplexing mystery.

**** southwest to bow on floor***

> Examine broken bow.

You have seen many sad things on your adventure. But watching Equius practice archery may be the saddest thing of all.

**** southwest to plush on floor***

> Examine host plush.

You really hope he stops playing games for girls soon. For good. One way or another.

**** east to the item on the surface***

> Examine milk.

It's not like Equius to leave a tall, refreshing glass of milk unshattered. What the hell is going on here? Where IS everybody???

**** southwest to second exploded area***

> Examine exploded computer.

Looks like some douchebag's computer blew up. Whatever happened, it probably served him right.

**** west to the hornpile***

> Talk to Feferi and Sollux.

FEFERI: KRABSNACK!!!!!!
KARKAT: HEY.
FEFERI: You're just in time. We are talking about serious feelings )(ere!
FEFERI: Sollux )(as been feeling...
KARKAT: DON'T GIVE A FUCK.
SOLLUX: THANK you.
SOLLUX: kk, you are a true friiend.
FEFERI: Oh fine. 38(
FEFERI: So w)(at reeled you over to t)(e old pile?
KARKAT: HAVE ANY OF YOU SEEN GAMZEE?
KARKAT: IT'S NOT LIKE HIM TO STRAY FAR FROM THE HORN PILE.
KARKAT: I'M GETTING KIND OF WORRIED.
FEFERI: You are?
FEFERI: Aw, t)(at's so sweet!
SOLLUX: ehehehhehehehehh, yeah.
KARKAT: AUGH.
KARKAT: JUST, WHERE IS HE?
SOLLUX: ii dunno man, ii have heard nary a honk out of hiim for a whiile.
FEFERI: Maybe somet)(ing frig)(tened )(im off into t)(e lab?
FEFERI: W)(y don't you go looking for )(im? We could )(elp!
KARKAT: I WOULD, BUT
KARKAT: I CAN'T. GOT TO STAY PUT, KEEP THE TEAM TOGETHER.
KARKAT: I DON'T WANT YOU FUCKERS STRAYING OFF EITHER, YOU UNDERSTAND?
KARKAT: JUST STAY IN THE PILE AND KEEP MAKING EVERYONE

UNCOMFORTABLE WITH YOUR SAPPY BULLSHIT, THAT'S AN ORDER.
FEFERI: We were t)(inking of taking a nap, actually.
FEFERI: You s)(ould too, Carpcatfis)(! It'll be GR-EAT!
KARKAT: WHY DO YOU KEEP INSISTING ON IGNORING THE SIMPLE NO SLEEPING RULE, I MADE IT PERFECTLY...
KARKAT: YOU KNOW WHAT, FINE. JUST TAKE YOUR NAP, AS LONG AS YOU JUST STAY PUT.

**** Everything seems in order here. Go back to Kanaya***

> Be Kanaya

**** Go the teleporter pad again***

> Transportalize

**** Denied! You are now Eridan***

> Talk to Kanaya.

ERIDAN: kan i been meanin to thank you
KANAYA: For What
ERIDAN: for all that trainin you did
ERIDAN: i wwouldnt be the incredible holy wwizard i am noww wwithout your help
KANAYA: But I Didnt Even Really Train You I Just Made You A Wand
ERIDAN: yeah wwell thats all i needed i guess
ERIDAN: i just needed for someone to showw a little faith in me so im sayin thanks i owwe ya
KANAYA: Okay Then Youre Welcome
KANAYA: I Hope You Use Your Magnificent Powers Of Light And Hope For Goodness And Purity And Lets Not Forget Science
ERIDAN: dont wworry im all ovver that shit you dont evven knoww
KANAYA: Uh Oh I Hope That Didnt Come Off As Too Sarcastic
ERIDAN: wwhat
KANAYA: The Thing I Just Said
KANAYA: I Didnt Even Realize How Sarcastic I Was Being Its Starting To Become A Problem I Think
KANAYA: Please Dont Take Too Much Offense
ERIDAN: haha damn kan if thats your idea of offense bein made then i honestly gotta fuckin wworry for you
ERIDAN: tell you wwhat ill givve you some lessons in dealin out the dark umbrage to repay you for your tutelage in the wwhite science
KANAYA: Um Sure
KANAYA: A Little Later Maybe
ERIDAN: hey wwhat are you doin anywway
ERIDAN: wwhats that thing there
KANAYA: The Matriorb
KANAYA: I Was About To Go Hatch It In The Core To Restore Our Race
ERIDAN: that sounds
ERIDAN: hopeful
KANAYA: I Hope Its Hopeful
ERIDAN: you should of told me about this
ERIDAN: if theres goin to be any sort a hope for our race as the prince of hope i demand to be invvolvved

ERIDAN: so dont go anywwhere wwithout me got it
KANAYA: But
KANAYA: Fine

> Examine matriorb.

Gotta help Kanaya out with this thing after your business is done here. Hope is your jurisdiction on this meteor.

> Transportalize.

You aren't about to leave. You just got here, and you have business to take care of.

**** Go to the white chat alert balloon.***

> Answer.

No reason to snoop on her computer. You've got better things to do.

**** go to Karkat.***

> Talk to Karkat.

KARKAT: MAN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU AREN'T HELPING, WANDERING OFF LIKE...
KARKAT: HOLY SHIT, IS THAT YOUR NEW MAGIC WAND?
ERIDAN: its not magic wwe talked about this kar
KARKAT: RIGHT, IT'S POWERED BY SCIENCE, I FORGOT.
KARKAT: OR HOPE. WHATEVER THE FUCK THAT MEANS.
ERIDAN: i dont fuckin need this from you i take enough shit as it is from the rest a you dirtscrapers i thought you and me had a kinda pact or wwhatevver
KARKAT: OK FINE, SHUT UP, I APOLOGIZE. I KNOW IT'S TOUGH BEING YOU.
ERIDAN: nobody gets it
ERIDAN: i had a harder time than anybody wwith this game
ERIDAN: it wwas really fuckin unfair wwhat challenges i got saddled wwith
ERIDAN: i wwoulda fuckin MURDERED for a land full of a lot a harmless brains and fire
ERIDAN: but no
ERIDAN: it wwas so lonely
ERIDAN: hey guys anybody wwant to come hang out wwith me in the land a wwrath and angels
ERIDAN: anybody at all i knoww it isnt anythin like one of your flippin land picnics
ERIDAN: anybody please ill evven settle for the kittycat shipper cavve girl
ERIDAN: but yeah i guess bein her servver player and savvin her life wwasnt goddamn enough
ERIDAN: had to be my most humiliatin rejection yet
KARKAT: OK, BUT TO BE FAIR, I'M PRETTY SURE SHE'S STILL OBSESSED WITH ME.
KARKAT: IT'S A VERY UNFORTUNATE, VERY RED AND VERY UNREQUITED SITUATION I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TIPTOE AROUND FOR A LONG TIME, OK?
KARKAT: HER DISINTEREST IN YOUR ADVANCE WASN'T A REFLECTION

ON YOU AT ALL.
KARKAT: COME ON, WE TALKED ABOUT THIS.
ERIDAN: yeah i guess
KARKAT: ANYWAY I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU WERE EXPECTING TO MAKE ANY SORT OF TRACTION IF YOU SEE HER AS THE KITTYCAT SHIPPER GIRL, SHE'S A PERSON WITH FEELINGS YOU RAVING DOUCHE.
ERIDAN: i knoww kar its not evven the point im ovver that embarrassment
ERIDAN: im just saying wwhere the fuck wwere you guys
ERIDAN: i had to deal wwith those awwful angels all by my self
ERIDAN: do you havve any idea howw hard those assholes are to kill
ERIDAN: like at least a minute of sustained fire from only the most legendary wweapon evver and they wwere FAST and ANGRY as SHIT
KARKAT: YEAH WE TALKED ABOUT THAT TOO.
KARKAT: I REALLY DON'T THINK YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE KILLING THEM DUDE.
KARKAT: I KEPT SAYING, I THINK THEY'RE LIKE GAME CONSTRUCTS OR SOMETHING. THERE TO SERVE SOME OTHER GAME PURPOSE, NOT FOR YOU TO HUNT DOWN.
KARKAT: THEY DIDN'T EVEN GIVE YOU ANY GRIST, YOU IDIOT. THAT WAS YOUR FIRST CLUE.
ERIDAN: fine wwhatevver your still missin the point
ERIDAN: wwhere wwas evverybody wwhy are they avvoidin me all the time
KARKAT: THEY WERE TOO SCARED SHITLESS TO SET FOOT ON YOUR PLANET FOR MORE THAN A SECOND!
KARKAT: BETWEEN A TRIGGERHAPPY PRINCE WITH A GOD WEAPON BLASTING ANYTHING THAT TWITCHED AND A MILLION CRAZED ANGELS HE DELIBERATELY ENRAGED, IT WASN'T WHAT I'D CALL AN IDEAL SOCIAL HUB.
KARKAT: IF YOU WERE LONELY WHY DIDN'T YOU VENTURE OUT MORE OFTEN?
ERIDAN: wwell i wwoulda but nobody else wwas vvolunteerin to pick up the slack on angel killin duties
KARKAT: OH MY FUCKING GOD WHY DON'T YOU LISTEN
ERIDAN: and anywways i did leavve
ERIDAN: evventually
KARKAT: LEAVING YOUR PLANET TO GO DUEL WITH SOLLUX ISN'T BEING SOCIABLE YOU THICK FUCK.
KARKAT: AND YOU KNOW WHAT, YOU DESERVED GETTING YOUR ASS HANDED TO YOU, BECAUSE I WARNED YOU AND YOU DIDN'T LISTEN.
ERIDAN: yeah ok wwe wwill see wwhos becomin the proud neww recipient a wwhose ass noww
KARKAT: ARGH, LOOK
KARKAT: JUST STAY HERE FOR A WHILE, OK? NO MORE BROODING IN THE LAB, AND ABSOLUTELY NO FUCKING DUELING. STAY OUT OF TROUBLE.

**** Time for Trickster mode. Press CTRL + T (or SHIFT + T)***

**** talk to Sollux***

> Turn on Heir Conditioning

**** (it'll stop playing when you leave.)***

**** talk to the Earthbound stars***

> Talk.

This asshole only has one record!

> Talk.

Thrust. Thrust. Thrust. Thrust.

> Talk.

I miss the other guy, at least he had some *taste*.

> Talk.

Man where the hell'd that awesome clown go??

**** Press CTRL + T to return to the main lab...***

**** to the hornpile***

> Talk to Feferi and Sollux.

SOLLUX: oh GOD, iit'2 hiim.

SOLLUX: ff can you tell hiim two go away, ii don't even have the energy for thii2.

ERIDAN: hey finless this doesnt concern those wwith mustard sludge slippin through their vveins

ERIDAN: its a matter for royalty only

ERIDAN: so keep your mouth closed or ill slit you open ovver my next meal

SOLLUX: w/e bro, not iintere2ted.

FEFERI: -Eridan, please! I don't want to see any more dueling.

FEFERI: Don't try to provoke )(im. It's not like I don't know w)(at you're doing! You keep trying to spark a rivalry wit)( )(im to get me to auspisticize between you two, and pull us out of our quadrant!

FEFERI: It is t)(e oldest and lamest trick in t)(e book. It didn't work t)(en and it won't work now!

ERIDAN: thats an astonishin accusation howw could you say that

ERIDAN: first as if this scum is evven wworthy of a rivvalry wwith me and second as if im not totally DONE wwith you like i havve TOLD you REPEATEDLY

ERIDAN: all i wwant to do is havve a wword wwith you

FEFERI: Ok -Eridan, we can talk. But only if you're planning on being civil.

ERIDAN: thats wwhat you nevver got fef

ERIDAN: you and i are bein civvil by vvery vvirtue a the fact that wwere talkin noww

ERIDAN: wwere royalty you and i and wwe belong together

ERIDAN: evven if not in THAT WWAY wwhich i get that youre not into and thats fine

ERIDAN: but wwe belong together as the rulin class if nothin else

ERIDAN: so im gonna ask you this one last time and givve you the choice

ERIDAN: im about to go please come wwith me

FEFERI: Go wit)( you?? -Eridan, you weren't really serious about going to find Jack, were you?

ERIDAN: of course i wwas
ERIDAN: and wwe should do it together
ERIDAN: youvve got nothin to fear noww ivve reached a neww heights of powwer no one else can dream of not evven mindfang wwith her garish orange swweatsuit and her silly flappy wwings and all her poppycock about luck wwhich evveryone wwith a think pan knowws to be the fakest fiction that evver failed to exist
SOLLUX: thii2 ii2 the mo2t hiilariiou2 thiing ii've ever heard, he made one of hii2 2hiitty fake wand2 glow a liittle and now he thiink2 he'2 a faiiry god troll or 2omethiing, lmao!
ERIDAN: wwas that slander just i heard i cant evven tell
ERIDAN: i tend to block out noise from filth wwhose blood is practically the complementary fuckin color a mine
FEFERI: )(e )(as a point t)(oug)(, in t)(at you may be overestimating your abilities?
FEFERI: Jack Noir is INSAN-ELY powerful -Eridan! Please, I don't want to see you do anyt)(ing foolis)( by trying to fig)(t )(im.
ERIDAN: fight him
ERIDAN: are you fuckin nuts
ERIDAN: i slaughtered enough angels to knoww my limits and wwhere i stand against the lord of all angels they prophecized
ERIDAN: of course im not gonna fight him i stand no chance in hell against that guy
ERIDAN: im goin to join him
FEFERI: YOU'R-E W)(AT???
ERIDAN: and youre gonna join me in joinin him too fef come on lets go
SOLLUX: AHAHAHAHA, ok that'2 iit, he'2 lo2t iit.
FEFERI: NO I AM NOT! And you aren't eit)(er! T)(at is GLUBBING INSAN-E!
FEFERI: I t)(oug)(t you were supposed to be t)(e Prince of )(ope? )(ow is it )(opeful to surrender to a murderous demon like a COWARD???
ERIDAN: as the prince of hope im uniquely qualified to recognize wwhen all hope is lost
ERIDAN: and im tellin you there is no hope not evven a little bit
ERIDAN: only thing left to do is servve him and hope he spares us
ERIDAN: and im extendin the invvitation to come wwith me cause evven though you dont think so i really do care about you
ERIDAN: servvin under jack together wwell be unstoppable and our anemones wwill tremble before us wwhat do you say
FEFERI: NO. You )(ave lost ALL RIG)(T to use fis)( puns FOR-EV-ER. I revoke your fis)( punning license, as w)(ale as our fronds)(ip!
ERIDAN: dont take that tuna vvoice wwith me princess
FEFERI: W)(AT T)(-E FUCK DID I JUST SAY???
FEFERI: T)(at's it. T)(is makes me sad, -Eridan, but now we )(ave to stop you. We can't let you find Jack and risk you leading )(im to us.
ERIDAN: so thats howw it is is it
SOLLUX: 2he'2 riight, man. can't beliieve thii2, ii wa2 lookiing forward two a nap two.
SOLLUX: ii 2hould have kiilled you on lobaf when ii had the chance.

SOLLUX: oh well, gue22 iit'2 only fiittiing ii'd take you down iin ROUND TWO.

SOLLUX: you ready, priince?

ERIDAN: bring it mage

**** the fight sequence***

ROUND 2 e=mc²

**** you can replay if you want***

```
> Start battle over. > Start game over.
```

==>

**22/01/11**

==>

**22/01/11**

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**22/01/11**

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**22/01/11**

```
KO'D.
```

==>

**22/01/11**

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**22/01/11**

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**22/01/11**

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**22/01/11**

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**22/01/11**

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**22/01/11**

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**22/01/11**

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DEAD
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**23/01/11**
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**23/01/11**

```
HOPESPLODE!
```

==>
**23/01/11**
==>
**23/01/11**
==>
**23/01/11**
==>
**23/01/11**

```
DEAD.
```

are you next?

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF


A-BLAH!
A-BLAH!

pffffffahahaha.....
im going to suck
your blood dude!


EEEEEAAA
AAAAAAA
AAAAAAA
AAAAOOO
```

```
OOOOOOO
EEEAAAA
AAAAAAA
AAAARRRR
RRRRRRGG
GGGGGGGGHHHH


deudly firearms.....


are you next?

are you next?

are you next?
```

## Eridan: Abscond.

**23/01/11**

## ==>

**23/01/11**

## Karkat: Examine Kanaya.

**24/01/11**

KANAYA ARE YOU OK

HEY

OH GOD

WHAT HAS HE DONE.

KANAYA?

PLEASE TELL ME THAT'S JUST GRUB SAUCE.

PLEASE JUST BE GRUB SAUCE PLEASE JUST BE GRUB SAUCE PLEASE JUST BE GRUB SAUCE

HAHA, OK, MAKE-BELIEVE TIME IS OVER!

OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD

## Karkat: Examine Sollux.

**24/01/11**

You are relieved to find Sollux is not DEAD. He is merely KO'D.

You don't think you could handle it if this was ROUND TWO of watching your good bro get killed.

## Karkat: Examine Feferi.

**24/01/11**

```
Alert :
```

She is DEAD.

He is not going to take it well when he wakes up.

You hope he just stays asleep for a while.

## Karkat: Examine Kanaya's computer.

**24/01/11**

```
TROLLIAN


trolling : ????????


ChumpRoll

apocalypseArisen
adiosToreador
twinArmageddons
carcinoGeneticist
arsenicCatnip
grimAuxiliatrix
gallowsCalibrator
arachnidsGrip
centaursTesticle
terminallyCapricious
caligulasAquarium
cuttlefishCuller
```

Someone was contacting her.

What the hell? There's no text in the message window.

Oh, you get it. This joker types in white. Guess you'll have to highlight it to read.

## Karkat: Highlight.

**24/01/11**

```
TROLLIAN


trolling : ????????

Mr. Vantas


ChumpRoll

apocalypseArisen
adiosToreador
twinArmageddons
carcinoGeneticist
arsenicCatnip
grimAuxiliatrix
gallowsCalibrator
```

```
arachnidsGrip
centaursTesticle
terminallyCapricious
caligulasAquarium
cuttlefishCuller
```

pesterlog
GA: WHAT THE FUCK?
GA: WHO ARE YOU, AND WHY ARE YOU MESSAGING ME THROUGH KANAYA'S ACCOUNT?
GA: I SERIOUSLY DON'T NEED THIS SHIT RIGHT NOW.

==>
**24/01/11**

```
Don't turn your back on the body.
```

==>
**24/01/11**
What is that supposed to mean? That is the dumbest advice you ever heard.

You type some more curse words into the chat window, but there is no response.

Body? Which body? What was he talking about?

## Karkat: Turn around.

**24/01/11**

```
Alert : ♈
```

You turn around very slowly, pretending not to be nervous.

All of the bodies in the room remain as they were. There is clearly nothing to be concerned about whatsoever.

Oh look. Gamzee is messaging you back, FINALLY. You wonder what the hell he's been up to all this time.

## Karkat: Answer.

**24/01/11**

```
TROLLIAN


trolling : terminallyCapricious

terminallyCapricious [TC] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

TC: honk.


ChumpRoll

apocalypseArisen
```

```
adiosToreador
twinArmageddons
carcinoGeneticist
arsenicCatnip
grimAuxiliatrix
gallowsCalibrator
arachnidsGrip
centaursTesticle
terminallyCapricious
caligulasAquarium
cuttlefishCuller
```

pesterlogterminallyCapricious [TC] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

TC: honk.
CG: GAMZEE!!!
CG: FUCK
CG: THERE YOU ARE, YOU HAD ME WORRIED DUDE
TC: HONK.
CG: UH
CG: YEAH
CG: WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ANYWAY, I TOLD EVERYONE TO LET ME KNOW IF YOU'RE GONNA WANDER OFF.
TC: honk.
TC: HONK.
TC: honk.
TC: HONK.
CG: YEAH, I GET IT WISE GUY, YOU'RE A FUCKING CLOWN, WHO CARES.
CG: QUIT THE BULLSHIT PARTYCLOWN ANTICS AND GET YOUR ASS BACK HERE.
CG: THE SHIT HAS HIT THE WHIRLING DEVICE, AND YOU COULD BE IN SERIOUS DANGER OUT THERE.
TC: shut up.
CG: WHAT...
TC: I SAID SHUT THE MOTHERFUCK UP, MOTHERFUCKER.
TC: honk honk honk :o)
CG: DUDE
CG: ARE YOU OK
CG: YOU'RE REALLY WEIRDING ME OUT.
TC: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA.
TC: uh, yeah...
TC: I GUESS I'M ALL MOTHERFUCKIN WEIRDING OUT AT SOME EXTENT TO MY OWN MOTHERFUCKIN SELF.
TC: but it's all good, i'm chill with it.
CG: OH GOD
CG: NO NO NO, PLEASE DON'T TELL ME YOU WENT CRAZY, I COULDN'T TAKE THAT ON TOP OF ALL THIS.
TC: ON TOP OF MOTHERFUCKIN WHAT, MOTHERFUCKER.
CG: ERIDAN JUST FLIPPED HIS SHIT AND KILLED FEFERI AND KANAYA, AND I'M FREAKING THE FUCK OUT ABOUT IT.

TC: heh heh.
CG: HEH HEH???
CG: WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?
CG: SERIOUSLY, GET BACK HERE NOW, AND HAVE A SLIME PIE TO RELAX OR SOMETHING.
TC: SLIME?
TC: there is no more slime, brother.
TC: AND ANYWAY.
TC: shit was motherfuckin poison, didn't you know?
CG: UH...
CG: NO? I MEAN, I WOULD NEVER EAT IT, BUT
TC: THEN GET MOTHERFUCKIN SCHOOLFED ALL ABOUT THE WICKED NEWS, PUNCHLINE BLOODED MOTHERFUCKER.
TC: it rots you.
TC: RUSTS YOUR MOTHERFUCKIN THINK PAN.
TC: and the floor all stares up back at you through the motherfuckin hole.
TC: BUT THERE IS NO HOLE NOW.
TC: only under motherfuckin standing of who all i was made out to be all along.
TC: ONLY UNDER MOTHERFUCKING STANDING OF WHO ALL I WAS MADE OUT TO MOTHERFUCKING BE ALL A MOTHERFUCKING LONG.
CG: OH MY GOD
CG: NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
TC: i've been kicking the wicked ignorance on this shit.
TC: BEEN MOTHERFUCKIN SLAUGHTERING THE WICKED IGNORANCE, BRO.
TC: all up in lifelong denial about my calling.
TC: AS A DESCENDANT OF THE HIGH MOTHERFUCKIN SUBJUGGLATORS.
TC: we are higher than you, brother.
TC: WE ARE HIGHER THAN MOTHERFUCKIN EVERYBODY.
TC: honk.
CG: GAMZEE
CG: PLEASE NO
TC: and now i'm the last one, so i finally motherfuckin understand.
TC: I FINALLY GOT MY MOTHERFUCKING UNDERSTAND ON TO WHO THE MIRTHFUL MESSIAHS ARE.
TC: they were always both me. :o)
TC: AND ALSO MOTHERFUCKING ME. Do:
TC: and now.
TC: AND MOTHERFUCKING NOW.
TC: i am going to motherfuckin kill all you motherfuckers.
CG: OH GOD
CG: OH MAN
CG: OH GOD
TC: I AM GOING TO MOTHERFUCKING KILL ALL YOU MOTHERFUCKERS.
TC: and paint the wicked pictures with your motherfuckin blood.
TC: FROM YOUR VEINS WILL DRIP MY MIRACLES.
TC: your crushed bones will make my special stardust.

TC: WELCOME TO THE DARK CARNIVAL, BROTHER.
TC: honk.
TC: HONK.
TC: honk.
TC: HOOOOOOOOOOONK.

terminallyCapricious [TC] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

==>

**24/01/11**

You have never been so scared in your entire life.

## Karkat: Open memo.

**25/01/11**

```
Alert : ♋
```

pesterlogCURRENT carcinoGeneticist [CCG] RIGHT NOW opened memo on board TEAM ADORABLOODTHIRSTY.

CCG: THIS IS PROBABLY THE LAST MEMO I WILL WRITE.
CCG: BECAUSE FIRST OF ALL, THERE'S PRETTY MUCH NOTHING LEFT TO SAY.
CCG: AND SECOND OF ALL, I MIGHT BE DEAD SOON.
CCG: I'M JUST HOPING SOME OF YOU IDIOTS READ THIS, AND EVEN IF YOU THINK I'M FULL OF SHIT NOW, WHEN IT ALL STARTS GOING DOWN YOU MIGHT JUST REMEMBER WHAT I SAID AND SAVE YOURSELVES.
CCG: THE WORST CASE SCENARIO HAS HAPPENED.
CCG: THE BARD OF RAGE IS ON THE LOOSE.
CCG: YEAH, I KNOW WE ALL THOUGHT THAT TITLE WAS A JOKE, BUT IT TURNED OUT IT WASN'T.
CCG: HE'S COMPLETELY SNAPPED, AND FOR THOSE OF YOU FURTHER AHEAD ON THE TIMELINE, I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW DANGEROUS HE IS.
CCG: REMEMBER WHAT HE DID TO THE BLACK KING.
CCG: NOBODY COULD EXPLAIN IT, AND THEN HE JUST WENT BACK TO SPACING OUT FOR THE REST OF THE BATTLE.
CCG: I MEAN SERIOUSLY, WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT.
CCG: I DON'T EVEN THINK THE KING COULD FUCKING BELIEVE IT, FRANKLY.
CCG: DID ANYONE'S ATTACK DO AS MUCH DAMAGE? I DON'T THINK SO.
CCG: I DON'T EVEN THINK VRISKA'S DID, ALTHOUGH IT'S HARD TO SAY SINCE THAT WAS THE KNOCKOUT BLOW.
CCG: ^^^ SPOILERS.
CCG: I GUESS WE THOUGHT IT WAS LIKE A SECRET JOKE POWER OR SOMETHING?
CCG: BUT THE JOKE IS ON US.
CCG: HE IS OUT OF PIE, AND NOW THE FAYGO GENIE IS OUT OF THE SHITTY SODA BOTTLE FOR GOOD.
CCG: WE ARE SO SCREWED.
CCG: OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK.
CCG: GUYS, I AM TERRIFIED, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

CCG: I'M IN A ROOM FULL OF BODIES, AND I THINK I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO TURN MY BACK ON THEM?
CCG: OH MY GOD, I JUST HEARD A HONK.
CCG: OH GOD OH GOD OH MAN OH GOD
CCG: NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
CCG: IT CAME FROM THE HORN PILE
CCG: I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS JUST THE BODY SETTLING ON AN ERRANT HORN OR...
CCG: OR IF...
CCG: I HAVE TO GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.
PAST terminallyCapricious [PTC] 420 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PTC: HeY BeSt fRiEnD.
PTC: nOw wHaT ThE MoThEr fUcK WiLl i bE SuPpOsEd tO Do?
PTC: i'M nOt FoLlOwInG.
CCG: PAST GAMZEE, GOD DAMN IT.
CCG: I AM TRYING TO WARN PEOPLE OF YOUR MURDEROUS FUTURE SELF.
CCG: THIS PRACTICALLY DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU.
CCG: NOW GO BACK TO GROPING YOUR HORNS AND BEING DISTRACTED BY COLORS YOU USELESS FUCK.
PTC: YeAh, I CaN DeFiNiTeLy cArRy oUt tHaT OrDeR, bRo.
PTC: i gUeSs i'lL WaIt uNtIl tHe mOtHeRfUcKiN FuTuRe hApPeNs tO SeE AbOuT WhAt aLl tHiS MuRdErInG NoIsE Is. :o)
CCG banned PTC from responding to memo.
CCG: LIKE I WAS SAYING.
CCG: STILL FREAKING OUT.
CCG: AUGH
CCG: THERE WAS ANOTHER LITTLE HONK
CCG: IT WAS SO FAINT
CCG: DID I JUST IMAGINE IT? I THINK I MIGHT BE LOSING IT.
CCG: I REALLY HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE, BUT
CCG: I SHOULD TRY TO REVIVE THEM FIRST.
CCG: I KNOW DERSE AND PROSPIT ARE GONE, BUT IF THERE'S ANY CHANCE AT ALL THEY SURVIVED I'VE GOT TO TRY.
CCG: I'M NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO GOING NEAR THAT HORN PILE THOUGH.
CCG: WHAT IF HE'S BEEN IN THERE THE WHOLE TIME???
CCG: I AM SHITTING MYSELF SO HARD HERE, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO DO.
CCG: GUESS I HAVE TO BRAVE IT FOR FEFERI'S SAKE.
PAST cuttlefishCuller [PCC] 380 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PCC: For my sake? 38)
PCC: W)(at do you mean, Crabcatc)(?
CCG: OH GOD, FEFERI...
PCC: Is any of t)(is serious?
PCC: It's so )(ard to tell! All of your memos )(ave been so outrageous, I can't even decide w)(at to take seriously anymore.
PCC: T)(is one sounds like the biggest w)(opper of all, to be conknest!
CCG: YES I AM DEAD "GLUBBING" SERIOUS, OK.
PCC: STILL SOUNDS PRETTY FIS)(Y TO M-E!!! 38D

CCG: FEFERI, I'M SORRY.
CCG: IT WAS MY FAULT, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.
PCC: Sorry for w)(at??
CCG: FOR
CCG: I
CCG: I CAN'T DO THIS
CCG: IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME, I'M SORRY.
CCG banned PCC from responding to memo.
CCG: BEFORE I GO
CCG: EVERYONE SHOULD ALSO KNOW ERIDAN HAD A COMPLETE SHITHIVE MELTDOWN TOO
CCG: HE'S GOING AROUND KILLING PEOPLE WITH HIS MAGIC WAND
CCG: SO KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR HIM.
CCG: IF I RUN INTO HIM AGAIN, I'M...
CCG: I DON'T EVEN KNOW.
CCG: HE BETTER PRAY TO ALL HIS MURDERED ANGELS IT DOESN'T HAPPEN.
PAST caligulasAquarium [PCA] 311 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PCA: a magic wwand is that so
PCA: kar come on noww evveryone fuckin KNOWWS this memos rubbish

==>

**26/01/11**

```
Alert : ♋
```

pesterlogCCG: HEY ASSHOLE
CCG: CONSIDER OUR "PACT" OVER
PCA: wwevve got a pact
CCG: NOT ANYMORE
CCG: YOU ARE DEAD TO ME
CCG: PAST YOU, PRESENT YOU, FUTURE YOU
CCG: AND ABOVE ALL, UGLY SCARFNECKED DOUCHEBAG HIPSTER YOU
CCG: WAIT I FORGOT, ALL OF THE YOUS ARE THAT YOU
CCG: IF I WASN'T SO TERRIFIED, I'D BE CONSUMED WITH ANGER, AND AS SOON AS I'M DONE COWERING IN A DARK CORNER HIDING FROM THAT HONKING MURDEROUS TOOL, I'M GOING TO HUNT YOU DOWN AND FILLET YOU WITH MY SICKLE.
PCA: wwhoa kar
PCA: this is nothin if not flatterin but dont you think youre comin on a little strong
CCG: OH GOD
CCG: I AM NOT HITTING ON YOU IDIOT, THIS IS HONEST TO GOD PLATONIC ENMITY
CCG: LIKE IN THE "I REALLY DO WANT YOU TO DIE" KIND OF WAY.
CCG: I AM NOT INITIATING AN ELABORATE CALIGINOUS WALTZ WITH YOU YOU DESPERATE SHIT.
PCA: i mean yeah obvviously i kneww you wwerent serious
PCA: i guess i appreciate the effort youre puttin into cheerin me up
PCA: i can alwways count on you for some good ironic repartee kar nobody else really gets our

sense a humor
CCG: UGH, NO
PCA: are you busy
PCA: you said youd try to make it to lowwaa soon wwell howw about it
CCG: DUDE, ARE YOU AN IDIOT, YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE I AM FROM 300 FUCKING HOURS IN THE FUTURE, EVEN IF I WERE REMOTELY INTERESTED, WHICH TO THAT I SIMPLY SAY WHAT THE FUCK.
PCA: oh hahaha yeah losin track a the time shit is easy wwhen wwe start riffin like this kar
CCG: LIKE WHAT? WHAT ARE WE EVEN DOING HERE
PCA: im just lonely here and i got major ordeals to keep afloat wwith
CCG: I KNOW YOU'RE LONELY, GOD DAMN IT, WHO CARES.
PCA: im sayin it wwould be cool to hang out and you said you wwould
PCA: can you put in a wword wwith your past self maybe buggin him to make the trip wwhen he gets the chance
CCG: WAIT, WERE YOU HITTING ON ME BACK THEN?
CCG: *ARE* YOU HITTING ON ME?
CCG: LIKE AN ACTUAL RED SOLICITATION, IS THAT WAS THIS WAS???
PCA: wwhat
CCG: GOD DAMN IT, I AM CHEWING YOU OUT FOR WAND MURDER, AND YOU ARE FLIRTING WITH ME
CCG: MY FUCKING GOD MAN.
PCA: hey im not spyin you bein anythin but cagey wwhat wwith this wwhole line a humor and all
CCG: HOW ABOUT NO, DIPSHIT, NOT INTERESTED?????
PCA: evven if i wwasnt compelled to think you wwere still bein flippant and ironic wwith me you cant exactly outright reject me can you
CCG: WHY NOT
PCA: cause youre future you
PCA: doesnt count unless its present you til then its all fair game
CCG: IS THIS REAL, ARE YOU BEING IRONIC OR SOMETHING, I CAN'T EVEN TELL ANYMORE
CCG: THE PROBLEM IS, I CAN'T PUT THIS SORT OF BEHAVIOR PAST YOU AT ALL, SO I DON'T KNOW.
PCA: just send past you ovver man wwell hang out
PCA: its not like im doin anythin right noww
CCG: LIKE FUCK YOU AREN'T
PCA: wwhats that mean
CCG: YOU'RE KILLING ANGELS NOW, AREN'T YOU
PCA: no
CCG: YOU ARE KILLING FUCKING ANGELS, RIGHT NOW, IN THE PAST, WITH YOUR SHITTY GUN. I JUST KNOW IT.
PCA: wwell uh
PCA: therere just so damn many kar and theyre not gettin any less bloody pissed is the thing
CCG: THIS IS WHY IT WOULD NEVER WORK BETWEEN US, MAN.
CCG: BECAUSE YOU ARE A STONE COLD RETARDED FUCKING IDIOT.
CCG: NOT TO MENTION COWARDLY BACKSTABBING MURDERER.
CCG: I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU FOREVER.

PCA: kar im gettin some seriously mixed signals here
CCG: HOW COULD YOU DO THAT TO THEM
PCA: wwhat to wwho
CCG: TO
CCG: FUCK
CCG: I THOUGHT YOU LOVED HER.
PCA: wwho man wwhat are you talkin about
CCG: AND ALSO...
PCA: wwhat youre not makin sense
CCG: I CAN'T
CCG: I CAN'T EVEN TYPE HER NAME
CCG: SHE WAS MY FRIEND
CCG: SHE WAS MY REALLY *GOOD* FRIEND AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL TO DO NOW THAT SHE'S GONE.
CCG: I'M SO UPSET, I'M JUST COMPLETELY FREAKING OUT IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE.
PCA: yeah i knoww wwhat its like you wwanna talk about it
CCG: FUCK NO.
CCG: I CAN'T STAND TO LOOK AT YOUR DUMB PURPLE WORDS ANYMORE.
CCG: NEXT TIME I SEE THAT SHITTY COLOR YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT'LL BE COMING OUT OF YOUR BODY.
CCG: AND NO, FOR THE LOVE OF FUCK, THAT WAS NOT INNUENDO.
CCG banned PCA from responding to memo.
CCG: ANYWAY
CCG: THAT'S IT I GUESS.
FUTURE terminallyCapricious [FTC] 0:42:00 HOURS FROM NOW responded to memo.
FTC: honk.
CCG: OH GOD
FTC: HEY BEST MOTHERFUCKING FRIEND.
FTC: what all seems to be the motherfuckin problem? :o)
CCG: OH GOD OH GOD
CCG: DON'T YOU SEE EVERYONE?
CCG: THIS CRAZY FUCKER HAS COMPLETELY CRACKED, I TOLD YOU.
FTC: THAT'S KICKIN THE WICKED MOTHERFUCKIN MISINFORMATION, MY BROTHER.
FTC: i'm as chill as all what's can be.
FTC: NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, JUST MOTHERFUCKIN GONNA SIT AND ZONE THE MOTHERFUCK OUT WITH A PAN RUSTING PIE LIKE AS MY USUAL MOTHERFUCKIN SELF DOES.
FTC: honk.
FTC: HONK.
FTC: honk.
FTC: HONK.
CCG: OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD
FTC: i'm in your future, best friend.
FTC: I KNOW WHERE YOU MOTHERFUCKING ARE.
FTC: and what you'll motherfuckin do.

CCG: NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
FTC: AND ALSO.
FTC: and also.
FTC: GUESS MOTHERFUCKIN WHAT.
CCG: .....
CCG: NO I DON'T WANT TO
FTC: i'm all about to be meeting up some friends. :o)
FTC: GOING TO GET PRETTY MOTHERFUCKING FRIENDLY AT THEM REAL SOON.
FTC: i wonder if you can all be at with me in time and make me get my reconsider on?
FTC: MAYBE SPLIT AN ELIXIR LIKE A COUPLE OF CHOICE BROS.
FTC: just like we are... :o)
FTC: ME AND HIM. Do:
FTC: hoooooooooooooooooonk. ;oD
CCG: OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK OH FUCK
CCG: I HAVE TO GO

CCG closed memo.

## Terezi: Examine Tavros.

**26/01/11**

```
UPSETTING DISCOVERY
```

Oh my!

What have we here???

## ==>

**26/01/11**

```
honk.
```

The upset of the upsetting discovery quickly turns to dismay and grief. Adios, sweet Toreadoormat.

You succumb to emotion. Tears are in order, probably. You attempt a sniffle. A wobble of the lip, even.

Alas, the tears will not come. Stupid lousy doomed Dave and your stupid lousy complicity in his death. Getting you all cried out like that.

Oh well, whatever. There are more important things at hand to concern yourself with than the flow of teal ocular discharge. A crime has been committed.

And where crime strikes, there is justice to be done.

## Terezi: Investigate.

**26/01/11**

The scene is a gruesome spectacle to your nose, otherwise known as a nostacle. Under other circumstances, the aroma could be delightful. A rich chocolatey bouquet, sent from the heavens.

But at the scene of this fresh murder, the smell is highly unpalatable. Stomach turning, even. It smells like all the worst things you would expect it to, and more.

But a true legislacerator must be steeled to the revolting. Only the truth matters. And if there's one thing that matters even more than the truth, which there is, it's justice. Someone is going to pay.

## Terezi: Consider suspects.

**26/01/11**

Before the full investigation is underway, a legislacerator will always have a chief suspect in mind. The one she will hold guilty until proven otherwise, a process customarily taking place after the execution.

Even so, it is only prudent to stay open to the possibility of other culprits. As they say in your line of work, there's always room on the gallows for more to swing. And though executing the wrong person is only a minor embarrassment to the courtblock, it is an embarrassment nonetheless.

His Tyranny will surely commend you for your due diligence by graciously neglecting to eat you after the trial.

## Terezi: Sniff around for clues.

**26/01/11**

Above, you detect faint traces of what you reckon to be special stardust, such as the kind left behind by the flapping wings of a mischievous fairy.

Suspicious indeed.

## ==>

**26/01/11**

```
HONK.
```

And not far from that, you detect bright trails of white light. It smells... hopeful.

Also curious.

And that noise. Behind you...

## Terezi: Inspect noise.

**26/01/11**

```
HONK honk HONK honk HONK honk HONK.

TEREZI: H3 H3 H3
```

Oh, of course. It is Gamzee up to his unmistakable charades. He is wandering around somewhere out there in the abyss.

He probably has no idea what sort of danger he is in, with one or more murderers on the loose. Poor guy. You will have to seek him out shortly and offer him protection. You'd feel terrible if you were to lose any more friends.

## Terezi: Deploy forensics crew.

**26/01/11**

But first you must complete your investigation.

Professor Pucefoot, Inspector Berrybreath, and Doctor Honeytongue reporting.

Your team of forensic scientists is the best there is. There is no bit of evidence which will escape their eager and busy snouts.

## Terezi: Draw outline.

**27/01/11**

```
DRAAAAAW
```

Professor Pucefoot immediately begins drawing a pointless chalk outline around the body, as is standard protocol.

Which is to say, you hold up a piece of chalk to his snout and draw it yourself. Yuck, the chalk is getting blood on it! You will have to discard that color.

## Terezi: Dust for prints.

**27/01/11**

```
DAB

DUST DUST DUST
```

You grind up a piece of chalk and dab Inspector Berrybreath's ample plush rump into the powder.

You dust the victim's robotic apparatus, revealing nothing. Quite the slippery one you're dealing with.

==>

**27/01/11**

```
DOOF DOOF DOOF
```

There are no prints on the victim's face either.

THIS WAS SURELY THE WORK OF A MASTER CRIMINAL.

==>

**27/01/11**

The murder weapon however reveals a plethora of prints! Your keen tongue tells you that most of these belong to the victim. But several are unidentified. Hmm...

(You are only pretending to think there is any chance they are not Vriska's, because otherwise it would be no fun.)

==>

**27/01/11**

The inspector's bottom has become dreadfully bloody though...

You believe you will dismiss the inspector.

==>

**27/01/11**

## Terezi: Get medical report.

**27/01/11**

```
whisper whisper
```

What's that, Doctor Honeytongue? Your analysis is inconclusive? You are recommending a full autopsy of the corpse, you say?

==>

**27/01/11**

```
BOOF
```

No, Honeytongue! Are you quite mad???

The corpse must not be dismembered just yet! There could still be hope for the victim's resurrection! And according to the legislacerator's handbook, the victim's well being is among the highest of investigative priorities.

The odds that his dream self survived are quite slim, you admit. But you must at least try for the sake of your friend, even if it means braving the awful stench.

## Terezi: Prepare to revive.

**27/01/11**

This is not going to be pretty. But what are friends for if they can't smooch each others butchered corpses when the need arises? You will just have to suck it up. You can do it, Terezi.

==>

**27/01/11**

```
RIP
```

==>

**27/01/11**

==>

**27/01/11**

```
pucker
```

==>

**27/01/11**

==>

**27/01/11**

## Karkat and Terezi: Revive.

**28/01/11**

2x CORPSESMOOCH COMBO!!!

==>

**28/01/11**

Alas, they cannot be revived.

Their dream selves have been slain.

## Rufio: Make him pay.

**28/01/11**

Oh no! Rufio has just been murdered through the chest by his cruel nemesis, Captain Hook! His newfound father figure and Man-Skylark watches in horror!!!

```
RUFIO: Looky looky, I got Hooky!

PETER: No!

RUFIO: Do you know what I wish?
RUFIO: I wish I had a Dad like you.

JACK: Oh Dad, I'm sorry.
```

==>

**28/01/11**

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

==>

**28/01/11**

Speak to me, Rufio.

Oh god what has he done. Rufio? Please tell me that's just mohawk dye. Please just be mohawk dye please just be mohawk dye please just be mohawk dye. Haha, ok, make-believe time is over! Oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god.

I wish you had a dad like me too, Rufio. And how I wish you could have been my son. You were so much better than that traitorous piece of shit Cal who betrayed me to join Hook.

You taught me so much, Rufio. You taught me to crow. You taught me to fight. You taught me to fly. Please don't teach me to die now. I know no one thought you were real. But I believed in you. I always believed. I won't let you leave me.

## AH: Revive.

**28/01/11**

THIS

==>

**28/01/11**

IS

==>

**28/01/11**

STUPID

Why don't we see what John's up to.

==>

**30/01/11**

## John: Behold puffy oracle.

**30/01/11**

You are transfixed by the haunting mystery and beauty of this cloud's message. How long have you been staring at it? Minutes? Hours? You have begun to lose track of time.

What could it be? Two squirming cephalopods locked in a mating ritual? You suppose you will never know.

## John: Snap out of it.

**30/01/11**

You somehow manage to pry your eyes from the exquisite celestial projection.

You have been exploring the battlefield with a new ally, a friendly fellow who strikes you as a sort of WIZARDLY VASSAL. Your travels have led you here.

You spy a WALLET lying on the ground.

## John: Take wallet.

**30/01/11**

You pick up the WALLET. It is full of many things. But the first thing to catch your eye is a NOTE.

## John: Read note.

**30/01/11**

```
SON. IF YOU ARE READING THIS, IT MEANS YOU HAVE INHERITED MY
WALLET. YOU HAVE TRULY BECOME AN ADULT MAN. WIELD IT WITH
RESPONSIBILITY AND INTEGRITY. I AM SO, SO PROUD OF YOU.
```

## John: Become overwhelmed with responsibility.

**30/01/11**

You are suddenly extremely overwhelmed. How can one boy handle such awesome power and responsibility?

You also wonder why your dad dropped his wallet. It's as if he knew you would find it here. Perhaps he has been cloud gazing too?

Anyway, you wonder what else he's got in here?

## John: Check contents of wallet.

**30/01/11**

The first card you examine contains ONE TON OF SHAVING CREAM.

Your father is nothing if not prepared.

## WV?: Inspect windy boy's treasure.

**30/01/11**

```
BEARD BUSTER
```

```
Barbasol

THICK & RICH SHAVING CREAM
```

Oh goodness, such lovely cargo the boy has produced from his small brown square.

The black and white patterns on these little carapaced cylinders are impossibly attractive.

## ==>

**30/01/11**

You should be careful with that. Do you have any idea how flammable shaving cream is?

## WV?: IMBIBE LIKE THE WIND.

**30/01/11**

```
SHOOOOOOOOOOSH

BLUH
```

You gulp down decadent foamy dollops of the BEARD BUSTER, and quickly respond with the BLUH callback as depicted jostling in the lower right hand corner of the image, because it is not nearly as tasty as you'd hoped.

But then you keep eating it anyway.

## John: Empty wallet.

**30/01/11**

```
[EJECT]

[POLISH]
```

You don't have all day to be pawing through this thing while your silly friend eats shaving cream. You've already wasted hours staring at mysterious things happening in clouds.

Time to take a rapid inventory.

## John: Examine contents.

**30/01/11**

Look at all this fatherly loot!

An inviting PILE OF PIPES, a somewhat less inviting PILE OF RAZOR BLADES, a SPARE CAR, an assortment of SHOES, HATS, and TIES, several issues of THE SERIOUS JESTER, TICKET STUBS TO CIRQUE DU SOLEIL (you would prefer to forget what happened that day, he was just so embarrassing), a BRIEFCASE FULL OF FATHERLY DOCUMENTS, a VARIETY OF PHOTOGRAPHS, a LAPTOP COMPUTER, TEN TONS OF PIPE TOBACCO, and a LIGHTER.

## John: Examine photographs.

**30/01/11**

```
3 eggs
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 1/4 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 teaspoons baking -owder
1 1/2 teaspoons vanil-
```

```
1 cup milk
```

The wallet unsurprisingly contained a series of sentimental photographs of you when you were young. Some of these photos appear to have jokes written on the back. Others, cake recipes.

He also kept a series of portraits of some of his favorite comedians. Some are understandable. Harry Anderson goes without saying. Bill Cosby? LIVING FATHERLY LEGEND. But his interest in Mr. Foxworthy always struck you as a little lame. Those redneck jokes were so corny and stupid. You secretly suspected your father was mostly arrested by the man's mustache. Maybe he fantasized about shaving the man's egregious furry lip? This seems like a reasonable theory to you.

## John: Examine laptop.

**30/01/11**

Hooray, a computer! You have been dying for a way to talk to your friends again.

He bought this laptop at the DADLY DEPOT, an incredibly boring store established to furnish dignified gentlemen everywhere with dull fatherly goods. It was always so boring when he dragged you there. You have no idea who this douche bag is. "Who's this douche bag?" is what you ask every time you see his smug face. Maybe you're being unfair to the man, though.

Some guy named Crosby, you guess? Who cares. He's so boring.

## John: Clean up this mess.

**31/01/11**

You recaptchalogue the stuff and put it away neatly in your dad's sweet wallet.

You are almost done. Just one more thing to...

## ==>

**31/01/11**

```
BEEP.
```

Oh for the love of...

## John: Get in.

**31/01/11**

```
ROLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL.
```

Fine. You guess you are going for a little ride.

## John: Buckle up.

**31/01/11**

Safety is the most important thing.

## WV?: Follow suit.

**31/01/11**

```
CLICK.
```

You presume the windy boy knows what he is doing. You tug the dark sash across your chest and secure it.

This is an incredible look for you. It's too bad the fashion accessory seems to trap you inside this vehicle. Human fashion and transportation and safety sure are weird, and apparently interrelated.

## WV?: Ride.

**31/01/11**

Your feet do not reach the little steppy levers.

Your copilot points out that you also do not have the key.

You are terribly disappointed.

## John: Just do windy thing already.

**31/01/11**

He probably would have been a terrible driver anyway.

## John and WV?: Ascend.

**31/01/11**

## WE HAVE.

**31/01/11**

LIFDOFF

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

COCTINUED


and there he goe's

WE HAVE.


LIFDOFF


cloun


dufe, are you
SCOPING this bitches
CHOICE ASS


GEROMY
(again)
```

## John: Pester Jade.

**01/02/11**

```
BEEP. BEEP.
```

pesterlog-- ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering gardenGnostic [GG] --

EB: hey jade, are you there? i have a computer now.
EB: this boring guy keeps blinking at me though, and it's weird.
GG: john!!! :D
GG: wow, finally!

EB: hi!
EB: sorry i disappeared after you entered the game...
EB: but from what i have seen in the clouds, it doesn't look like you have had much trouble making progress!
GG: nope!
GG: dave was able to set up as my server player
GG: he is building up my house right now so that we can deploy some equipment up there
EB: oh, nice!
EB: dave is serving ALL the ladies, isn't he?
GG: yep!
EB: he is like a dude on butler island.
EB: i mean, a dude who happens to be one of the butlers...
EB: doing a lot of serving, to various ladies who are vacationing at this snooty resort.
EB: wait, i am fucking this up.
GG: :o
GG: thats ok, i wont tell him about it
EB: ok, good.
EB: all i am saying is, why can't i have a dave butler too?
GG: well, maybe you can.....
GG: i will try to put in a good word for you B)
EB: thank you.
EB: what is the equipment you're deploying?
GG: im not sure!
GG: something to do with cloning i guess? it serves some purpose in my quest as witch of space
GG: a nice troll named kanaya has been advising me on stuff about that
GG: have you talked to her?
EB: hmm... i don't think so. not recently anyway.
GG: you should!
GG: a bunch of trolls are not nearly as bad as i thought
GG: even karkat! he has been helping me too... sort of, hehe
EB: he has? but i thought he "hated" you!
GG: oh yeah, he said plenty of stuff like that, but i dont think he ever actually meant it
GG: flying off the handle is part is of his charm in a funny way, once you know that about him
EB: yes, this is what i have concluded about him as well.
EB: he is a pretty great guy. i am really looking forward to more of his outbursts, especially his first conversation with me, which i am to understand will be legendary.
EB: but we shouldn't tell him we said any of this, or he will be "furious"!
GG: heheheh
GG: shhhhhhhhh
EB: so what else have you been up to?
EB: we should try to catch up as much as possible!
GG: yeah!
GG: hmm what else... theres been so much going on, its been a little hard to keep track of it all!
GG: why dont you tell me what youve been up to first?
EB: oh man.
EB: you will never guess what i am doing right now.

EB: go ahead, try to guess, you will not succeed.
GG: .....
GG: whoa :O
GG: john where did you get that nice flying car??????
EB: oh god dammit!

==>

**01/02/11**

```
BEEEEEEEEEEEEP.
```

pesterlogEB: how do you know!
EB: do you have rose's crystal ball?
GG: sort of!
GG: she gave me the code, and i made a cool pair of goggles with it
EB: argh, i am surrounded by real life witches!
EB: everyone i know is turning magic, it's ridiculous.
EB: including me! i'm magic now.
GG: it certainly seems so! what with your fancy magic car
GG: and your chauffeur familiar, i guess?
EB: no, he is neither a chauffeur, nor a familiar...
EB: he is just a new friend!
EB: also, this is not a magic car, it is an ordinary car.
EB: i found it in my dad's wallet.
GG: you did???
EB: yes, i just found his wallet on the ground.
EB: but my dad was nowhere to be found. :(
GG: :(
EB: the clouds led me to the wallet though, so maybe they will keep leading me to him?
GG: hmmmmm...
GG: maybe, but hang on let me try something
EB: ok.
EB: i have seen lots of interesting things in the clouds...
EB: i guess you used to see things like that all the time, right?
GG: yes!
GG: what have you seen?
EB: wow, uh...
EB: well, lots of things that were mysterious and didn't make much sense...
EB: but also lots of things i recognized.
EB: like stuff i have done before. and also stuff i will do in the future.
EB: and things that rose and dave have been up to...
EB: and you too!
GG: :O
GG: like what, what did you seeeee?
EB: well, i saw you on your island, and saw you sleeping in a floating bed, and...
EB: i saw your pretty snow planet...
EB: and i saw you with some frogs...

EB: have you found any frogs yet?
GG: frogs?
GG: no...
EB: well, i saw you once in a neat outfit...
EB: it was kind of like you were torn from the pages of my favorite japanese mangas.
EB: and the snow was melting.
EB: and you were surrounded by frogs for some reason!
EB: heh, now it sounds like i am describing a weird dream i had about you.
GG: sure does!
EB: which i guess is sorta true?? anyway, i guess that must not have happened yet.
GG: nope! but that sounds pretty interesting
GG: i wonder why i would be surrounded by frogs?
EB: dunno! but you are a witch, remember.
EB: witches LOVE frogs.
GG: hahaha thats true!
GG: i hope i am not planning on putting them in a cauldron or anything o_o
EB: i doubt it, it looked to me like a friendly gathering.
GG: whew!
EB: oh, and one time i saw a green version of you with pointy ears, and you were crying!
EB: did that happen yet?
GG: bluh. yes :|
GG: i prototyped my dead dream self and tried to get her to fight jack
GG: but it turned out to be a BIG MISTAKE
GG: god i cant believe how dumb that idea was, she was an emotional wreck
EB: oh no!
EB: what happened? where is she now?
GG: oh, she went off to cry somewhere else... good riddance!
EB: wow jade, you really have been up to a lot!
GG: hehe i guess so
EB: and i have just been staring at these dumb clouds for hours or whatever.
EB: i even saw my own dead body in a cloud!
GG: what!!!!!

==>

**01/02/11**

```
BEEEEEEEEP.
```

pesterlogGG: oh noooo
EB: it's ok though, it already happened.
EB: i was sort of tricked into sleeping on my quest bed.
EB: and when i went to sleep, jack killed me.
EB: she must have known that would happen...
GG: who?
EB: vriska. do you know her?
GG: i dont think so!
EB: she is pretty cool, but just between you and me, she might be a little crazy!

GG: well if she tricked you into getting killed, then i would have to agree
EB: but, i don't think it's really like that...
EB: honestly i think dying was a necessary part of the process, and she just didn't tell me so i wouldn't get scared.
GG: what process?
GG: and how are you alive now if you died! john im a little confused
EB: well... i died on the quest bed and woke up here, as my dream self.
EB: and now i have all these sweet wind powers.
EB: which is how i am making this car fly!
GG: ohhhhhh!
GG: that makes sense
GG: dave had mentioned you reached the god tier
EB: yeah!
GG: but he did not say what it involved D:
GG: he probably didnt want to make me worried
EB: maybe, or he was just being some sort of aloof coolkid.
GG: or that!
GG: but he also said that no one else would do it but you...
GG: actually, now it makes sense that i wouldnt be able to, since my dream self is dead
GG: its too bad really
EB: yeah...
GG: i wonder what space powers would be like??
EB: hmm, i have no idea!
GG: oh well
EB: maybe you shouldn't rule it out though?
EB: i mean, you did mention your dream self isn't COMPLETELY dead, remember?
GG: !!!
GG: youre right...
GG: i suddenly dont know if i want to become a god tier anymore :(
EB: heheh.
EB: she was that bad, huh?
GG: DX
GG: i dont even want to talk about her! she is sad and cowardly.
EB: ok, i will not pry.
GG: why dont you tell me about your new friend?
GG: he sure seems to be enjoying that horn!

==>

**01/02/11**

```
BEEEEEEEEEE-
```

pesterlogEB: i know, right?
EB: /rolls eyes
EB: he is just this silly guy i met when i woke up here.
EB: he seemed to be curious about me and followed me around for a while.
EB: also, i noticed he was wearing my bedsheet.

GG: haha! what is he doing with that!
EB: i don't know, there seems to be this whole cult full of people who worship my ghost sheets.
EB: i ran into a bunch of them in a salamander village, they are all completely ridiculous.
EB: so i guess he is a member of the cult?
GG: probably!
GG: you are just going to have to deal with the fact that you are becoming a famous hero john, and people everywhere will idolize you
EB: derp! they aren't idolizing ME, it's my dumb bedsheets they love!
EB: it's so stupid.
EB: OH!
EB: also, another thing about him...
EB: he has the queen's ring!
GG: :o
GG: thats great! john you have to get that ring from him!
EB: i've tried! i asked him politely for it and everything.
EB: but he is very protective of it!
GG: hmmmmmmmmmm
GG: that is a problem!
EB: actually, i think it's ok.
EB: i think he is supposed to keep it.
GG: you do?
EB: yes. once i saw something in the clouds.
EB: it was hard to tell what was going on, but i saw him!
EB: im pretty sure it was the future, and he had the ring, and...
GG: and what?
EB: and then the cloud stopped showing me.
EB: but i am pretty sure that some day...
EB: he will have to wear it!
GG: 8O
EB: so i think i will just let him keep it.
EB: for some reason, i trust him.
GG: ok john.....
GG: i trust you
GG: so i will trust in your trust in him
EB: yeah, trust all around!
GG: im going to be a supportive piece of shit all day and fall down all this trust!
EB: how trustworthy do you even have to BE to CONFIDE in someone like that.
GG: lol
EB: anyway, i guess that's enough of that nonsense.
EB: i should keep looking for my dad!
EB: maybe if i fly around in this car with this guy beeping here, the noise will get his attention and he will find me.
GG: john, i already found your dad!

==>
**02/02/11**

pesterlogEB: you did?
GG: yes i found him with my goggles almost right away!
GG: but i didnt want to interrupt you
EB: oh! well that sure is convenient!
EB: where is he?
GG: he is with roses mom
GG: they are in a castle, having some sort of tea party together
GG: they appear to be enjoying each others company!
GG: its quite adorable actually
EB: oh wow...
EB: jade, what if they get married or something???
EB: oh god, if rose became my sister too, that would wreak HAVOC on karkat's shipping diagram!
EB: as leader of this team i submit that we cannot afford to let this happen!!!!!!!!!!
EB: everyone man your battle stations!!!
GG: RED ALERT!!!!!!
EB: we have a ship to sink! arm torpedoes!!!!!!
GG: AWOOOOOOOOOOOGA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
EB: KA-PCHOOOOOOOOOOOOO. target destroyed. B)
EB: heheh, i am just joking around, of course.
GG: durrrr oh really john :p
EB: :P
GG: but really, they make a nice couple and i think it would be great if they got married!
EB: yes, i agree.
EB: even if it would make it awkward for me to marry rose.
GG: i guess so
EB: but maybe that doesn't matter? these are kind of special circumstances.
GG: yes they are pretty special
EB: i wonder if my dad and her mom would mind us getting married...
GG: i dunno
GG: who are they to stand between two youngsters in love?
EB: whoa, in love???
GG: yes john, two people must be in love in order to get married
GG: it is one of the rules!
EB: oh jeez, yeah i guess you're right.
GG: so what do you say john, are you in love with rose?
EB: um...
GG: and if not, are you prepared to fall in love with her?
EB: er.
GG: wellllll? :D
EB: argh!
EB: this line of questioning is making me flustered.
EB: all i know is, i was ordered by karkat to marry rose.
EB: i think we can both agree that it would be reckless to look at a crappy shipping diagram made by an alien, and ignore its message altogether.
GG: i didnt even know karkat made a shipping diagram...
EB: it's a thing of beauty, and it will save the human race.

GG: i will have to make him show me
EB: yes.
EB: btw, you will marry dave.
EB: 100% TRUE REALITY.
GG: <_<;
EB: it's ok though, i will not press you on your feelings for him.
EB: i already know you are totally into the strider anyway.
GG: whaaat...
EB: it's all in the diagram, jade.
EB: it's all in the diagram.
GG: i dont know about that!
GG: i clearly need to take a good hard look at this prophetic document
GG: and possibly tell karkat what an idiot he is!
EB: that you do.
EB: ok but anyway, who cares about his terrible shitty drawings and meddlesome romantic schemes!
EB: how do i find my dad!
GG: uh
GG: well, i dont actually know where he is relative to you!
GG: so i dont know if i can give you directions
EB: bluh!!!
GG: there might be some way to do that...
GG: these goggles are actually REALLY COMPLICATED!
GG: i will look into it and get back to you
GG: in the meantime, why dont you fly around and keep looking?
GG: at least now you know to look for a castle
GG: and maybe the clouds will give you some more tips!
EB: yes, that's a good idea, i'll do that.
EB: thanks for the help, jade!
GG: sure! <3
EB: i will talk to you later.
GG: later!

-- ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering gardenGnostic [GG] --

## Karkat: Contact John.

**02/02/11**

```
Alert : ♋
```

pesterlog-- carcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

CG: JOHN.
EB: karkat!
EB: what's up?
CG: I'M NOT SURE WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS.
CG: I GUESS IT'S JUST OUT OF A SENSE OF OBLIGATION AT THIS POINT.

CG: WE'VE COME THIS FAR
CG: SO I FEEL LIKE YOU SHOULD KNOW.
EB: know what?
CG: I MIGHT NOT MAKE IT OUT OF THIS ALIVE
CG: THIS MIGHT EVEN BE THE LAST TIME YOU HEAR FROM ME.
CG: WAIT, WHAT THE FUCK AM I SAYING, THE LAST TIME YOU HEAR FROM ME WILL BE THE FIRST TIME YOU HEAR FROM ME.
EB: uh...
CG: I MEAN THIS COULD BE THE LAST TIME FROM MY PERSPECTIVE.
CG: BECAUSE FROM MY PERSPECTIVE I COULD BE DEAD SOON.
EB: oh no!
EB: are you in some sort of trouble?
EB: is it jack?
EB: karkat???
EB: what's going on?
CG: OH GOD THE HONKING
CG: WHY WON'T THE HONKING STOP
CG: I HAVE TO GO
CG: SORRY FOR BEING SUCH A DOUCHE TO YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS.
CG: I HOPE YOU CAN SUCCEED AS A LEADER WHERE I FAILED MISERABLY.

-- carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB] --

==>

**02/02/11**

This message was rather disconcerting. You urge your navigator to ease up on the honking for a while, since it is distracting, and in somewhat bad taste given the circumstances.

You think you should try to message your friend back.

## John: Pester Karkat.

**02/02/11**

pesterlog-- ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG] --

EB: karkat!!!
EB: hey buddy, you were making me worried there...
EB: are you ok?
CG: WHAT IN THE NAME OF SWEET GLOBE TICKLING FUCK.
CG: EGBERT, I JUST GOT DONE ERUPTING A WHOLE VOLCANO OF MERCILESS FUCK YOU ON THE PRIMITIVE VILLAGE LOCATED SQUARELY ON YOUR CROTCH.
CG: ASSUMING THAT'S A SUITABLY TERRIBLE PART OF HUMAN ANATOMY FOR A VILLAGE IN JEOPARDY TO EXIST.
EB: errr...
CG: SHUT UP. HOW DARE YOU CONTACT ME WHILE I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF MY BACKWARDS MARCH OF HATE THROUGH YOUR TEDIOUS TIMELINE.
EB: oh god, this is not right!
EB: you aren't supposed to hate me anymore, you're supposed to be kinda my friend, sorta!

EB: when is this?
CG: WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHEN IS THIS
CG: OK, LET ME JUST CHECK THE UNIVERSAL CLOCK WHICH KEEPS CONSISTENT TIME FOR ALL FRAMES OF REFERENCE AND ALL PLANES OF REALITY.
CG: IT'S HALF PAST YOU'RE A MORON.
EB: ok, duh! i know that.
EB: i mean, how many times have you talked to me before?
CG: WE JUST GOT DONE WITH OUR SECOND CONVERSATION. HOW CAN YOU NOT KNOW THIS?
EB: AUGH!
EB: this isn't good, i need to talk to future you!
CG: WHY
EB: because it sounds like you're in trouble.
EB: i think maybe you are running from jack?
CG: OF COURSE WE'RE RUNNING FROM JACK, I JUST GOT DONE FUCKING TELLING YOU THAT.
EB: no, i know, but...
EB: *SIGN*
CG: I GUESS MY FUTURE CONVERSATIONS WILL INSTIGATE SOME MISGUIDED NEED FOR YOU TO GET IN TOUCH WITH ME LATER ON.
CG: WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO HERE.
CG: I SWEAR, IT NEVER ENDS WITH THE ULTIMATE RIDDLE SHIT. EVEN AFTER THE GAME IS OVER.
CG: EVEN AFTER YOU LOSE IT! HOW UNFAIR IS THAT.
EB: ultimate riddle shit?
CG: I CAN TELL THIS CONVERSATION IS GOING TO BE A UTTER FUCKING JOY TO PARTICIPATE IN.
CG: I HONESTLY ENVY ANYONE IN THE POSITION OF NOT HAVING TO PUT UP WITH READING IT.
CG: BUT YOU ASKED FOR IT, JOHN, SO HERE WE GO.
CG: ARE YOU READY
EB: no, i just want to talk to future you. :(
CG: NO YOU DON'T
CG: TAKE IT FROM ME
CG: THE GUY IS A BASTARD.

## Future Karkat: Retreat into lab.

**02/02/11**

```
DRAG.
```

## ==>

**02/02/11**

```
honk.
```

==>

**03/02/11**

```
HONK

HAPPEN 2x... COMBOB
```

==>

**03/02/11**

```
Alert : ♎
```

You have been so busy being consumed by unspeakable horror, you didn't notice someone has been trying to contact you.

## Karkat: Answer Terezi.

**03/02/11**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterlogallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

GC: K4RK4T, 1 H4V3 GR4V3 4ND S3R1OUS N3WS TO R3PORT
GC: 1 H4V3 D1SCOV3R3D TH3 SC3N3 OF 4 R34L L1F3 MURD3R!
GC: T4VROS W4S TH3 V1CT1M >:[
GC: 1M V3RY UPS3T, BUT 1 4M TRY1NG TO ST4Y PROF3SS1ON4L 4BOUT 1T
GC: TH1S CR1M3 1S NOT GO1NG TO SOLV3 1TS3LF >:]
GC: 1 H4V3 CONDUCT3D MY PR3ML1M1N4RY FOR3NS1C 4N4LYS1S OF TH3 SC3N3, BUT MY F1ND1NGS H4V3 B33N MOSTLY 1NCONCLUS1V3
GC: (1 4M ONLY PR3T3ND1NG TO TH1NK TH3R3 1S 4NY CH4NC3 1T W4S NOT VR1SK4, B3C4US3 OTH3RW1S3 1T WOULD B3 NO FUN)
GC: 4NYW4Y, 1 JUST W4NT3D TO W4RN YOU TH3R3 1S 4 BLOODTH1RSTY MURD3R3R ON TH3 LOOS3, 4ND YOU SHOULD B3 C4R3FUL OUT TH3R3!
GC: NOW 1 MUST 4TT3MPT TO R3V1V3 TH3 V1CT1M...
GC: 3333UGH...
GC: K4RK4T YOU C4NNOT 3V3N 1M4G1N3 WH4T TH1S SM3LLS L1K3 >XO
GC: BUT 1 PR1D3 MYS3LF ON B31NG 4 TRU3 PROF3SS1ON4L, 4S W3LL 4S 4N 3XC3LL3NT FR13ND
GC: 1 W1LL B3 4W4Y FROM MY GL4SS3S FOR JUST 4 MOM3NT
GC: SO 1F YOU G3T TH1S M3SS4G3 PL34S3 B3 P4T13NT >:]

gallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

CG: TEREZI? ARE YOU THERE???
CG: OH FUCK, TAVROS IS DEAD TOO?
CG: TEREZI LISTEN TO ME YOU HAVE TO GET OUT OF THERE.
CG: VRISKA IS THE LEAST OF OUR PROBLEMS.
CG: WAIT
CG: FORENSIC ANALYSIS? ARE YOU FUCKING INSANE?
CG: PUT YOUR FUCKING GLASSES BACK ON. GOD DAMN IT.

gallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]
GC: honk.
CG: AAAAUUUUUUGH OHFUCK OHFUCK OHFUCK OHFUCK OHFUCK OHFUCK OHFUCK

carcinoGeneticist [CG] blocked gallowsCalibrator [GC]

## Karkat: Examine Sollux.

**03/02/11**

You wish he would wake up. You could really use someone with awesome powers right now, being awake and not useless.

Oh god, are those his teeth on the floor?

## Karkat: Put teeth back in.

**03/02/11**

There. Good as new, best friend! It's like it never happened. No one can ever blame you for dropping him down the stairs now. Stairs? What stairs! Ha ha ha!

## Karkat: Contact Equius.

**03/02/11**

```
Alert : ⊖→
```

You were hoping it wouldn't have to come to this. But you're running out of options. You need backup.

STRONG backup.

## ==>

**03/02/11**

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling centaursTesticle [CT]

CG: EQUIUS, ARE YOU THERE?
CT: D --> Yes
CG: OK, GOOD
CG: ARE YOU STILL REALLY STRONG?
CG: LIKE, IS THAT STILL YOUR THING?
CT: D --> I am still e%ceptionally STRONG
CT: D --> Strength continues to be my STRONGEST attribute
CG: OK GOOD.
CG: I GUESS THAT WAS A PRETTY DUMB QUESTION.
CG: I NEED YOUR HELP.
CT: D --> With what
CG: GAMZEE IS ON A RAMPAGE
CG: HE'S GOING TO KILL US ALL IF WE DON'T STOP HIM.
CT: D --> You mean
CT: D --> The highb100d
CG: WHAT?

CG: YEAH, I GUESS
CT: D --> Oh dear
CG: WHAT
CT: D --> Are you saying the highb100d has finally embraced his position atop the hierarchy
CG: NO I'M SAYING HE FUCKING SNAPPED AND WANTS TO MURDER US ALL
CT: D --> Yes e%actly
CG: DAMMIT, WHY DOES THIS CONVERSATION HAVE TO BE SO PREDICTABLY TERRIBLE
CG: ALL I'M ASKING YOU TO DO
CG: NO, ORDERING YOU TO DO
CG: IS GO FIND GAMZEE AND BEAT HIM TO DEATH WITH YOUR BARE HANDS, OR POSSIBLY TWO HALVES OF A BROKEN BOW, BEFORE HE KILLS ANYONE ELSE.
CT: D --> I certainly appreciate the debauchery inherent in receiving an order of such gravity from a rogue-b100ded foulmouth
CT: D --> But
CT: D --> I'm not entirely positive I can raise a hand to the highb100d
CT: D --> It wouldn't be my place
CG: OH MY GOD
CG: WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO DIFFICULT IN ALL THE MOST FUCKED UP WAYS POSSIBLE?
CG: YOU'RE GETTING OFF ON THIS AREN'T YOU
CT: D --> Uh
CG: IF YOU ASK ME FOR A TOWEL I AM GOING TO FLIP MY SHIT RIGHT OFF THIS FUCKING METEOR
CG: IT WILL JUST BE ME, SPINNING AND SPINNING AND SPINNING INTO ENDLESS NOTHING, SCREAMING
CT: D --> No, I have a sufficient supply of drying utilities
CG: I FORBID YOU FROM GETTING OFF ON ANY OF THIS
CG: DON'T GET OFF ON MY ORDERS, DON'T GET OFF ON PHRASES LIKE FUCK FUCK FUCKETY FUCK, AND DON'T GET OFF ON ANY SORT OF WEIRD ADMIRATION YOU MIGHT BE HARBORING FOR A MURDEROUS CLOWN WITH PURPLE BLOOD
CT: D --> The b100d
CT: D --> It is just so
CT: D --> E%quisitely purple
CG: ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> But 100k
CT: D --> The situation is very delicate I believe
CT: D --> The highb100d would benefit from a proper enculturation into the aristocracy
CG: I DON'T THINK HE GIVES A SHIT ABOUT YOUR ETIQUETTE LESSONS, OR HOW A TRUE GENTLEMAN IS TO GO ABOUT HANDLING A PROPER FUCKING HORSE TEAT
CG: SERIOUSLY, PEOPLE ARE IN DANGER HERE.
CT: D --> I'll take measures to ensure our comrades aren't injured
CG: OK, AND?
CT: D --> Well
CG: BUT YOU WON'T FIGHT HIM, IS THAT IT

CT: D --> If it comes to close quarters skirmish, I will try to be prepared
CG: HOW FUCKING REASSURING!
CG: YOU ARE SUCH AN IDIOT, I DON'T GET IT
CG: YOU KISS THE GROUND THIS LUNATIC WALKS ON BECAUSE HE HAS PURPLE BLOOD
CG: BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP YOU FROM RIPPING ON ERIDAN, I KNOW FOR A FACT YOU DON'T LIKE HIM
CG: AND HIS BLOOD IS EVEN PURPLIER, ISN'T IT?
CT: D --> Yes
CT: D --> That's different
CT: D --> He is a sea dweller
CT: D --> Our feud is codified in tradition
CT: D --> Neigh, we are obligated to be at odds
CT: D --> It's dignified
CG: OK FINE, THEN SPEAKING OF WHICH
CG: HE'S ON A MURDEROUS RAMPAGE TOO
CT: D --> He is
CT: D --> How many of us are rampaging murderously, e%actly
CG: I DON'T KNOW, AT LEAST THREE PROBABLY, BUT WHO EVEN KNOWS AT THIS POINT
CG: THE POINT IS, IF YOU SEE HIM, WOULD YOU MIND SNAPPING HIS STUPID WAND IN HALF OR SOMETHING?
CG: AND THEN CHOKE HIM TO DEATH WITH HIS OWN SHITTY PRETENTIOUS SCARF.
CT: D --> Do I really have to
CG: GOD, WHAT IS THE PROBLEM NOW?
CT: D --> I'd prefer not to interact with him
CG: WHY
CT: D --> It's primarily that his advances make me uncomfortable
CG: HAHAHAHAHAHA.
CG: I WOULD HIGH FIVE YOU IF IT WOULDN'T SHATTER EVERY BONE IN MY HAND.
CG: AND IF YOU DIDN'T SMELL TERRIBLE.
CG: BUT SERIOUSLY, IF YOU COULD CARRY OUT MY ORDERS IN THE LEAST PERVERSE WAY POSSIBLE, THAT WOULD BE GREAT.
CG: JUST KILL ONE OR MORE OF THOSE ASSHOLES AND GET BACK TO ME, OK?
CG: I NEED YOU TO COME THROUGH FOR ME, BECAUSE WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF MANPOWER HERE.
CT: D --> We are
CG: YES DIDN'T I MENTION? FEFERI, KANAYA AND TAVROS ARE DEAD, SOLLUX IS UNCONSCIOUS, AND TEREZI IS MISSING.
CG: OH GOD, I HOPE SHE'S OK, I SHOULD PROBABLY GO LOOK FOR HER
CT: D --> Oh shoot
CT: D --> E%cuse my vulgarity
CG: I'LL LET IT SLIDE.
CG: JUST DO WHAT I SAY, OK.
CT: D --> I will 100k into it

carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling centaursTesticle [CT]

## Terezi: Return to computer lab.

**04/02/11**

You foolishly misplaced your glasses during your heroic revival attempt, leaving you with no way of communicating with the others to warn them. This is why you really should carry no less than 5 computers on you at all times, like a sensible person.

But there is no one in here. Just someone taking a nap on the horn pile over there.

And a big puddle of something next to the transportalizer. Grub sauce maybe? You hope it's grub sauce. Please be grub sauce.

## Terezi: Sample sauce.

**04/02/11**

```
SAMPLE!

Bluh
```

Someone either had a MAJOR sauce accident earlier, or this is the scene of yet another REAL LIFE MURDER! Your team is so lucky to have you around to sleuth these heinous crimes.

And yet, the body is missing. Can't conduct much forensic analysis without it. This is EXACTLY why you should never turn your back on a body, not even for a second.

## Terezi: Examine horn pile.

**04/02/11**

This was no nap. This was...

ANOTHER MURDER.

What is going on in this lab???

## Terezi: Examine body.

**04/02/11**

Another textbook impaling. Your perp has been busy tonight.

Wait... there appears to be a pair of smaller marks on the victim's neck.

## Terezi: Examine marks.

**04/02/11**

Hmm...

## ==>

**04/02/11**

Has the killer really developed a taste for blood? She is completely out of control.

According to your expert analysis, she barged in here with a lance, her new weapon of choice. This startled everyone in the room so much, it triggered a dreadful grub sauce spill, and/or chainsaw accident, causing the missing victim to lose a large volume of blood, and/or grub sauce. Horrified

by the sight, everyone fled the room, except for the present victim who was napping on the horn pile. The perpetrator in her deranged state of mind then sampled the spilt green blood/sauce from the floor. Her thirst piqued, she became tempted by the buffet of rich royal blood on the horn pile, dragged a trail of green from the puddle to the horns, and helped herself to the victim's neck. The victim undoubtedly woke up midway through the gruesome feast, fought back, and got a lance through the chest for her trouble. The perp then fled into the lab, thirsty for more.

Yes, you are quite sure that...

That...

That your theory doesn't make a lick of sense!!! You wish you had your crack team of experts to advise you. If only you hadn't kicked them all into the bottomless pit, along with probably your glasses, accidentally. Damn their insubordination!

## [S] Equius: Seek the highb100d.

**06/02/11**

```
* Derived in part from a transcript by ShadowOfFate
```

**** click the control icons in the top-right***

```
Use ARROW KEYS (or WASD KEYS) to walk and SPACEBAR to
interact.
```

**** stride STRONGLY up the steps to your west***

```
You cannot go off looking for the highb100d just yet. You must
make sure Nepeta is somewhere safe.
```

**** there are broken bows and glasses of milk all over the floor... find one (and press SPACE)***

```
> Examine broken bow.
Archery is SO HARD when you're THIS STRONG.
> Drink milk.
```

**** (it smashes)***

```
Fiddlesticks.
```

**** in the southwest corner of the room***

```
> Open chest.
You got a FRESH TOWEL!
```

**** against the north wall***

```
> Examine robo-pile.
A gratifying heap of soundly thrashed roboti%. Standing near this
pile stirs powerful emotions. The closer you stand to piles of
stuff, the more freely the feelings flow. It is a law of reality.
> Open chest.
You got a HEAP OF FRESH TOWELS!
```

**** there are two accessible posters***

```
> Examine fine art.
```

This piece is simply called Edward. It is so beautiful.

> Examine fine art.

Legends tell of musclebeasts once roaming the cosmos that were so enormous, they could destroy entire planets with but a twitch of any anatomical feature. Are the legends true? You hope so.

**** in the northeast corner***

> Open door.

This is no time to retire. Gotta go after the clown.

**** and in the southeast corner***

> Open chest. CON AIR

You got EMERGENCY BACKUP ABSORBENCY UNIT!

**** your moirail in the center of the room needs your attention***

> Talk about Aradia.

NEPETA: :33 < *a furrocious and concerned moirail suddenly appurrches out of some wild shrubberies!!!*

EQUIUS: D --> I regard the furrocious moirail stoically

EQUIUS: D --> I mean

EQUIUS: D --> I greet Ms. Leijon without issuing a statement of a%ion in the first person

NEPETA: :33 < *ms leijon pawnders over whether mr zahhak is still feeling blue over his depurrted robo sw33heart and n33ds more ch33ring up*

EQUIUS: D --> Mr Zahhak, I mean I, will probably be feeling b100 about that for some time, yes

EQUIUS: D --> But he is, darn it, I am, e%ceptionally STRONG and will cope with it admirably

EQUIUS: D --> Even though

EQUIUS: D --> She didn't even say goodbye for some reason

NEPETA: :33 < aww :((

NEPETA: :33 < we can always curl up in the pile again to talk about f33lings :33 EQUIUS: D --> Nepeta, for goodness sa%es, a man can only di%uss feelings for so much time

EQUIUS: D --> How long have we already spent in the roboti% pile

NEPETA: :33 < ummmmmmmmmm

EQUIUS: D --> I believe it was at least an hour

EQUIUS: D --> We e%amined my emotional state until we were both bl00 in the face

NEPETA: :33 < h33h33h33h33!

EQUIUS: D --> What

NEPETA: :33 < b100 b100 b100 b100 b100

NEPETA: :33 < i just love how you say that word!

EQUIUS: D --> I know

> Talk about Gamzee.

EQUIUS: D --> Nepeta, I think it would behoove us to address the e%treme danger in a serious manner

NEPETA: :33 < you mean about gamz33? h33h33!

NEPETA: :33 < im still not sure if i can believe it!
EQUIUS: D --> That's because you still refuse to 100k upon our b100dlines as the deciding behoovioral factors they are
NEPETA: :33 < behoovioral? :??
EQUIUS: D --> Behavioral
EQUIUS: D --> Sorry, my heart is galloping and I canter nunciate properly
EQUIUS: D --> The horst case scenario is upon us
NEPETA: :33 < *snort* X33
EQUIUS: D --> His is the richest and most noble b100d possible among the high land dwellers
EQUIUS: D --> As such, he is prone to being more violent and unpredictable than any of us
EQUIUS: D --> Not everyone has been as lucky as I in the domain of moirallegiance
EQUIUS: D --> I udder to think what I might be without you, Nepeta
NEPETA: :33 < udder?
EQUIUS: D --> Shudder
NEPETA: :33 < oh! thats so sw33t equius, you know i will always be ready to tacklepounce you when you start getting especially furrious :33
EQUIUS: D --> Yes, which is among the reasons why I must make your prote%ion a high priority
EQUIUS: D --> The highb100d has joined a stable of those who are becoming increasingly volatile and murderous as we remain stranded in this laboratory
EQUIUS: D --> I command you to steer clear of them, do you understand
NEPETA: :33 < h33, did you mean st33r in the livestock sense?
EQUIUS: D --> Yes
NEPETA: :33 < well, if youre refurring to vwiskers, i was already plenty scared of her!
NEPETA: :33 < and if you are talking about mr ampurra, he has always given me the cr33ps anyway! so there is nothing to fret over
EQUIUS: D --> E%cellent
EQUIUS: D --> I would still prefur you hide, I mean prefer
NEPETA: :33 < hide? where? :oo
EQUIUS: D --> Behind that gait
NEPETA: :33 < gait? you mean gate? what gate??
NEPETA: :33 < what are you STALKING about!!!
EQUIUS: D --> I mean that door over there, you goshdarned sillyface
NEPETA: :33 < oh!
NEPETA: :33 < kay! :33 <33

```
> Be Nepeta.
```

EQUIUS: D --> I will now seek the highb100d, Nepeta
EQUIUS: D --> I command you to go hide, as we di%ussed
NEPETA: :33 < sure!
NEPETA: :33 < but there are lots of nuts on the loose out there, so dont stick your neck out and take any big frisks!
EQUIUS: D --> I will e%act caution, even when safety 100% to be 100% assured
EQUIUS: D --> Even so

EQUIUS: D --> I would still like to take the opportunity to say
NEPETA: :33 < what?
EQUIUS: D --> Goodbye
NEPETA: :33 < ...
NEPETA: :33 < well ok, goodbye!
NEPETA: :33 < but you had better believe i will s33 you again soon, equius!
EQUIUS: D --> Yes, you will

**** You are now Nepeta. Surely some glasses remain unsmashed...***

```
> Drink milk.
```

```
lap lap lap lap lap :33
```

**** try the stairs to your west***

```
You can't go up there! Equius told you to go hide through that
gait! You mean gate. ARGH YOU MEAN DOOR.
```

**** pink teapot on the southern machines***

```
> Examine teapot.
```

```
Cameowmile. It smells so good.
```

**** white one also***

```
> Examine teapot.
```

```
Purrl grey. This has been steeping for way too long, so it is
undoubtedly very STRONG. Just the way Equius liks it.
```

**** (the blue one against the north wall cannot be drunk)***

**** return to Equius***

```
> Suggest one last feelings jam in the pile.
```

NEPETA: :33 < *nepeta sh33pishly looks at her shoe with a question on her purrsed lips*
EQUIUS: D --> For pete's goodfornothing di%ie whistling SA%ES, Nepeta
EQUIUS: D --> I am through talking about feelings, now go hide like I commanded
NEPETA: :33 < but so many of our friends have died, and it just makes me so sad to think about!
NEPETA: :33 < i dont think we have even scratched the surface of our f33lings yet, and our f33lings in this case are a very tall and inviting carpeted post to sink our claws into!
EQUIUS: D --> I do not hoove claws
EQUIUS: D --> I mean have claws
NEPETA: :33 < i KNOW, i was speaking metafurrikitty :33
EQUIUS: D --> *Mr. Zahhak rolls his eyes, which remain concealed and a100f as ever*
NEPETA: :33 < besides, i know for a FACT that you are still f33ling b100 (h33h33) from losing aradia
EQUIUS: D --> I suppose
NEPETA: :33 < i did not mention, but i think i should...
NEPETA: :33 < it may purrk you up to know that i had a dream about her during my last catnap!
EQUIUS: D --> You did

NEPETA: :33 < yes, she had these purrty wings and a splendid hood, i think she might have b33n cosplaying much like friska has b33n!
EQUIUS: D --> Uh huh
NEPETA: :33 < she was so happy, just like she used to be, and she said she would s33 you soon!
EQUIUS: D --> That's a nice thought, and thank you for sharing it
EQUIUS: D --> But it was only a dream, and will surely have no consequence in reality
NEPETA: :33 < equius?
NEPETA: :33 < are those f33lings i an detecting with my wiggly whiskery nose? EQUIUS: D --> Maybe
NEPETA: :33 < then we must take this to the pile, scratching-posthaste!!! ;33
EQUIUS: D --> Okay, just for a while though

```
You then proceed to have the most poignant and heartfelt feelings
jam in the history of paradox space, or piles of things.
```

```
> Roleplay.
```

EQUIUS: D --> :33 < *I, a mu%ular man who is clearly a feline-obsessed female at the moment, do something suitably cat-like in accordance with the nature of this juvenile theatrical amusement*
NEPETA: :33 < D --> *STRONG EQUIUS NO LIKE HISS-POOR ATTEMPT AT ROLEPLAY, ALSO DISAPPROVES OF MISSED OPPURRTUNITY TO SPELL AMUSEMENT AS AMEWSMENT*
EQUIUS: D --> That's not how I talk
NEPETA: :33 < D --> *EQUIUS COMMAND STRONG MEOWSCULAR CAT GIRL TO GET INTO ROLE BETTER* B33
EQUIUS: D --> Oh good grief
NEPETA: :33 < D --> *HE COMMANDS IT!!!!!!!!!*
EQUIUS: D --> Fine
EQUIUS: D --> :33 < *I, again as a lithe clawed female wearing a preposterous hood, I mean prepawsterous, strike a supine posture on the floor, darn it, pawsture*
EQUIUS: D --> :33 < *The e%posed belly commands to be scratched*
EQUIUS: D --> :33 < *It commands it, do as it says*
NEPETA: :33 < D --> *RAWR, HULKING BRUTE NO OBEY COMMAND, TOO STRONG FOR TOUCHY CUDDLY STUFF PURR USUAL!* BPP
EQUIUS: D --> :33 < *The scruffy haired, saucer eyed smart alec takes issue with the tone of the girl currently posing as said hulking brute*
EQUIUS: D --> :33 < *She/he wonders if he/she appurreciates that the pawerful nobleman currently meow%querading as her/him would be more than happy to accommeowdate said cuddly stuff, outrageous STRONGNESS purrmitting*
NEPETA: :33 < :\\\\
NEPETA: :33 < equius, dammit! why do you always have to make this so cerebral!
EQUIUS: D --> Language
NEPETA: :33 < sorry :((
EQUIUS: D --> What am I doing wrong
NEPETA: :33 < well you dont always have to announce who you are

purrtending to be in every line! and you dont always have to point out that its just purrtend!
NEPETA: :33 < in fact, that is sort of an RPing no no
EQUIUS: D --> How would you recommend I approach the absurdist charade, then
NEPETA: :33 < oh i dunno, just by having fun and having a sense of humor about it and such! and not sneaking in sneaky sneakret little barbs of disdain for the exercise, i am not dumb you know, i catch those like scared little scurrying rodents!
EQUIUS: D --> I was having fun
EQUIUS: D --> The line about the belly scratching was e%ceptionally playful, and I am to be commended
EQUIUS: D --> You will commend me, I command it
NEPETA: :33 < yes yes, ok youre right. that was really great!
NEPETA: :33 < do more of that. ok ready? go!
EQUIUS: D --> I think I'm out of material though
EQUIUS: D --> I don't actually know that much about cats
NEPETA: :33 < errrrrrg! fiiiine, we can stop
NEPETA: :33 < here, take your gross stinky glasses back, SWEATQUIUS
EQUIUS: D --> Very well, here is your hood
NEPETA: :33 < umm
NEPETA: :33 < yeah
NEPETA: :33 < why dont
NEPETA: :33 < you hang on to that
NEPETA: :33 < forever!
NEPETA: :33 < it is my purrsent to you
EQUIUS: D --> I
EQUIUS: D --> I can't tell you how touching I find this gesture, Nepeta
EQUIUS: D --> Thank you, from the very bottom of my ludi%ly powerful cardiova%ular system
NEPETA: :33 < dont mention it! <33

> Tacklepounce.

tacklepounce! ROBO PARTS EVERYWHERE!

**** ok, to the northeast corner***

> Open door.

**** try to go back south***

Equius has blocked the door from the other side with something incredibly heavy! DAMN HIM AND HIS STRONGNESS.

**** go to the wall showing Dave ♥ Tavros, Rose ♥ Kanaya, and Feferi ♥ Sollux.***

> Examine shipping wall.

You just don't have the heart to update the wall to reflect the recent deaths of your friends. As a veteran shipper, you have grown accustomed to watching your ships get sunk. But not like this. :((

**** to the west along the wall***

> Examine paint set.

Alternian paint sets are manufactured with the pigment from the blood of culled wigglers. Which... is pretty pawful, when you think about it!

**** in the southwest corner***

> Examine yarn.

bat bat bat, pounce pounce pounce. :33

> Examine teapot.

Rawrjeeling. So fragrant! Mmmmm.

**** northwards***

> Examine sugar pile.

Just looking at this pile is making you sleepy. And emotional. No one can ever accuse you of not being prepurred to sweeten a warm beverage!

**** the individual ships on this wall are in need of review***

> Examine Gamzee ♦ Karkat.

You suppose this pairing is still viable. Although the roles will have to be dramatically reversed!

> Examine Vriska ♠ Terezi.

Yes! This matchup was always just so purrrrrfect to you. Why can't anyone else see it? WHY CAN'T THEY SEE??? It's hard being a shipper. It's hard, and no one understands.

> Examine Jade ♣ (Karkat, Karkat).

You will have to remember to write Jade a nice thank you note for helping to stabilize Karkat's unhealthy relationship with his past and future selves. Maybe now with a clear head he will be able to open his eyes to what waits for him in other quadrants. Certain other PAWSIBILITIES. Maybe noticing someone nice over there in that bright red corner, who has been there all along. ;33

> Examine John ? Dersite.

This is, um... a ship in progress! Human romance sure is weird.

> Examine creats, you mean crates.

**** a secret ship is revealed!***

♥ Nepeta ♥ OTP ♥ Karkat ♥ Oh no!!! No one must ever see. NO ONE MUST EVER S3333333333333333333! Some day you will work up the guts to say something. Maybe once this huge murder fiasco blows over!

**** at the far west of the wall***

great

> Enter great, you mean grate.

You suppose you should stay put like Equius said. But its so furstrating being all cooped up in here! Surely scooting through the air ducts for a while couldn't hurt. He will never know!

**** occasional lyric in the spooky music:***

♫ Miracles ♫ Miracles

**** head north***

> Look through grate. **HONK.**

Pucefoot? Berrybreath?? DOCTOR HONEYTONGUE??? WHAT MONSTER COULD DO THIS

**** head west***

> Look through grate. **are you next? :o)**

H33 h33! Next for what?

**** head west, and north***

> Enter grate.

**** You are in a little room with two transporter pads***

> Open chest.

You got an ENCHANTED SHITTY WIZARD FIGURINE! It's.. A miracle.

**** inspect the transporters, from east to west***

> Transportalize.

It doesn't work! Someone must have disabled the transportalizer on the other side.

> Examine green trail.

Looks like someone's being PRETTY SLOPPY with their grub sauce. At least, you hope that's grub sauce...

> Transportalize.

Someone has chopped this thing right in half! Maybe whoever is traversing through these corridors does not want to be followed? You can certainly respect such sneaky tactics.

**** in the northwest corner***

> Enter grate.

**** head north***

> Look through grate. We got a theory, you see like, we got a theory about magic and miracles... ♫ We got a theory, about life

**** You are now Equius once more, head up the stairs to your west***

**** go west to the computer screens***

ERR ERR SYSTEM ERROR ERR

**** there's a concealed passage near their north...***

> Open chest. CAGE

You got a SHATTERED BUST OF AN INCREDIBLY ATTRACTIVE SWEATY HUMAN MALE ACTOR. You have told Nepeta not to scoot through the air ducts and steal the cherished belongings of others. But does she listen? Of course not.

**** return to the larger lab to your east***

**** go all the way to the northwest corner of the red laboratory***

> Open chest.

You got AHAB'S CROSSHAIRS! Perfect! This is exactly the kind of firepower you could use if you're going up against... You just broke it.

**** head along the corridor leading east...***

**** north into the darkness... east...***

> Examine slain beast.

Arrows? Fired true, straight through the eyes... Who could have done this?

**** head east... final cutscene...***

EQUIUS: D --> Ah, it's you, Pyrope
EQUIUS: D --> Have you seen the highb100d about
EQUIUS: D --> Pardon, "smelled"
GAMZEE: heheh.
GAMZEE: CHECK IT THE MOTHERFUCK OUT.
GAMZEE: it's the peasantblood.
GAMZEE: HEH HEH.
GAMZEE: fuckin heh.
EQUIUS: D --> Peasantb100d
EQUIUS: D --> Is that a joke
GAMZEE: if your blood.
GAMZEE: IS A RUNNING MOTHERFUCKING GAG.
GAMZEE: then soon.
GAMZEE: IT WILL BE RUNNING.
GAMZEE: through my motherfucking fingers.
EQUIUS: D --> The profanity is sickening
EQUIUS: D --> You'll stop
GAMZEE: you'll...
GAMZEE: KNEEL. >:o)
EQUIUS: D --> You are not Pyrope
EQUIUS: D --> You are the highb100d, I should have known
EQUIUS: D --> Remove your counterfeit eyewear at once
EQUIUS: D --> Uh
EQUIUS: D --> If you please, sir
GAMZEE: i'll show you what i motherfuckin got.
GAMZEE: IF YOU'LL SHOW ME WHAT'S MOTHERFUCKIN YOURS.
EQUIUS: D --> What
GAMZEE: it was.
GAMZEE: A MOTHERFUCKING.
GAMZEE: joke.
GAMZEE: HONK.
EQUIUS: D --> We really should talk
GAMZEE: you really should kneel.
EQUIUS: D --> What was that
EQUIUS: D --> The volume of your voice keeps fluctuating
GAMZEE: I SAID.

GAMZEE: kneel motherfucker.
GAMZEE: I TOLD YOU TO MOTHERFUCKING KNEEL, MOTHERFUCKER.

```
Replay. Restart game.
```

-->

**06/02/11**

```
kneel.
```

## Gamzee: Subjugglate.

**06/02/11**

```
honk.
HONK.
honk.
```

==>

**06/02/11**

```
HONK.
```

==>

**06/02/11**

```
creeeeak.
```

==>

**06/02/11**

```
SNAP.
```

==>

**06/02/11**

```
honk. HONK. honk. HONK. honk. HONK. ...
```

## Gamzee: ENGAGE MURDER MODE.

**06/02/11**

```
MURDER MODE
```

This is completely terrifying.

==>

**06/02/11**

==>

**06/02/11**

==>

**06/02/11**

```
DEAD.
```

## ==>

**06/02/11**

## Nepeta: Pounce.

**07/02/11**

```
hisssssssssssss!

BIMP
```

## Gamzee: Turn.

**07/02/11**

```
TURN
```

## Gamzee: Draw Deuce Clubs from strife deck.

**07/02/11**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

jokerkind

pounceavenge!
```

## ==>

**07/02/11**

```
sฦap.
```

## ==>

**07/02/11**

```
SCRAA
```

## ==>

**07/02/11**

```
SCRAAAAAAAA
```

## ==>

**07/02/11**

```
SCRAAAAAAAAAAAAAPE.
```

## ==>

**07/02/11**

```
HONK.
```

## honk.

**07/02/11**

```
honk.
```

## HONK.
**07/02/11**

```
HONK.
```

## honk.
**07/02/11**

```
honk.
```

## HONK.
**07/02/11**

```
HONK.
```

## honk.
**07/02/11**

```
BEEP.
```

## ==>
**08/02/11**

## John: Take car.
**08/02/11**

This is why seat belt safety should always be paramount.

Remember to buckle up!

## John: Proceed to castle.
**09/02/11**

```
Alert : ♏
```

Perhaps this is the one?

As you approach, you make an attempt to contact your friends for verification. But there is no answer from Jade, or from Rose. You wonder what they could be up to?

It seems someone else is bugging you.

## John: Answer.
**09/02/11**

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB]

AG: Hi John.
EB: oh, hey there, vriska.
EB: can this wait? i was about to check out this castle and see if my dad is here.
AG: Your guardians are not here!
EB: oh...
EB: dang it!
EB: do you know where they are?
AG: Yes, they are in another castle. Don't worry, you'll find them later.
EB: argh, how much later??

AG: In a while! Man, settle down.
AG: I am telling you that you will find them after a little more questing around in your awesome 8lue godhood. So why don't you relax and talk to me for a while?
EB: well...
EB: ok, i guess so.
AG: Why don't you have your hood up, 8y the way?
EB: shrug.
AG: You look gr8 with the hood up. And anyway, we should 8e showing a little pride as the only ones to make god tier, don't you think?
EB: pshhh.
EB: i don't know if it is much of a major accomplishment, honestly.
AG: John, are you mad at me?
EB: um... no?
AG: Then what's the matter?
EB: i guess i just miss my dad. i was hoping he would be here, but apparently i won't see him for another few hours or whatever?
EB: if that is what you see in the future, then i guess there's no fighting it. bluh.
AG: I still find it a little hard to understand the sentimentality you attach to these adult humans.
AG: It just seems so strange to me. 8ut hey, that's alien culture for you.
EB: yeah, i know.
EB: i guess you just have to think of them the way you think of your lusus..ses? lusi?
AG: Yeah, sort of.
AG: Except I never liked mine that much. ::::\
AG: Even after I prototyped her, things were pretty chilly 8etween us! I spent most of my adventure avoiding her. Haha.
EB: that...
EB: is too bad.
AG: John.
AG: Are you suuuuuuuure you're not mad at me?
EB: no!!!
EB: why would i be mad at you, vriska?
AG: 8ecause I tricked you into getting killed!!!!!!!!
EB: oh. right.
EB: i... actually almost forgot about that!
AG: Would it help if I said I was sorry?
EB: why would you need to apologize though?
EB: i mean, i admit i was pretty confused about it at first, seeing my dead body in the cloud and all...
EB: but in the end, you did it to help me, didn't you?
EB: really, i should probably be thanking you!
EB: uh...
EB: are you there?
AG: Yes, I am here.
AG: Sorry, I wasn't sure what to say for a moment.
AG: I am just so incredi8ly relieved you are not angry with me.
EB: heh. i really don't know what reason i would have to be angry!

EB: i mean, aside from the deception involved, but i kinda understand why you did that.
EB: and in any case, you did give me a choice.
AG: Yes, I did.
AG: I don't know, John. You'd 8e surprised how often people resent it when you try to help them!
AG: 8ut see, you really get it. That's why you're special.
EB: shruuuuuuuug!
AG: <33333333
EB: so...
EB: is that what you wanted to talk to me about?
AG: Yes.
AG: Well.
AG: Not exactly.

==>

**09/02/11**

pesterlogEB: then what is it?
AG: I know how this is pro8a8ly going to sound, especially to a human.
AG: 8ut I just killed someone.
EB: you did?
EB: who was it? you mean like, a bad guy?
AG: Not exactly.
EB: oh yeah, karkat mentioned that he was in trouble, and then had to go.
EB: it made me a little worried! are you guys under attack or something?
AG: I'm not sure what his deal is. I haven't seen him in a while.
AG: 8ut we are not under attack.
AG: Not yet, at least.
EB: oh.
EB: well, then...
EB: who did you kill?
AG: He was a friend.
AG: Someone from our team.
EB: why?
AG: It's a little complicated.
EB: well, did he attack you or something?
AG: Yes.
AG: 8ut really, that's not why I killed him. He was no match for me, and I could have just incapacit8ed him or flown away or whatever.
AG: The truth is I killed him 8ecause at the time, I thought I wanted to, and sort of felt like I finally had to.
EB: uh...
EB: why did you have to?
AG: 8ecause enough was enough! You don't even know how frustr8ing it was to 8e friends with him.
AG: I used to really like him and always wanted to help him get stronger, so that he might stand a fucking chance to actually make it on our world.
AG: 8ut he was just soooooooo weak and indecisive. He wouldn't change!

AG: And when he tried to change, it was too little and too l8. Always l8. L8ey L8ey L88888888.
AG: Too l8 to kiss me.
AG: Too l8 to kill me.
AG: He couldn't do it when I really needed him to. So when I saw he was actually serious a8out trying to kill me now of all times...
AG: I just got SO AAAAAAAANGRY. I am still a 8it upset thinking a8out it.
AG: So I killed him.
AG: And I'm pretty sure he's dead for good now.
EB: wow.
EB: you're right, vriska. that does not sound good.
AG: I know!
AG: I know our races are completely different. And I really h8 the idea of you thinking worse of me 8ecause of this.
AG: 8ut I don't have anyone else to talk to a8out it!
EB: you don't?
EB: what about all of your friends?
EB: i bet karkat would listen.
EB: or what about terezi? she's pretty nice, isn't she?
AG: No no no no no no no no!
AG: I mean, yeah, they're fine. 8ut I can't talk to them!
EB: why not?
AG: For one thing, they would pro8a8ly just 8e pissed off at me for killing Tavros.
AG: And more importantly, there's no waaaaaaaay I could tell them how I really feel a8out it.
EB: well, how do you feel?
AG: Horri8le!!!!!!!!
AG: If any of my friends knew that, they would think I'm weak.
EB: oh...
EB: i guess i understand. i mean, i'm trying to, with the cultural difference and all.
AG: Do you?
EB: like, trolls are more violent and angry, right? kind of like klingons or something, which is an angry race of alien savages from a human tv show.
AG: We aren't savages, you dope!
EB: oh, i know, that's not what i meant! but i am guessing you all have to act tough to make it in your world, and have a sense of honor about fighting, and like to beat people up and stuff, right?
AG: Uh, yeah.....
AG: Let's say close enough!
EB: but i think that no matter what alien culture you are from, killing is still wrong!
EB: and it sounds like you do too.
AG: Yeah, see.
AG: This is where our cultures clash, I think.
AG: It would 8e difficult to explain exactly how killing is viewed on our planet with all the nuance involved.
AG: It just isn't the 8lack and white thing humans seem to think it is!
EB: well, you could try. i am listening.
AG: On my world, I would 8e completely vindic8ed for killing him! He is far lower on the hemospectrum than me. He managed to disrespect me time and time again, 8ut I kept letting him

live! In fact, the amount of slack I cut him would 8e considered scandalous 8y those in my class.
AG: I had every reason to kill him. And yet...
AG: I feel 8ad a8out it like a lame weak fudge8lood, just like he was.
AG: And the fact that I feel 8ad is why I'm sort of freaking out right now!
EB: i think if you feel bad, it just means you have a conscience. which is good, right?
AG: No. That's not how it works.
AG: I'm supposed to 8e just fine with it.
AG: This was sort of like a test, and I'm afraid I might 8e failing.
EB: how was it like a test?
AG: Well, it was the first time I killed some8ody.
EB: ok.
AG: W8! Ok, that's not really true. What I meant was, it was the first time I killed some8ody I cared a8out.
EB: so...
EB: you killed other people, that you didn't care about?
AG: Yes. Sort of a lot, actually. 8ut there was a really good reason for that!
EB: hm. how many?
EB: or... do i want to know...
AG: Oh, it doesn't matter. Pro8a8ly many thousands.
EB: uhhhhhhhh.
EB: hopy shit...
AG: God, I know how this sounds! 8ut I had to feed her. My lusus I mean. I've 8asically 8een playing this role as a slave in the food chain my whole life. It is what she selected me to do.
EB: i guess that is why you didn't get along with her?
AG: Hell yes.
EB: i see.
EB: still, that is a LOT of killing. jesus...
AG: Yeah, 8ut I never felt anything a8out it. It was just normal life for me.
EB: but then you finally killed a guy you liked, and...
EB: not so cool anymore?
AG: Yeah. OH!
AG: Ok, that's not quite right. He's the second person I cared a8out who I killed.
AG: Man, I always forget a8out her!
EB: uh.
AG: I guess she wound up getting me 8ack pretty good though, so we're even.
AG: Oh, also, TECHNICALLY I attempted to kill that same guy around the same time.
AG: 8ut I just wound up paralyzing him! Oops, hahahaha.
EB: ...
AG: 8ut man. That was sweeps ago.
AG: I think I had a really juvenile attitude a8out killing 8ack then. I think I was trying too hard?
AG: I was always really o8sessed with 8eing the 8est at stuff, and I guess I was trying to 8e precocious in that respect as well, and prove to everyone how 8rutal I could be.
AG: 8ut I was such a confused kid! I didn't know anything a8out what killing really means. I was trying to fake it, and it caused me nothing 8ut pro8lems.
EB: i guess i had no idea how different we really were.
EB: what i am hearing is seriously scaring the shit out of me!

AG: Yeah, I know. I wish we didn't have to 8e so different. I'm just trying to 8e honest with you, 8ecause like I said, I have nowhere else to go.
EB: ok, well i appreciate the honesty.
EB: so... if killing isn't exactly wrong, then what is it?
EB: what do you mean by "what killing really means"?

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**09/02/11**

pesterlogAG: I guess I have to admit I don't actually know that much a8out humans either!
AG: Other than that you are all pretty soft and mild mannered and seem to 8e friendlier, and think killing totally sucks.
AG: I really have no clue what it means to grow up as a human, though.
AG: 8ut I do know what it means grow up as a troll, and what's expected of us.
EB: what does it mean?
AG: When a troll comes of age, you 8etter 8elieve it means they're going to start killing.
AG: It's what we do as a race. We are very effective conquerors, and as such, we practically domin8 our galaxy. Or... used to.
AG: The ones that don't learn to 8e ruthless? They're 8etter off DEAD.
AG: And the reality is, it won't 8e long until they are. That's just life for us.
EB: that sounds terrible!
EB: i would like to be culturally sensitive, but i wish it didn't have to be like that for you.
EB: i have started to really like you guys!
AG: Well, thanks John. That's nice of you to say. 8ut let's face it, it doesn't fucking matter anymore, since our whole race was wiped out!
AG: May8e for the 8est, when you think a8out it.
EB: :(
AG: 8ut at least paradox space gave us some purpose 8efore wiping us out, right?
AG: At least we got the chance to cre8te you guys, and all those twinkly stars you used to look up at.
EB: yeah, that's true.
AG: So 8ecause we got that chance, it means we'll never actually get to come of age and enter troll society, and see if we got what it takes.
AG: 8ut that doesn't mean we stop growing up!
AG: I think the game knows it's always gonna 8e played 8y kids, and it always rigs it so they enter right around the cusp of sexual maturity, whatever the race is.
AG: Which kinda makes sense, since if they succeed, they've got their whole lives ahead of them to do whatever the hell they're going to do in their universe, like start repopul8ing and whatnot.
AG: That means the game also knows it's got to deal with all these damn kids who are coming of age while playing it!
AG: I really think how successfully they mature is tied to success in the game. It challenges the players in all the ways they need to 8e challenged to grow, which is different for every individual, and veeeeeeeery different for every race.
AG: I don't think we were so hot at that aspect of the game. In fact, I'm sure we were quite awful. Hell, even I wasn't that gr8 at it! I actually just kinda fell ass 8ackwards into the god tier, to 8e honest.
EB: hehe... yeah me too. :)

AG: 8ut what really gets me is this didn't even occur to me until just now, while I was sitting around thinking a8out it.
AG: It was so o8vious!
EB: what?
AG: That was why the game split us up into two teams.
AG: It knew as we came of age, we'd pro8a8ly start killing each other.
AG: So it just provided the stage. Red team vs. 8lue. It was so simple! All we had to do was what we were naturally inclined to. It might have worked out 8etter for us.
EB: uh...
EB: i don't really see how you guys killing each other would help you play the game better!
AG: Yeah, you'd think that would 8e counter productive! 8ut then again, may8e not.
AG: If we really did take the team thing seriously, and started killing each other, may8e it would have meant more god tiers?
AG: May8e all of us would have made it????????
AG: Damn, can you imagine? We would have 8reezed through the game even faster, killed the king without a sweat. May8e claimed the reward 8efore Jack even showed up?
AG: Or if he did, may8e we could have 8eaten him then and there instead of scurrying off like cowards!!!!!!!!
AG: In retrospect we failed at this so spectacularly, I am amazed, and kind of ashamed.
AG: It turned out that the only one of us with the guts to kill someone was already DEAD! Hahahahahahahaha. And 8oy, did I have it coming.
EB: dead?
AG: Yes, she was a ghost, and then 8ecame a ro8ot. Then she 8ecame a THOUSAND ro8ots. Then Jack killed them all 8ut one. Then she 8lew up.
AG: Oh, and she also had that exact 8izarre laptop you are using right now. How weird is that?
EB: gosh...
EB: your team is so crazy!
AG: Not crazy enough, apparently!
AG: Actually, this is pro8a8ly Karkat's fault.
EB: how?
AG: When it comes down to it, he was pro8a8ly too good a leader! He actually did manage to get the two teams to work together toward the same goal. It could have easily deterior8ed into a feud otherwise.
AG: He was just so loud and annoying and o8sessed with leadership. He wouldn't shut up! So it was just easier to go along with his plans.
EB: huh...
EB: yeah, i can see how that could be true.
AG: He sure kept us working together, 8ut in the end I think we paid for it.
AG: It wasn't natural! Pretty fitting, really, since he's kind of a freak himself. He's not even on the hemospectrum, the weirdo.
AG: I really dou8t he would have handled it as a leader if the shit ever hit the whirling device.
AG: He likes to pretend he's all vicious and 8loodthirsty, 8ut I know he 8n't got that in him. I have a sense for these things.
AG: He'd 8e so pissed if he heard me say this, 8ut I think he'd cut it 8etter as a human than as a troll.
EB: you probably mean that as an insult, but i think it is a nice compliment!

EB: but...
EB: i won't tell him you said it, heheheh.

## Terezi: Message Karkat.

**09/02/11**

pesterloggallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling carcinoGeneticist [CG]

GC: K4RK4T, MOR3 B4D N3WS
carcinoGeneticist [CG] did not receive message from gallowsCalibrator [GC]
GC: >:?
GC: 1T S4YS YOU D1DNT G3T MY M3SS4G3
GC: YOU D1DNT BLOCK M3 OR 4NYTH1NG, D1D YOU?????
GC: WH3R3 4R3 YOU!
GC: 1 LOST MY GL4SS3S, BUT 1 4M B4CK 4T TH3 COMPUT3R L4B 4ND TH3R3 1S NO ON3 H3R3
GC: 3XC3PT FOR 4NOTH3R MURD3R V1CT1M >:[
GC: SH3 GOT F3F3R1 TH1S T1M3, 4ND M4YB3 K4N4Y4 TOO, 1 DONT KNOW
GC: DO YOU KNOW 4BOUT TH1S Y3T?
GC: 1F YOU G3T TH1S, PL34S3 B3 C4R3FUL K4RK4T, WH3R3V3R YOU 4R3
GC: 1M 4FR41D VR1SK4 H4S F1N4LLY GON3 COMPL3T3LY OUT OF CONTROL
GC: DO NOT TRY TO 3NG4G3 H3R, SH3 1S TOO D4NG3ROUS
GC: SH3 1S NOW MY R3SPONS1B1L1TY
GC: ONLY 1 KNOW HOW TO D34L W1TH H3R
GC: W4RN 3V3RYON3 3LS3 TO ST4Y 4W4Y TOO, 1F YOU C4N
GC: WHY WONT 4NYON3 R3SPOND? WH4T TH3 H3LL 1S GO1NG ON H3R3
GC: S1GN >:[
GC: GOG D4MN, HOW 4M 1 GO1NG TO GO 4BOUT TH1S
GC: 1 GU3SS 1 C4NT PUT 1T OFF FOR MUCH LONG3R
GC: WHY C4NT YOU 4NSW3R?
GC: 1 COULD R34LLY US3 SOM3ON3 TO T4LK TO 4BOUT 1T
GC: OH W3LL
GC: JUST DONT L3T H3R DR1NK YOUR BLOOD
GC: 1TS 4LL M1N3, R3M3MB3R >:]

## Karkat: Examine equipment.

**09/02/11**

You reflect on your prior experience as the team's ectobiologist. It seemed like you were doing something so important at the time. Finally everything made sense. This was why you were here.

But what was the point? You are all clearly going to die the most pointless deaths possible. Everything you believed about your destiny was meaningless. You wish you never pushed those buttons and hatched your team out of all this goddamn slime. You are no ectobiologist. If only there was some other title more befitting of the true discipline you practice, and the death sentence given to whatever you do the disservice of creating. You can't think of one though.

And what about the OTHER twelve wigglers you spawned? Who were they? Probably further proof

this was all meaningless and random. Could it be that they were the true heroes meant to be sent back to play this game, while your team was the superfluous crop? Could a mistake have been made during the reckoning?

Or just maybe, she was right about them all along. Not that it makes any difference now.

Something is stirring behind you. Something unconscious and toothless.

## Sollux: Wake up.

**09/02/11**

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pthbthh ppbthhhh..
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## ==>

**10/02/11**

pesterlogEB: so... what about jack?
AG: What a8out him?
EB: are you still planning on killing him?
AG: Hmmmmmmmm.
EB: that would be a constructive way to use your killer troll instincts, even by human standards.
EB: it is much better than killing friends.
AG: Yeah, you're right.
AG: And to tell you the truth, part of the reason I wanted to kill him was to protect them. It's not just a8out glory you know.
AG: 8ecause if I don't do it, then who will?
EB: well, we have a plan to defeat him too, so there's that.
AG: Yes, I know a8out your plan.
AG: I guess two plans are 8etter than one, right?
EB: yeah.
EB: so...
EB: will you go fight him then?
AG: Man, I don't know anymore.
AG: It's one reason I'm freaking out a8out this. A8out feeling 8ad a8out a simple, perfectly justifia8le killing.
AG: If I can't handle that, doesn't it mean I'm not as strong as I thought? What hope do I have against Jack if that's the case?
EB: for whatever it's worth coming from a human, feeling remorse doesn't make you weak!
EB: i bet you are still really strong.
EB: but then, i'm not sure if i actually want to encourage you to go off fighting him...
EB: because as strong as you probably are, it sounds like he is REALLY strong.
EB: and even though you killed tons of people, i think i would still be pretty sad if you died.
AG: Aw. ::::)
EB: so maybe you should just let us handle it? at least we won't fight him directly.
AG: I don't know. Even though I'm conflicted, it still feels like something I have to do.
AG: I admit, I'm pretty scared thinking a8out it.
AG: Not of him necessarily, 8ut of the fact that I apparently don't know myself as well as I 8elieved.
AG: What if I'm not as lucky as I thought?
AG: What if I do not in fact have ALLLLLLLL of the luck?

EB: well, maybe you don't?
EB: all of the luck sounds like an awful lot of luck to have.
AG: Exactly!
AG: 8ut then, if there is no chance of catching a 8ad 8r8k, then taking a risk doesn't even qualify as 8r8very, does it?
AG: It isn't even a risk, 8y definition!!!!!!!!
AG: So if this is going to mean anything, I guess I just have to find the strength from somewhere to go through with it.
AG: More than just the fakey strength that comes from turning a 8lind eye to all your flaws. You know what I mean?
EB: heh.
AG: Hmm.....
EB: what?

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**10/02/11**

pesterlogAG: You know how I said I couldn't rel8 to the attachment you have for your guardians?
EB: yes.
AG: Well, I guess that isn't completely true.
AG: There are adult trolls who we can rel8 to, if we choose to, and if we are lucky enough to discover who they are.
AG: 8ut it is not really in a familial sense, at least not socially speaking, the way you understand family. They are more like figures of legend, who are said to have more in common with us genetically than any other troll. 8ut we can never meet them of course. Only look up to them, and follow in their footsteps, 8ecause they died centuries ago.
EB: like...
EB: ancestors?
AG: Yeah!
AG: We are each supposed to have one, and if you 8elieve the lore a8out it, your destiny will 8e tied to theirs. You will find clues pointing to them and who they were, 8ut you will only notice them if your eyes are open.
AG: You then can choose to take up the life they left for you. And if you do, they will always 8e looking out for you, and guide you in finishing what they started.
EB: wow, that is kinda neat.
EB: so, do you believe?
AG: I don't have to 8elieve.
AG: I am completely certain it is true, and I know who mine is!
AG: I have 8een doing my 8est to honor her legacy for most of my life.
AG: I even named my roleplaying character after her!
AG: She gained all the levels.
EB: all of them?
AG: AAAAAAAALL.
AG: OOOOOOOOF.
AG: THEEEEEEEEM!
EB: hehe...
EB: how did you know she was the one?

==>

**10/02/11**

pesterlogAG: It was 8efore I ever started gaming, or rounding up other kids to feed my lusus.
AG: I was nearing the age where I would 8e expected to feed her.
AG: And she was starting to get so 8ig, that she would have to crawl out of the caverns soon, no longer a8le to feast on stray wigglers she caught in her we8.
AG: It was kind of an intense sym8iotic thing, a particularly demanding lusus-troll relationship, and only really strong kids are supposed to 8e a8le to handle it.
AG: So of course I was terrified of the responsi8ility looming!
AG: I really didn't think I would make it. I was sure I'd fail, and my lusus would either get angry and eat me, or she'd just die and then I'd 8e culled.
AG: 8ut then I saw a shooting star one evening.
AG: I tracked down where it landed, and found a chest with my sign on it.
AG: A sign is an insignia we must wear, specific to our class. Each class has a huge alpha8et of signs, so when someone shares yours, you know you have a lot in common. I was so excited to see it.
EB: what was in the chest!

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**10/02/11**

pesterlogAG: It was her journal!
AG: She documented all of her amazing adventures as she sailed around the world, commanding a notoriously deadly fleet of Gam8lignants.
AG: It was so thrilling reading it. It really felt like she wrote it just for me, like she was talking right to me and telling me how to 8e like her. She even left notes on where she 8uried treasure and stuff, which I followed l8er when I started RPing. I found her dice that way, and so many other gr8 things.
AG: Learning a8out her gave me the strength and confidence to do what I had to do.
EB: that is a pretty exciting story!
EB: so then, your great great great grandnanna or such was some kind of troll pirate? uh, i mean, pir8?
AG: Yeah!!!!!!!!
AG: And that's not all.
AG: Not that I really needed it proved to me that she was my ancestor, 8ut that's exactly what happened while playing this game.
AG: It turned out that in addition to cre8ting us all in the ecto8iology la8, Karkat cre8ted our ancestors too!
AG: 8ut he never 8elieved in any of that, and just thought they were random extra wigglers serving no purpose, the stu88orn jackass.
AG: The more common 8loods are less inclined to give a shit a8out that kind of stuff, legends and tradition and all that.
AG: Those in the upper classes like me put more stock in it, and rightly so.
EB: now that you mention that...
EB: it really sounds like our situations are not so different!
EB: i created our guardians in the lab too, along with the four of us.
EB: and when you think about it...
EB: i never even knew my nanna.

EB: she died before i was born. or, uh, before i created myself and sent baby me back in time, i mean.
EB: so really, she is my ancestor too! someone i am connected to genetically, but never knew.
AG: Oh yeah. Wow, I never thought a8out that.
EB: and even though i never knew her, she definitely helped me when i was growing up!
EB: i followed in her footsteps, and became an incredible prankster.
AG: Hahahaha. That is an admira8le calling, John. Every 8it as dignified as the path of the Marquise!
EB: i even had a book i learned a lot from too, the book was sort of a family tradition.
EB: it was written by an even older ancestor, my nanna's grandpa, who was only the most LEGENDARY PRANKSTER OF ALL TIME.
EB: so as you can see, we have both benefited greatly from ancestral wisdom.
AG: Yeah, that's so awesome!
EB: i think it is nice to see that when you take a closer look, we have a lot more in common than we first thought.
AG: I agree.
AG: Haha, oh man...
EB: what?
AG: I was just thinking a8out your life on Earth.
AG: You had it so easy! You don't have to go hunting for clues a8out your ancestors at all.
AG: There was a picture of her hanging RIGHT THERE on the wall of your hive.
EB: heheheh, yep! also, her ashes were there too.
AG: Hahahahahahahaha!
AG: I don't know why, 8ut that is just so funny to me.
AG: Your lives are so simple and easy. It must 8e really nice 8eing a human, even though you're all so weak.
AG: 8ut may8e it's ok to 8e weak, if that's what's normal.
EB: yeah, it is pretty great, actually. i highly recommend being human.

## Sollux: Pester Terezi.

**10/02/11**

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Alert : ♊
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pesterlogtwinArmageddons [TA] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

TA: terezi?
GC: F1N4LLY!!!
GC: 1 W4S ST4RT1NG TO TH1NK 1 W4S TH3 L4ST ON3 OF US 4L1V3
GC: H4V3 YOU S33N K4RK4T?
TA: n0.
TA: but i've sure as hell heard him.
GC: WH4T DO3S TH4T M34N??
GC: 4ND WHY 4R3 YOU TYP1NG L1K3 TH1S, 1TS V3RY ODD >:?
TA: it means that i'm blind n0w.
TA: and i guess i talk like this cause...

TA: kk kn0cked 0ut all my teeth like s0me kind of grubfisted d0uche.
TA: eheheh, n0w he's flipping 0ut.

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**10/02/11**

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Alert : ♎
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pesterlogGC: 1'M R3L13V3D YOU 4ND H3 4R3 OK
GC: 1 W4S G3TT1NG SO WORR13D, H3 WOULDN'T 4NSW3R
TA: seems like he wants t0 talk t0 y0u.
TA: but i was h0ping t0 talk with y0u a bit first, h0pe y0u d0n't mind.
TA: i mean, i kn0w he minds, but he can sm00ch my bl00dy, gummy m0uth right 0n the lisp f0r all i care.
TA: i mean lips! that's what i mean t0 say, n0w that i can.
TA: lips, lips, lipsssss. w0w, it feels s0 great t0 say that w0rd!
GC: H3H3H3 >:]
GC: OK SOLLUX, W3 C4N T4LK
GC: WH4T 1S TH1S 4BOUT YOU B31NG BL1ND?
TA: i h0pe y0u d0n't find it insulting that i wanted t0 talk t0 y0u ab0ut it first.
TA: y0u just seemed like the right 0ne t0 talk t0 ab0ut it.
GC: 1 DO NOT M1ND
GC: HOW D1D 1T H4PP3N?
TA: it was eridan.
TA: g0t me with his fucking science stick, but it's my fault, i t0tally underestimated him.
GC: OH NO
TA: h0nestly i'm 0k with it th0ugh, i'm fine, i mean, aside fr0m the part ab0ut n0t being able t0 see g0d damn squat.
GC: SOLLUX...
GC: DO YOU KNOW 4BOUT F3F3R1?
TA: yes.
GC: 1M SORRY >:[
TA: me t00.
TA: but it's 0k, i'm 0k with that t00.
TA: it's hard t0 explain h0w i'm feeling n0w.
TA: i just kn0w that she is happy and 0k right n0w.
TA: just like aradia is.
GC: YOU 4R3 SUR3 YOUR3 OK?
TA: yeah.
TA: i feel better than i ever have, really.
TA: there is n0 m0re n0ise, i never realized h0w N0ISY it was.
TA: i can finally relax, and hear my 0wn th0ughts with0ut having t0 yell them, 0r actually, just n0t have any th0ughts, that's a nice change 0f pace.
GC: TH4TS GOOD
GC: WH4T K1ND OF NO1S3 W3R3 YOU H34R1NG
TA: v0ices.
TA: indiscriminate, indecipherable v0ices, all talking at 0nce, v0ices 0f the s00n t0 be dead.

TA: they had been getting l0uder lately, and i just figured they were all 0urs.
TA: i tuned them 0ut kind 0f like i pretty much always d0, but n0w that they're g0ne the difference is HUGE, i mean W0W.
TA: maybe since they're g0ne, it means we w0n't have t0 die anym0re?

==>

**10/02/11**

```
pap

poooke
```

pesterlogGC: 1 HOP3 YOUR3 R1GHT
TA: s0, since i guess i have t0 learn t0 be blind n0w, d0 y0u have any tisps f0r me?
TA: i mean tips.
TA: tips tips tips tips tips!
TA: 0u0
TA: wait, n0, that s0unds stupid.
GC: H3H3
GC: Y34H! 1 H4V3 PL3NTY OF T1PS
GC: 1T M4Y T4K3 T1M3 THOUGH, 1T TOOK M3 PL3NTY OF T1M3 TO G3T US3D TO
GC: 4LSO, 1 M4Y NOT B3 4S GOOD 4 T34CH3R 4S 1 H4D, S1NC3 1 4M NOT 4 M4G1C4L DR4GON >:[
TA: that's 0k, i'm happy t0 learn fr0m y0u just being y0u.
GC: HOOR4Y!
GC: SO WH3R3 4R3 YOU GUYS?
GC: 1 SHOULD COM3 JO1N YOU, SO W3 C4N ST1CK TOG3TH3R
TA: fuck, i dunn0.
TA: i'm BLIND, remember?
GC: H4H4H4
TA: i'll ask kk.
GC: H4NG ON
TA: what?
GC: SOM3TH1NG 1S GO1NG ON
GC: 1 SM3LL SOM3TH1NG 1N H3R3
TA: what??
GC: 1T SM3LLS
GC: BR1GHT3R
TA: brighter?
TA: terezi?
TA: are y0u there?????
TA: aw shit n0...

## Dave: Resist great urge to play Bro's Xbox.

**11/02/11**

```
HUNGER

Doritos
```

As usual, you fail to resist the urge.

You start thrashing up stunts something uncannybrutal on your quest forOH GOD DAMMIT.

You were making a play for that sicknasty pack of deliriously mouthwatering Doritos and this idiot got stuck in a pole again. Time to reset for the third time this hour.

## Dave: Reset.

**11/02/11**

```
Alert : Aradia
```

Someone is bothering you.

## Dave: Answer.

**11/02/11**

pesterlogapocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG]

AA: hello!
TG: hey
AA: i think its absurd i never introduced myself to you in all that time i spent moping around the lab
AA: guess i wasnt in a very good mood
AA: hi dave my names aradia
TG: christ
TG: youre a fan of one of my websites arent you
TG: what asshole gave you my chumhandle
TG: also what was your favorite thing i did you liked
TG: and what did you think was so great about it
TG: also
TG: asl???
AA: um
AA: 6 a girl and a place very close to you
AA: in fact
AA: i could visit you right now if you would like
TG: oh holy shit ok youre a troll
TG: only trolls say theyre six i dont know whats up with you and that dumb fake age
AA: to be fair it translates to the same age as you which at the moment is 12 is it not
TG: makes no sense bye
AA: understanding disparities in the flow of time should be easy for people like us let alone understanding disparities in such pedestrian things as units
AA: i am 6 sweeps old one sweep is a little more than 2 years you dummy!
TG: cool story
AA: look it is either the truth or i am just someone who is being a bit playful what is the harm in that
TG: ok so 2=6 awesome joke hahahaha
TG: or wait maybe it was just a waste of time
TG: you people think im made of the stuff
AA: :D

==>
**11/02/11**
pesterlogAA: i know you arent
AA: but i am
TG: what
AA: maid of time
AA: whereas you are the knight of the very same cosmic faculty
AA: it would seem we have very little in common dave
AA: when in fact we have very much
TG: yeah
TG: i think
TG: im gonna shut off my phone now cya
AA: yes
AA: thats definitely what you did the first time we had this conversation
AA: so i will wait patiently while you realize thats not what youre going to do this time
TG: uh
TG: what
TG: the fuck
AA: dave describe to me why you are now incredulous please
TG: i remember this
TG: i remember shutting off my phone and never talking to you again
TG: but
TG: im still talking
TG: whats going on
AA: of course you remember that
AA: this is a memory
TG: no its a dream
TG: im asleep
TG: or am i
TG: what is going on here
AA: come to the window
TG: why
AA: because im outside
TG: bs
AA: take a look
TG: i dont see anything out there
AA: that iiis
AA: becaaause
AA: im not out there anymore!
AA: turn around

==>
**11/02/11**
pesterlogTG: oh sup
TG: looks like youre a fairy

AA: yeah
TG: thats cool

==>
**11/02/11**
pesterlogTG: these arent my shades anymore
TG: john gave me these new ones for my bday
TG: i remember that
TG: and i wasnt wearing this shirt
TG: it was this one
TG: howd it get like that
AA: try to remember
TG: i cant
TG: wait
TG: i wasnt wearing this actually

==>
**11/02/11**
pesterlogTG: i was wearing this suit
TG: no wait
TG: it was a black one
AA: are you sure
TG: yeah
TG: and i was playing sburb
TG: thats right
TG: and then i went to sleep at some point
TG: which is why im asleep now
TG: but
TG: if im dreaming
TG: then why am i not awake as my dream self
AA: why indeed!
TG: shit
TG: this wasnt the suit i was wearing

==>
**11/02/11**
pesterlogTG: it was this ugly fucking rag
AA: yes
AA: i think it looks pretty nice but go on
TG: and i went to take a nap
TG: terezi said id reach god tier
TG: or i guess show me why i wouldnt
TG: did it work is this part of the process somehow
AA: no
AA: sorry
TG: so then
TG: its just a stupid pointless dream

AA: not exactly
TG: wait
TG: oh yeah
TG: i woke up
TG: and then

==>
**11/02/11**
pesterlogTG: welp

==>
**11/02/11**
pesterlogTG: so then
TG: im dead
AA: yes
TG: then this isnt a memory or a dream at all
TG: its the afterlife
AA: yes and no
AA: yes and 2 nos!
AA: it is the afterlife
AA: but what is happening now is taking place in a bubble which is accessible to the living through dreams under the right conditions
AA: and it is also your memory
AA: the entry point for any bubble is always a memory
AA: either a memory of the dead
AA: or a memory of the living dreamer come to visit!
AA: but once you realize it is not just a memory
AA: what happens next is up to you

==>
**11/02/11**

```
Alert : ♏
```

pesterlogTG: ok
TG: what is going on over here then
TG: is this some disturbing ghost hallucination should i start slapping myself or what
AA: no this actually did happen
TG: i dont remember this
AA: thats because it isnt your memory
AA: this is alpha dave
AA: the one who chose not to take the nap which led to your death
TG: fuck
TG: lucky bastard
TG: so then i guess terezi tricked me
AA: did she
AA: didnt you ask for this
TG: it would have been cool to know if picking one option would definitely kill me pointlessly so

yeah
TG: but i guess i kept giving her shit about it and i knew she was kind of crazy and morbid anyways so whatever
TG: is
TG: bro dead there
AA: evidently
TG: like in reality
TG: like thats a thing that really happened
TG: also
TG: is reality still a thing that means something can that be a question on the table too
AA: yes yes and yes
AA: yes it can be on the table and yes reality still means something
AA: and yes your guardian did die
TG: well
TG: dammit
TG: what did i do wrong
TG: aside from getting my ass killed in the most retarded way possible
AA: nothing
AA: all is well and as it should be
TG: whats he doing
TG: alpha me
AA: what would you be doing there if you were him
TG: i am him
AA: even better!
TG: i dunno
AA: would you be upset
TG: yeah
TG: sorta
AA: then maybe what you are doing is grieving
AA: in whatever way that comes naturally to you
TG: maybe
AA: you are lucky to be able to
AA: i could not for a long time
AA: but now that i can again im so relieved
AA: because i have discovered there is no reason to grieve!
TG: ok
TG: am i talking to someone there
AA: looks like it
TG: who
AA: who do you suspect you would be talking to in this situation
TG: probably
TG: terezi i guess
AA: maybe she is helping you through this
TG: i dunno
TG: would she do that
AA: you were helping her werent you

TG: was i
AA: i think so
AA: the living need each others help
AA: just like the dead do
AA: alpha dave still has a long way to go
AA: hes still not at ease with his mortality
AA: but people like us have to be!
AA: we have to be prepared to die a thousand deaths before our quest is complete
AA: the master we serve demands it
TG: so
TG: im just one dead dave offered up to the time god
AA: pretty much
TG: what about the other dead daves
AA: they come here too
AA: in their own bubbles
AA: you may cross paths with them if you wish
TG: uh
TG: i think
TG: im up to my neck in dave already
TG: just being one
AA: ha
AA: i know the feeling :)
TG: still doesnt seem right though
TG: why are you even here like why are you showing me this
AA: im not showing you im just visiting your bubble
AA: it projects your thoughts and memories
AA: as well as other things relevant to you much like the clouds do in skaia
TG: but like
TG: if im seeing this
TG: shouldnt i be able to do something about it
TG: or stop it from happening or
TG: i dont know like anything to keep helping my friends
TG: what do i do
AA: nothing
AA: none of this is your business anymore
AA: its time to move on

==>

**12/02/11**

pesterlogTG: where are we now
AA: oh look this was my hive!
AA: before it was destroyed
TG: oh so this is the trollplanet
TG: pretty cool not really what i pictured
AA: what did you picture
TG: i dont know its more subdued

TG: i pictured a lot more mayhem like
TG: a bunch of trolls flying around in little grub pods constantly screaming at each other through bullhorns shaped like buckets
AA: thats very silly and a little perverse
TG: hahaha
AA: but actually that sounds like what it might have been like on some parts of the planet sooo
TG: can we not go to those parts
AA: ill put in a good word with your bubble about it
TG: awesome
TG: so what am i supposed to do now that im dead
TG: what is like
TG: the primary activity here
TG: that ghosts get their shit worked up over
TG: like
TG: where are the fucking hauntoffs at is what im asking
AA: i dont know about hauntoffs
AA: but there is plenty of time to satisfy various curiosities you might have about existence and whatnot
TG: boring
AA: is it
TG: just kidding that sounds cool
AA: oh! yes
TG: what else
AA: there are all sorts of friends to meet
AA: ones you already know and ones you dont
AA: there is plenty of time for just about anything
AA: lots and lots of time
AA: enough time to understand that time isnt much of anything at all
TG: it isnt
AA: time is like a game
AA: just one fun game in realitys cupboard which is full of them
AA: its the one we are the best at!
AA: while other people are better at the other games
AA: but when all the games are back in the cupboard everyone is about the same
AA: and games are fun but sometimes you dont realize how much fun you were having until theyre all over
AA: and sometimes you look back and realize for some stupid reason you werent having any fun at all!
AA: then you laugh
TG: ha
TG: haha
TG: i bet you meant a laugh a whole lot less shitty than that
AA: that laugh will suffice
AA: hey!
AA: want to see inside my hive
TG: yeah sure

TG: well
TG: how about later
TG: not that that doesnt sound cool but i kind of want to just go home
TG: and i guess chill for a while cause i guess it was all a bit much
TG: if thats ok and i guess also possible
AA: it is quite possible and more than ok

==>

**12/02/11**

pesterlogAA: it seems you have a hiveguest dave
TG: aw hell no
TG: is this who i think this is
AA: tavros has been looking forward to meeting you
AT: hEYYY,
AT: fIRST, oK, i THINK YOU'RE FANTASTIC,
AT: wHICH IS TO SAY, jUST AN ENVIABLY COOL GUY, wHO i ADMIRE,
AT: lET'S PUT THAT COMPLIMENT ON THE TABLE WHERE WE CAN BOTH SEE IT,
TG: holy shit
AT: lOOKS LIKE i FOUND ANOTHER POINT IN TIME TO BOTHER YOU,
AT: wHEN, i GUESS,
AT: yOU ARE MORE EMOTIONALLY SUSCEPTIBLE,
AT: }:)
TG: dude
TG: are those sick fires youre packing there
TG: you best not be bringin that fire into my bubble less you plan on dropping that shit
AT: oHH, bRO,
AT: tHESE ARE WITHOUT ANY CONFUSION TO BE NOTED AS SOME TRULY UNHEALTHY INCENDIARIES,
AT: tHEY ARE IN ABOVE AVERAGE NEED OF MEDICAL ATTENTION,
AT: sO, iN OTHER WORDS, jUST TO COMPLETE THE ANALOGY, i HOPE YOU KNOW A LICENSED PHYSICIAN,
TG: i am your general fucking practitioner and doctors orders are to shut up and burn down my goddamn office
TG: ill break your brittle ass like a graham cracker and well roast smores over the flaming debris have i made myself clear
AT: aH, hAHA, yES, aND,
AT: cERTAIN FEATURES OF YOUR PALE ANATOMY MAY SERVE AS THE MARSH MALLOW INGREDIENT, nEEDED FOR THE MOLTEN SNACK,
AT: i WILL PROVIDE THE FUDGE, }:D
TG: dude
TG: gross
TG: so aradia just so were clear
TG: this is like a hellbubble right
TG: its my eternal punishment to have shitty rapoffs with this tool forever is that it
AA: yes you figured out the mystery!
TG: i guess i had it coming for a flagrant lifetime spent being unbelievably fucking incredible at rap

and just about practically everything else
TG: except not dying
AA: you may think so but then again you have not faced team charge in a match of slam poetry have you
AT: oHHHH, yESSS,
AA: just kidding im no good at slam poetry haha sorry
AT: oHHHH,
AT: oH, }:(
TG: so is he dead
TG: he looks dead
AA: yes hes dead
TG: what about you
TG: you dont look dead
TG: are you dreaming
AA: no i am wide awake
AA: and i physically stand before you in person!
TG: so
TG: youre not dead
AA: oh no

## ==>

**12/02/11**

pesterlogAA: i am very much alive
AA: and i intend to stay that way :)

## John: Prepare to leave castle.

**12/02/11**

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Alert : Vriska
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pesterlogEB: ok then, i guess i will get going.
AG: Go where?
EB: to keep looking for my dad!
AG: Are you sure you don't have more important things to worry a8out?
EB: um...
EB: are you saying that i am still not supposed to find him yet?
AG: John, please. I thought you were done getting the future spoon fed to you like this.
AG: I have told you that you will find your dad eventually. That should 8e good enough! Don't you think it's time to start taking your responsi8ility more seriously?
EB: well, yeah.
EB: but what responsibility do you mean?
AG: We just concluded that I am going to go fight Jack. And there is a possi8ility I will fail! He could kill me easily for all I know. 8ut it's something I have to try.
AG: And if I do fail, your plan will serve as 8ackup. There is a lot riding on you, John. On 8oth of us!
EB: ok.
EB: so you're saying i should go get the tumor now instead of putting it off?
AG: I'm not telling you to do anything. Just reminding you of what's at st8ke.

EB: wait, i mean the tumor.
EB: wait...
EB: i mean The Tumor!
AG: Why don't we just call it what it is.
AG: A 8ig fucking 8om8 in the core of your 8attlefield.
EB: yeah.
EB: which is what i was wondering about...
EB: how am i supposed to get it out?
EB: i guess go find a cave or something?
AG: Yes, you could pro8a8ly go looking for a sanctioned entry point.
AG: Or you could just do what winners in a hurry do.
EB: what...
AG: Cheat!
EB: uh, is that even possible?
AG: It's practically always possi8le.
AG: I won't tell you how, 8ut I will point out you could start making 8etter use of your powers than facilit8ing noisy joyrides.
AG: Is that what Earth is like, 8y the way? A 8unch of humans flying around in little wheeled pods constantly 8eeping at each other with their chauffeur familiars????????
EB: hehe, no.
EB: well, maybe some places, but most cars stay on the ground, because science fiction hasn't happened yet.
AG: Anyway, I'm just saying it's time to do something useful and impressive with your powers, deli8er8ly for a change. You are a god now, remem8er?
EB: yes, but...
EB: all i can do is make a lot of wind blow around!
EB: how is that going to help?
AG: Use your imagin8tion!
AG: That windy thing of yours is more vers8tile than you think.
EB: alright, i will try.

==>

**12/02/11**

pesterlogAG: Good.
AG: I think it's time for me to get going too. I will prepare for 8attle.
EB: oh, man.
EB: i guess if there is nothing i can say to change your mind, and it's something you really have to do, then i understand.
EB: but, how about this...
AG: What?
EB: can this not be the last time we talk before you go?
EB: it would be nice to hear from you at least once before you leave to fight him.
AG: Yeah! You got it. I will message you 8efore I leave.
EB: in my future, too! none of this messaging me in the past nonsense, before i even knew you.
AG: Of course.
EB: ok, great. i will hold you to that, vriska.

AG: It will 8e a certainty.
AG: That said, there is no need for any sort of farewell right now.
AG: Go do your amazing windy thing, John. 8e cre8tive! I will talk to you l8er.
EB: ok, i will, later!

arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB]

## John: 8e cre8tive.

**12/02/11**

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**12/02/11**

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WHIRRRRRRR...
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==>

**12/02/11**

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**12/02/11**

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DRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIILLLLL...
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## Battlefield: Quake.

**13/02/11**

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**13/02/11**

More wine for the lady?

This woman sure does seem to like her wine. The gentleman has never met a woman quite so taken with the drink, or one as enchanting and beautiful, for that matter.

Oops!

==>

**13/02/11**

The fellow has stained the mademoiselle's fine garment. The gaffe is unforgivable, and the only true course of chivalry would be to liberate the damsel from the sodden cloth and launder it immediately.

But the lady has no concern for the purity of her finery. She has other things on her mind altogether.

==>

**13/02/11**

The woman has never met a gentleman so strong and considerate and handsome. She cannot tell for certain if her intoxication is due to her seventh glass of wine, or the contours of his proud, powerful nose, and the sensual aroma wafting from his pipe.

==>

**13/02/11**

The man and the woman are at ease. They have everything because they have each other. They know that together they can make it through anything, whether trouble brings a bit of spilled wine on a chic lab coat, or reduces the very castle beneath their feet to ruins.

==>

**13/02/11**

==>

**13/02/11**

## Vriska: Read Mindfang's journal.

**13/02/11**

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♏
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**13/02/11**

```
}}                  ETIRW
I SA WON NEVE NIRG SIHT
   ELFITS OT EL_ISSOPMI
      SI TI SWALF TN_UQ
   FO LANESRA GNIRAEDNE
      OS SIH TNEMELPMOC
     TON DID SGNIVIGSIM
)SIH FI ,NIAGA( ,TSAHGA
        )EM DLOH( DLUOW{{
```

journalog~ On the 14th 8ilunar perigee of the 2nd dim season's equinox ~

The Orphaner poses a caliginous riddle like no other I've met. I am presuming him 8othered 8y jealousy, and it would 8e sickening if it were not so marvelously amusing. 8ut then, who 8ut royalty could have the finned cheek to show disdain for the manner in which his 8lack lover conducts her red conquests? Less has acceler8ted meeker than I to homicide, and the viol8tion would hold me aghast, again, if his misgivings did not complement his so endearing arsenal of qu8nt flaws. It is impossi8le to stifle this grin even now as I write.

He surely understands this as my maritime overlord, a superior while through gritting fangs he would concede the expanse of my plunder makes his seem hardly worthwhile to trou8le a map with good ink over. I know he understands. I will take what I want. I expect nothing less from Dualscar, and truly, less would offend me. Is it the crude 8lood of the suitors from which I have taken enjoyment recently? If his displeasure is with my 8lithe treatment of the social order then he has either not spent enough time in the warm company of my indifference, or is simply very stupid. I saw the look he gave. He's so secure in knowing I can't feel what's in his mind he forgets the tr8torous ways of his own face. His little looks are words to me, interjections in our deliciously 8itter repartee. First a look as I summon a slave from the hold, with such ease 8etween my remarks. Why yes, Dualscar, they were the very slaves in your hold until 8ut this hour. Another ship deployed carelessly, languishing in strategic vulnera8ility. Is this not our routine? Our dance? What is this look, my dear kismesis? Is it shame? Envy? Contempt for what he knows will follow?

I nod her over. She is fearful and it makes her prettier. He scoffs without a movement or sound. I know there is disgust feeding the shadows in his corner of my 8lock. At least prick her in the light, he surely thinks. Determine what vulgar hue she 8leeds 8efore persisting with your a8asement,

Marquise. Do try to understand, Orphaner. Not knowing is the point, and if you truly understood this, your crusade against the Gam8lignants would not 8e among our Grand High8lood's most uproarious punchlines. (If only one truly needed to 8e so high to find it amusing!) And so not knowing, I take her will, 8ut leave enough of it to enjoy her response. Her hands are in my service 8ut they still shake. They unfasten the first 8utton at my jacket's waist, clumsily. I have masked the line 8etween my puppeteering and her volition exquisitely, and her uncertainty over her own control fuels her fear. She unfastens the second 8utton, and 8etween the second and third, I make a casual remark to Dualscar, continuing our convers8tion. He does not respond.

I look again at the face of my slave, imagining for a moment her mind is not an unguarded port to her every dread. I imagine I cannot feel her conviction that it's not merely a matter of whether she will 8e put to the irons, 8ut how hot they will 8e if she fails to please. Poor thing. Her horns make attractive shapes and pair themselves pleasantly amidst her violent snarls of hair. Her fingers, which I have lost track of, to my surprise have come 8etween the petticoat and my skin. The heat of her touch tells me the likely range for the color of her 8lood. I wouldn't have guessed it to look at her, not with her sign stripped. Her mouth opens slightly and I squint. Ah! Razor sharp, and none missing. Perfect. How disappointing it is to find quivering lips hiding dull teeth. I pause to consider. What will her fear 8ecome if I choose to show her mercy later? And even, in days, kindness? Will this 8e the red dalliance that 8ecomes fully flushed? Love demands my cunning just as my raids. If it is to 8e, she will never understand how thoroughly she was manipul8ted, her 8ody, her mind, her devotion.

I remem8er Dualscar again. My distraction from our 8anter was momentarily a8solute, and I inquire into the shadows. 8ut he is gone.

Then go, my kismesis. Fume with the indign8tion I gave you. I can only pray it 8lackens our 8ond. I must know such exhi8itions agit8 him and hence why I 8other, otherwise it would 8e easy to dismiss him 8efore I partook. Let it 8e a gift of antagoniz8tion to you, my dear rival, on which you may 8rew pitch for me anew. And if it is true envy, a vermilion yearning I can't a8ide, then though it pains me it will 8e farewell.

Alas, it may 8e that I am too good at spurring h8. Too good, at least, for him. I only hope he is not so foolish as to tread a path of less torrid malice.

For if he does.....

==>

**14/02/11**

journalog~ On the 16th ~

My suspicions have 8een confirmed. I'm not grinning anymore, Dualscar.

Our orderly contention has dissolved right 8efore my vision 8fold. It was once a handsome 8lack, 8ut now sits like good strong tea sullied and cooled 8y unwelcome dairy.

Thus my heart was 8roken twice. I was fond of the slave. There was surely promise in her red investment. He had her assassin8ed.

==>

**14/02/11**

journalogAnd so I am visited 8y a 8it of 8ad luck for a change. It's not possi8le to evade it forever, I suppose. I will simply have to endure the misfortune of o8serving his 8ase and artless measures of retali8tion.

==>

**14/02/11**

journalogHe's applied his own resources to increase the 8ounty on my head. I wonder if he intends such a laugha8ly ineffectual gesture as anything more than a formality, a sym8ol of his intent. If not, my smile. How it threatens to revisit. Almost.

I've 8roken laws, yes. 8ut what has there 8een to pay for? If any act I've taken should demand a 8ounty, it was paid up front. I foot the 8ill myself with guile and supremacy.

==>

**14/02/11**

```
honk.
```

==>

**14/02/11**

```
HONK.
```

==>

**15/02/11**

```
honk. HONK.
```

journalog~ On the 20th ~

If only my hoard were as 8ottomless as his desire to disappoint me. He is set on cowardice, deferring to others to settle his score.

Doesn't he remem8er what he's confided? It would 8e easy to give the evidence to Her Imperious Condescension, and he would 8e killed quickly for his unthinka8le presumption. He's taken a gr8 risk har8oring red am8itions for an empress who will never even know his name. Not that I'll sink to his tactics.

8ut then, he feels safety in knowing this. My sources say he is en route.

==>

**15/02/11**

journalog~ On the 21st ~

I've learned Dualscar has reported to the Grand High8lood all the intelligence he has on me and my fleet. It was inform8tion he'd guarded closely to protect our once mutually cherished rivalry. He

couldn't let it fall into the wrong hands, lest another 8esiege me more effectively and cause me to wax for the usurper. Not that he'd raised that mast particularly high himself. Ah, the shortcomings I manage to overlook for the sake of a lover.

I would have enjoyed witnessing the entertainment he prepared to please the High8lood. His sense of humor was dreadful. It would have 8een a true miracle if he survived the appointment.

Funny, I always imagined a grander entry in my journal for your demise, Dualscar. 8ut I should have realized you would die as you lived. A joke. One more humorous little sacrifice kindly given to the Su8juggl8ors, and one step closer to the release of the Vast Honk they prophesize. I am overjoyed to understand now this was always your destiny.

==>

**15/02/11**

```
honk.
HONK.
honk.
HONK.
honk.
HONK.
honk.
HONK.
honk.
HONK.
honk.
HONK.
honk.
HONK.
```

==>

**15/02/11**

```
motherfuckin.
HONK.
motherfuckers.
```

==>

**15/02/11**

journalogIt's 8een nearly a week since Dualscar's fitting end and I'd all 8ut forgotten the matter. It seems the Su8juggl8ors were not particularly inspired 8y his revel8tions a8out my affairs. Sources tell me their response was to commission one of the court's neophyte legislacerators to conduct the investig8tion and 8ring me to justice.

==>

**15/02/11**

journalogNeophyte Redglare is reported to 8e quite talented. I find no reason to dou8t this. Still, how can I 8e caused any unrest to learn their recourse is to send a lone, inexperienced 8ureaucrat to apprehend me?

I cannot view this as anything other than full concession 8y the High8loods. They now only seek to maintain the appearance of pursuing me. May8e they find my exploits amusing? I couldn't possi8ly

disagree. Those rare moments when my superiors show wisdom come perilously close to restoring my faith in the social order.

==>

**15/02/11**

journalogAs for Redglare, it would surprise me if I ever heard her name again. If she finds me then I welcome her challenge. 8ut I am so confident she will play no relevant role in my future, I won't even 8other peering into my oracle to satisfy my curiosity.

## [S] 3x SHOWDOWN COMBO.

**16/02/11**

```
ROLLLLLLLL.

honk.

HONK.
```

==>

**17/02/11**

==>

**17/02/11**

==>

**17/02/11**

```
PAP PAP PAP PAP
```

==>

**17/02/11**

```
HONK.
```

==>

**17/02/11**

```
hoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooonk.
```

==>

**17/02/11**

==>

**17/02/11**

==>

**17/02/11**

```
CLOCK

spin flip flippety flip
```

==>

**17/02/11**

```
DOOF.
```

==>

**17/02/11**

```
nab.
```

==>

**17/02/11**

==>

**17/02/11**

```
DEBUNK.
```

==>

**17/02/11**

==>

**17/02/11**

==>

**18/02/11**

```
BZZZZZZZZZ
```

==>

**18/02/11**

==>

**18/02/11**

```
DEAD.
```

## Shades: Descend.

**18/02/11**

==>

**19/02/11**

==>

**19/02/11**

==>

**19/02/11**

==>

**19/02/11**

==>

**19/02/11**

==>

**19/02/11**

```
<33333333
```

==>

**19/02/11**

```
VRISKA: <33333333
```

## Be Jack Noir.

**19/02/11**

You are now Jack Noir.

You have just murdered an innocent family.

What will you do?

## Jack: Accessorize immediately.

**19/02/11**

You begin claiming trophies to celebrate your magnificent triumph over the defenseless loving couple. The man's hat suits you perfectly. It is plain and serviceable. Yes, that looks so good. The only way the look could possibly be improved is if it was blacker. Or bloodier.

## Jack: Take a prize from the lady.

**19/02/11**

This beautiful scarf will look quite dramatic as you soar through the air, scouring the surface for new victims. It is finely crafted and the fabric is wonderfully soft. Your powerful nose detects perfume. The odor is pleasant.

Wait, this pipe is great too. It makes you look dignified and thoughtful. Yes, this will be your trophy as well.

## Jack: Trophy binge.

**19/02/11**

Yes. YES.

All of the glorious trophies will belong to you. There is no possession of the fallen so trivial that it would not make a splendid adornment to your intimidating visage.

WAIT NO.

THIS IS IN FACT SO VERY, VERY STUPID.

==>

**19/02/11**

```
STOMP. STOMP. STOMP.
```

This is no way for a killer of your elite profile to dress. Your rise to omnipotence has had a regrettable influence on your vanity it seems. Have you forgotten the original grievance with frivolous attire that got you here?

That's it. NO MORE TROPHIES. YOU ARE SWEARING OFF TROPHIES FOREVER.

Probably.

==>

**20/02/11**

Ok.

You will keep one trophy.

BUT ONLY ONE.

You can never stay mad at Cal. He is a true friend. The only you have ever known.

## ==>

**20/02/11**

God you are so bored.

## Jack: Sniff out new prey.

**21/02/11**

```
SNIFF SNIFF
```

It used to be that when you were bored with paperwork, you would go distract yourself by sharpening one of your favorite knives, or give your most disapproving scowl through a fenestrated wall to survey the kingdom. But those were simpler times. There is only one cure for boredom befitting a demigod, and that is more senseless killing.

You consult your proud long snout for assistance with the hunt. You pick up the maddening scent of one of the young graveyard stuffers. You are sure it is the same one you slaughtered earlier, and yet his stench remains, confounding you from every direction. It is as if THE BREEZE which carries it deliberately seeks to obfuscate the odor's origin. Your thoughts become more murderous with each blustery taunt.

## Jack: Succumb to unfathomable bloodlust.

**21/02/11**

```
DEAD

Snausages in a Blanket

PURINA Begging Strips, Bacon flavor
```

You are consumed by murderous thoughts and you prepare to embark on a killing spree to end all oh for fuck's sake you start thinking about dog things again.

WHY DO BONES HAVE TO BE SO DELICIOUS AND ENTICING.

## Jack: Suppress thoughts of unfathomable Snausages.

**21/02/11**

```
♥  wag ♥  wag ♥  wag ♥
```

You successfully suppress all thoughts of delicious little wrapped wieners and infuriating things like mail and its agents of delivery.

But in the process you awaken your deepest and darkest feelings of all. Feelings of...

Loyalty? How completely despicable.

But no, that is not quite all there is.

Could it also be...

LOVE?

It must be. It is the only emotion that could possibly make you feel so utterly disgusted with yourself.

==>

**21/02/11**

And it is surely why you couldn't go through with it.

==>

**21/02/11**

You could not do it.

You could not kill the girl.

## Jack: Contact DD?.

**21/02/11**

```
Alert : ♦
```

You get the Draconian Dignitary on the line. He asks what the hell you've been up to. You say it doesn't matter. You have a point of serious business to discuss with him. He makes sure you're remembering to keep the destructive impulses to a minimum. No more planet exploding or anything like that. You say yeah yeah. He says no point in securing power when there's nothing left to rule. You say you know, god. It's not the point.

Lousy stupid dignitary, all keeping your murderous tendencies in check. He's the most terrible guy you almost kind of didn't despise completely.

## DD?: Listen to SS?.

**21/02/11**

```
WAP WAP WAP

Alert : ♠
```

You attempt to humor the Sovereign Slayer's demands diplomatically. There's a narrow line to walk between obeying the orders of a clear superior and blindly facilitating a perfectly useless genocide. It takes a very savvy breed of psychopath to pull it off.

The Slayer is yapping about some girl. Probably one of the young players who can no longer provide any serious threat to your rule. But he wants you to go kill her anyway. You ask why he doesn't go kill her himself. He says it's complicated. This guy, you swear. You tell him you're busy with things that actually matter. Like running this kingdom on his behalf and all. Levying taxes, oppressing consorts, all the unpleasant chores he would never dirty his snout with. He says this is more important than any of that stuff. You say fine, just send the droll after her.

There's a moment of radio silence.

He says you mean the COURTYARD Droll? He wants to be sure this is the same droll you're

talking about. You say yeah, what's the problem? He says, you mean the very same droll who couldn't manage the one simple task assigned to him, to steal the White Queen's ring from the very same adoring, wonderful girl and master and friend in question? Wait. He says he just means girl. Just girl. You didn't hear any of that.

You don't say anything.

He says fine. You win. Sic the stupid droll on her, what does he care.

## DD?: Contact CD?.

**21/02/11**

```
Alert : ♣
```

You hit up the droll. The slayer was right, this guy is clearly incompetent. Still, the only real objective here is to get him to stop breathing down your neck with his awful dog breath.

Looks like the droll's on the battlefield. He says he is still looking for the queen's ring. He says he made a new friend to help him with his search. But it is terribly breezy on this planet, and his new friend keeps blowing around making the search more difficult! He says thank goodness he is not wearing one of his finer hats. It would be just dreadful trying to keep it on his head in such weather!

You say you don't care about any of that stuff, and tell him to shut up.

## CD?: Listen to DD?.

**21/02/11**

```
Alert : ♦
```

The dignitary is one of your superiors who makes you nervous. The list of superiors who make you nervous in fact includes all of your superiors. It includes many of your inferiors as well.

He tells you to forget the ring. You failed your mission, and you are never going to find it. There is a new mission. You say oh? He says yeah. And let go of the goddamn rabbit. You say ok, but don't actually let go.

You say you will be happy to begin the new mission very soon. But first there is this pretty blue tornado ahead you were meaning to investigate. Perhaps other locals it has attracted will know something about the ring? He says for the love of god, will you forget about the tornado and the ring. You don't say anything and look longingly at the tornado again. He says fine, if you really must examine a meaningless and extraordinarily dangerous exhibit of meteorological phenomena, then go ahead. But be ready to embark on the mission not a moment later. You say alright, and wonder what you should do to prepare. He asks if you have a good winter hat.

You nearly drop the radio in excitement.

## Jack: Wait.

**22/02/11**

There. Now that those wheels are in motion, you guess you can put your mind at ease for a while. You find nothing quite so troubling as the intrusion of a positive emotion.

You are momentarily afforded the peace of mind to resume a dull, quiet life of semi-restrained murder. Maybe you will wait here and see if the boy shows up. It's reasonable to assume he will seek these adults. Certainly easier to let him come to you than follow an untraceable scent. Or maybe you will take a look inside this castle. Perhaps there are survivors here fit for the offing? You GUESS that could serve some amusement.

You wonder if it will always be like this. What sort of future does a new god have to look forward to? Will this malaise follow you for eternity? Will you be perpetually tempted to destroy everything you see, knowing that in just a few moments of recklessness, you will be left with nothing else to destroy forever? What will eternity feel like when a single moment of boredom feels like an eternity unto itself?

You wish you could consult the clouds for answers. But they never show you anything. The reckoning can't wipe this place out soon enough.

## Be future Jack Noir.

**22/02/11**

You are now future Jack Noir.

Presently, you are trapped in a single moment, which increasingly feels like an eternity. Your boredom is surpassed only by your all consuming rage and contempt for existence itself.

Hours ago, you entered an unfamiliar session. You killed a thousand robotic assailants. You destroyed twelve planets with ease, methodically and cyclically, like a single stained hand of a defective clock smearing each number it passes. You reduced Prospit and Derse to dust, and murdered a whole bunch of alien kids in yellow and purple pajamas. Your warpath of absolute devastation had only begun to be blazed; there were still miles and bloody miles to send forth. But when the dust of Derse settled, this infuriating fairy appeared out of thin air and froze you in time. But she can't keep you like this forever. And when she finally lets you go, you will be ready.

What will you do?

Aside from nothing, that is.

## Jack: Wait.

**22/02/11**

You attempt to be patient.

You fail miserably.

## Be Aradia.

**22/02/11**

You are now the Maid of Time, recently resurrected from the crypt of Derse. Your name is Aradia Megido, and for the first time in your life, you feel truly alive.

You have just incapacitated Jack Noir with a spell. But a demon so powerful requires your full concentration to subdue. He will break free any moment. You may release him, and die now. Or you may continue to hold him, and die later.

What will you do?

Aside from die, that is.

## Aradia: Release him.

**22/02/11**

```
JACK: ?
```

==>

**22/02/11**

==>

**22/02/11**

You're done with dying.

==>

**22/02/11**

Soon, friends will arrive. They will need your help.

==>

**23/02/11**

==>

**23/02/11**

Whose memory is this?

==>

**23/02/11**

It appears to be yours. At least, that's how it begins.

## Aradia: Enter bubble.

**23/02/11**

==>

**23/02/11**

Wait a minute.

==>

**23/02/11**

This is not specifically your memory.

==>

**23/02/11**

It's hers.

==>
**23/02/11**
==>
**23/02/11**
==>
**23/02/11**
==>
**23/02/11**
==>
**23/02/11**
==>
**23/02/11**

```
crack
```

==>
**23/02/11**

```
swoop!
```

==>
**23/02/11**
==>
**23/02/11**
==>
**23/02/11**
==>
**23/02/11**
==>
**23/02/11**
==>
**23/02/11**

## Aradia: Report discovery.

**24/02/11**

```
pswswss wshwsh whisper.

Alert : ♊
```

pesterlogapocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA]

AA: s0llux!
TA: hey what'2 up aa.
AA: y0u will never guess what i just f0und
TA: won't ii?
AA: i d0ubt it
TA: wa2 iit the matchiing ruiin2 2iite?
AA: um

AA: yes
AA: h0w did y0u kn0w!
TA: ii don't know, ju2t a weiird feeliing.
TA: ii feel liike we had thii2 conver2atiion before and that'2 what iit wa2 about.
AA: yeah
AA: me t00
AA: what d0 y0u think it means?
TA: probably nothiing. but now not only doe2 iit feel liike we had the conver2atiion before, but iit'2 goiing diifferently thii2 tiime.
TA: 2o iit'2 extra weiird. maybe your voiice2 are iinvolved?
AA: i d0nt kn0w maybe
AA: maybe y0urs are t00?
TA: ii don't hear a goddamn thiing.
TA: do you?
AA: wait
AA: yes
AA: shes very quiet th0ugh i cant tell what shes saying!
TA: oh well.
TA: why don't we pretend there ii2 no 2pooky paranormal phenomena goiing on ju2t once and talk about what you wanted two talk about.
AA: g00d idea
AA: 0k d0 y0u remember what we talked ab0ut regarding kanayas ruins?
TA: 2orta.
AA: i asked y0u f0r help in understanding the glyphs
TA: ii gue22.
AA: 0_0
AA: are y0u just being difficult 0r d0 y0u really n0t remember
TA: ii gue22 ii don't fiind the whole my2tery of the ruiin2 a2 exciitiing a2 you, ok?
AA: well 0bvi0usly!
AA: but i really appreciate y0ur help anyway
TA: 2ure.
TA: how can ii help, then.
AA: well y0u said that y0ud need an0ther set 0f glyphs t0 make sense 0f them
AA: y0u speculated that there might be an0ther set 0f ruins
AA: y0u even guessed they w0uld be blue! it turns 0ut y0u were right
AA: d0nt y0u think that is pretty c00l?
TA: oh yeah, ii am awe2ome about that for 2ure.
TA: but,
TA: ii can't 2hake the feeliing the2e ruiin2 are goiing two be nothiing but trouble for u2.
AA: but y0u say that ab0ut everything!
TA: that'2 becau2e iit'2 fuckiing true about everythiing!
AA: n0 its n0t!
AA: i did find s0me 0ther neat things d0wn here t00 which are strange but quite harmless and n0t f0reb0ding in the least!
TA: liike what?
AA: like this AMAZING hat!

AA: it is an authentic arche0l0gists hat its s0 hard t0 find them in this style
AA: there are n0 h0rn h0les but i l0ve it anyway its great
TA: pretty 2weet aa.
TA: hey diidn't you al2o fiind 2ome biit2 and piiece2 of your biizarre robot doppelganger.
AA: i wasnt g0ing t0 tell y0u ab0ut that!
AA: damn it h0w did y0u kn0w
TA: ii don't know, ii ju2t "remembered" 2ome more 2hiit about thii2 dii2covery, god 2orry.
AA: this is stupid
TA: yeah, well, ii gue22 thii2 ii2 the kiind of 2hiit you have to deal wiith when two p2ychiic2 talk to each other about 2tuff.
AA: maybe
TA: why don't we piick thii2 up agaiin later when we're not feeliing 2o weiird?
AA: well
AA: 0k

apocalypseArisen [AA] began trolling twinArmageddons [TA] and apocalypseArisen [AA]

AA: ahem
AA: sorry to interrupt i wanted to give you both the chance to remember but it doesnt look like this is going anywhere!
TA: what the fuck?
AA: w0w what

==>

**24/02/11**

```
Alert : ¤
```

pesterlogAA: is it coming back yet
TA: is WHAT c0ming back, wh0 ARE y0u?
TA: wh0a h0ld 0n.
TA: why am i talking like y0u suddenly?
AA: this is a mem0ry
AA: in a dream bubble
AA: thats right!
TA: 0h.
TA: that d0esn't really answer my questi0n, but 0k.
AA: y0u changed y0ur v0ice because y0u remembered
AA: like i did
TA: remembered what?
AA: that i died
AA: this is my mem0ry and als0 hers
AA: but i went 0n t0 bec0me the r0b0t wh0se remains are in this crater
AA: whereas she did n0t
AA: i d0nt actually kn0w her st0ry 0r h0w she g0t here but f0r me this was the end 0f the r0ad
AA: this is the afterlife
TA: well, shit.

TA: s0 then i guess i'm dead t00?
AA: nope!

==>
**24/02/11**
pesterlogAA: you are just asleep
AA: you are also blind!
TA: h0ly shit, i can't see!
AA: yes thats what being blind means
TA: w0w, awes0me! way t0 be awes0mely sympathetic t00 my terrible new pr0blem, aa.
AA: sollux will you shut up and stop being so tragic for once
AA: you knew this was going to happen! your prophecies of personal doom were practically all you ever talked about
AA: i think you were looking forward to this honestly
AA: shes right
TA: i can't believe this, it's alm0st as if i'm getting...
TA: D0UBLE TEAMED.
TA:
TA: damn.
TA: that didn't feel right at all, i think i might have t0 retire the wh0le bifurcati0n gimmick, puns and all.
TA: actually that is kind 0f a relief, maybe y0u're right, i'm feeling better ab0ut this already.
AA: great!
AA: you should be able to relax now that youve been released from the curse of your vision twofold just like you said youd be
AA: you are now merely doomed!
TA: 0h.
TA: that's... awes0me?
AA: being d00med isnt that bad
AA: i spent m0st 0f my life that way remember
AA: at least y0u have the luxury 0f understanding
AA: and the best part ab0ut being d00med is y0u 0nly have t0 put up with it until y0u die
AA: thats the spirit hahaha
AA: actually i guess i dont have to keep talking like im doomed anymore do i
AA: nope :)
TA: this is s0 weird, what am i even listening t0 here.
TA: 0_0
TA: FUCK, i cann0t BELIEVE i just made that face.
AA: hahahahaha!
AA: hahahahaha!
TA: g0d dammit.
TA: 0h yeah, als0...
TA: why the fuck are my teeth missing?
AA: i
AA: dont know?
TA: 0k, well, great, glad we g0t t0 the fucking b0tt0m 0f that mystery.

TA: myssssssstery. mystery. mySSSSthSSSStery. mysterymysterymystery.
TA: man, i can't even lisp anym0re if i try.
TA: please d0n't laugh, i can tell y0u are b0th enj0ying this, i can smell it using my new blind guy n0se p0wers.
AA: really?
TA: n0 n0t literally, i was j0king. i mean n0t YET. maybe i'll ask tz ab0ut it when i wake up th0ugh.
TA: hey what was that n0ise?
AA: what noise?
TA: i think s0me0ne else is here.
AA: oh its jade!
TA: jade?? wtf.
AA: whos jade
AA: shes one of the humans we met after you died
AA: ok
AA: i guess i am out of the loop on chronology for once
AA: thats fine youll catch up!
GG: ummmmmm hey guys i hope im not interrupting!!!

==>

**25/02/11**

pesterlogTA: well, yeah, y0u kind 0f were, s0rt 0f a reuni0n 0f cl0se departed friends g0ing 0n here, but n0 big deal i guess.
GG: oh no!
GG: i can leave
AA: no dont!
AA: sollux try to be polite
AA: there is no reason at all for you to feel hostile toward them anymore
AA: jade is very nice and she did nothing wrong
AA: none of them did so when you wake up maybe you should try to reconcile with them or at the very least just say hello
TA: did Y0U?
AA: did i what
TA: be nice t0 them 0r whatever bef0re y0u expl0ded.
AA: well no
AA: but i should have!
AA: i did with you before i left didnt i
TA: i guess s0.
GG: :o
AA: this is awkward
AA: shush you!
AA: what actually happened after i died it sounds complicated
AA: it is!
AA: ill get you up to speed i promise but guys come on lets not scare away our guest
AA: ok then ill shut up
AA: i think one aradia saying things is more than enough probably
TA: y0u can say that again heheheh

TA: but i mean, d0n't say it again literally, because that's kind 0f the wh0le p0int, and w0uld c0mpletely c0ntradi...
AA: oh my god shut up!
GG: its ok! i can take another nap later when you guys arent busy...
AA: no jade its ok
AA: please stay! im curious about why you are here
GG: well...
GG: i have just been enjoying these little naps more and more lately!
GG: each time i go to sleep i meet more new people and learn so much
GG: but i still cant get karkat to take a nap, boy talk about a guy who is anti nap!
TA: ahahahah, yeah, what a d0uche!
GG: seeeeeriously!
GG: he is the douchiest of crabby crabs who ever douched a big douchey crab
TA: l0l.
GG: but yeah, its been fun, i should really thank feferi again for setting it up so we could meet like this!
TA: wait, ff is here?
GG: yup!
TA: 0h g0d, why didn't that 0ccur t0 me, where is she??
GG: ummm probably in another bubble
GG: but youll find her! maybe during your next nap...
TA: well shit, why can't i just g0 glub ar0und 0ut there in the ring and find her n0w?
TA: i mean, aside fr0m the fact that i'm blind and c0mpletely useless.
AA: navigating between bubbles is difficult here
AA: its better to drift between them naturally as they intersect
AA: not spatially but through common points in memory
AA: to navigate the furthest ring you need to have mastered the flow of time!
AA: that is why i am here
AA: i am alive again so i may assist the dead in this way
TA: huh.
AA: jade tell me
AA: have you seen me here before? i mean me dressed like i am now wearing my godhood
GG: yeah!
GG: you were really nice and helpful
TA: wait, what, y0u're wearing a g0dh00d?
TA: why didn't y0u tell me that, what gives? 0r that y0u came back t0 life??
AA: im wearing a hood and have butterfly wings what else would you like to know
TA: man, being blind is dumb, can i like gr0pe y0u 0r s0mething t0 get up t0 date 0n y0ur appearance, w0uld that be weird?
AA: yes sollux that would probably be pretty weird
GG: i think your outfit looks so cute! i love your wings too
AA: thank you your outfit is quite spiffy too
AA: i like that skirt a lot especially
AA: is
AA: is that a skirt?
GG: i am not sure :o

TA: /R0LLING MY EYES.
TA: is what i w0uld be d0ing if that were p0ssible.
AA: shhh!
TA: aa c0me 0n y0u were making a p0int.
AA: yes ok
AA: you see those encounters you had with me before have not happened for me yet because ive only just arrived
AA: time follows strange paths here as does space
AA: if you travel a great enough distance you may discover you are also traveling either backwards or forwards in time as well!
AA: just as if you stay in one place for too long the geometry of space surrounding you will become unreliable
AA: you may swat the air to your left and discover you have just slapped yourself!
AA: the only way to make sense of it is to understand either property very well
AA: and since i am new here i have some learning to do just like everyone else
AA: but i do know one thing
GG: what!
AA: i knew that the first bubble i would enter would be an important one for us to visit
TA: what's s0 imp0rtant ab0ut it?
AA: hang on
AA: we are moving on to a new memory hold that thought

==>

**25/02/11**

pesterlogAA: it is important because it will help us begin to understand why we are all here
TA: what d0 y0u mean why we are all here?
TA: y0u mean in the afterlife? that's easy.
TA: because she's asleep, she's dead, y0u're alive, and i'm blind, c0uldn't be simpler.
AA: no no
AA: not why we are in this bubble now
AA: but why we all exist in the first place and why we all went on this adventure together
TA: 0h, that.
AA: there is much to understand and i believe it all begins with one sequence of events
AA: watching will help those whove passed to understand the purpose of their sacrifice and those still living to understand what must be done to complete the journey still ahead
AA: we will let the memories lead the way
AA: are you guys ready?

==>

**01/03/11**

pesterlogGG: i am ready!
AA: ok lets allow the next memory to take shape
AA: i believe it is kanayas
AA: i will reprise my role in a conversation i had with her shortly after i discovered the ruins
AA: everybody hide and try not to spoil it for her until she remembers!

==>

**01/03/11**

```
Alert : ♈
```

pesterlogAA: hey kanaya
AA: there is s0mething i want t0 give y0u
GA: Oh Really
AA: yes its s0mething very 0dd i f0und when i disc0vered the ruins the 0ther night
AA: i d0nt kn0w what its arche0l0gical significance is yet but i suspect y0u will be able t0 repair it!
GA: This Is A Dream Isnt It
AA: 0_0
AA: w0w!
AA: uh i mean
AA: o_o
AA: wow
AA: you figured that out very fast!
GA: It Seemed Obvious
GA: Either Im Sleeping Or Im Dead Which Is It
AA: oh i am sure you are alive
AA: you are unconscious now and will likely wake up as your new self very soon
GA: My New Self
AA: yes
AA: you are undergoing a metamorphosis which you have been groomed for since you were very young
AA: much like i was for my various personal iterations including this one
GA: You Mean
GA: Being A Ghost And Then A Frog And Then A Robot And Then A Fairy
AA: yes!
AA: but it sure sounds silly when you list them all like that
GA: Kind Of
GA: What Do You Mean We Have Been Groomed
AA: wellllll
AA: that is what we are about to find out!
AA: if you will oblige us by continuing with this memory
GA: Okay
GA: What Do I Do
AA: why dont we go through this conversation again to the best of our recollection
AA: but i guess rather than acting it out we can just talk about it
AA: the old fashioned way
GA: Was What We Were Attempting Before Not Old Fashioned
AA: i have no idea
GA: It Seems To Me The Nature Of The Afterlife Is Probably Very Old Fashioned
GA: Maybe Even The Most Old Fashioned A Thing Can Get
AA: haha yeah you know what i mean though
GA: Yes Then
GA: This Was When You Were About To Give Me That Unusual Gift From The Ruins

AA: yes
AA: i then had sollux deliver the pieces to you so you could stitch it back up
AA: sollux that is your cue!
AA: come out and play the part
TA: s0 we d0n't have t0 hide anym0re?
AA: no of course not!
AA: obviously the jig is up everyone can come out now
GG: yay!

==>

**01/03/11**

pesterlogTA: s0 like,
TA: 0k s0 i'm supp0sed t0 act 0ut what i did bef0re, when i br0ught her these shitty d0ll parts, is that's what's g0ing 0n here?
GA: Yeah Im Still Not Sure Aradia Are We Supposed To Be Role Playing
AA: no guys come on this isnt that complicated!
AA: we are just revisiting the past just like we would if we were talking about it
AA: but it just so happens we can watch it happen as we talk about it
AA: and as a matter of fact
AA: this story does involve a role playing game but not in that way!
TA: thith ith kinb 0f thtupib.
AA: youre stupid and you sound stupid!
TA: h0py thith, i b0 th0unb thtupib.
TA: why the fuckth ith by b0uth fthull 0f all thethe theeth subbenly?
AA: i dont know o_o
AA: but you maaay be waking up soon
TA: 0h, 0k, greath, th0 i will mithth the retht 0f the c00l tht0ry, 0k.
AA: maybe not if we hurry this along!
GG: wait! before we do...
GG: hi kanaya! it is nice to meet you
GA: Hi Jade
GA: Uh
GA: What Is That Thing Youre Wearing
GG: you dont like it???
GA: No I Didnt Mean To Sound Disapproving
GA: But I Do Think More Colorful Apparel Suits You Better
GG: yes i know you told me!
GA: I Did
GG: yes but you probably havent yet
GG: not from your perspective..... i could not help but overhear you are asleep now
GG: you told me all about what happened after you woke up!
GA: About What
GG: about how you turned into a vampire
GA: Whats A Vampire
TA: thith ith ribicul0uth.
AA: thollux is right

AA: i mean sollux
AA: kanaya tell us what happened next!

==>
**01/03/11**
pesterlogGA: There Isnt Much To Say
GA: I Repaired The Doll And Made Him A Nice Outfit
GA: With A Far More Becoming Palette And Fit Than The Absurd Tatters He Was Found In
GA: I Thought At Least
AA: yes
GA: Uh
GA: Should There Be Anything Else To This Story
AA: not really!
GG: isnt that daves puppet?
AA: yes
GG: :\
TA: aw sthith, i guethth i'm 0utha here.
AA: bye sollux
TA: thee y0u lather eberyb0by.
GG: bye!
GA: Anyway That Is All I Can Remember
GA: I Quickly Began To Find The Doll Unnerving So I Put Him Away
GA: To My Knowledge He Has Remained Secure In My Block Ever Since
GA: Is He Relevant In Some Way
GG: guys why do you have daves puppet?
GG: what is going on here!
GA: Yes Aradia It Seems You Have Some Foreknowledge Of This Narrative Maybe You Can Tell Us Why Any Of This Is Important
AA: this is only a piece of the story
AA: the other pieces will fall into place with successive memories and it will all become clear
AA: but yes alright i will eliminate some suspense and try to serve as a better guide on this tour through the catacombs of our collective subconscious
AA: the separate tunnels we once traveled in the dark as individuals we now retrace together with a torch
AA: on the walls we illuminate the runes which describe a convoluted origin story
AA: an origin we participated in
AA: we were spurred to these actions by that which was being originated
AA: and incited to acts of revenge as we were turned against each other

==>
**01/03/11**
pesterlogAT: i DON'T REMEMBER THIS,
AT: i MEAN,
AT: i REMEMBER GETTING JUMPED OFF THE CLIFF BY MY LEGS,
AT: bUT NOT THE THING i'M DOING NOW,
AA: no

AA: our manipulator disguised his tracks well
AT: dO i,
AT: hAVE TO LIE ON THE FLOOR LIKE THIS,
AT: iS THAT IMPORTANT,
AA: no tavros you can get up
AT: aLSO,
AT: cAN WE, oR AT LEAST i, bE NOT IN THIS MEMORY,
AT: bECAUSE,
AT: iT'S ONE THAT'S NOT AS GREAT AS MOST,
AA: we will leave it soon
AA: but you were doing something very important here
AT: wHAT WAS i DOING,
AA: writing a part of the code

==>
**01/03/11**

```
LltC1tCtt1CKCC1C1tt...

PuPa PaN

LltC1tCt t1CK CC1C1tt...

PuPa PaN

flarp
```

pesterlogAA: an incomplete fragment consisting of four symbols
AA: comprising the first word of a binary refrain
AA: a pair of sounds emerging from the belly of a fabled tyrants menace
AA: but you authored only one sound of the pair

==>
**01/03/11**
pesterlogAA: i would write the other

==>
**01/03/11**

```
k00ttt0ct0ck00kttckktc...

k00ttt0c t0ck 00kttckktc...
```

pesterlogAA: in the soot of my ruined hive i scrawled my part of the code
AA: completing the phrase of legend
AA: the persisting sounds said to accompany the ultimate demise of the tyrant less an arm and an eye
AA: but even these eight characters
AA: the scrawlings of charge
AA: were still but half the code

==>

**01/03/11**

```
k888rkkrkk8r8kr888rrk8rr...

k888rkkrkk 8r8k r888rrk8rr...
```

pesterlogAA: there was another half by scourge in two parts
AA: one part three symbols

==>

**01/03/11**

```
S4D3HH3H34DSA433H33H44...

S4D3HH3 H34DS A433H33H44...
```

pesterlogAA: and the other
AA: five
AA: why the scale was tipped in this way between sisters
AA: i cannot say!

==>

**01/03/11**

```
-larp
-arp
flarp
-arp
```

pesterlogAA: each fragment would be transcribed in our rulebooks
AA: sealing the collaboration between rust bloods and blue bloods
AA: completing the code for our sessions architect
AA: not exactly

==>

**02/03/11**

pesterlogAA: there was another fragment
AA: oh?
AA: yes
AA: an additional eight symbols
AA: from a wild card source i suppose

==>

**02/03/11**

```
OnHHkonNkKhonkONhoHONKkNhOoONkH...

OnHHkonNkK honk ONho HONK kNhOoONkH...
```

pesterlogAA: it came from a timeline not meant to happen
AA: the one i came from to ensure it wouldnt
AA: thus sealing my fate

==>

**02/03/11**

pesterlogAA: i believed the fragment was gibberish from a lunatic
AA: after completing his rampage through our session
AA: since it was not part of the scripted chronology i was oblivious until it was too late to stop it
AA: not that it would matter if i did the timeline had already gone astray
AA: i pieced together what had happened by sleuthing the various scenes

==>

**02/03/11**

pesterlogAA: and discovered the text which the code was recorded in
AA: i decided to return to the alpha timeline with the text
AA: as evidence for his madness i guess
AA: in the alpha timeline this text was destroyed
AA: in an explosion caused by a computer virus
AA: this explosion did not take place on my timeline
AA: i identified this event as the difference prompting the offshoot
AA: and returned to our planet via the reckoning just as i did at the end of my life
AA: though that time deliberately
AA: to influence events quietly to make sure it happened
AA: and later joined the rest of our doomed selves to help defeat the king
AA: the others surely had similar responsibilities along the way

==>

**02/03/11**

```
hOnnNKHooNKKkOh
NoNkOoOnKHhOnNoo
NnhHnOnNkonNKHON
HHhOoOnkKnNoOoNK
oNKnKnOkNhhhkOoNo
OnHnKoOnhOnnNKH


CHAPTER ONE

PREAPARE YOUR ~ATH FILE:
"DIG YOUR GRAVE"


A BONE TO PICK!
"For death begins with
life's first breath and
life begins at touch of
death"
- Troll Will Smith



~ATH(THIS) {

  // ADDITIONAL GRAVES...

} EXECUTE(NULL);

THIS.DIE();
```

pesterlogAA: as for the book
AA: i lost track of it shortly after i arrived
AA: yes we all lost track of our books

==>
**02/03/11**
pesterlogAA: they were gathered surreptitiously by agents assigned to the task

==>
**02/03/11**
pesterlogAA: and in the veil their codes were merged with the ghost imprints of other mysterious artifacts

==>
**02/03/11**
pesterlogAA: our first guardian was brought to life on the seed to pass through skaias final gate of defense
AA: the first to find alternia

## Be Scratch.
**03/03/11**
You once again try to be D c Scratch, and fail spectacularly. You can't be him no matter how hard you try. It is impossible.

[

]

**o**
**03/03/11**
[

]

**o**
**04/03/11**
[

]

**0**

**04/03/11**

[

]

**0**

**04/03/11**

```
CLOCK
```

[ ]

**0**

**04/03/11**

```
BONK BONK BONK
```

[

]

**0**
**05/03/11**
[

]

**0**
**05/03/11**
[

]

**0**
**05/03/11**

**0**
**05/03/11**
[
]

**0**
**05/03/11**

```
DUMP
```

[

]

**0**
**05/03/11**

```
Alert : Rose
```

[ ]

## Be teenage girl from another universe.

**08/03/11**

```
Alert : Jade
Alert : John
```

You cannot be a teenage girl from another universe, because you are too busy being a teenage girl from this universe. You are busy being Rose Lalonde. Completely preoccupied with it, in fact.

So preoccupied, you have been neglecting messages from some of your friends who are trying to contact you. But you have a lot of important stuff to do. You will get back to them later.

# Rose: Pester informant.

**08/03/11**

```
Alert :
```

pesterlogTT: It's quite warm here on Lohac.
TT: I think I've been patient enough.
TT: When will I receive further instruction?

TT: So,
TT: I could have contacted you at any time?

TT: I came away with the impression from our last conversation that our next would take place on your invitation.
TT: I was being polite by waiting.

TT: That's pretty smug.

TT: Well,
TT: Two out of three isn't bad.
TT: Can you use your limitless intelligence to figure out which ones I mean?

TT: This is stupid.
TT: Could we get to the point?

TT: You have a visitor?
TT: Who?

TT: You tell jokes?

TT: So, your visitor isn't setting anything on fire then?

TT: I'm really not getting this joke.

TT: I thought you didn't lie.
TT: Aren't jokes essentially humorous lies?
TT: At least, those like the one you just attempted.

TT: I think if you're going to risk tarnishing your record of honesty, you should probably get better material.

TT: Ok.
TT: So you're saying an inaccurate statement doesn't count as a lie, as long as you say "just kidding" later?

TT: What if it's much later? Is it still "just a joke?"

TT: Are you allowed to lie about playing pranks? If I asked you if you were playing a prank on me, would you tell the truth?

TT: I'm starting to change my mind.

TT: Yes. I think your joke was funny in retrospect. Actually, your whole shtick is pretty good. I'm warming up to it.

TT: Just to be clear,
TT: Was the assurance you just made a prank or a joke?

TT: Was that?

TT: The truth?

TT: Ok.
TT: Were you serious about wanting to die?

TT: Why?

TT: Why?

TT: But why not now?

TT: Then you know how this entire conversation will go?

TT: Is that true of all conversations you have?

TT: Then why do you bother with the conversations? Obligation to predestination, as usual?

TT: It is?

TT: Hmm.
TT: That's a little creepy.

TT: Yes it is.

TT: It kind of is.

TT: That doesn't make sense.
TT: Was that the other joke?

TT: Heh. Good one.

TT: How young are the ladies you typically take a shining to?
TT: And does this mean you are attracted to me?
TT: Suddenly this conversation is kind of terrible.

TT: ...
TT: Really.

TT: Oh my god.

TT: Can we talk about the scratch instead of this?

==>
**09/03/11**

pesterlog

TT: Are you actually asking?

TT: Ah.
TT: Well, yes, I am.
TT: It's a large plateau shaped like a record. It's called the Beat Mesa.

TT: Is the game construct different in other sessions?

TT: You mean, in sessions where victory is no longer possible?

TT: Due to creating an unstoppable adversary? Who triggers the reckoning prematurely?
TT: Is that sort of emergency common?

TT: Ok.
TT: Then, it's like a panic button for the players to push once they realize the cause is lost.

TT: Who?

TT: Dave's bro?

TT: How do I finish it?

TT: Oh, right.
TT: The Green...
TT: Wait.
TT: The Green Sun.

TT: I'd planned to take care of that later, once John had retrieved the Tumor.
Tumor.
TT: Whatever.

TT: What will the one who does it have to do? I should let them know.

TT: I see.
TT: This terminology can be very literal sometimes.

TT: I have needles.

TT: Then where do I get ones that will?

TT: This really seems more elaborate than you lead me to believe.

TT: I wish what I'd written in my private journals could be confined to your dark spots.

TT: You're being creepy again.

TT: What?

TT: Just,
TT: Please stop complimenting me.

==>
**09/03/11**
pesterlogTT: Fine.
TT: Then please at least try to sound more sarcastic when you do it.

TT: ...
TT: Then the Scratch will be implemented later, by either John or Dave I presume?
TT: You used a male pronoun.

TT: I guess it makes sense that it would happen later. My understanding is that Jack will not be banished from this session until near the end of the reckoning.

TT: I don't understand.
TT: I thought that was the point of the Scratch, to open a rift in spacetime as it were, and banish him into the trolls' session.

TT: Hmm.
TT: Then why have you directed me to cause it?

TT: Does it have something to do with enabling you to die?

TT: I think it's disingenuous for you to behave as if I have not been misled.
TT: You say you don't lie, but what about lies of omission?

TT: Unless you're joking.

TT: Haa haa, hee hee, hoo hoo?

TT: Then I guess I'll start asking better questions.

TT: Will you?

TT: Ok. Noted.
TT: What exactly does the Scratch do, then?

TT: Oh.
TT: That's it?

TT: Then,
TT: We all start from the beginning again? When John entered?

TT: What will happen to us? Everyone in this session now?

TT: This seems familiar.
TT: It reminds me of when Dave and I were trapped in the doomed timeline, and he left to change the past.
TT: The timeline ceased to exist, along with my dream self, who in a way became merged with my dream self of this timeline. I kept some of her memories.
TT: Is the situation similar?

==>
**10/03/11**
pesterlogTT: Then can you at least tell me if we will be successful in preserving ourselves after the reset?

TT: So if the Scratch isn't specifically meant to banish Jack from the session,
TT: And our quest to destroy the sun is meant to kill him,
TT: Why is the reset necessary at all, especially if it means oblivion for us?

TT: I guess.
TT: But it's a little disheartening to learn I'm now faced with not one, but two suicide missions at once.
TT: One to destroy Jack's power source and defend all of existence, and another to ensure our cosmic progeny at the price of oblivion.

TT: Immortality?

TT: Do you mean ascending to the god tier?

TT: I have reason to believe that I won't.
TT: The trolls have not indicated I will die on my Quest Bed, or that any of us will aside from John. Instead I've been given a more troubling and ambiguous forecast.

TT: Are you saying I will?

TT: Oh.
TT: Well, will I?

TT: Fine.
TT: Maybe this question will suit you better.
TT: Is it probable?

TT: Then what's your answer?

TT: That's a strange answer.

TT: Why such a precise probability?

TT: Two ways?
TT: By dying on the Quest Bed on my planet, and some other way?

TT: Is there another Quest Bed somewhere?

TT: Where?

TT: That's true.

TT: You mentioned immortality.
TT: Godhood makes one immortal?

TT: A god tier will live forever, with no caveats?

TT: How are those terms defined?

TT: Which sort of death will you have when I destroy the sun?

TT: Is this when you are going to tell me why you want to die?

TT: I sense it's not just because you're getting bored with immortality.

TT: Then why?

TT: That almost sounds like martyrdom. Are you sure it won't be a hero's death?

TT: Who is he?

Lord English

==>

**10/03/11**

pesterlogTT: This doesn't sound like an especially admirable objective. Releasing an evil man, who is presumably more powerful than you, an already omnipotent being.

TT: Am I right?

TT: But in the process of killing him and you, I release your master, who is just as deadly?

TT: Then I guess I don't have a choice.

The Tumor

TT: Are you saying that I will succeed in the mission to destroy the sun?

TT: ...

TT: I'm just trying to ask as many questions as I can. It's the only way to find the dark spots in your obstinacy.

TT: Can you?

TT: Your seeds?

TT: Oh. The cue ball. How did I not notice this?

TT: Hmm.
TT: Is that possible?

==>
**11/03/11**
pesterlogTT: How can I see through it?

TT: Yes, if you wanted to be disingenuous and irritating.

TT: Then it's a challenge!
TT: I pass.

TT: Ok, so what you mean is I should continue humoring your leading questions until you happen to ask certain rhetorical questions that contain information I need.

TT: That was a fact, and then a period.

TT: ...
TT: With a crystal ball?
TT: I already considered that. I don't think I can get the focus of the ball to "zoom in" tight enough on the cue ball's enclosure to read the answers.

TT: By other magical means, I guess.
TT: Should I use magic?

TT: Magic is real.
TT: I've been using it.

TT: Use whatever word you want to describe it. I have magic wands, they are very powerful, and they allow me to be magic. Your questions are silly.

TT: Because I did not have the abilities before I made them.

TT: Could it?

TT: Is there an echo?

TT: I don't know what you're getting at.
TT: How about another leading question?

TT: Some stuff.

TT: I'm guessing this is one of the rhetorical questions meant to be informative.
TT: So then, my answer should affirm how ridiculous that sounds, shouldn't it?

TT: That wasn't even a question.

TT: Ok. Magic is fake, the wands are useless toys, and there is something else going on. Next question???

TT: What would I say to those short fables?
TT: Not much, except I gather the third is a story about me, and that there's a lesson you'd like me to take from it.
TT: That I should renounce my "allegiance" before my grimdark corruption is absolute.
TT: And while I'm at it, I should discard these useless wands, because apparently the power was in

my little black heart all along. Is that right?

TT: I don't know! If you say so.

TT: Yes. It has been mysteriously localized to my middle finger. Could the dark magics be at work AGAIN?!

TT: Friendship isn't an emotion, numbnuts.

TT: I've been busy. I'll get back to them.
TT: And can we please stop doing the patronizing question thing?
TT: In exchange I promise I will discontinue my patronizing responses.

TT: The omniscipotent can do whatever they please. I guess I'm just asking you nicely to do me this favor.

TT: Huh?

TT: So creepy.

TT: Yuck.

TT: Ok.

TT: I don't know.

TT: With her eyes?

TT: I don't know what to ask anymore.
TT: I'm confused.

TT: I would ask what should I do next.

TT: What should I do next?

## Rose: Ask.

**11/03/11**

==>

**11/03/11**

==>

**11/03/11**

```
ANSWER JADE
```

## Rose: Answer.

**11/03/11**

```
Alert : Jade
```

pesterlogTT: Sorry for the delayed response.
TT: Answering seems to be what to do right now.
GG: rose jeez!!!
GG: finally
GG: you sure seem to be absorbed in whatever youre doing on that computer...
GG: were you talking to someone?
TT: Oh, right. I forgot I gave you the code for the crystal ball.
TT: And here I was thinking I could safely delay responding to messages without seeming like an ass, the way it usually works.
TT: Oops.
GG: oh no no i dont blame you for not responding!
GG: you must be very upset
GG: are you ok?
TT: Why would I be upset?
GG: um
GG: because
GG: uhhh i figured you would have found out by now but i guess you still dont know?
TT: Know what?
GG: about...
GG: johns dad
GG: and.....
GG: your mom :(
GG: rose?
GG: hello???
GG: oh noo :'(

==>

**11/03/11**

```
Alert : Jade
```

==>

**14/03/11**

pesterlogGG: rose please say something
GG: you are making me nervous...

TT: I should have gone looking for her.
TT: Why didn't I?
GG: umm
GG: because you were busy trying to make the best of this situation?
TT: John was too. But he went to look for his father.
TT: It would have been normal of me. I can't remember what I was trying to prove anymore.
GG: i dont think you should be so hard on yourself about it
GG: john was being john, and you were being you, which i guess meant taking our problems very seriously and putting all your attention on solving them!
GG: and anyway, you and your mom had a much trickier relationship than john and his dad didnt you?
GG: i mean, not that i am saying that means you were any less attached to her than him...
GG: argh, i dont know if im very good at consoling people. sorry rose i dont want to make you feel worse :(
TT: You're doing fine.
TT: For someone raised by a dog.
TT: Or really,
TT: Anyone.
TT: Thanks.
GG: whew, ok
GG: you know...
GG: now we have all lost guardians
GG: dave lost his, and i lost mine in a weird way... uuum even though that was pretty much definitely my fault :\
GG: and even the trolls all lost their monster guardians
GG: i think that maybe it is an inevitable part of a game that can be cruel sometimes
TT: For some reason, despite all the danger, I never thought she was in any trouble.
TT: I never believed she would actually die.
TT: I grew up with the feeling that something more significant had always been meant for her.
TT: That she was a heroine displaced in some way, resigned to the inglorious duty of raising me, and preparing me in her way.
TT: I didn't actually need the ectobiological verification that she was like a mother and a sister at the same time. I always understood that somehow.
TT: And I felt she had knowledge and ability beyond what she let on. It was always intimidating, but nonetheless a source of respect which was childishly begrudging on my part.
TT: I think she was just waiting for me to catch up with her.
TT: But now I can't.
GG: .....
GG: i am so sad
GG: rose i think you are being stronger about it than i am
TT: Probably because my emotions have now ceded to anger.
TT: This shouldn't have happened.
GG: oh
GG: well
GG: i just hope you arent thinking of doing something rash
TT: I already was.

TT: I was going to go to sleep, fly to a sun bigger than our universe, drop a bomb in it, and kill myself.
GG: yeaaah...
TT: So if my course of action is to change on account of my mood, it can only become less impetuous, don't you think?
GG: errrr, i dont know?
TT: You never liked my plan very much anyway.
GG: wellllll
GG: no!
GG: but i was trusting that you had thought it through and it was our best hope
TT: I'm not sure if I did.
TT: Maybe it was a terrible plan.
TT: I made it without a full understanding of the nature of the Scratch.
GG: hm
GG: then what will you do?
TT: I could stop being so cowardly, for once.
TT: I could short circuit this endlessly expanding game of chess we're playing, just like Jack decided to do.
GG: what does that mean!
TT: Maybe I will go kill Jack myself.
TT: Right now.
GG: oh no no no no no!
GG: rose that is a much much worse plan!!!!!
GG: he would probably kill you!
TT: Probably.
TT: But the Scratch will wipe us out anyway, and reboot the conditions of our session.
TT: I suddenly don't feel much like sneaking through the back door of the Furthest Ring for retribution by distant super nova.
GG: i know what you mean, i was angry at jack and wanted to stop him too, but we have to think of a more sensible way to do it
TT: Whether my existing plan was sensible or not,
TT: I may have been allowing myself to be manipulated by an omniscient being regardless.
GG: what? who?

GG: aaaaaaa whaaaaat?????
TT: This is a private conversation.
TT: Private even to those who know it word for word already.

GG: rose who is this!
TT: Ignore him.
GG: i dont even know whats going on anymore

TT: Shh.

TT: Anyway, if it's true the gods have "selected" me for service, maybe the power they've given me will be sufficient.
TT: Maybe they wanted me to kill him all along.

GG: SHHHHHHHHHHH!
GG: please dont rose, i know you are angry but you arent thinking straight
TT: But I am.
TT: I'm fully aware I'll probably die and fail. Scratch happens, we start fresh. No recollection, no problem.
GG: nooo :(

GG: rose, maybe white text guy is right?
GG: the dark gods gave you all these powers, and seem to be helping us with dream bubbles and stuff...
GG: but what if they are not actually good?
TT: They are enormous, ugly, and live in darkness.
TT: That doesn't necessarily make them bad.
GG: no...
GG: but i still dont trust them!

GG: whats this weirdo talking about!
TT: The cue ball.
GG: oh yeah
GG: i noticed you found it!
GG: i was worried it had been destroyed when my room blew up
GG: is he saying you can use it?
TT: Yes. And he is right.
GG: omg
GG: does it work???
TT: It advised me to talk to you just now.
TT: So I guess so.
GG: then maybe you should try it!

TT: What are you suggesting I ask it?
GG: well
GG: since we dont know much about the gods...
GG: why dont you ask it about them?
TT: So, you're saying I should ask it if the gods are evil?
GG: i guess that is a way to put it

## Seer: Ask.

**14/03/11**

```
thgl'tgl fgqat thn thyrg
ueio fif oi-xlsxms ii -lcyjdovi dj d -doivjei fl e vc -WOLE oivoije bjnj
 ioaal -SQ -SCXJ-A sjxlsij v ijfjbjbn db d`,v ioijfi ff
ghnr fi ylst'hlg
ch'g ulotha fthyn
aearteaao fpofoeop ape aalk oo vudgudg v dig uv vu p vdeppeg pomombihju
 fu hi ubdp fh vjc hci hjdhjo idoi fio jfoj ovi ivd j
mrubbit
hthag y'yrn thg uthilt
oglog
mr( )bit
Thgl'tgl fg( )hn t( )g
th( )l f(
```

==>

**14/03/11**

==>

**14/03/11**

## Rose: Go dark.

**15/03/11**

You slip into the fabled blackdeath trance of the woegothics, quaking all the while in the bloodeldritch throes of the broodfester tongues. You advise the members of your Complacency not to be alarmed, as they chronicle the event in tomes bound in the tanned, writhing flesh of a tortured hellscholar, with runes stroked in the black tears bled from the corruption-weary eyes of fifty thousand imaginary occultists.

But they fail to not be alarmed.

==>

**15/03/11**

This is because, as is now painfully obvious to anyone with a brain, you have basically gone completely off the deep end in every way.

You have officially gone grimdark.

## Rose: Resist urge to seek revenge.

**16/03/11**

You make a halfhearted attempt to resist the urge.

==>

**16/03/11**

Alas, one is not easily shaken from the broodfester tongues.

==>

**16/03/11**

==>

**16/03/11**

They are stubborn throes.

## Big Man: Request time out.

**16/03/11**

```
PFOOOT--TWEEEEEEEEET!!!!!

lava

ah'right homies...
everyboby all yall hold up.....
the BIG MAN wants to take a,,
TIME OUT!
```

## BM: Wreck some havoc.

**16/03/11**

```
the big mans about 2.
WRECK SOME HAVOC.....
in the yard.

the coart...
is on FIRE
```

## BM: Request ruler.

**16/03/11**

```
dude come
get the ruler
check this out

dude hurry
look she'ss escaping
from above
```

## ==>

**16/03/11**

```
ok dude
no

cauti- cautian cauti-

okaaaaay,          ..
HOW am i going to WRECK SOME HAVOC
in the YARD..................
with a METER, you chumpass>
.....ahahahah
```

## ==>

**16/03/11**

```
AGAIN with the
metric sytstem what IS it even
with you and UNITS MAN

its like you must be TOKING UP on
a joint to make you STO-
STONED or something, i can't even think of WHO leaves
all there rings lyong around like that.
```

==>

**16/03/11**

```
it is sooooo.
INFUUUUURIATING
shit,
whare's
the
manager
```

==>

**17/03/11**

```
DUNK
DUP

dude no../ .
let m e show you

no

8.56 cenitermeters)

fuck

no

dude...

you got to
SNAP it,
BROKE-WAYS
```

==>

**17/03/11**

```
SNOP

splinpers
```

==>

**17/03/11**

```
"it was at that point when you got
distracted by the authors
HOT SELF INSERT...

AH: who were you expecting.... the easter bunny>

you propaply want to know
how INVOVLED
the big man want to to get into the
storey.........?

how MUNCH will he,
FUCUK this UP/?

well all. I'f got to say to thap is....
.............................
........
.............................
```

==>

**17/03/11**

```
whoof want
to know?
```

## I want to know. Tell me, and please be smug about it.

**17/03/11**

```
Alright.

As the indulgent self-inserts grow in frequency,
you may find yourself increasingly afraid that
my direct interference with canonical events
approaches inevitability. But you should
understand that I understand that I am dealing
with forces which if handled recklessly will
nullify the basic ability of intelligent beings in
all real and hypothetical planes of existence to
give a shit. It would be stupid of me to
mismanage these forces, and even stupider of
you to worry about it, because it would be
stupid for you to think I was stupid. In fact, I
feel a little dumber just thinking about it.

When the time comes, I will interact directly
with the events of this narrative. But this
moment will be responsibly confined to a passive
intervention. It will be compact, surgical, and
essential. My involvement will have such
precision, I have even managed to quantify it in
units of physical measurement. I will be involved
in only the narrow corridor of space through
which light will pass in three nanoseconds.

My window of influence, end to end, will be
exactly ONE YARD.
```

OK ANYWAY LET'S GET BACK TO JOHN.

## John: Locate Tumor.

**17/03/11**

## John: Look around.

**18/03/11**

==>

**18/03/11**

## John: Look inside.

**18/03/11**

==>

**18/03/11**

==>

**18/03/11**

```
10:25:00 → :24:59 → :58 → :57 → :56 → :55 → :54 → :53 → :52 → :51
```

## John: Take Tumor.

**19/03/11**

## John: Return to surface.

**20/03/11**

==>

**20/03/11**

## CD?: Approach locals.

**21/03/11**

You and your rabbit friend approach a gentleman wrapped in a fine white cloth, and his courageous cohort, a young man riding a great gust of wind!

You are so impressed, you forget what you are supposed to be doing.

## John: Reunite with Liv Tyler.

**22/03/11**

Sweet, precious, beautiful Liv Tyler. You thought you'd lost her forever, just like Bruce Willis did when he blew himself up with a nuclear bomb in the center of an asteroid the size of Texas. His heroism and fatherly pride were ALSO the size of Texas.

But your love for Liv is not fatherly, oh no. This reunion is with no loving daughter, but a loving movie star fantasy crush, who happens to be in the form of a robot bunny which has traveled through time, and been given as a gift on five separate occasions, twice by you and thrice to you, and originally fished out of a sewer by Nicholas Cage on the silver screen.

You forget the point you are supposed to be making.

==>

**22/03/11**

But you wonder where all of her sweet weapons went.

==>

**22/03/11**

She indicates in the language of plush toy pantomime that she has no idea! They all blew away in the

==>

**22/03/11**

```
dook
```

BREEZE.

## John: Retrieve tiny hammer.

**22/03/11**

This tiny hammer is so ridiculous! It's too bad it is not the right size. You would love to wallop some imps with such a fanciful weapon.

You guess you could just go around giving them little bops on the head with it. Like a silly gavel. No, that would be too absurd, even for a great prankster like you. You will discard this rubbish immediately.

==>

**22/03/11**

Wait! What is this? Ms. Tyler is handing you a note.

## John: Read note.

**22/03/11**

```
John!!!

One more thing...
```

John!!! One more thing...

This rabbit im sure youve noticed is armed to the stitches! Hes got all four of the funny little weapons i mentioned thatre all deadly as the fucking dickens but that doesnt mean they are meant exclusively for the paws of mr terry kiser. (That is the name i call him.) Heck no.

You see i adapted terry with some doodads you may deem practical. An infinitesimalator which i used to littlefy them down in the first place as well as a monstrositifier for when you would like to hugen them up and wield them yourself! Hes surely got enough juice in him to make them enormous if you wish. But thats silly what would you even do with say a magic needle the size of a skyscraper for instance? Preposterous!

I borrowed this technology from my grandmother who had quite the way with manipulating space. Legend tells she was something of a witch with the stuff! Once she was a brave hero like you and i john and the stars themselves twinkled in her cauldron. I would like to tell you who my grandmother is i really would. But i cant. I think i have trouble keeping secrets. I like to be honest just like you and a lot of secrecy after a while gets me feeling a bit jaded. Heh heh.

Green means grow red means shrink! See you soon pal.

J.

==>

**22/03/11**

Grandmother? You wonder who that could be?

It's probably just Jade. What with all the time shenanigans.

## John: Hugen hammer.

**22/03/11**

==>

**22/03/11**

```
WARHAMMER OF ZILLYHOO

∴  ONE ZILLION
```

You got the WARHAMMER OF ZILLYHOO.

## [S] All: Behold glory of Zillyhoo.

**23/03/11**

```
♫  Warhammer

Z

♫  of Zillyhoo

Z

♫  Warhammer

Z

♫  of

Z

♫  Zillyhoo

Z
```

==>

**24/03/11**

You are so delighted by your rad new hammer and the cool hugening abilities of Liv Tyler or Terry Kiser or whatever her/his name is. Who the hell is Terry Kiser, anyway? Probably a movie star from the future. Who cares though, your bunny will be LIV 4 LYFE <3 <3 <3 HEARTS HEARTS HEARTS

You wonder what other neat things you can get Liv to monstrositify with her sweet eye beams?

==>

**24/03/11**

```
BURP
```

Wait, what happened to her green eye? And why is she feverishly gesticulating toward the fellow in the ghost sheets? This is so ridiculous, you cannot turn your back on these people to admire a beautiful hammer for even one moment.

You think that is enough fooling around. It is time to get down to business again. The serious business of being an important and heroic leader.

## John: Wear the hood. Be the leader.

**24/03/11**

```
Swoop!
```

You are not their leader, you are their FRIEND, there is a BIG difference!

You prepare to issue your party a highly authoritative series of FRIENDLY REQUESTS.

==>

**24/03/11**

First you request that everyone settle down! The squat fellow mediates between the two bickering parties, and patches up Liv's missing eye. She is nothing if not accustomed to decades of repair work, and quickly resumes her plucky demeanor.

==>

**24/03/11**

You then in your most leaderly way ask Liv to pilot that enormous battleship! She will now be known as Captain Tyler.

==>

**24/03/11**

She littlefies the ship down to something more manageable for a small bunny captain. Everyone is impressed.

==>

**24/03/11**

You give your wallet to your loyal chauffeur familiar. He looks puzzled. You inform the party that you will not be going on this journey. You must remain behind and continue looking for your father.

But you insist their mission is the most critical of all! You know they can handle it. You believe in them.

You instruct Captain Tyler to set a course for the ship's home. They must fly to Derse, and deliver the Tumor to the moon. Everyone salutes their intrepid friendleader. This is what teamwork is all about.

==>

**24/03/11**

And this guy...

You guess this guy can go along and help out?

Hey who even is this guy, anyway? You guess it doesn't matter. He seems nice enough.

## John: Bid farewell.

**25/03/11**

```
Alert : Jade
```

Godspeed, heroes. You have all the faith in the world that they will be successful.

As a friendleader, or sometimes known as a palhoncho, you have done an amazing job. You have come up with a plan, and politely requestordered your loyal team to execute it. It is all falling into place perfectly. You are quite sure you have not failed to account for even a single thing.

==>

**25/03/11**

```
Alert : Jade
```

pesterlog-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] --

GG: john!!! i am worried about rose!

GG: im pretty sure she is on her way there to look for jack!
GG: i cant say for sure because i cant see her with my goggles anymore for some reason, but i am fearing the worst
GG: just in case, you should to try to intercept her before she does something stupid like try to fight him!!!!!
GG: also, um...
GG: i guess you probably still dont know about your dad yet do you?
GG: darn, why do i always have to be the one to break terrible news :(
GG: er
GG: john?

==>
**25/03/11**
pesterlogGG: oh god please dont tell me your computer was in the wallet you just gave that guy.....
GG: dammit john!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
GG: one of these days you will learn the value of having plenty of backup computers
GG: in fact whenever you finally leave the battlefield i am going to give you the code for a nice pair of lunchmuffs
GG: and then i am going to force you to keep them on your head AT ALL TIMES!
GG: yeah, youre never going to read this are you :|

==>
**27/03/11**
Huh??????????
==>
**27/03/11**
Something is happening on the other side of the planet. Something ominous. Something...

Grimdark.

You are so glad that grimdark is a real word, so that when things like this happen they may be described as such.

Maybe your dad is over there? You believe you will investigate.

## John: Approach grimdarkness.

**29/03/11**
==>
**29/03/11**

```
viewing: ectoBiologist
```

pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT]

AG: John!!!!!!!!
AG: You're heading into the 8lackout, so I won't 8e a8le to see you until you leave.
AG: 8ut don't worry, I can still sense you are there. 8ecause of awesome powers, remem8er?
AG: Smooth move, ditching your computer like that, 8y the way. That was some incredi8le

leadership you showed!
AG: Now I have to contact you through Rose, thus exposing me to the risk of actually having to taaaaaaaalk to her.....
AG: Your carelessness has put the Heroes of Light in a very awkward position, John. I hope you're satisfied.
AG: Hahahaha, just kidding. She's o8viously a little too "preoccupied" at the moment to 8e sassing me.
AG: Just 8orrow her computer and talk to me when you get the chance, ok?
AG: I will 8e w8ing. ::::)

## [S] Seer: Descend.

**29/03/11**

```
* Derived in part from a transcript by ShadowOfFate
```

**** following intro... click the controls icon at the top-right***

```
Use ARROW KEYS (or WASD KEYS) to walk and SPACEBAR to interact.
```

**** inspect corpses, tables (press SPACE)***

```
> ?
```

```
There is no sign of Jack up here. Must be somewhere in the castle.
```

**** leave southeast down the steps...***

**** follow the steps down east, the corridor east, south, west, steps down west...***

**** follow the steps down west, the corridor west, north, east, steps down east...***

**** follow the steps down east, south, steps down west, south, steps down east....***

**** You are in a great hall. There are four tapestries to the north***

```
> Examine tapestries.
```

```
The series of banners is titled 'They Wait.'
They wait for he who would extinguish candles whilst fanning a fire.
They wait for she who would thaw solid flesh and resolve it into a dew.
They wait for she who would breed lilacs out of the dead land.
They wait for he who would drop it like it's hot whilst the pimp's in the crib.
```

**** in the northeast alcove***

```
> Open chest.
```

```
You got A TROPHY!
```

**** (Mom's pink scarf)***

```
> Talk to soldier.
```

PROSPITIAN: ...

```
He is too frightened to speak!
```

He seems to be indicating that the only reason he survived this massacre was by hiding behind this pillar. Thank goodness for pillars.

**** in the centre of the room***

> Examine idol.

It bears an inscription: 'Our Glorious Speaker.'
His head was lopped clean off, with some sort of sharp, sword-like object. Someone around here sure must hate frogs. You wonder who it could be? (It was probably Jack.)

**** southwest alcove***

> Open chest.

You got A TROPHY!

**** (Bro's shades.)***

**** five sets of bookcases from west to east***

> Examine bookshelf.

You find an ancient unlabeled tome, and read an excerpt.
'Though we adore Him we shall never enjoy His beauteous Croak. We spill our blood on acres of black and white so they may cross the yellow yard. At last in Skaia's reflection through broken glass He may find the pond in which He's meant to squat.'

> Examine bookshelf.

'Journey to the Center of the Battlefield'
Looks to be a fairy tale for youngsters. The hero is a dashing young man in a blue hood. He heals the planet from within, but can do nothing to stop its annihilation from above, nor its soon to follow eradication from reality. It must be sad growing up in a culture whose mythology is centered almost completely around futility.

> Examine bookshelf.

This is a book on theoretical physics, and complex spatial geometries based on the hypothetical addition of orbs to the queen's ring.
The shapes in the diagrams are very complex. This sort of nonsense is regarded as crackpottery at best. Why would the queen ever wear more than four orbs? Four towers, four orbs, four heroes; this is a sacred truth.

> Examine bookshelf.

'A Foot Soldier's Guide to Combat'
Most of the diagrams in this book involve a soldier advancing by a single tile, either straight ahead, or diagonally when lunging with a weapon. No wonder these guys are so easy to kill.

> Examine bookshelf.

'Advanced Frog Breeding for Beginners: Difficulty Level - EXTREME For Idiots!'

**** to the south***

> Examine frog head.

The stairs are blocked.
You supposed you could easily remove the obstacle, but that would spoil a perfectly good opportunity to look for secret passages.

**** southeast alcove***

**** eight more bookcases from east to west***

> Examine bookshelf.

'Her hands are in my service but they still shake. They unfasten the first button at my royal gown's waist, clumsily.'
This... This is erotic fanfiction written about the queen in the first person. This doesn't belong in this library. This doesn't belong anywhere.

> Examine bookshelf.

More books. You really have better things to do than to read a lot of books written by chess guys.

> Examine bookshelf.

books books books

> Examine bookshelf.

'Data Structures for Assholes 2: Now Written to Accommodate the Shortcomings of the Mentally Retarded'

> Examine bookshelf.

'Grimoire for Summoning the Zoologically Dubious'
This is apparently on loan from the Dersite Library. It seems unlikely to be returned at this point.

> Examine bookshelf.

**** opens up a secret passage!***

> Examine bookshelf.

You think you know what you might find on this shelf. Just a hunch...
Yep. More books.

> Examine bookshelf.

'Rise of the Slayer' A horror story meant to scare children. Writers of Prospitian fiction tend to write what they see in clouds. Hence their fables tend to be events which simply haven't happened yet, or happened in another realm. They like to use the word fiction so that kids don't get TOO scared.

> Examine bookshelf.

'Problem Sooth'

You have been meaning to read this one. Absolutely required reading for any promising young seer who has blundered into entanglement with the occult through an absurd sequence of events.

> Open chest.

You got A TROPHY!

**** (Dad's fedora.)***

**** go north through the secret passage you opened***

**** a room full of hiding soliders, with chests to the west and east***

> Open chest.

You got A FLAMING METEOR CHUNK!

This isn't even treasure. How is this treasure?

> Open chest.

You got the BANNER OF THE VILLEIN!

You suddenly feel inspired. In a generally rebellious, united sort of way.

**** six soliders from south to north***

> Talk to solider.

DERSITE: ...

She is apparently swooning over a hero of lore shared by the two kingdoms. A great man who united opposing sides against his tyrannical king. The revolt ended in tragedy of course, which is typical of their folktales. But it is no less inspiring.

> Talk to solider.

PROSPITIAN: ...

She is all aflutter about a legendary hero. Some guy who was weary of war, apparently. A simple farmer, handsome and brave. You think you are beginning to fall in love with him too.

> Talk to solider.

DERSITE: ...

He seems to be relieved that he and a handful of fellow soldiers have found a secret hideaway to escape the bloody rampage. Maybe if they regroup, and marshal all their remaining forces, they can TAKE this guy! (Yeah right!)

> Talk to solider.

PROSPITIAN: ...

She looks scared and confused. There is nothing left to do but hide.

> Talk to solider.

DERSITE: ...

This fellow is mourning the dead. He has probably lost many friends today.

> Talk to solider.

PROSPITIAN: ...

First he was frightened when you barged in here, and then briefly excited, and now disappointed. He must have thought you were the great dark kingdom's defector, come to save them. Alas, it was only a spooky girl with magic wands.

**** exit the north of the room***

**** more bookcases can be gotten at, starting with one to the far west***

> Examine bookshelf.

It is a holy parchment.

Maimed Clown. Undead Cat. Impaled Crow. Omnipotent Dog. These four shall be held in reverence for the eternity they serve to cut short.

**** three more to the east all say the same thing***

> Examine bookshelf.

You're sick of reading. Gotta find Jack.

**** descend southeast stairs***

> Transportalize.

something's blocking it from other side.

**** north***

> Examine slain beast.

You have never seen anything so sad in your entire life. A beautiful muscular man-stallion, struck down in his prime. WHAT MONSTER COULD BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS DEED?

(Hint: it was Jack Noir.)

**** follow bloody footprints south, east, up the stairs... see Jack teleport away.***

**** north***

**** go north through this room, opening six (five red, one blue) pairs of curtains***

**** (they represent Act 1, Act 2, Act 3, Act 4, Act 5 Act 1, Act 5 Act 2)***

> Open Curtains. > Open Curtains. > Open Curtains. > Open Curtains. > Open Curtains. > Open Curtains.

**** north up the stairs and go the transporter pad in the center of the record***

**** (which is something that could be scratched, see?)***

> Transportalize.

**** go north through five green pairs of already open green curtains, to a sixth closed pair***

> Open Curtains.

**** follow bloody footprints up the stairs to John***

JOHN: hi rose! wow, i did not expect to find you here!
ROSE: Nyurb gu'ilg.
JOHN: heh... what?
JOHN: also, why are you all gray like that? you look weird.
ROSE: G'hroog fib'th mur brup brup.
JOHN: uh...
ROSE: G'HROOG FIB'TH MUR BRUP BRUP!
JOHN: rose, i can't understand a word you are saying. it is a lot sillyspeak and gobbledygook.
ROSE: Haughauuhthr'l...
JOHN: wait, i know what's going on here. it finally happened! you have gone grimdark!!!
JOHN: i told you rose. i warned you about... what did you call them? the broodfester throes?
ROSE: ...
JOHN: it's ok rose, don't worry. we will find a cure for your stubborn throes.
JOHN: but i'm still trying to find our parents! i thought my dad might have come to this castle to check out that huge black rain cloud.
JOHN: did you see the cloud, rose? it's pretty awesome.
ROSE: Fnlth gohluyng j'rg hothaht!
JOHN: what? you sound kind of upset. what is it, rose?
ROSE: Jgngn, fnlth gohluyng j'rg HOTHAHT!
JOHN: wait, are you talking about our parents?
JOHN: oh man... you mean, they're here?!
ROSE: Shgvb throl. Goors fn'nnyuld hothahty'j otot!
JOHN: are you saying they are in trouble??
JOHN: oh no! rose, we have to go help them!
ROSE: MMPH PHLTHMMPHMPHMF RRMPHPMRPH.
JOHN: yes, i am frustrated too. but there is no time for such lamentations!
JOHN: do you think you can find them again?
ROSE: Shruggot.
JOHN: great! i can't wait to see my dad. it feels like it's been forever since i saw him.
JOHN: please lead the way, rose!

**** exit through the door to the north***

> Examine statue.

They make such a cute couple.
The king and queen are pretty nice too. Heheheh.

**** try to continue north***

This is where John came from. No use backtracking now. Got to take him to see mom and dad.

**** return south to the gold frog status***

> Remove idol.

**** underneath is a transporter pad***

> Transportalize.

**** return west, up the stairs, west, south through a room with more corpses than before...***

JOHN: oh no! rose, what happened in here?

ROSE: Yyjyrn yulk frobithh.

JOHN: was it jack? are you saying it was jack, rose?

ROSE: FRU'FRNUHUH JGOG HHGH.

JOHN: what's that, rose? are you getting aggravated that i am talking to you kind of like you are a dog?

ROSE: ...

JOHN: that is a really nice pillow, by the way.

JOHN: it goes well with your weird dark skin and gothy ensemble.

ROSE: Knryip.

JOHN: you're welcome!

**** south, west, north back to the tapestries***

```
> Examine tapestries.
```

```
Ripped to shreds. All but one, for some reason. WHO COULD HAVE POSSIBLY it was Jack stupid.
```

**** (it's Jade's)***

**** northwest up the steps, north, up northeast, north, up northwest, west, south, east, up northeast, east, north...***

JOHN: by the way, did you know that karkat thinks we are supposed to get married?

ROSE: Gorthytch svulk borbly'ahth?

JOHN: wait! i hope that didn't come off as a proposal or anything!

JOHN: sorry, i'm just making conversation.

JOHN: i guess i am a little nervous...

JOHN: because technically, this is the first time we have ever met, and also, you are talking like an eldritch monster, so i'm kind of babbling.

JOHN: we don't actually have get married though. i mean, not if you don't want to.

ROSE: ...

JOHN: heheh. ok, i'll shut up now.

**** north, west, up northwest to the next scene.***

```
Start over.
```

## [S] ==>

**02/04/11**

```
ROUND1
```

## ==>

**06/04/11**

```
Alert : ♎
```

## Dave: Answer.

**06/04/11**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterloggallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG]

GC: STR1111111D3R
TG: oh my fucking god
GC: WH4T >:?
TG: what do you mean what
TG: we just got done talking and agreed it would be awesome if you didnt bother me for a while
TG: you know like while i guess i grieved over this brutally murdered rad family member or something
GC: OH
GC: TH4TS R1GHT
GC: 1 FORGOT!
TG: it was five seconds ago
GC: 1 TH1NK TH4T W4S HOURS 4GO FOR M3
GC: 1 4M 4 L1TTL3 FOGGY ON 4LL OUR CHRONOLOG1ST1C4L SH3N4N1G4NS 4T TH1S PO1NT...
GC: TH3R3 H4S B33N SO MUCH CR4ZY STUFF GO1NG ON H3R3 1 H4V3 LOST TR4CK!
TG: so youre officially going nonlinear with me then
TG: were just forfeiting all rhyme or reason to this unmitigated clusterfuck is that it
GC: D4V3, YOUR 3NT1R3 3X1ST3NC3 1S NONL1N34R
GC: DONT B3 SO M3LODR4M4T1C
TG: whoops ok in the future ill try not to pitch any sort of dramatics while brooding over the cadavers of slaughtered loved ones
GC: D1D YOU LOV3 H1M D4V3?
TG: no
GC: BUT H3 W4S YOUR STR4NG3 HUM4N M4N-LUSUS
GC: WHO T4UGHT YOU TO L1K3 COOL TH1NGS, L1K3 SWORDS 4ND PUPP3TS 4ND MOV1NG R34LLY F4ST!
GC: HOW COULD YOU NOT???
TG: puppets arent cool theyre shitty small fake people who haunt your dreams and grin like permanent assholes
TG: i was making a joke about being all broken up about it
TG: a guy can be sad and make jokes at the same time
GC: YOU 4R3 S4D, BUT NOT BROK3N UP 4BOUT 1T?
GC: 1 DONT UND3RST4ND
TG: exactly
GC: BUT YOU S41D YOU W3R3 GR13V1NG!
TG: i said we agreed youd leave me alone to grieve
TG: didnt say whether i actually would or actually am
GC: W3LL, 4R3 YOU?
TG: i am grieving to the max like a widow on dead husband island
TG: behind these chill as fuck shades my face is having this crazy attack of the sads
TG: my rue is fucking bananas cant you tell
GC: 4RGH NO, 1 C4NT!
GC: YOU DONT SOUND S1NC3R3, BUT 1TS SO H4RD TO T3LL WH4T L4Y3R OF 1RONY R3MOV3D FROM R34L1TY YOUR FL1PP4NT R3M4RKS 4R3 SUPPOS3D TO B3

GC: 1 4M B3TT1NG YOU R34LLY 4R3 S4D NO M4TT3R HOW H1L4R1OUS 4ND 4LOOF YOU TH1NK YOUR3 B31NG
TG: the truth is a mystery
TG: tucked behind the pursed lips of a shitty riddler
TG: they will be loosened only when presented with the conundrous grandeur of rigid insoluble puzzlecock
GC: BLUH TH4T M4K3S NO S3NS3!
TG: im sorry you are so flustered by the mere mention of glittering mythical cryptodick it honestly makes me think youre not ready for the truth
GC: D4V3 YOUR P3RPL3X1NG 3UPH3M1SMS 1NVOLV1NG WH4T 1 PR3SUM3 TO B3 L3WD 4ND V4GU3LY 1NTR1GU1NG PORT1ONS OF HUM4N 4N4TOMY 1 TH1NK 4R3 NOT 4S H1L4R1OUS 4S YOU PROB4BLY B3L13V3
GC: 4ND 1N 4NY C4S3 YOU M4Y B3 4M4Z3D TO L34RN 1 4M NOT TOT4LLY 1N TH3 MOOD FOR YOUR DUMB SM4RT4SSY HORNSWOGGL3RY!
GC: 1 H4V3 LOTS OF MY OWN PROBL3MS H3R3, 4ND TH3Y 4R3 B1G, B1G PROBL3MS
GC: SO WHY DONT YOU JUST T3LL M3 WH4T YOU 4R3 TH1NK1NG FOR ONC3?
TG: its pretty simple
TG: im just thinkin about how im gonna take this sword
GC: Y34H...
GC: 1 N3V3R R34LLY GOT WHY YOU WOULDNT JUST PULL 1T OUT
TG: filthiest thing you ever said
GC: HUH >:?
TG: forget it
TG: pulling swords out of things isnt how i roll
TG: im not john remember
GC: 1 4M NOT FOLLOW1NG
TG: im not a hero
TG: my bro was
TG: john is
TG: im not
GC: Y3S YOU 4R3!
TG: no
GC: Y3S, W3 4LL 4R3
GC: 1 4M TH3 H3RO OF M1ND
GC: YOU 4R3 TH3 H3RO OF T1M3
GC: TH4T 1S WHO W3 W3R3 CR34T3D TO B3
TG: fine its a title we inherit as phlegm babies or whatever but what have i done to earn it
TG: pretty much nothing but horsing around through time and swindling retarded alligators out of their life savings
TG: if that swords coming out of his chest its coming out clean
TG: taking it vertically means drawing more blood
TG: but horizontally means a clean break
TG: check it
GC: NO, DONT >:[

## Dave: Break.

**06/04/11**

```
pap pap pap pap
```

==>

**06/04/11**

==>

**06/04/11**

==>

**06/04/11**

```
SPROING
```

==>

**07/04/11**

```
Alert : ♎
```

pesterlogGC: D4V3 G3T UP
TG: no fuck that
TG: im a lie my ass right down here for a while looking slightly less cool than i make myself out to be ordinarily
GC: YOU MUST ST4ND T4LL, ONLY 4 TRU3 H3RO COULD PULL OFF SUCH 4N 4CROB4T1C FUCK1NG P1ROU3TT3 OFF OF TH4T H4NDL3 >:]
TG: that is basically what i just did isnt it
GC: Y3S
TG: thats what im doing here im making a point of makin every little thing take place what was once mentioned in passing no matter how seemingly trivial or pointless
TG: thats how all the best adventures get strung together
TG: you havent heard me bleat like a goat for ironically humorous purposes yet have you
GC: NO!!! >:o
TG: that was something that was mentioned at some point by someone i forget when or why
TG: i bet you are on goddamn pins and needles waiting for that arent you
GC: 4R3 YOU 4BOUT TO BL34T L1K3 4N 34RTH GO4T, D4V3?
TG: no
TG: fuck that
GC: >:[
GC: TH3N W1LL YOU 4T L34ST G3T UP??
TG: no
TG: fuck you
TG: go away
GC: 4UGH
GC: WHY DO 1 DO TH1S TO MYS3LF
TG: what
GC: SUBJ3CT MYS3LF TO TH3 MOODY NONS3NS3 OF CURMUDG3ONLY C4NDY BLOOD3D FOULMOUTHS!
TG: i dunno
TG: why are you even talking to me anyway

TG: aside from the fact that several hours from now you apparently forget i dont need consolation and oughta be left alone
GC: M4YB3 1T JUST SO H4PP3NS TH4T FOR ONC3 TH1S 1SNT 4BOUT YOU!
GC: M4YB3 1 4M TH3 ON3 WHO N33DS SOM3 H3LP, H4S TH4T OCCURR3D TO YOU, MR COOLK1D???
TG: oh
GC: 4NYW4Y, 1 R3M3MB3R NOW
GC: SORRY, 3V3RYON3 W3NT K1ND OF SH1TH1V3 H3R3, 4ND 1 GOT B1TT3N 1 TH1NK, 4ND 1 K1ND OF FORGOT WH3R3 1 L3FT OFF W1TH YOU
TG: bitten
TG: what
GC: BUT 1 R3M3MB3R WH3R3 TH1S 4LL F1TS 1NTO TH3 CHRONOLOGY, YOU W1TH YOUR BRO H3R3
GC: TH1S W4S JUST B3FOR3 YOU B3GG3D M3 TO F1N4LLY SHOW YOU HOW TO R34CH GOD T13R
GC: SO 1 D1D
GC: 4ND TH3N YOU GOT M4D 4T M3
GC: SO YOU D3C1D3D TO GO DO YOUR OWN TH1NG FOR 4 WH1L3
GC: 4ND S1NC3 TH3N 1 H4V3 B33N UP TO MY PO1NTY L1TTL3 NUBS 1N SUSP3NS3, 1NTR1GU3, 4ND B3TR4Y4L!
TG: that sure sounds like a dumb way to say a thing
TG: almost egbertian in elegant stupidity
TG: the t in egbertian is soft like shhhhh
GC: H3H3H3 OH
TG: why would i get mad at you
GC: OH, YOULL S33 >:P
TG: ok
TG: but yeah i guess its about time you showed me whats up with my allegedly futile god tierification
TG: how long ago was it that you did your coin flip thing i dont even remember
TG: i was getting sure you were just bullshitting me and had no intention of ever mentioning it again
GC: UNFORTUN4T3LY, NO!
GC: M4YB3 1 SHOULD T4K3 TH3 OPPORTUN1TY TO 4POLOG1Z3 1N 4DV4NC3 >:[
TG: for what
GC: HMM
GC: 1 DONT TH1NK 1T W1LL B3 CONSTRUCT1V3 TO GO 1NTO 1T B3FOR3 1T H4PP3NS
TG: before what happens
TG: you mean god tiering
TG: does something go wrong
GC: 3V3RYTH1NG GO3S 4CCORD1NG TO PL4N!
GC: BUT TH4T 1S 4LL 1 W1LL S4Y
GC: R3M3MB3R, TH1S CONV3RS4T1ON 1S K1ND OF NOT SUPPOS3D TO B3 4BOUT YOU, 1 KNOW TH3 1D34 1S UNPR3C3D3NT3D
TG: thats practically unthinkable
GC: 1 KNOW >:p

TG: but i mean ok we can talk about your troll problem but this is pretty important here
TG: the god tier thing and whether i can actually do it or not
TG: it might be kind of hard to tell on account of me chilling face down on the pavement and also because downplaying feelings is the chief rule of cool but im pretty pissed about this
TG: which is weird
GC: 1TS W31RD TO F33L M4D?
GC: 4R3 YOU TOO COOL FOR TH4T TOO??
TG: no its not weird to be mad its just weird it feels like im the only one who is
TG: and the only one even contemplating taking jack on
TG: even among your group of irate gnashing shitheads
GC: H3Y!
TG: what
GC: 4CTU4LLY, YOUR3 R1GHT
GC: TURNS OUT W3 R34LLY DO H4V3 4 LOT OF SH1TH34DS H3R3 >:[
GC: 4ND 4LSO 4S 1T H4PP3NS TH3 WORST ON3 1S TH3 ON3 WHO H4PP3NS TO B3 PL4NN1NG TO T4K3 H1M ON!
TG: well ok
TG: and that would be a bitchin line to switch the subject to start talkin about your complicated problems but i kinda wasnt done
GC: F111N3
GC: BUT FOR SOM3ON3 WHO JUST TOLD M3 TO FUCK OFF YOU 4R3 SUR3 B3ND1NG MY 34R SUDD3NLY >:]
TG: but ok i mean isnt that what heroes should be doing
TG: working to take down the bad guy without a whole lot of this fuckin grandiloquence and these huge sweeping plans that got nothin to do with fighting him
TG: like always biding our time and tiptoeing around the unbeatable god boss
TG: johns too nice to get mad
TG: rose spends all her time calculating
TG: too focused on machiavellian ploys of sabotage to try anything drastic
TG: jade is
TG: i dont even know
TG: probably more a liability if she got it in her head to take him down
TG: if anything id bet she just needs protection
GC: WH4T 4R3 YOU S4Y1NG H3R3 D4V3, 1N TH1S CONV3RS4T1ON TH4T 1S ST1LL B31NG 4BOUT YOU
TG: im just wondering
TG: when does someone actually step up
TG: jacks got shit to pay for
GC: 1F TH4T 1S HOW YOU F33L
GC: TH3N 1 TH1NK OUR TWO PROBL3MS 4R3 NOT R34LLY D1FF3R3NT
GC: W3 4R3 BOTH PR3S3NTLY CONC3RN3D W1TH JUST1C3
TG: yeah i guess
TG: i guess it has been on my mind
TG: maybe i am supposed to be a hero and rise to the occasion because there seems to be this little persistent voice in my head nagging me about it
TG: insisting someones gotta pay

TG: and its hard for me to disagree
GC: TH3N 1T COULD M34N ON3 OF TWO TH1NGS
GC: OR BOTH OF TH3 TWO TH1NGS, L1K3 1T D1D FOR M3 >:]
TG: what things
GC: 1T COULD M34N TH4T TH3 4G3NT PR3S3NTLY 1NFLU3NC1NG YOU 1S...
GC: 4 CONSC13NC3
GC: 4ND/OR
GC: 4N 3X1L3

## ==>

**09/04/11**

```
> this is so completely illegal
```

pesterlogTG: im pretty sure i dont even have an exile
TG: ive never heard any voices or anything
TG: anyway you dont need a voice in your head to tell you this shit is
TG: just like
TG: so completely illegal
GC: >:?
TG: wait
TG: why did i just say that stupid thing i said

## this atrocity cannot go unpunished.

**09/04/11**

```
> thow whoever is responsible into the slammer.
> slammer means jail by the way.
```

pesterlogGC: D4V3 1 D1D NOT R34L1Z3 YOU H4D SUCH 4 P4SS1ON FOR L4W 3NFORC3M3NT
GC: 1 MUST S4Y TH1S SHOCK1NG D3V3LOPM3NT 1S COM1NG D4NG3ROUSLY CLOS3 TO G1V1NG M3 4 C4S3 OF TH3 V4PORS >:O
TG: no i mean
TG: ok that came out wrong
TG: what were we talking about again
GC: BR1NG1NG J4CK TO JUST1C3?
TG: right
TG: someone has to make him pay
TG: cant let him just go unpunished
TG: if i can figure out how to reach the god tier maybe i can be the one to throw him into the slammer
GC: ...
GC: TH3 SL4MM3R?
TG: slammer means jail
GC: 1 KNOW WH4T TH3 SL4MM3R M34NS!!!
TG: you call it the slammer when youre extra angry at crimes

## you call it the slammer when you are extra angry at crimes.

**09/04/11**

```
> take a note of that important principle.
> because i am deputizing you even though you are a kid.
```

pesterlogTG: are you taking notes on this important principle?? jesus get a fucking pen
TG: or some chalk or whatever
GC: 1 TH1NK 1 4M FOLLOW1NG
GC: YOU 4R3 GO1NG TO F1ND J4CK, 4ND PUT H1M 1N J41L?
TG: wait
TG: fuck
TG: what
TG: no
GC: D4V3 1 KNOW YOU 4R3 L1K3LY D1SCOMBOBUL4T3D W1TH GR13F OV3R YOUR F4LL3N M4NBRO LUSUS, BUT TH4T 1S 3XTR3M3LY S1LLY 4ND DO3SNT M4K3 4NY S3NS3
TG: i know it doesnt
TG: im just saying
TG: what am i even saying here
TG: shit

## but only while i am away from my jurisdiction.

**10/04/11**

```
> which i think is forever.
> bring the criminals to justice young deputy.
> each mutinous agent must pay for their crimes.
```

pesterlogGC: 1M ST1LL NOT SUR3
GC: YOUR3 T4LK1NG 4BOUT THROW1NG J4CK 1N TH3 SL4MM3R 4ND R4MBL1NG 4BOUT JUST1C3 4ND T3LL1NG M3 TO G3T P3NS 4ND SUCH
GC: NOT TH4T 1 4M COMPL41N1NG
TG: ok forget the slammer stuff that was stupid
TG: it is about justice though
TG: and since no one else seems to give a shit about that it apparently falls in my jurisdiction now
TG: not just going after jack
TG: but all the mutinous agents responsible for crimes
GC: 4G3NTS?
TG: holy shit why do i care about THAT suddenly
GC: >8?!
TG: anyway thats more shit that popped into my head just now
TG: so
TG: ok

## i have other duties to attend to.

**10/04/11**

pesterlogGC: W3LL
GC: NO1RS CRON13S 4R3 3XPLO1T4BL3
GC: 4R3 YOU S4Y1NG YOU H4V3 4 PL4N TH4T 1NVOLV3S T4RG3T1NG TH3M?

TG: not really
TG: no
TG: anyway
TG: its not like being mad about this and hankering for justice is even the only irrational thing im currently hot and bothered about
TG: i have other duties to attend to
GC: L1K3 WH4T?

## i must explode this ridiculously illegal edifice.

**10/04/11**

```
AR> farewell.
```

pesterlogTG: ive got to explode this ridiculously illegal edifice oh my god what are these words im saying
GC: YOU H4V3 TO 3XPLOD3 SOM3TH1NG?
TG: never mind
GC: 4R3 YOU R3F3RR1NG TO YOUR PL4N TO BLOW UP TH3 GR33N SUN?
TG: oh
TG: yeah
TG: thats gotta be what im talking about
TG: probably
TG: i need to shut up now
TG: im sounding like an idiot and my head is starting to hurt
TG: why dont we talk about your thing now
TG: what justice thing do you have to do
GC: YOU M34N 1TS 4CTU4LLY MY TURN TO T4LK?
TG: yes
GC: BUT 1 W4S B3G1NN1NG TO FORG3T MY PROBL3M L1ST3N1NG TO YOUR H1GHLY 3NJOY4BL3 B3FUDDL3M3NT!
TG: just please tell me your justice problem and make me stop saying stuff
TG: farewell
GC: F4R3W3LL??
GC: W41T!!!!!! >:[
TG: no i mean
TG: god damn it im not leaving
TG: farewell is not even a thing i would ever say jesus what am i a victorian poet
TG: can you show me a little respect and assume any time i say something stupid it just means im temporarily being inexplicably retarded
TG: thats what a real friend would do

## ==>

**13/04/11**

pesterlogGC: OK D4V3, 1 W1LL SHOW SOM3 S3NS1T1V1TY 4ND C4ST SUSP1C1ON ON TH3 1NT3LL3CTU4L M3R1T OF 3V3RYTH1NG YOU H4V3 3V3R S41D
TG: thank you
GC: 1 W1LL FURTH3R D3MONSTR4T3 MY FR13NDSH1P BY DOM1N4T1NG TH3 R3ST OF TH1S CONV3RS4T1ON W1TH L3NGTHY 4CCOUNTS OF MY 3MOT1ON4L

TR1BUL4T1ONS, L34V1NG NO SP4C3 FOR YOU TO SUBM1T 4NY 4MUS1NG OUTBURSTS
TG: that sounds awesome
GC: QU13T!!! >:O
GC: NOW
GC: WH3R3 W4S 1
TG: justice problems
GC: OH Y3S, OF COURS3
GC: YOU S33, OUR 41MS 4R3 NOT TH4T D1SS1M1L4R
GC: OUR PURSU1TS OF JUST1C3 1 M34N
GC: BUT YOURS 1S MOT1V4T3D BY 4NG3R 1N TH3 H34T OF TH3 MOM3NT
GC: WH1CH 1S BL1ND1NG YOU TO TH3 CONS3QU3NC3S OF 4TT3MPT1NG SOM3TH1NG V3RY FOOL1SH
GC: YOU 4R3 F4R TOO COOL TO SUCCUMB TO 4NYTH1NG L1K3 TH4T
GC: WH1CH 1S WHY YOU W1LL COM3 TO YOUR S3NS3S SHORTLY >:]
GC: MY S1TU4T1ON 1S 4 L1TTL3 MOR3 COMPL1C4T3D
GC: 1TS L3SS P3RSON4L
GC: THOUGH ONC3 1T W4S 4 GRUDG3 WH1CH PROP3LL3D OUR R1V4LRY
GC: NOW 1TS R3SOLUT1ON H4S B3COM3 4 M4TT3R OF PR4CT1C4L1TY
GC: 1F NOT PROF3SS1ON4L1SM
GC: BUS1N3SS L1K3!
GC: TH3 W4Y 4 TRU3 L3G1SL4C3R4TOR CONDUCTS H3R PROS3CUT1ONS
GC: D4V3 D1D YOU KNOW TH4T C3NTUR13S 4GO ON MY PL4N3T, L3G1SL4C3R4TORS W3R3 NOT CONF1N3D TO STUFFY COURTBLOCKS 4RGU1NG C4S3S B3FOR3 H1S HONOR4BL3 TYR4NNY?
TG: oh shit are you fucking serious
GC: Y3S! 4LSO, SHUSH
GC: 1 KNOW YOU 4R3 S4SS1NG M3 DU3 TO MY US3 OF T3RMS UNF4M1L14R TO HUM4NS, BUT 1T 1S TRU3
GC: TH3Y W3R3 D3PLOY3D THROUGHOUT TH3 G4L4XY TO 4PPR3H3ND CR1M1N4LS BY 4NY M34NS N3C3SS4RY
TG: no i got that theyre like your alien death lawyers who were sorta like bounty hunters in olden times pretty simple to decipher through context
GC: 1 THOUGHT 1 TOLD YOU TO B3 QU13T!
GC: 1 4M MONOLOGU1NG H3R3 >:P
GC: 4NYW4Y, TH3Y WOULD NOT R3ST UNT1L TH31R SUSP3CT W4S 1N CUSTODY, ON3 W4Y OR 4NOTH3R
GC: TH3Y WOULD G4TH3R 3V1D3NC3 OV3R TH3 COURS3 OF TH3 1NV3ST1G4T1ON, COMP1L1NG 4 C4S3 TO B3 PR3S3NT3D 4T TH3 TR14L, SHOULD ON3 B3 H3LD B3FOR3 TH3 F1N4L SUBM1SS1ON OF TH3 GU1LTY CORPS3 TO JUD1C14L 4UTHOR1T13S
GC: P3RSON4L F33L1NGS 4ND V3ND3TT4S D1D NOT M4TT3R, NOR D1D 3V3N TH3 N4TUR3 OF TH3 CR1M3
GC: ONLY JUST1C3 D1D!
GC: TH3Y W3R3 S3L3CT3D FOR TH31R CUNN1NG 4ND M4RT14L PROW3SS
GC: 4ND FOR TH31R 4B1L1TY TO UND3RST4ND TH3 M1NDS OF TH3 CR1M1N4LS TH3Y SOUGHT

GC: TH1S 1S WHY TH3 BURD3N H4S TO B3 M1N3 1 TH1NK
GC: 1 4M TH3 ONLY ON3 WHO KNOWS HOW TO H4NDL3 H3R
GC: 4S SUCH, SH3 1S MY R3SPONS1B1L1TY
TG: she
GC: SHOOOOOOOSH!!!!!!!
TG: ok i cant even make little interrogative quips to grease the wheels of your monologue
GC: OH
GC: Y3S TH4TS OK, 1N F4CT 1TS V3RY H3LPFUL
GC: WHO DO YOU TH1NK??

==>

**13/04/11**

pesterlogTG: spidertroll
GC: YOU 4R3 CORR3CT
GC: TH3 SP1D3R13ST ON3 OF 4LL
TG: youve decided to take her down then
GC: 1 GU3SS SO
TG: you dont sound that psyched about it
GC: W3LL, 1M H3R3 T4LK1NG TO YOU 4BOUT 1T 1NST34D OF 4CTU4LLY DO1NG 1T, 4R3NT 1?
TG: are you feeling guilty
TG: like second guessing whether she deserves it
GC: NOT 3X4CTLY
TG: hasnt she done enough terrible shit to warrant legislaceration
GC: TH4T 1S NOT 4 TH1NG!
GC: BUT Y3S, TH3 C4S3 4G41NST H3R 1S OV3RWH3LM1NG
GC: MOR3 TH4N YOU 3V3N KNOW!
GC: SH3S COMPL3T3LY OUT OF CONTROL NOW
GC: SH3 H4S MURD3R3D 4T L34ST ON3 OF MY GOOD FR13NDS
GC: 4ND POSS1BLY S3V3R4L OTH3RS, 1 4M NOT SUR3 Y3T
GC: TH3 C1RCUMST4NC3S 4R3 4 L1TTL3 F1SHY, BUT MY 1NV3ST1G4T1ON 1S ONGO1NG

==>

**13/04/11**

pesterlogGC: 4DD1T1ON4LLY, 1 H4V3 D1SCOV3R3D SH3 1S COMPL1C1T 1N J4CKS R1S3 TO POW3R
GC: WH3N 1 F1RST L34RN3D H3 C4M3 FROM YOUR S3SS1ON, 1 M1ST4K3NLY BL4M3D YOU 4LL, 4ND TOOK 1T OUT ON 4 H4PL3SS 3GB3RT >:[
GC: BUT 1F 4NYON3 1S TO P4Y FOR R3L34S1NG TH4T D3MON ON BOTH OF OUR GROUPS, 1T 1S H3R
TG: are you sure about that
GC: Y3S
GC: 4ND SH3 KNOWS 1 KNOW
GC: SH3 H4S B33N T4UNT1NG M3, TRY1NG TO ST1R UP OUR OLD R1V4LRY
GC: TH4T 1S WH4T TH1S WHOL3 JOHN VS D4V3 TH1NG H4S B33N 4BOUT

TG: there is no john vs dave thing though
GC: 1 KNOW
GC: NOT R34LLY
GC: 1TS JUST 4 G4M3
GC: BUT TH3 G4M3 1S S3R1OUS BUS1N3SS TO H3R
GC: L1K3 1T W4S DUR1NG OUR ROL3 PL4Y1NG D4YS
GC: 4ND JUST L1K3 TH3N, SH3S RU1N3D 3V3RYTH1NG BY T4K1NG 1T TOO F4R
GC: 4ND 1N SP1T3 OF 4LL H3R P4ST CR1M3S, TH3S3 4R3 NOT 3V3N TH3 MOST 1MPORT4NT R34SONS TO STOP H3R!
GC: SH3 H4S D3C1D3D TO F1GHT J4CK H3RS3LF
GC: WH1CH 1S 4N 3XTR3M3LY D4NG3ROUS 4ND STUP1D TH1NG TO DO!
GC: SOUND F4M1L14R, D4V3?
TG: are you going to stop me too then
TG: hunt me down and lawyerviscerate me for my own good
GC: NO
GC: 1LL JUST L3T YOU TRY TO R34CH TH3 GOD T13R, 4ND TH3N D3C1D3 FOR YOURS3LF >:]
TG: are you saying that i wont make god tier or i wont be strong enough if i do
GC: OBJ3CT1ON!!!
TG: what
GC: W3 4R3 T4LK1NG 4BOUT YOU 4G41N
GC: 1 MOT1ON TH4T 4LL D4V3 C3NTR1C T3ST1MONY B3 STR1CK3N FROM TH3 R3CORD
TG: lame motion overruled the judge wants to see where this is going
GC: NO H3 DO3SNT, YOU KNOW P3RF3CTLY W3LL H3 DO3SNT G1V3 4 SH1T
GC: H3 W1LL CL34R TH1S COURTBLOCK 1F H3 DO3S NOT H4V3 ORD3R, H3 SW34RS TO J3GUS
TG: ok fine
TG: we can keep obsessing over your fucked up kismesister if you want
GC: 1TS NOT L1K3 TH4T! >XO
TG: do you think she stands a chance against him
GC: NO
TG: then whats the big deal
TG: why not let her go get her shit ruined by jack and let justice happen that way
GC: B3C4US3 1 4M QU1T3 SUR3 TH4T 1F SH3 GO3S TO F1ND H1M, 1T W1LL T1P H1M OFF TO OUR LOC4T1ON 1N TH3 V31L
GC: 1 H4V3 S33N 1T 4LR34DY
GC: TH4T 1S WHY TH1S 1S NO S1MPL3 V3ND3TT4
GC: BR1NG1NG H3R TO JUST1C3 1S CR1T1C4L TO OUR SURV1V4L!
TG: so why dont you go do it
GC: B3C4US3
GC: 1M NOT SUR3 1F 1 C4N
TG: you mean you cant beat her in a fight
GC: NO, 1TS NOT TH4T
GC: 1T JUST TH4T WH3N TH3 T1M3 COM3S
GC: 1M NOT SUR3 1F 1 W1LL B3 4BL3 TO K1LL H3R

TG: i thought trolls were all about gratuitous murderings
GC: Y3S 1TS TRU3
GC: W3 4R3 SUPPOS3D TO R3V3L 1N BLOODSH3D 4S W3 GROW UP
GC: 4ND SH3 S33MS TO B3 3MBR4C1NG H3R R1T3 OF P4SS4G3 W1TH R3CKL3SS 4B4NDON, 4S 1 WOULD 3XP3CT
GC: GR4BB1NG TH3 BULL BY TH3 HORNS, SO TO SP34K
GC: 1TS 4 L1TTL3 1NT1M1D4T1NG
GC: B3C4US3 1M NOT SUR3 1F 1M R34DY FOR TH4T
GC: WH1CH 1 GU3SS 1S NORM4L??
TG: are
TG: you asking me to reassure you about that
TG: cause i seriously dont have a clue
GC: 1TS OK D4V3
GC: ST1LL MONOLOGU1NG >:]
GC: 1 GU3SS
GC: 1 4M NOT SO MUCH WORR13D 4BOUT NOT B31NG R34DY
GC: 4S 1 4M TH4T...
GC: 1 M1GHT NOT 4CTU4LLY W4NT TO B3 R34DY
GC: M4YB3 3V3R
GC: M4YB3 TH3R3S SOM3TH1NG WRONG W1TH M3
TG: i dont understand
TG: i thought you were insane kinds of apeshit over the macabre stuff
TG: like being all cutesy about executions and smelling cherry blood and such things contrived to get a guy feeling vaguely uncomfortable
TG: was that all an act
GC: NOT 4N 4CT
GC: JUST FUN!
GC: 1 L1K3 FUN, D4V3, 4ND 1 4LSO L1K3 G4M3S
GC: DONT YOU L1K3 FUN 4ND G4M3S?
TG: of course the fuck not
GC: L14R!!! >:O
TG: didnt you say youve killed people before
GC: TH3R3 1S 4 B1G D1FF3R3NC3 B3TW33N M4N1PUL4T1NG P3OPL3 TO TH31R DOOM W1TH TR1CK3RY, 4ND K1LL1NG SOM3ON3 BY YOUR OWN H4ND
GC: 1T 1S 4 B1T L1K3 H4V1NG TO F4C3 YOUR OWN D34TH...
GC: 4ND D1SCOV3R1NG TH3 D1FF3R3NC3 B3TW33N L34V1NG TH3 R3SPONS1B1L1TY TO SOM3ON3 3LS3, 4ND DO1NG TH3 D1RTY WORK YOURS3LF
GC: M4YB3 YOULL UND3RST4ND SOM3 D4Y >;]

==>

**13/04/11**

```
Alert : Dave
```

pesterlogTG: ok
TG: id like to help you out but i dont know what advice i should be giving
TG: to a member of a murderous species whos gunshy on going off to justicemurder a murderhappy

murderer whose done lots of murders
TG: it feels pretty weird and inappropriate for me to be the one to tell you fuck yes go for it shes got this huge murder with her name on it anyways and its cruising right at her down comeuppance boulevard
TG: so i dont know
TG: do you want me to tell you to be a better human
TG: or to be a better troll
GC: 1 C4NT T3LL YOU WH4T TO 4DV1S3 M3, CHUMP4SS!
GC: M4YB3 1M NOT 3V3N LOOK1NG FOR 4DV1C3 P3R S3
GC: BUT JUST W4NT TO T4LK TO SOM3ON3 4BOUT 1T
TG: alright well all ill say is
TG: maybe if you kill her at least we can finally stop obsessing over her
GC: *S1111GNNNN*
GC: Y34H, F41R 3NOUGH
TG: why dont you just do what you think you have to do
TG: and ill do the same
TG: speaking of which
GC: OH, R1GHT
GC: YOULL B3 BUGG1NG M3 4BOUT SHOW1NG YOU HOW TO R34CH TH3 GOD T13R SOON
GC: PROMPT3D BY TH1S V3RY CONV3RS4T1ON 1 1M4G1N3, WHOD H4V3 THOUGHT!
TG: these time shenanigans completely blindsided us they practically never even happen
GC: 1 KNOW
TG: so i hang up now with future you and then start pestering present you about it is that how it works
GC: Y3S
TG: and i make sure not to reference anything said here to keep it simple
TG: except like in an offhand way thatll seem retroactively logical to your future self
TG: ie you right now
TG: if for no other reason than itd be boring as hell to rehash it
GC: TH4T SOUNDS 4BOUT R1GHT BUT WH4T DO 1 KNOW
GC: YOUR3 TH3 T1M3 GUY 4FT3R 4LL
GC: LUCK1LY 1 W1LL NOT H4V3 TO P4RT1C1P4T3 1N TH3S3 CH4R4D3S TH1S T1M3 4ROUND
TG: does luck actually matter
GC: >:o

## Exit.

**13/04/11**

```
END OF YEAR 2
4/13/2009 - 4/13/2011

> REMOVE DISC 1.

* click

> INSERT DISC 2.

* click
```

```
! DISC 2 IS MISSING

HOMESTUCK 1 . . . . . .. 2 . .
```

## ==>

**15/04/11**

```
-MESTUCK 1 ... 2
```

## Keep playing anyway.

**15/04/11**

You have no idea what the hell this thing is, or why you would need another disc.

You just captchalogue it and proceed. There is justice to be done, and you are running out of time.

## [S] Terezi: Proceed.

**16/04/11**

```
* Press key

Objection!

You cannot control Terezi! How can you possibly expect to play this
game when you have lost the game disc? All you can do is watch what
she decides to do.

You find a note stuck to the floor with Nepeta's claw. It appears to be
addressed to you, written on a page torn from the journal of Vriska's
ancestor. Her taunts are becoming increasingly flagrant.

It also appears to be written in purple blood. She wouldn't dare harm
sweet, precious Gamzee, would she? The thought is almost more than
you can bear. You are going to throw the book at her.
```

## [S] Terezi: Read note.

**16/04/11**

```
>:?
```

## Terezi: Wake up.

**18/04/11**

You cannot wake up, because you were not actually asleep! You were just taking a breather in this nice cozy pile of horrifically mutilated scalemates, which were gathered here to break your fall for some reason.

You wonder where you are? This is a fancy looking room. It doesn't look like a place you would expect to find on this meteor, at least not in any strictly canonical capacity.

## Terezi: Examine surroundings.

**18/04/11**

```
TEREZI: >:?
```

This dapper kiwi-suited gentleman is quite familiar. You are almost positive he made an appearance in that very crowded dream you had recently...

Where did he go??

Something in this room smells funny.

And fast.

## Terezi: Climb stairs.

**18/04/11**

You cannot ascend!!!

The staircase is suffering from a catastrophic horn clog.

## Terezi: Exit door.

**18/04/11**

The door is locked!

You will either need a key, or to break it down with force. You would need to achieve an especially heightened state of determination to pull that off, though.

## ==>

**18/04/11**

You have been completely hornswoggled. This whole thing was a setup from the start. A trap deployed by a cunning mastermind. All of the clues are adding up. The blood. The note. The flagrant displays of tricksterism and japery. The identity of the puppetmaster behind all of this is now painfully obvious to you.

## ==>

**18/04/11**

```
DOOF
```

Spidertroll.

## [S] Terezi: Play records.

**19/04/11**

```
> TROLLCOPS
> HAVOC TO BE WROUGHT
> RUMBLE AT THE RINK
> UNLABELED RECORD
> XROM
> I'M A MEMBER OF THE
  MIDNIGHT CREW
```

You select appropriate crime solving music to set the right mood. With this kind of atmosphere, it is highly unlikely that any crime will stay unsolved for long.

## Terezi: Remove Midnight Crew record.

**19/04/11**

No no, this vaudevillian cornball nonsense will not do at all. The mood is just not right for figuring out crimes.

You put the record back in its sleeve.

## Terezi: Examine cover.

**19/04/11**

WHO'S THIS DOUCHE BAG

```
I'm going to give you a great song now by Eddie Morton,
 one of my favorite rag-time era performers on record,
 who was actually a former Philadelphia police officer
 before he made it big on Vaudeville and then became a
 recording artist with such record companies as Victor
 and Columbia.
So here he is with a song he did in 1909, called
 "I'm a member of the Midnight Crew"
 Mr. Eddie Morton...

♫  I hate a moral coward, one who lacks a manly spark
♫  I just detest a man afraid to go home in the dark
♫  I always spend my evening where there's women wine and song
♫  but like a man, I always bring my little wife along!

♫  I'm a member of the Midnight Crew
♫  I'm a night owl, and a wise bird too
♫  Home with the milk in the morning
♫  Singing the same old song!
♫  Rise with the moon, go to bed with the sun
♫  Early to bed, and you'll miss all the fun
♫  Bring your wife and trouble, it will never trouble you
♫  Make her a member of the Midnight Crew!

♫  The fun it doesn't stop 'til twelve on happy old Broadway
♫  So what's the use of going home, until the break of day?
♫  Now, something confidential, whisper not above a breath,
♫  I once went home at two a.m. and scared my wife to death!

♫  I'm a member of the Midnight Crew
♫  I'm a night owl, and a wise bird too
♫  Home with the milk in the morning
♫  Singing the same old song!
♫  Rise with the moon, go to bed with the sun
♫  Early to bed, and you'll miss all the fun
♫  Bring your wife and trouble, it will never trouble you
♫  Make her a member of the Midnight Crew!

♫  I never shall forget the night I made six robbers run
♫  Although I didn't have a knife, a blackjack, or a gun
♫  I proved myself a hero of a very high degree
♫  I ran for home, and six of them were running after me!

♫  I'm a member of the Midnight Crew
♫  I'm a night owl, and a wise bird too
♫  Home with the milk in the morning
♫  Singing the same old song!
♫  Rise with the moon, go to bed with the sun
♫  Early to bed, and you'll miss all the fun
♫  Bring your wife and trouble, it will never trouble you
♫  Make her a member of the Midnight Crew!

Mr Eddie Morton and "I'm a member of the Midnight Crew",
 done one hundred and one years ago on the Victorgram prize label,
 and that's Victor number sixteen three twenty-four.
```

==>

**20/04/11**

Before you can make heads or tails of who exactly this douche bag is, something rolls out of the sleeve. It appears to be a very small record. It's so small! What is such a small record doing in this great big sleeve?

## ==>

**20/04/11**

```
You got HOMESTUCK: DISC 2!!!
```

You cannot get over how tiny this record is. It's adorable. You wonder what sort of music it plays?

## [S] Terezi: Play tiny record.

**20/04/11**

## ==>

**20/04/11**

Predictably, you scratch the surface of the disc. What were you expecting? It's almost like you don't even know what a CD is.

With the disc damaged, who knows what sort of effects it will have on the data. Better store it somewhere safe to prevent any more mishaps.

## Terezi: Captchalogue disc.

**20/04/11**

```
HOMESTUCK 1 ... 2
```

It should be perfectly safe from any similar kinds of damage while secured in your SCRATCH AND SNIFF modus.

## Terezi: Examine chests.

**21/04/11**

You have spent way too much time calibrating the ambiance of your investigation, and not nearly enough time investigating. It is one of the most common pitfalls to being an investigator. Aside from literal pitfalls, which you actually fall into.

There are two chests in this secret room. Nothing out of the ordinary. Chests are everywhere in this lab, and people find it all too tempting to sneak their personal belongings into them for safe keeping. That is, until the goods are stolen shortly after by those who can't resist looting every chest they encounter, which is everybody.

Maybe these ones contain clues?

## Terezi: Open chest.

**21/04/11**

You got your NEOPHYTE REDGLARE ROLEPLAYING OUTFIT!

What is this doing in here? You have not worn it since your Flarping days. The only part of it you kept on hand was the stylish pair of glasses, which of course since the incident has managed to become a regular accessory.

But you cannot imagine how someone could have gotten their hands on the rest of it. Surely a crafty and resourceful criminal is at work.

(spidertrollspidertrollspidertroll)

## Terezi: Wear suit.

**21/04/11**

You don the garb of the legendary legislacerator. It brings back memories of many successful fantasy prosecutions resulting in the real executions of rival players. Those were the days.

## Terezi: Open other chest.

**21/04/11**

You got your PYRALSPITE PLUSH!

Pyralspite was your scalemate sidekick during your campaigns. He was the model of loyalty, friendship, and righteous retribution. More than could be said for another partner in justice.

There is no doubt about it anymore. She is clearly baiting you into confrontation.

You mean 88ing.

## Terezi: Hug Pyralspite.

**21/04/11**

```
SQUEAK!
```

You embrace your old friend releasing a mighty and majestic squeak. It has been too long, old friend. You vow never to let him out of your scent agai.....

## ==>

**21/04/11**

```
honk.
```

## ==>

**23/04/11**

This puppet is becoming a nuisance. It appears to exhibit the same incredible puppet fastness properties which Dave's had. Must be some form of universal puppet enchantment. It couldn't possibly be the same one, because that would just be insane.

Hey, where did Pyralspite go???

## Terezi: Look up.

**23/04/11**

There he is. How'd he get all the way up there? He has always been quite the slippery scalawag.

Maybe he was reminding you to check out the note. You almost forgot is was up there, what with all your furious investigating. Most of which has involved fooling around with records, hugging plush toys and cosplaying as a childhood heroine.

## Terezi: Read it.

**23/04/11**

Just as you thought. It is a message from Vriska summoning you to do battle. It is written in Gamzee's rich jelly-smelling blood, but it is her handwriting for sure. Her quirk is present, leaving the matter unde88a8le.

But why the hell does she want you to bring this stupid puppet along? She's so weird.

There is a journal entry on the back. It probably isn't the slightest bit relevant to the current situation, but you guess it couldn't hurt to read it anyway.

## Terezi: Examine journal entry.

**23/04/11**

```
}}                  .LAIRT YM -WA I

            RAEF OT SAH EHS SMRA
YM HTIW OD I TAHW TON S'TI SWONK
  EHS LLEW WOH REDNOW I .ENON RO
   ENO ,OWT .EERF RO DNUO- SDNAH
    ?NOISSIM_US YM EVAH OT SNORI
   NI EM DEEN T-NDLUOW EHS EVORP
   OT TNAEM EHS E-YAM .NAIDOTSUC
   SUOI-TNETSO REH ROF SKCANS FO
TSEINIT EHT SA TPEK EHS ERUS ...{{
```

journalogI suppose I'll have to get used to writing with this hand instead.

I now do so in captivity, while I 8ring my awe to 8ear on the immensity of the Su8juggl8or's high jinx. I took their gesture as plain avowal of my prosecution's futility. With a lone neophyte assigned to the task, how could I view it otherwise? I was sure they'd drawn from the 8ottom of their deck, not intending to squander more competent mercenaries on one who'd made a show of outclassing them all 8efore. 8ut I discovered too l8 that Redglare was their wild card all along.

How is one allowed to 8e raised 8y a dragon in this era? Let alone one of such middling 8lood, the sickly hue of a gutless civil servant. Those of her caste are typically pleased to mount a sluggish choler8ear, or some 8rainless squawking spleenfowl during petty expeditions to plaster seizure notices on gam8lignant property. 8y what fluke was this woman granted such a weapon, permitting her to luxuri8 in these delusions of righteousness?

Something 8locked the light of the un8itten moon, treating the har8or to darkness more grim than what fell this season's apogee. I made the mistake of looking into its eyes, each like a sun concentr8ted into a small jewel, as two hot garnets searing through a 8lack veil. I shut mine quickly, 8ut the more sensitive of them was 8urned irrepara8ly. When I regained sight in the other, there was only red. My fleet was in flames. The neophyte was on deck. Pyralspite, she mentioned through her ridiculous forced grin. She wanted me to know the name of the 8east which was a8le to consume my lusus whole.

My dice were in the hold 8elow, not that my present luck would consent to a favora8le roll anyway. I made a move for my 8lade. She took my arm, which I'm sure she kept as the tiniest of snacks for her ostent8ious custodian. May8e she meant to prove she wouldn't need me in irons to have my su8mission?

8ound or free.

Two, one or none.

I wonder how well she knows it's not what I do with my arms she has to fear?

I aw8 my trial.

## Insert disc 2.

**27/04/11**

```
HOMESTUCK 1

MSPAINT ADVENTURES

Insert disc 2.

LOADING

> [S] Seer: Ascend
```

## [S] Seer: Ascend.

**29/04/11**

```
sis.
ROOF. NOW.
8ring the puppet.
:::;o)

4CROB4T1C
FUCK1NG
P1ROU3TT3

:o)

Alert : Rose
```

## ==>

**29/04/11**

```
Alert : Rose
```

## ==>

**29/04/11**

```
trolling : ectoBiologist

AG: John!!!!!!!!
AG: You're heading into the 8lackout, so I won't 8e a8le to see you until you
leave.
AG: 8ut don't worry, I can still sense you are there. 8ecause of awesome
powers, remem8er?
AG: Smooth move, ditching your computer like that, 8y the way. That was some
incredi8le leadership you showed!
AG: Now I have to contact you through Rose, thus exposing me to the risk of
actually having to taaaaaaaalk to her........
AG: Your carelessness has put the Heroes of Light into a very awkward position,
John. I hope you're satisfied.
AG: Hahahaha, just kidding. She's o8viously a little too "preoccupied" ay the
moment to 8e sassing me.
AG: Just 8orrow here computer and talk to me when you get the chance, ok?
AG: I will 8e w8ing ::::)
```

journalogMuch fanfare was made of the trial. More than I would have dared to hope. It seems my luck has 8een returning of l8.

==>
**29/04/11**
journalogThe High8loods surely intended to make a spectacle of my conviction. They filled the court8lock with peasants ravenous for the comeuppance of a 8lue 8lood. I wasn't a8out to deny them what they came for.

==>
**30/04/11**
journalogIt was kind of the authorities to supply me with phalanx of such impressiona8le spect8ors. The weak wills were nearly as thick in the air as the rust in their veins. Funny how my other senses seem to have piqued since exchanging glances with the dragon. What an extraordinary specimen. How I've come to covet the creature since it ruined my fleet. I know too well the whispers of a dangerous new infatu8tion when they 8eckon. 8ut I digress.

==>
**30/04/11**
journalogIt was simple enough to nudge the hostility of the low8loods from one aristocrat to another. The su8juggl8ors could not have 8een pleased, 8ut nor could they have 8een altogether unamused, I would expect. I wonder if this was part of their unfathoma8le game? I'll never understand their riddles.

==>
**30/04/11**
journalogI only regret I didn't get to hear the opening st8ment the neophyte had prepared against me. The case she compiled from all that evidence she 8urned must have been damning. I 8et her remarks would have stung worse than when she severed my arm. She certainly would have shown me gr8ter mercy 8y taking the other instead!

==>
**30/04/11**
journalogAlas, I mock to disguise the extent of my regret.

Had my escape not necessit8ed her demise, she would have made a lovely rival. If she'd only discarded her childish preoccup8tion with justice, we might have made a striking scourge. Had we inched 8lacker we'd have torn red miles across the land and sea. Unfortun8ly, the only miles to 8e found through her 8ureaucratic calling were those of red tape. When so ensnared, one is eventually 8ound to 8e choked.

With the court8lock cleared, all that remained to o8struct my freedom was His Honora8le Tyranny himself.

==>
**30/04/11**
journalogUpon reflection, Redglare showed the foresight of a true seer in thieving my arm 8efore the trial.

==>
**30/04/11**
journalogIt permitted a fair fight.

==>
**02/05/11**
journalogThough I was free, I had no fleet. No matter. With the gam8lignants decim8ed, I'd em8raced the turn in fortune and pledged to put my seagrifting ways 8ehind me. With any luck, the skies will 8e my future. My thoughts again returned to that dragon.

8ut first, I was in need of temporary refuge. I sought it with the expatri8.

==>
**02/05/11**
journalogHe owed me for the sweeps of protection I provided after his 8razen defiance of the High8loods. It was perhaps the only such courageous stand ever taken against a superior 8y one of his supercilious pedigree, and I'd not have 8othered sticking my neck out for another. 8ut the admir8ion he'd won naturally wore thin as he persistently 8emoaned his treason and 8anishment, and I was saddened to find this ha8it holding "STRONG" even now. I wonder if he still 8elieves she was worth it?

==>
**02/05/11**
journalogRepairing my arm would go a little further in squaring his de8t with me. Even if I came with 8oth intact I might have ripped one off and put him to the task just to halt to his 8lu88ering. Darkleer was always a skilled machinist and the work proved an adequ8 distraction. So pacified, he listened to what I had to say, a8out my recent travails with the law, and Pyralspite, and what I'd come for in truth - the treasure he'd 8een keeping safe for me.

==>
**05/05/11**
journalogI cradled the oracle in my synthetic hand, as if appraising 8y w8 the mystic qualities it still concealed. With my vision 8fold seared away, I was as 8lind to its secrets as the old Doctor was to its present wherea8outs. I'd learned to keep it cloaked from the awareness of the man who once called me his protege, a 8ackhanded term of endearment from a smug manipul8or. Loc8ing his so called dark pockets was the only gam8it I had in countering his milktongued dou8lespeak. The expatri8 for indiscerni8le reasons seemed naturally surrounded 8y such a void in the Doctor's awareness, and so was uniquely fit to inherit the or8. The Doctor could not see his treasure, nor I into it.

I considered what to do with it for a while. Should I find Pyralspite 8y consulting with the oracle, as I'd done so often to steal fortune from my adversaries? I guessed exploiting some technological means of gazing through its surface may have 8een simple enough, 8ut I hesit8ed. Every expedient granted 8y its counsel, though never instantly, came at a price. Knowing his n8ture, I'm surprised I only now recognize it as yet another instrument of his spurious 8enevolence, dangerous 8y way of selective divulgence. The sense of infalli8ility his oracle 8rought me was superficial, and in hindsight weakened my readiness. Knowing my f8 so far in advance, I took Redglare's threat

lightly. The gr8est mistake I have ever made was asking the or8 when I would die.

8ut as I revisited the prophecy surrounding this unfortun8 query, something struck me. I thought of the man I would have as a m8sprit centuries from now, who was said to command an army of 8easts. The one it called the summoner.

==>

**05/05/11**

journalogIf my o8session with the dragon should continue to 8urn for so long, would he 8e the one to assist me in taming it? I did not have enough knowledge to ask the right questions when I had the opportunity. Were that the case, I might have asked if it would 8e his rare a8ilities of communion that would 8ring Pyralspite under control. Would it 8e on account of my influence? And if so, would I exert this influence 8y taking his will, or winning his heart? These are details I would have given no second thought in drawing from the or8, my curiosity a force usually too much to quell. 8ut now...

I have thought of the summoner often. I have 8een trou8led to know that as one so common 8looded, he could not possi8ly have hatched yet, nor will he wriggle from the caverns for many sweeps. So I must have p8tience to take up my role in his story of heroism. It is a tale which reads to me as though lifted from a child's story, yet I know I'd 8e a fool to dou8t its veracity entirely. He would rise through the ranks of the cavalreapers and assume command, having proven the most skilled and fearless of them. He would exhi8it a remarka8le pup8tion, the sort only recorded in myth, growing, or perhaps simply revealing, a striking pair of wings. His army thus inspired would spearhead a major re8ellion. Surely one at least on the scale of the sectarian revolt crushed 8y the High8loods, who thereafter for8ade its mention, or any invoc8tion of the heretical sym69ls at all, even in private journals. Which is why I will stick to the fa8le of the summoner, and not risk another execution with even o8lique reference to the compelling tale of the sufferer.

Resolution to the summoner's mutiny is foggy, as I only understand what has 8een rel8ed to me through the 8rief answers I thought to solicit. Ultim8ely, the ire of the Condesce would 8e such that in the settling dust of the conflict, she would 8anish all from the homeworld, except the young. She would scatter all who reached maturity to the stars to fight her wars, I presume to keep them occupied, existing in a less centralized st8 from which such a coup may arise. This is still an incredi8le notion for me to consider, and I cannot imagine how she would come to enforce such an upheaval in our civiliz8tion. Though I suppose she will have on her side the advantage of an unparalleled lifespan, and the leverage extended 8y the hideous psychic prongs of her deep undul8ing monstrosity. That is, until it chooses another little witch to serve. Nevertheless, I take the prediction as truth, and find it amusing that a homeworld domin8ed 8y children will 8e the gr8 summoner's legacy. One of them, at least.

More importantly, and less amusingly, his legacy will 8e my demise. You see, I first learned his name when I asked who would 8e the one to kill me.

==>

**05/05/11**

journalogI have never spoken nor written of him out of contempt for the prophecy, 8ut do so here, in my final entry for this journal. I took this to 8e a pitia8le fate, and scoured the or8 for any means of escaping it, or at least, to salvage a little dignity from the tale of my downfall. Alas, it had no consol8tion for my vanity.

8ut as I sit here deciding what to do with the damna8le little sphere, I understand my error. It was not in failing to chart a course through future events to turn my fortune's tide, even so many sweeps from now. It was in 8elieving the future was mine to know, and fortune mine to control. If this hero is meant to 8reathe life into my em8ittered heart, and if he is to earn the right to run it through, then so 8e it. For him, I will commit to this page my highest expect8tions. And for what precious uncertainty is left in my future, I renew my vigorous anticip8tion.

The oracle I will resolve to part with. I will conceal it in a crypt 8earing the sign of the expatr8, with a map to its loc8tion hidden in this journal. To whomever finds it, 8e wary, for the truth it tells may leave its new keeper 8lind as I was. Though no more.

## [S] Flip.

**14/05/11**

* Derived in part from this transcript

Objection!

DEAD!

motherfucking JURY

VRISKA: Hey Redglare. Nice outfit!
TEREZI: S4M3 TO YOU M1NDF4...
TEREZI: 1 M34N VR1SK4
TEREZI: 4S MUCH 4S 1T P41NS M3 TO 4DM1T, YOUR FRU1TY OR4NG3 F41RYSU1T SM3LLS...
TEREZI: D3L1C1OUS >:[
VRISKA: Thanks! I see you finally wised up and started taking this rivalry seriously.
VRISKA: It was hard to antagonize you properly while you refused to get in character! :::;)
TEREZI: 1 4M NOT 1N CH4R4CT3R!!! >:O
TEREZI: TH1S 1S S3R1OUS BUS1N3SS, VR1SK4
TEREZI: S33? 1 BROUGHT MY D34DLY C4N3 SWORD 4ND COOL CO1N 4ND 3V3RYTH1NG
VRISKA: Yes, I can see that. So you've come for revenge, then.
VRISKA: I thought we settled all this a long time ago?
TEREZI: NO, NOT R3V3NG3. JUST1C3! >:]
TEREZI: FOR TH3 D3SP1C4BL3 MURD3RS OF OUR 1NNOC3NT FR13NDS!
VRISKA: Murders? Like, plural?
TEREZI: VR1SK4, PL34S3. DO NOT TRY TO D3NY 1T. 1 FOUND TH3 3V1D3NC3
TEREZI: T4VROS, N3P3T4... 3V3N G4MZ33!!! 1 M34N R34LLY VR1SK4. G4MZ33?!

TEREZI: >:o[
VRISKA: Gamzee isn't dead, you dope!
VRISKA: He flipped out or something and now...
VRISKA: Well, yeah ok. There was like.....
VRISKA: ONE murder I was responsi8le for.
VRISKA: You know Tavros? That was me.
VRISKA: I guess.
TEREZI: ...
VRISKA: 8ut that's it! He's the only one I killed, just that one guy!
TEREZI: >:\

**FACEPALM x3 COMBO! pap**

TEREZI: W3 BOTH KNOW YOU C4N'T B34T J4CK
TEREZI: 4LL TH4T W1LL H4PP3N 1S TH4T YOU W1LL L34D H1M H3R3 4ND H3 W1LL K1LL US 4LL
TEREZI: H3 W1LL FOLLOW YOUR SUG4RY P1X13 TR41L W1TH H1S K33N C4N1N3 SNOUT
TEREZI: 1 H4V3 4LR34DY S33N TH1S CONS3QU3NC3 1N MY M1NDS 3Y3
VRISKA: Fascin8ting! Why don't you tell me your terms already??
VRISKA: Forget my pixie trail. At this r8, my snoring will lead him to us!
VRISKA: Lol.
TEREZI: WH4T 1 PROPOS3 1S S1MPL3
TEREZI: 1 FL1P
TEREZI: H34DS, YOU ST4Y
TEREZI: SCR4TCH, YOU GO
VRISKA: You're kidding, right? You want LUCK to decide this?
VRISKA: May8e you forgot who you're dealing with. I am the Thief of Light.
VRISKA: You really expect me to lose a simple COIN FLIP?
VRISKA: I've got AAAAAAAALLLLLLLL THE LUCK, remem8er? >:::)
TEREZI: 1 D1D NOT FORG3T
TEREZI: WH4T W1LL 1T B3, M4RQU1S3?
VRISKA: .....
VRISKA: Just flip the fucking coin, Neophyte.

## => =

**15/05/11**

The dÎsc is tø€ badly da™aged. You can no lcœger play Homeµ&uck.

## QÛít„

**15/05/11**

You arñ forzød to quit£² You will not be ab£‡ to resume plaÿing unless you can re¼áir the scrõtch in the dis.

You will n««d to seek t÷e §ervice of so‰ê‡ne who is capaðle of fixing a scrath_

A s¤ratch dØctor, if y†ù will.

## Vižit dØctor.

**15/05/11**

[

]

## [o] Please come in.

**16/05/11**

Welcome to my apartment. I trust you'll find my voice is more palatable against this decor. I continue to be an excellent host.

I'm expecting two more guests later. First one, and then another.

Make yourself comfortable in the meantime. But don't touch the candy on the table. That is reserved for one of my guests.

## [o] Let's have a look at this disc.

**16/05/11**

She really did a number on it, didn't she? It's virtually unplayable like this.

What a shame. There are many moments trapped on this disc which you would have no doubt found to be quite exhilarating.

## [o] But yes, I can fix it.

**16/05/11**

```
HOMESTUCK 1 ... 2
```

It will take time, though. I estimate, by which I mean I am certain by way of omniscience, that when I am done we will have reached just shy of the green circle on the card above. I'm sure you have already presumed this mark represents the beginning of Act 6. The disc should be ready to run in time to witness the Critical Event, a confluence of thickly interwoven, aconcurrent circumstances which have been meticulously arranged by myself, influenced to a much lesser extent by you, and by an even more negligible degree, our heroes. The scratch will be healed in time to watch these heroes put into motion, yes, The Scratch itself.

If you don't mind waiting here while I complete my repairs, I will tell the rest of the story. I will show you as well, as I recover data from the disc. But the visuals I supply will be nothing more than abbreviated snapshots, and my telling will be abridged.

Immortality notwithstanding, I'm not going to live forever, you know.

## [o] Tick.

**16/05/11**

And since for once in my life, time is at a premium, let's get on with it. Where were we?

## [o] Tock.

**16/05/11**

Never mind, I figured it out instantly because of my unfathomable intellect, limitless knowledge, and mind boggling charisma. Granted, my charisma had less to do with it than the other qualities. But it didn't hurt, did it?

Here, I'll show you.

## [o] Tick.

**16/05/11**

The Seer of Mind had challenged the Thief of Light to a simple game of chance.

If the result was the undamaged side, the Thief would agree to stay. If not, she would "go."

## [o] Tock.

**16/05/11**

The result of the flip was left inconclusive, at which point you decided to pay me a visit.

But the inconclusive should not be confused with the uncertain. The actual result was trivial; it was a constant across all timelines.

## [o] Both the Seer and the Thief knew this.

**16/05/11**

The Thief used her abilities to steal the fortune of her opponent, and forced the flip to yield what she regarded as the most favorable outcome. The Seer anticipated this move, correctly.

This is why I don't care much for gambling. While a sucker is born with each tick of the clock, a cheater is born with each tock betwixt.

Also, because it is boring, and I am already a very wealthy man.

## [o] Tick.

**18/05/11**

The Seer relayed her terms through the generally understood argot of an assassin. The result "go," while at face value would suggest the Thief was allowed to leave, was actually the Seer's code word for the threat of death. This was obvious to everyone, including the Thief.

## [o] Tock.

**18/05/11**

While the Thief turned to fly away, making a show of claiming her prize, the Seer would stab her in the back the moment her guard was dropped. This was her plan. Not a particularly clever tactic in its own right, but its ingenuity didn't dwell in the novelty of the ruse, nor even the neutralized probabilities in the game of chance. Psychology was in play.

## [o] Tick.

**18/05/11**

Naturally, the Thief knew this was her intent all along. She knew the Seer would have understood the outcome to be rigged, and that she likely intended to kill her as a consequence of the fixed result. This was to be seen as an implicit dare to the Thief to allow the flip to fall fairly, something which the Seer knew the Thief's ego wouldn't allow.

And the Seer knew the Thief knew all this as well.

Just another pair of cheaters attempting to play with their cards face up. Amateurs.

## [o] Tock.

**18/05/11**

Each was gambling, not with any vehicle of probability, which had been eliminated from the equation, but with each other's intentions. The Thief indeed took the Seer's bait, stealing the luck needed to affect the flip in defiance of her dare. And in turning to leave, she then posed a dare of her own to the Seer, challenging her to back up the implied threat.

This was the Thief's gamble. She wagered the Seer would not be able to go through with it.

## [o] It turned out,

**18/05/11**

She was right.

## [o] So ends a tale of rivalry.

**18/05/11**

Well, almost. There's a bit more.

But in order to understand its proper conclusion, we should first catch up with another of my other proteges, from whom I'm expecting a message shortly.

The other Seer.

The other Hero of Light.

## [o] Tick.

**18/05/11**

## [o] Tock.

**18/05/11**

## [o] Tick.

**19/05/11**

## [o] Tock.

**19/05/11**

## [o] Round Two.

**19/05/11**

```
STRIFE
```

## [o] Here we left our human Hero of Light.

**19/05/11**

```
HEALTH VIAL
HEALTH VIAL

OGLOPARRY
```

She flew away to take vengeance on the Noir this side of The Scratch. That is, the one less angry and dangerous. The one not yet unmotivated by a compelling duel.

## [o] Compelling, but not particularly challenging.

**21/05/11**

The Seer wouldn't win this duel.

My apologies if this spoils the outcome for you. I can't speak as discreetly about such matters against this canvas.

## [o] Tick.

**21/05/11**

## [o] I warned her.

**21/05/11**

I warned my neophyte protege not to stare into that ball.

## [o] Tock.

**21/05/11**

```
YG'TH NUG B'RIBGYTHLG
```

I told her about stares.

[8^y]

## [o] Moving on.

**25/05/11**

I'll remind you that the pacing of my account will be characterized by a reduction in granularity from what you have come to expect by way of an undamaged disc. You will imagine the remainder of the duel to be sensational, and I will continue my steady distribution of facts as if they were pieces of candy, poured from a bottomless white hemisphere.

The duel ends. The Seer dies. The Slayer departs. The Heir comes back to life.

## [o] This outcome was hardly a point of suspense.

**25/05/11**

It would be disingenuous of me to present it as such, and I will not belittle your intelligence with such a tawdry narrative ploy. It would be rude, and I am too well dressed for that kind of behavior.

If there truly stood some chance of permanence to the Heir's corpsehood, I can hear you asking now...

## [o] How could this moment later come to pass?

**25/05/11**

And for that matter, what sort of story would this be, with our human Hero of Breath made to stay a cadaver? Definitely not one the alpha timeline would allow.

## [o] And what sort of spectator would you be...

**25/05/11**

If you'd forgotten the terms ruling the conditional immortality he won with his previous, similarly unceremonious impaling?

## [o] He'd done nothing to earn martyrdom,

**25/05/11**

By which we might laud his fall as heroic.

## [o] Nor had he tasted notoriety,

**25/05/11**

```
strife specibus
```

```
- :: strife deck

needlekind
```

To secure a death one may parse just.

## [o] And while I can't give you my assurance,

**26/05/11**

I'm reasonably convinced of this much. When the Hero of Breath dies for good, it won't be as a scoundrel.

## [o] But not for lack of a devoted mentor.

**26/05/11**

If I had served as his mentor directly, rather than as his mentor's mentor's mentor, he may have stood a fair chance of perpetrating something underhanded. At the very least, his jokes might have been better.

## [o] Instead, he got her.

**26/05/11**

```
Alert : Vriska
```

The other Hero of Light. Always bugging him.

Bugging and fussing and meddling.

What's her deal?

## [o] Let's find out.

**27/05/11**

I mentioned there was a bit more to her story. I believe it's time to resume it.

I trust you won't mind if I step away for a moment. I have important guests arriving very soon. If you need me, I'll be up here, making sure everything is in order, which it already is, and keeping an eye, which I don't have, on the clock, which I don't need.

## [o] Tick.

**27/05/11**

## [o] Tock.

**27/05/11**

```
Scottie Dogs
```

## [o] Tick.

**27/05/11**

## [o] Tock.

**27/05/11**

## [o] Bonk.

**27/05/11**

```
BONK BONK BONK
```

## [o] Tick.
**30/05/11**
## [o] Tock.
**30/05/11**
## [o] Tick.
**30/05/11**
## [o] Tock.
**30/05/11**

```
Alert : Rose
```

## [o] Tick.
**30/05/11**

```
Alert : Rose
```

## [o] Tock.
**31/05/11**

```
Alert : Rose

DUMP
```

Apologies for my preoccupation. I have managed to pacify the rowdier of my two other guests with sugary little black dogs, so that I may continue my narration. But only briefly. In a moment, I will go stand over by my typewriter and teach my neophyte protege the consequences for taking advice from strange men over the internet, while I continue to attend to my second guest, who is you from an earlier point in the story.

## [o] Remember?
**31/05/11**

```
Alert : Rose

SMOOSH
```

We met here in my apartment a little while ago. At that moment, I was busy hosting you from the future, who is you right now, but I did not mention this at the time. I would have introduced your past self to your future self and vice versa, but it is a well known fact that past and future selves tend not to get along. A good host would never tolerate the potential for discord among guests, and as hosts go, I am simply the best there is.

Please don't be alarmed. Past you was just leaving.

Where was I?

## [o] Of course.
**31/05/11**

```
Alert : Rose
```

The two Heroes of Light had challenged the same Jack Noir, the one straddling The Scratch and about twenty hours of his own time, to a circumstantially simultaneous pair of duels. Circumstantial simultaneity is a concept more complex than its temporal analogue, and is valuable for examining

the properties of paradox space. It is the agent responsible for the major cosmic event which pre-extinction Alternians came to refer to as The Great Undoing. The same concept rules the innumerable lesser events by which this critical moment shall be catalyzed, including the break, my employer's arrival, the detonation of a very powerful bomb, and my own death. It is an abstraction weaving together the fortunes of otherwise perfectly disparate chronologies, such as those bound to a pair of distinct sessions. It's not fully comprehensible to a mortal mind, and the length I will go to explain it to you will not extend beyond this sentence.

## [o] But the story will.

**31/05/11**

```
Alert : Rose
```

The Slayer was, for the moment, unmotivated by the Thief's motion for a compelling duel. This side of The Scratch, he opted for a more ruthless and calculating policy of extermination. On his arrival, not about to repeat the mistakes leading to his banishment, he quickly obliterated all twelve planets, followed by Prospit and Derse, to weed out those who might outsmart him in the same manner.

With as little fanfare, he seized the opportunity to follow the Thief's trail quickly before it dissipated, and destroyed their hideout in the veil.

## [o] And now knowing her position,

**01/06/11**

```
Alert : Rose
```

He would soon return for the duel she wanted.

## [o] But not without a pair of trophies.

**01/06/11**

```
Alert : Rose

TWIST.
```

## [o] Tick.

**01/06/11**

```
Alert : Rose
```

## [o] Tock.

**01/06/11**

Again, sorry for the interruption. My conversation with the girl ran a bit long, slightly exceeding the one second I scheduled for it.

This is where events begin to outpace my awareness. The deeper into this dark pocket we explore, the more I will be forced to speculate. I rarely have cause to rely on probability, but luckily for you, my guesses are better than anybody's.

## [o] Tick.

**01/06/11**

I have always believed that a good storyteller should keep a comprehensive record of past events on hand. A scrapbook of personal significance, for instance, from which he may piece together current moments from past ones of a similar, if not identical nature. It's more efficient.

## [o] Tock.

**01/06/11**

It's also logical, since there is essentially nothing new in paradox space. Everything that can happen is either a visual or substantive reproduction of something which has already transpired on a timeline, offshoot or otherwise.

## [o] Tick.

**02/06/11**

```
STRIFE
```

And if I'm going speculate on this duel, I might as well make use of earlier clippings.

For the Slayer, this was round one against the Hero of Light.

## [o] Tock.

**02/06/11**

```
STRIFE → }}FEIRG{{
```

All I really need to do is flip it turn-ways, like so, and we have...

## [o] Round two.

**02/06/11**

```
SCRATCH: !

}}FEIRG{{
```

!

## [o] The Thief would probably roll her dice.

**02/06/11**

And just as probably, due to her impressive hoard of stolen fortune, she would have a 100% chance of rolling the most favorable result.

Ordinarily, this result would be almost impossibly improbable. The odds of the roll would be 1 in 16,777,216, to be specific.

And to be less specific, 1 in...

## [o] 8^y

**02/06/11**

Where y = 8.

[Hee hee.]

## [o] Tick.

**04/06/11**

```
}}GNINEKAWA LARTSECNA{{

FIRE ALARM

PULL DOWN
```

## [o] Tock.
**04/06/11**

```
FIRE ALARM

PULL DOWN
```

## [o] Tick.
**04/06/11**

## [o] Tock.
**04/06/11**

```
SHOOSH

}}LAIV HTLAEH{{
}}LAIV HTLAEH{{

}}ETARIP-OTUA{{
```

## [o] In round two, the Slayer would be not merely compelled,
**08/06/11**

But challenged, if my guess is right.

Challenged by one claiming godhood before reaping the prodigious spoils from striking down a formidable endgame foe. One with the guile of a cheater, the luck of a Clover, the hubris of her mentor, and the drive known only to the pathologically competitive.

I believe he'd be challenged, yes...

## [o] Tick.
**08/06/11**

But not outmatched.

As one who shares the Slayer's source of power, my projection must give him the unambiguous advantage. But even so...

## [o] While I continue to not be a gambling man,
**08/06/11**

(That didn't stop being a thing that was true or anything.)

## [o] Tock.
**08/06/11**

I'm reasonably sure that if I was,

## [o] I wouldn't bet against her.
**08/06/11**

## [o] Moving on.
**08/06/11**

Let's pull back from this ever narrowing dark pocket. All this uncertainty is wearing thinner than the only pair of pants in an immortal's wardrobe.

I've never much enjoyed navigating the vortices of alternative possibility. The path which alone has my absolute mastery is the alpha timeline, a continuum I define as that which boasts exclusive

rights both to my birth and to my death, two circumstantially simultaneous events. Any divergence from this path to my knowing will taper into blackness like rotting roots. But if I was a Seer, such offshoots would be fully within my domain. And if I was a Seer of Mind in particular, synaptic causality would be my specialty.

A Seer of Mind would have given you a more reliable account, perhaps. But then, she would do many things I wouldn't.

**[o] Tick.**

**08/06/11**

A Seer would support her allies in battle not with her weapons, but her vision. She would sift through dross of her comrades' poor tactical inclinations and examine the grim consequences. A Seer would not charge into the fray headlong but direct it as a conductor with a baton. She would have the sight to eschew the obvious gambits, and find the path to victory disguised cleverly as setback, or even imminent defeat. She would behold the fortunes of friends and foes in totality, and appraise the contrivance of luck itself. She would know its mines were not to be plundered, but simply explored and charted carefully.

**[o] Tock.**

**08/06/11**

A true Seer would know where luck is a given, where it is absent, and most importantly, where it doesn't matter at all.

**[o] Tick.**

**08/06/11**

And she would know victory doesn't matter in a reality where all else is doomed to fail.

**[o] Tock.**

**08/06/11**

What sort of story would this be, with our Knight and Seer made to stay cadavers? Certainly not one the alpha timeline would allow.

**[o] Tick.**

**08/06/11**

And not one she'd allow either.

**[o] Tock.**

**08/06/11**

**[o] Tick.**

**08/06/11**

**[o] Tock.**

**10/06/11**

**[o] Tick.**

**10/06/11**

**[o] Tock.**

**10/06/11**

**[o] Tick.**

**10/06/11**

```
YOU THINK YOU'RE SOOOOO COOL...

♋
```

```
bro.
SLOPPY M4K3OUTS. NOW.
on the roof.
H3 H3 H3 >:O]
```

## [o] Tock.
**10/06/11**
## [o] Tick.
**10/06/11**
## [o] Tock.
**10/06/11**
## [o] Honk.
**10/06/11**
## [o] Honk.
**12/06/11**

```
Alert : Rose
```

## [o] Tick.
**12/06/11**
pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling tentacleTherapist [TT]

AG: John!!!!!!!!
AG: You're heading into the 8lackout, so I won't 8e a8le to see you until you leave.
AG: 8ut don't worry, I can still sense you are there. 8ecause of awesome powers, remem8er?
AG: Smooth move, ditching your computer like that, 8y the way. That was some incredi8le leadership you showed!
AG: Now I have to contact you through Rose, thus exposing me to the risk of actually having to taaaaaaaalk to her.....
AG: Your carelessness has put the Heroes of Light in a very awkward position, John. I hope you're satisfied.
AG: Hahahaha, just kidding. She's o8viously a little too "preoccupied" at the moment to 8e sassing me.
AG: Just 8orrow her computer and talk to me when you get the chance, ok?
AG: I will 8e waiting. ::::)

## [o] Tock.
**12/06/11**

```
Alert : Vriska
```

pesterlogAG: .....
AG: .....x8
AG: .....x8x8x8x8x8x8x8!!!!!!!!
AG: All of the dots, John. All 16.777216 million of them.
AG: Still dead, huh?
AG: Or are you too 8usy weeping over her corpse to pick up that headset and answer me????????
AG: You can't fool me, John. I know you are not staying dead for long.

AG: And it is not just 8ecause I can clearly see you're alive in the future! ::::P
AG: You see, we are 8oth the 8est there is, and therefore we have special privileges when it comes to mortality.
AG: It's hard to keep a god dead for good. We can only die under very specific circumstances. Didn't I mention?

## [S][o] Tick. Tock.

**12/06/11**

```
HEROIC... JUST... HEROIC... JUST...
```

pesterlogAG: Nothing too glorious a8out the way you just died, I 8et.
AG: Let me guess, even after all my lessons, you allowed yourself to get sucker sta88ed, right? Pretty lame!
AG: I mean, lucky for you it was lame. I guess 8eing lame pays off when dying a hero's what gets you killed.
AG: If our Hero of 8reath reached god tier, he would have 8een completely indestructi8le! Lol.
AG: Damn, I forgot, I was going to stop ripping on that guy, since he got sta88ed through the chest and died. Haha, whoops.
AG: Anyway, I figure you're pro8a8ly safe from a just death too, since I'm pretty sure you haven't done anything all that despica8le.
AG: Yet. ::::)

## [o] Stop.

**14/06/11**

pesterlogAG: I don't know for sure, 8ut I'm 8etting that if I go to fight Jack, it will wipe out all the 8ad things I've done.
AG: I think if I die it'll 8e a hero's death, so it ought to stick.
AG: Pretty good motiv8tion to win the fight though, don't you think?
AG: One way or another, I think this will 8e my last 8ig challenge as a gamer.
AG: As such, I would like to pass my dice on to you.
AG: It is very important to me that they stay in good hands, John. That you continue their legacy, and that of my ancestor.
AG: 82THE8TH
AG: Use the code! I'm sure I can count on you to make something awesome with it.

## [o] Slick... I am serious. Please stop.

**14/06/11**

pesterlogAG: Still not alive yet? Man.
AG: You 8etter hurry up! She pro8a8ly doesn't have much time left.
AG: Trust me, what she's going through on Derse right now isn't much fun.
AG: Ok, I guess I should mention why I'm trying to contact you now of all times, rather than just skipping ahead.
AG: Remem8er how we talked a8out your 8ackup plan? The one you have devised to defeat Jack, in the off chance I fail?
AG: Well, it's not going to work if Rose is dead, is it?
AG: You have to wake her up! 8reathe some life into her. Do the windy thing, with your lips!!!!!!!!
AG: You know what that means.....

## [o] Oh my.

**14/06/11**

pesterlogAG: Gotta kiss her.
AG: Don't worry, I still can't see you, so there is no reason to 8e 8ashful or anything.
AG: And since we are a couple of professionals here who are focused on winning, we 8oth know it doesn't have any meaning.
AG: It's not l8ke I would 8e jealous even if I could see.
AG: Why wo8ld I 8e?
AG: Or may8e that didn't even cr8ss your mind..... haha.
AG: M8n, why am I ev8n t8lking a8out th8s.

## [o] Oh my, oh my, oh my. This will not do at all.

**14/06/11**

```
SCRATCH: !

Jack/Snowman: ♠
```

pesterlogAG: Let's just forget I said that. This isn't really how I wanted this convers8tion to go!
AG: I guess I was assuming you'd 8e talking 8ack 8y now. So now I'm just talking and talking and spinning my wheel device like an idiot.
AG: May8e I don't actually know how I wanted it to go.
AG: I guess I could just shut up and skip ahead on your timeline a little, talk to you when you're alive.
AG: That would make sense.
AG: So
AG: I guess
AG: I will do that.
AG: 8ut then.....
AG: May8e if I did, I wouldn't actually say what I wanted to say.
AG: So
AG: I will just say it.

## [o] Pardon me while I adjust the narrow fenestrated wall,

**14/06/11**

```
Jack/Snowman: ♠

BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogAG: To 8e honest, I am nervous a8out this fight.
AG: 8ut I'm still going through with it, for a lot of reasons.
AG: To save my friends, or at least the ones who are still alive. Oh, and I guess to save reality itself from 8eing totally fucked up. There's that too.
AG: 8ut I think what's motiv8ting me to win this fight the most is.....
AG: The possi8ility of getting to meet you when it's all over!
AG: May8e I can finally put all this terri8le stuff 8ehind me.
AG: And I won't have to worry a8out 8eing the 8est anymore, or proving what a ruthless killer I can 8e.
AG: May8e I can try out whatever is supposed to 8e normal for a human. Who knows, it might not

8e as 8oring as it sounds!
AG: May8e
AG: If you're not too freaked out 8y all the 8ad things I've done.....
AG: Or the fact that I am an alien
AG: We could go on a d8? ::::O

## [o] To redirect the view from this impropriety. Oh goodness.

**14/06/11**

```
HATE SNOG
```

pesterlogAG: Don't worry, it could 8e a human d8, whatever that entails.
AG: No weird alien stuff, I promise! And no killing or murders, or even talking a8out killing or murders and such. Just whatever you like to talk a8out and think is cool.
AG: I could even 8e persu8ed to watch more of your a8surd human films.
AG: Do you like any others which feature that rugged human with the long hair and wounded arm?
AG: You know the one. The sweaty guy with the mutil8ed animal and the speech impediment.
AG: Those would 8e tolera8le to watch, I 8et.

## [o] There.

**15/06/11**

```
SCRATCH: ♣
```

pesterlogAG: Well, think it over.
AG: 8efore I go, I'll get in touch one more time l8er on, when you're alive and may8e have something to say a8out it.
AG: Oh yeah.....
AG: Sorry a8out your adult male guardian. I wasn't trying to 8e deceptive 8y not telling you.
AG: I decided not to, 8ecause I didn't want to 8e the one to make you sad a8out it.
AG: Was that selfish of me? I dunno.
AG: You would have found out regardless. Like we all did. There are things we care a8out that we just have to leave 8ehind.
AG: It just sucks for those who aren't in as much a hurry to leave it all 8ehind as me!
AG: W8.
AG: Someone's coming, hang on.

## [o] I am a wonderful chaperone as well as an excellent host.

**15/06/11**

```
shoo
```

pesterlogAG: Oh god.
AG: She's wearing her RP outfit! What the hell is she up to?
AG: Man, she's got her dum8 dragon doll and everything. Guess she means 8usiness this time.
AG: Dammit, I've got to go deal with this now.
AG: Anyway, if you actually get around to reading any of this, thanks for listening, John.
AG: If my outrageously gr8 luck has any say in the matter, we will 8e meeting up in no time!
AG: Just please consider what I said.
AG: Ok.....
AG: L8r! <33333333

## [S][o] Tick. Tock. Tick...

**15/06/11**

```
HEROIC... JUST... HEROIC... ... ...JUST
```

## [o] Stop!!!!!!!!!!!!

**15/06/11**

```
CLOCKS DESTROYED: 1001/1000

FACEPALM x0 COMBO.
```

Oh, for crying out loud.

## [o] Slick, I can tolerate many things from a guest.

**16/06/11**

```
JUST
```

Curt manners. Egregious womanizing. Murdering the help. Casual arson.

## [o] Even atrocious candy bowl etiquette.

**16/06/11**

```
DEAD.
```

But it is the desecration of a priceless timepiece where I must draw the line. I'm afraid I must now insist that you take your beating *quite* personally.

## [o] BREAK.

**18/06/11**

pesterlogTT: vriska, wait!
TT: oops, hold on.
tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering arachnidsGrip [AG]
ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering arachnidsGrip [AG]
EB: hey, are you there?
EB: i did what you said...
EB: but i can't tell if it worked.
EB: hello?
EB: you didn't fly off to fight jack yet, did you?
EB: i hope not.
EB: anyway, all that stuff you said sounds fun to me, i have hells of the cage flicks in my library.
EB: i do not even care that you're an alien! you see, cage is the universal constant which unites us all.
EB: well...
EB: if you haven't flown away...
EB: i will look forward to your message in the future.
EB: it would be nice to talk, about...
EB: all this stuff that happened.
EB: anyway, bye.
AG: OH GOD.
EB: hey!
AG: OH MY FUCKING HELL, THIS IS SO INSANELY AWKWARD AND SAD.

EB: what is???
AG: HANG ON
arachnidsGrip [AG] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB]

## [o] HEADS.

**18/06/11**

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB]
CG: HEY.
EB: karkat!
EB: that was you?
EB: where is vriska?
CG: SHE
EB: she what?
CG: SHIT
CG: I FEEL LIKE AN ASSHOLE FOR READING THIS WHOLE THING.
EB: what whole thing?
EB: you mean, what she wrote?
CG: YEAH
EB: why are you snooping around her computer!
CG: BECAUSE
CG: WOW OK
CG: SO LET ME ASK.
CG: DID YOU BOTH ACTUALLY LIKE EACH OTHER.
EB: um...
CG: LIKE I MEAN SOMETHING VAGUELY RESEMBLING ACTUAL GENUINE MUTUAL SENTIMENT OR WHATEVER, NOT SOME LOPSIDED PINING BULLSHIT.
EB: what are you talking about?
CG: DID YOU LIKE HER, YOU WINDSOCK HEADED SHITMOUTH.
CG: IS WHAT I'M ASKING
EB: well...
EB: yeah. why?
CG: OK
CG: THAT'S FINE
CG: THEN
CG: WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT LATER.
EB: talk about what?
CG: I NEED YOU TO BE ABLE TO THINK STRAIGHT.
CG: WE HAVE IMPORTANT SHIT TO GO OVER, AND I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

## [o] And so on.

**18/06/11**

```
AUTO-HARLEY!
```

pesterlogEB: alright.
EB: like what?
CG: PLANS.
EB: what plans?

CG: NEVER MIND THAT. FIRST, GET OUT OF THE FUCKING BLACKOUT TO A PLACE WHERE I CAN SEE YOU.
CG: LEAVE NOW, I'LL CONTACT YOU IN A WHILE, ONCE YOU'VE LANDED.
EB: landed where?
CG: LOHAC. OBVIOUSLY.
EB: oh, obviously.
CG: WELL HOW ELSE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO CAUSE THE SCRATCH, IDIOT.
CG: DO YOU EVEN HAVE ANY CLUE WHAT'S GOING ON?
CG: WAIT, OF COURSE YOU DON'T, YOU ARE WEARING PAJAMAS AND GIGGLING AT CLOUDS LIKE EACH ONE WAS SHAPED LIKE THE RUDEST BIT OF NAKED ANATOMY A HUMAN CAN RECOGNIZE.
EB: no i'm not!
EB: i mean, yes, i am wearing some pretty nice pajamas.
EB: but i know lots of things, like about the tumor, which i have already recovered...
EB: wait, i mean <color=000000>the tumor</color>
EB: wait, fuck.
EB: i mean...
EB: oh screw it, you know, the big bomb, and some other stuff like that, i am totally in the loop.
CG: GREAT, AWESOME, NOW GET GOING.
EB: so i have to cause the scratch, huh?
CG: OK, I'M DONE HERE. TALK TO YOU IN ONE SECOND FOR ME, ONE LONG WINDY FUCKING JOURNEY FOR YOU.
carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling ectoBiologist [EB]
carcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling ectoBiologist [EB]
CG: OK
EB: hi!

## [o] You let me down, Slick.

**18/06/11**

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* ❋  ADAGIO REDSHIFT
```

pesterlogCG: LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.
EB: aren't you going to ask me how my journey was?
CG: NO.
EB: it was long! and windy. but a lot of fun.
EB: i really like flying, it's so much fun.
CG: OH, I BET IT IS JUST THE BIGGEST FUCKING BLAST A GUY CAN HAVE WITHOUT A PAIR OF SHAME GLOBES SECURED IN HIS TWO TREMBLING FISTS.
EB: you... haven't tried it?
CG: EVERY DOUCHE GOT TO FLY BUT ME, EVEN THE CRIPPLE.
CG: MAY HE REST IN PEACE, I FUCKING GUESS.
EB: :\
EB: wait, is that the guy who vriska killed?
CG: OH GOD, YOU ACTUALLY KNOW ABOUT THAT?
CG: YOU KNOW WHAT, I GIVE THE FUCK UP TRYING TO UNDERSTAND YOU AND HER.

EB: haha, why?
CG: EGBERT, GOD DAMNIT. WILL YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND LISTEN?
EB: ok.
EB: but...
EB: is something wrong?
CG: WHAT
EB: a while ago you talked to me and it sounded like you were in danger, and it sounds like some people died, but you never told me what happened!
EB: then i got distracted by a lot of crazy stuff.
CG: YEAH, SOMETHING IS WRONG
CG: OR, WAS.
CG: A BUNCH OF US DIED, THE END.
CG: I DON'T REALLY WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.
EB: oh.
EB: are you sure?
CG: YES, AND NOT JUST BECAUSE, OH, THE CLOCK IS RAPIDLY TICKING DOWN TO SOMETHING WE'RE CALLING THE CRITICAL MOMENT, AND NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS, SO CLOSE YOUR REEKING QUESTION GEYSER BEFORE IT ASKS.
EB: but, i'm your friend. aren't i?
CG: OH GOD.
EB: well?
CG: JOHN, I CAN'T HANDLE TALKING ABOUT IT, OK.
CG: I JUST GOT DONE
CG: UH
CG: DEALING WITH GAMZEE
CG: AND I'M FEELING PRETTY EMOTIONAL ABOUT IT. SO PLEASE, NO.
EB: who is gamzee?
CG: HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND.
EB: really? i thought terezi was your best friend.
EB: or wait, maybe she was your girlfriend, i forget...
CG: MY THINK PAN, IT HURTS
CG: IT IS PRESENTLY THREATENING TO MAKE ME ITS BITCH, JOHN. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?
CG: DO YOU WANT YOUR COOL ALIEN PAL TO BECOME THE BITCH OF A RAW, THROBBING THINK PAN?????
CG: SUCH IS THE SCENARIO BEFORE US.
EB: sorry, i don't mean to be nosy. i just want to know some things about your situation!
EB: i am concerned.
CG: GAMZEE WAS MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, WHO WAS THIS GOOFY LOVEABLE BULLSHIT CLOWN UNTIL HE WENT PSYCHO AND KILLED SOME PEOPLE. I LIKED HIM A LOT.
CG: I DON'T KNOW, I GUESS MY BEST FRIEND IS REALLY JUST THE GUY WHO I HAPPEN TO BE FEELING MOST SENTIMENTAL TO AT THE MOMENT, IS THAT A FUCKING CRIME.
EB: heh, no.
EB: i think i know how you feel.

EB: so he killed some people... and then what?
CG: SO THEN I
EB: it's ok, you can tell me.
CG: JOHN, TRUST ME. YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.
CG: IT'S JUST A TROLL THING, HUMANS WOULDN'T GET IT.
CG: YOU MIGHT THINK I WAS A SHIT HEAD, AND I CAN'T DEAL WITH THAT NOW ON TOP OF EVERYTHING, SO LET'S DROP IT.
EB: hmm.
EB: ok, if you say so.
EB: oh!!!
EB: i can't believe i almost forgot, i've been dying to know since i left the battlefield...
EB: do you know if rose is ok?
EB: did it work???

## [o] I thought I could rely on you of all people.

**19/06/11**

```
DOOF.
```

pesterlogCG: SHE'S FINE.
CG: SHE WOKE UP ALIVE ON DERSE.
EB: really??
CG: THAT'S THE RULE, JOHN. YOU KISS A DEAD PLAYER IN TIME, AND THEIR DREAM SELF TAKES OVER, ASSUMING THEY STILL HAVE ONE.
EB: oh, wow.
CG: IT'S INCREDIBLE YOU REACHED GOD TIER STATUS WITHOUT EVEN UNDERSTANDING THE MORE MUNDANE MEANS OF RESURRECTION AVAILABLE.
CG: WAIT, YOUR UNFAILING CLUELESSNESS MAKES IT THE OPPOSITE OF INCREDIBLE, MY MISTAKE.
EB: so, i guess...
EB: it would not have worked on my dad then?
EB: or rose's mom... :(
CG: NO, BUT THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED TO PICTURE HAPPENING BEHIND THE BLACK CURTAIN, JOHN.
CG: YOU SNOGGING UP YOUR DEAD HATTED MAN LUSUS. THANK YOU FOR THAT MENTAL IMAGE.
CG: OR ROSE'S ADULT WOMAN LUSUS. MAYBE A DEAD WOMAN SWEEPS YOUR SENIOR IS MORE YOUR CUP OF SAUCE, SINCE APPARENTLY YOU ARE "NOT A HOMOSEXUAL", WHATEVER THAT EVEN MEANS, NOT EVEN TO SPEAK OF YOUR RACE'S ABSURD QUALMS WITH THE NOTION OF INCEST, WHICH AGAIN, STILL SORT OF WONDERING HOW THAT CAN EVEN BE A THING.
EB: er...
CG: IS THAT YOUR GAME, EGBERT. HAVE YOU HAD YOUR EYE ON MADAME LALONDE, AND YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CONVENIENT RESURRECTION OPPORTUNITY TO BUST OUT YOUR MOST PASSIONATE SMOOCHMOTIFS KEPT IN RESERVE? AND IN FRONT OF HER DEAD FEMALE "OFFSPRING" NO LESS! JUST SHAMEFUL.

EB: well...
EB: she is a very pretty lady, but that seems like a really inappropriate thing to think about, karkat.
CG: YOU DON'T SAY!
CG: WHAT ARE WE EVEN TALKING ABOUT ANYMORE
EB: i don't know!
EB: i am frankly pretty upset about finding them dead in the magic castle, and i guess i was wondering aloud if something could have been done.
EB: or at least maybe to talk about it, without angry tirades being involved.
CG: EXACTLY, YOU WERE EMBARKING DOWN TRAGEDY LANE, AND WE'VE GOT TO STAMP THAT GARBAGE OUT.
CG: WE CAN'T HAVE YOU GETTING ALL MOROSE WHILE WE'VE GOT SO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.
CG: FUCK, LOADED PHRASE, FORGET I SAID THAT.
CG: JUST CLAM YOUR SHIT UP AND FORGET YOUR STUPID GUARDIAN, LIKE I DID WITH MY DEAR CRAB MONSTER CUSTODIAN, WHO I ADORED IN NO WAY WHATSOEVER.
EB: you are being a douche!!!
EB: wait, what am i saying, you are always a douche, hehe.
CG: YES, THANK YOU.
EB: heheheheh, your dad was a crab monster?
CG: SHUT THE FUCK UP.
CG: WE WERE TALKING ABOUT SOMETHING IMPORTANT.
CG: ROSE, REMEMBER.
EB: yes.
CG: SHE IS WAITING ON DERSE FOR YOUR BOMB TO BE DELIVERED.
CG: IT WILL ARRIVE SAFELY, A LITTLE LATER.
EB: oh, great!
EB: how do you know it gets there?
CG: JADE TOLD ME.

## [o] To do what it is you do best.

**19/06/11**

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deudly firearms....

GTFO
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pesterlogCG: JADE FROM FURTHER AHEAD ON YOUR TIMELINE.
CG: BEFORE MY PIECE OF SHIT CLOWN-BRO MADE EVERYTHING TERRIBLE HERE, SHE AND I WERE HAMMERING OUT THESE PLANS.
CG: I TALKED TO HER ACROSS PRETTY MUCH THE FULL SPREAD OF HER TIMELINE, UNTIL THE SCRATCH STARTS AND THE FEED CUTS OUT.
CG: SO I HAVE A SENSE OF THE WHOLE PICTURE HERE, AND IT'S MY JOB NOW TO PUT SOME THINGS INTO MOTION.
EB: that's cool!
EB: it's nice to hear you are working together. i should pester jade and see what she's up too...
CG: YOU SHOULD SIT YOUR ASS TIGHT AND DO THE FUCK WHAT I TELL YOU THE FUCK TO FUCKING DO.

EB: oh...
CG: ANYWAY, SHE AND DAVE DO A LOT OF FROG BREEDING, ACCELERATING THE PROCESS SIGNIFICANTLY BY EXPLOITING TIME TRAVEL, WITH HELP FROM ME AND KANAYA, SINCE WE WERE IN CHARGE OF FROG DUTIES IN OUR SESSION.
EB: frog duties???
EB: wait, which one is kanaya again?
CG: DON'T INTERRUPT, I AM FOLLOWING A TRAIN OF THOUGHT.
CG: OK, KANAYA IS MY OTHER BEST FRIEND, AND SHE WAS THE HERO OF SPACE LIKE JADE WHICH MEANS SHE'S THE STOKER OF THE FORGE AND IS BASICALLY IN CHARGE OF FROGS, WHICH SOUNDS RETARDED, I KNOW. YOU BREED THE RIGHT FROG TO MAKE THE UNIVERSE YOU WANT TO MAKE, WHICH IS A LONG ARDUOUS PROCESS AND I KIND OF FUCKED IT UP IN MY GAME, BUT THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER STORY WHICH I'LL GET TO LATER, OK?
EB: wow. ok.
CG: SHE AND DAVE RAN INTO JACK, WHICH I'M SURE HE MUST HAVE SAW COMING BECAUSE I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE EXPLOIT TIME TRAVEL SO SHAMELESSLY AS HIM, NOT EVEN ARADIA.
EB: aradia?
CG: JUST ANOTHER DEAD TROLL, WHO CARES.
EB: :(
CG: STOP FROWNING, SHE WAS ALREADY DEAD BEFORE SHE DIED.
EB: ...
EB: :(
CG: SO SHE AND DAVE FOUGHT WITH HIM A WHILE, AND LONG STORY SHORT, HE DIED.
EB: what!!!
CG: BUT IT'S FINE, I GUESS THAT WAS HIS PLAN, LIKE SOME BIZARRE USELESS LAST STAND, EVEN IF HE DIDN'T TELL JADE WHO WAS PRETTY FREAKED OUT UNTIL I TALKED HER THROUGH IT.
EB: did she kiss him too? :O

## [o] You are not supposed to kiss her, Mr. Noir.

**19/06/11**

```
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KILL HER.

2x CORPSESMOOCH COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogCG: YEAH.
CG: RIGHT THERE, WHILE JACK WATCHED LIKE A FUCKING CREEP.
CG: BUT IT WORKED.
EB: omg, karkat. it is like your shitty shipping grid is coming true before our very eyes.
EB: haha, remember when you made that ugly thing?
CG: WHO GIVES A FUCK ABOUT SHIPPING, OR MY LUDICROUS STRANGLEHOLD OVER ALL TOPICS CONCERNING ROMANCE, I'M STILL TALKING.
CG: HE WOKE UP ALIVE ON DERSE, AND MET WITH ROSE.
CG: THAT WAS THE END OF THE LINE FOR ALPHA DAVE. TO MY KNOWLEDGE, HE DOESN'T TIME TRAVEL AFTER THAT, AND HE AND ROSE STAY ON DERSE WAITING

FOR THE BOMB UNTIL YOU START THE SCRATCH. BUT I CAN'T SEE EITHER OF THEM BECAUSE OF THE BLACKOUT LINGERING AROUND ROSE FOR WHATEVER REASON. NOBODY KNOWS WHAT'S UP WITH THAT.
CG: REGARDLESS, HIS JOB IS TO PLOT A COURSE THROUGH THE RING TO FIND THE SUN.
CG: WHEN HE DOES, EITHER HE OR ROSE WILL DELIVER THE BOMB.
CG: I DON'T KNOW WHICH.

## [o] Now leave, and never darken my door again.

**25/06/11**

pesterlogEB: but now they don't have dream selves left!
EB: who ever goes will be risking their life for good, won't they?
CG: THAT WOULD BE THE LOGICAL EXTENSION OF THOSE FACTS, YES.
EB: this is unacceptable!
EB: couldn't i do it?
EB: i am apparently immortal, because of this god tier business, so the bomb probably would not kill me!
CG: OK, BUT DON'T YOU THINK THERE'S A REMOTE POSSIBILITY THAT GOING ON A SUICIDE MISSION TO SAVE ALL OF REALITY WOULD COUNT AS A HEROIC DEATH?
EB: hmm...
EB: maybe i could try to be not all that brave while i do it?
CG: YOU ASSHOLE, OF COURSE YOU'D BE BRAVE. THAT TENDS TO BE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DO SOMETHING REALLY FUCKING COURAGEOUS.
EB: yeah.
EB: i just don't want to lose anybody else is all.
CG: THAT'S JUST HOW IT IS. I'VE LOST FRIENDS FOR WAY MORE POINTLESS REASONS. YOU'RE ALL OUT OF OPTIONS HERE.
CG: YOU'D BE RISKING DEATH JUST AS MUCH AS THEY WOULD, AND THEY'RE BETTER QUALIFIED TO HANDLE THE MISSION AS THE DERSE DREAMERS.
CG: JADE'S DREAM SELF IS DEAD TOO, SO SHE'S OUT. OR TO BE MORE SPECIFIC, HER DREAM SELF IS AN OVERLY EMOTIONAL DOG WHO WENT OFF WHIMPERING SOMEWHERE. I'M PRETTY SURE SHE WILL BE COMPLETELY USELESS.
EB: oh, yeah.
EB: she mentioned something about that. she said she prototyped her dream self?? what happened with that?
CG: SHE DOESN'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT IT. KIND OF A SORE SUBJECT.
EB: why?
CG: SHE THINKS SHE'S SELFISH AND COMPLETELY HYSTERICAL AND I GUESS HATES THE PART OF HERSELF SHE REPRESENTS.
CG: BUT I MEAN, THE THING IS SHE SPENT A LONG TIME BEING DEAD AND MOVING ON, IT'S NOT LIKE YOU CAN JUST BRING SOMEBODY BACK AND EXPECT THEM TO GIVE A SHIT ABOUT ALL THE STUFF YOU THINK IS IMPORTANT.
CG: I'VE TRIED TO TELL HER THAT HER SPRITE SELF IS PROBABLY NOWHERE NEAR AS DESPICABLE AS SHE'S MAKING OUT WITH HERSELF TO BE.
CG: I MEAN
CG: MAKING HERSELF OUT TO BE.

CG: YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
EB: ...
CG: LOOK, I'M JUST SAYING
CG: WE'VE ALL GOT FLAWS, EVEN HER
CG: AND FOR ALL THE SHIT SHE'S GIVEN ME ON THIS VERY SUBJECT, SHE KEEPS HERSELF DANGLING FROM A VERY HIGH HOOK.
CG: SHE'D BE DOING ME A MAJOR PERSONAL SOLID BY MAKING AT LEAST SOME ATTEMPT TO GET HERSELF OFF.
CG: WAIT
CG: FUCK
CG: WHAT DID I JUST SAY
EB: wow.
CG: I MEANT LET HERSELF OFF.
CG: THE HOOK. THE FUCKING HOOK, IT'S A FIGURE OF GODDAMN SPEECH.
EB: /raises eyebrows
CG: PUT THOSE THE BACK DOWN, BEFORE MY HOT ACID RAGEBREATH BURNS THEM OFF YOUR IDIOTIC FACE.
EB: ok, i am putting them back down as not suggestively as possible.
CG: WHAT WERE WE EVEN TALKING ABOUT, IT WASN'T THIS, WHATEVER THIS IS.
EB: what is what this is?
CG: IT'S NOTHING, YOU SHIT. IT HAS BEEN THE CONVERSATIONAL EQUIVALENT OF US WHISTLING THROUGH OUR SNORT BARRELS WHILE TOUCHING EACH OTHER INAPPROPRIATELY.
EB: was...
EB: was that another weird erotic slip of the tongue?
CG: NO, THAT WAS ME BEING WORKED UP INTO THIS RIDICULOUS FUCKING CONNIPTION AND SAYING SOMETHING INFLAMMATORY, GOD. HOW DOES THAT NOT BE CLEAR BY NOW???
EB: ok, well,
EB: what i am getting from this, aside from the possibility that jade may or may not have kissed dog jade at some point, is that neither of them will be able to help with the bomb plan.
CG: THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT! THE PAJAMA PRODIGY USED HIS PUZZLE SPONGE TODAY.
CG: BESIDES, JADE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR OTHER IMPORTANT PARTS OF THE PLAN.
CG: FOR ONE THING, YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR HER TO SEND YOU THE CODE FOR THE QUILLS.
CG: YOU CAN'T SCRATCH THE MESA WITHOUT THEM.
CG: SHE GOT THEM FROM HER DENIZEN, OR WILL LATER ON HER TIMELINE, NOW THAT SHE LIT THE FORGE AND WOKE THE MONSTER UP.
EB: aren't those the really tough to kill guys?
CG: YEAH
EB: did she kill him?
CG: HELL IF I KNOW, HER EXPLANATION OF THE ENTIRE ENCOUNTER BOILED DOWN TO AND I QUOTE "shenanigans"
CG: LIMED FOR INFURIATINGLY VAGUE.
EB: haha.

CG: ANYWAY, AFTER SHE GIVES THAT TO YOU, SHE THEN HAS TO GO THROUGH WITH THE REST OF THE PLAN, WHICH IS MAKING SURE YOU ALL SURVIVE AFTER THE SCRATCH, MINUS ONE OF THE DERSE DREAMERS OF COURSE.
CG: THE PLAN REVOLVES AROUND SOME REALLY BAFFLING HAND WAVEY MUMBO JUMBO WHICH I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND, BUT SHE TOLD ME TO TRUST HER ABOUT IT BECAUSE THE INFO COMES FROM A "  "
CG: WHITENED FOR SMUG TOOL.
CG: IT INVOLVES SOMETHING TO DO WITH A YELLOW LAWN RING.
CG: WHICH ISN'T THE HUMAN WORD FOR IT, IT'S JUST YOUR WORD IS SO DUMB I FEEL DUMB SAYING IT.
EB: word for what?
CG: I GUESS YOUR ENTIRE ESCAPE PLAN SOMEHOW PIVOTS CRITICALLY AROUND AN UNWATERED PIECE OF RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY???
CG: IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT IT MEANS. JADE SAYS SHE HAS THIS FIGURED OUT, AND I DON'T HAVE TIME TO DO MUCH BUT TRUST HER.
CG: THE POINT IS, SHE'S ALL BOOKED UP, AND ALL TOO MORTAL. SO SHE WON'T BE DELIVERING THE BOMB, AND NEITHER WILL YOU.
EB: ok, well what about this.
EB: since she is mortal, and i am not (sort of), and i don't need to do the scratch for a while, can i go help her?
EB: maybe she could use some protection? maybe that is what dave was just trying to do, when he temporarily died.
EB: remember, jack is still on the loose! he has killed rose and dave once, and me twice.
CG: NO NO NO NO NO NO.
CG: SWEET BLEEDING JEGUS, EGBERT, YOU KEEP BRAGGING ABOUT YOUR IMMORTALITY, AND THEN BRAINLESSLY ANNOUNCE PLANS TO GO OFF AND DO SOMETHING HEROIC! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE THE SHORTEST LIFESPAN OF ANY IMMORTAL IN HISTORY.
EB: sorry. :(
CG: BESIDES, IT'S A TOTAL NON ISSUE. JACK WOULDN'T HESITATE TO STAB YOU AGAIN, BUT HE WON'T HURT JADE FOR SOME REASON.
CG: IF ANYTHING, YOU COULD USE HER PROTECTION.
EB: really?
CG: I NEVER NOTICED WHEN LOOKING THROUGH HER TIMELINE EARLIER. IT WASN'T UNTIL I WAS TALKING TO HER IN THOSE TIMEFRAMES AND SHE TOLD ME. HE JUST KEEPS FOLLOWING HER AROUND. I CAN SEE HIM OFF IN THE DISTANCE IN SOME FRAMES, JUST LURKING THERE, SHADOWING HER MOVEMENTS. IT'S INCREDIBLY DISTURBING.
CG: HE LINGERS AROUND HER UNTIL THE SCRATCH BEGINS AND I LOSE THE FEED, NEVER ONCE DOING ANYTHING THREATENING. SHE SAYS SHE THINKS IT'S BECAUSE JACK INHERITED LOYALTY OF HER LUSUS.
CG: IF SHE'S RIGHT, I GUESS HER LUSUS REALLY DID OFFER HER THE MOST PROTECTION POSSIBLE BY PROTOTYPING ITSELF, ALBEIT BY DOOMING US ALL. THE IDIOT.
EB: d'aw, that's actually kinda cute.
CG: SADLY, HE HOLDS NO SUCH LOYALTY TO ANY OF US HERE. HE REGARDS US ALL

AS RIPE FOR THE REPEATED SKEWERING.
CG: OH FUCK, MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE ALL JUST DRESSED LIKE JADE?? I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS STROKE OF GENIUS ONLY OCCURRED TO ME NOW.
EB: i don't think he would be fooled. dogs have pretty good senses of smell.
CG: IT WAS
CG: A MOTHERFUCKING
CG: JOKE

## [o] Will you look at this mess.

**25/06/11**

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HOW HARD WAS THAT?
```

pesterlogCG: ANYWAY, IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE.
CG: IF WE CAN RIDE THIS OUT FOR A LITTLE LONGER UNTIL THE CRITICAL MOMENT, AND DAVE/ROSE CAN DESTROY THE SUN, JACK SHOULDN'T BE A THREAT.
CG: CONVENIENTLY, IF THEY'RE SUCCESSFUL, THAT WILL SIGNAL THE BEGINNING OF OUR OWN ESCAPE PLAN.
EB: what is your plan?
CG: APPARENTLY THE EXPLOSION WILL BE SO HUGE, IT WILL BE VISIBLE AT GREAT DISTANCES THROUGHOUT THE FURTHEST RING.
CG: EVEN FROM DIFFERENT SESSIONS, LIKE YOURS AND OURS. YOU WON'T GET TO SEE IT BECAUSE BY THEN YOUR SESSION SHOULD BE WIPED OUT BY THE SCRATCH.
CG: BUT WE WILL. THE PLAN IS TO USE IT AS A BEACON, AND TRAVEL THERE AS A RENDEZVOUS POINT.
EB: rendezvous with who?
CG: WE'VE GOT PEOPLE THERE. THAT'S WHAT JADE TELLS ME.
EB: jade knows so many things lately, what is even her deal?
CG: HELL IF I KNOW, THIS IS BASICALLY DREAM INTELLIGENCE, EVERY TIME SHE GOES TO SLEEP, SHE HAS MORE TO RAMBLE ABOUT.
CG: SHE SAYS I SHOULD GO TO SLEEP TO FIND OUT, BUT I'M LIKE HOW THE FUCK AM I SUPPOSED TO BE NAPPING BETWEEN MAKING ALL THESE PLANS AND GETTING PERSECUTED BY THIS DEMENTED HONKING ASSHOLE?
CG: SO YEAH, WE'LL MEET IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE EXPLOSION WITH OUR PEOPLE ON THE INSIDE, OR I GUESS I SHOULD SAY OUTSIDE.
CG: I DON'T THINK THEY CAN COME WITH US THOUGH.
EB: come with you where? who are they?
CG: DEAD PEOPLE.
CG: AS FOR WHERE, IT'S NOT LIKE WE'RE GOING TO STICK AROUND THERE FOREVER. THAT WOULD PROBABLY BE DEPRESSING, SINCE WE'RE NOT FUCKING GHOSTS.
CG: THE SCRATCH WILL REBOOT YOUR SESSION. YOUR WHOLE UNIVERSE ACTUALLY. SO SOMEWHERE IN THIS DREADFUL ABYSS, THAT NEW SESSION WILL START UP IN ITS OWN INCIPISPHERE, FROM SCRATCH.
CG: LOOK AT THAT, ANOTHER PUN BECAUSE OF USING THAT FUCKING WORD EVERY OTHER SENTENCE! KILL ME NOW.
CG: BUT THAT "FROM SCRATCH" (F'ING LOL!) SESSION IS WHAT YOU'RE SHOOTING

FOR TO SURVIVE.
CG: THE IDEA IS FOR YOU ALL TO PRESERVE YOURSELVES BY ESCAPING THERE.
EB: through the lawn ring?
CG: YES.
CG: ONCE YOU'RE THERE, YOU WILL HELP US FIND OUR WAY THERE TOO, AND THEN WE CAN ALL FINALLY FIGURE OUT WHAT THE FUCK TO DO WITH THE REST OF OUR LIVES.
EB: oh!!
EB: so then, this is how we're supposed to meet. that is kind of exciting.
CG: YEAH, I GUESS, IF ENOUGH OF US ARE ALIVE BY THEN TO MEET.
EB: so, i guess you are not worried about it turning into a huge sloppy makeout fest anymore...
CG: UH
CG: RIGHT! HAHAHA, JOHN, YOU AND VRISKA BETTER KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELVES, OR EVERYONE'S GOING TO BE REALLY UNCOMFORTABLE. NO INTERSPECIES FUNNYBUSINESS, IS THAT CLEAR!
CG: BLAAAAAAARGH, I AM CONVINCINGLY FLIPPING MY LID ABOUT THIS, WAVING MY ARMS AROUND A LOT, AND MAKING ALL MY BEST YELLING FACES. WOW, LOOK AT THAT! IT'S TIME TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT AGAIN.
EB: huh?
CG: POOF! SUBJECT CHANGED.
CG: IF IT WORKS AND YOU WIND UP IN THE NEW SESSION, THAT'S WHY IT'LL BE IMPORTANT TO MAKE SURE ONE OF THE DERSE DREAMERS STAYS WITH YOU, SO THEY CAN HELP GUIDE US THERE FROM THE RING.
EB: won't there be other players in the new session?
EB: like, alternate universe versions of ourselves or such?
CG: PROBABLY.
CG: BUT THOSE CHUMPS WON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT US, OR ALL OUR PLANS. WHY WOULD THEY?
EB: yeah... it's just kind of a weird thought.
CG: SO OUT OF EVERYTHING WE JUST TALKED ABOUT, THIS IS THE THING THAT HAS YOU TRIPPING GLOBES? WHATEVER YOU SAY!
EB: but i guess it's sort of comforting too.
EB: if rose or dave have to go off and die, at least i get to see them again, in a way.
EB: even if i will only be alternate universe john to them.
EB: maybe my dad will be alive in that session too!!!
CG: OK, MAYBE, BUT BEFORE YOU GET TOO EXCITED ABOUT THAT, YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE YOU GET THERE FIRST.
CG: WHICH MEANS YOU HAVE TO DO WHAT I SAY, AND STICK TO THE PLAN.
CG: YOU NEED TO FOCUS ON GETTING READY TO START THE SCRATCH. THE GAME DOESN'T MAKE A HARD RESET THAT EASY TO PULL OFF.
CG: ONCE YOU INITIATE IT, THE GAME THROWS EVERYTHING IT'S GOT AT YOU. WHICH IS ONE REASON WHY YOU'RE THE BEST GUY FOR THE JOB, BECAUSE OF YOUR SUPERPOWERS AND SILLY WINDY BULLSHIT.
EB: ok. i'll do my best.
EB: what should i do right now?
CG: GET PREPARED, MAKE ALL THE EQUIPMENT YOU THINK YOU'LL NEED, STAY

OUT OF TROUBLE.
CG: WAIT FOR JADE TO SEND THAT CODE, WAIT FOR ME TO CONTACT YOU FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND DO YOUR BEST TO HUMOR HIM WHILE HE IGNORANTLY ATTEMPTS TO FLAME YOU BACK INTO THE PUDDLE OF SLIME YOU CRAWLED OUT OF.
CG: PLEASE.
EB: oh, man.
EB: our "first" conversation ever? i can't wait.
CG: YEAH, BUT CAN I JUST SAY SOMETHING IN MY DEFENSE BEFORE THAT HAPPENS?
CG: I DON'T ACTUALLY HATE YOU, AND I NEVER DID. I WAS DELUDING MYSELF.
CG: DEEP DOWN I'M SURE I WAS ALWAYS PRETTY OK WITH YOU.
EB: thanks karkat!
CG: IT WASN'T A FUCKING COMPLIMENT.

## [o] This scrapbook is now in hopeless disarray.

**02/07/11**

## [o] Feel free to examine the clippings while I tidy.

**02/07/11**

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CLICK THE PANELS!
```

## [o]

**02/07/11**

## [o] ==>

**02/07/11**

pesterlog-- turntechGodhead [TG] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] --

TG: heres one for you
TG: its a whopper
TG: are you ready
TT: For what?

## [o] ==>

**02/07/11**

```
Alert : Rose
```

pesterlogTG: this huge fuckin whopper im about to just say
TT: You mean a canard of behemothic embellishment?
TG: what
TT: Or was your resolve finally dismantled by the siren's song of all that flame broiled beef?
TG: no no
TG: ok first do you even have burger kings out in the fucking woods
TG: why do you reference things that obviously arent in the woods like terrible burgers
TT: I'll limit my establishments of reference to lumber mills and sugar shanties from now on.
TT: Also, there's a Burger King less than forty minutes from my house. I won't let this stand in the way of the new policy though.
TG: there is
TG: ok whatever

TG: im talking about a dream i just had
TG: i mean it was a doozy like psychologically speaking
TG: doozy is a slightly dumber word than whopper
TT: Certainly less delicious.
TG: it was absurdly heavy handed my subconscious was really slathering it on
TG: like whatever tangy sludge the king himself squirts on his bargain patties
TG: its possible that i dreamt it ironically i dunno
TG: i figured youd be interested in hearing about it its every bit as thick and juicy as a half pound of sizzling grade A premium ok this is stupid weve got to get burgers out of this conversation
TG: are you busy
TT: Yes.
TG: cool listen to this

## [o] ==>

**02/07/11**

```
Alert : Dave
```

pesterlogTT: I thought you didn't want me to analyze your dreams anymore.
TG: no but this one is too good not to put under the microscope with your whole precocious psychotherapy shtick its almost laughably symbolic of all my mental problems assuming i actually have those
TG: its grotesquely pregnant with meaning
TG: all gestating at least 8 gooey octuplets thrashing around in an undulating belly full of mind slime
TT: Maybe we can start by evaluating that troubling metaphor.
TG: no look
TG: i just want your professional take on how many things in my dream symbolize dicks
TT: We've already established that all of your dreams are packed with enough homoerotic symbolism to lift Freudian theory from the ashes of discreditation.
TG: yeah thats a given but i didnt even dream about puppets this time
TT: Are you serious?
TT: I'm clearing my schedule. This is a major breakthrough.
TG: i know
TG: it was so much more relaxing and enjoyable
TG: it was about me dying repeatedly

## [o] ==>

**02/07/11**

pesterlogTT: Go on.
TG: i was in this dark place surrounded by this big flock of crows
TG: god this is so generically morbid
TG: im sorry in advance for exposing you to my unconscious minds retarded cliches
TT: It's ok.
TT: They wouldn't be cliches if they didn't comprise the unanimously understood bedrock of phallic symbolism, with no other viable interpretation.
TG: well obviously i knew the birds were just black screaming sky dongs just hear me out
TG: i kept dying

TG: there kept being these traps like i would go one way and get my head chopped off
TG: or go another way and get stabbed or whatever
TG: and every time i died the dream reset itself and i was standing there alive and ready to try to escape again
TG: but each time i would be watching myself from the vantage point of a different crow
TG: like i was the crow all squawking around in circles like a macabre flapping douche
TG: and i would always watch myself try to do something different to dodge the trap but i always ended up dead
TT: Hm.
TT: Well, if I've learned anything from my extensive skimming over the Wikipedia articles on dream analysis,
TT: It's that this dream is very unlikely to have any literal significance whatsoever.
TT: It's probably not about dying at all.
TG: you mean maybe its about anxiety over maintaining my blogs
TG: or that my beats might not be ill enough
TT: Yes. In fact, if you were on my couch that would have been my next question, as a licensed professional.
TT: "Mr. Strider, have you considered that what you actually dread is to have your urban rhythms exposed for what they truly are, which is, clinically speaking, just shy of 'da bomb'?"
TG: and then we crack up laughing cause we both know theyre fresher than your moms change of drawers and tighter than when shes wearin them
TT: Listening to you conjure imagery of my mother in her underpants is definitely keeping us buoyed high above this swirling Freudian hellhole.
TT: Well done.
TG: please its not like shes my mom i can visualize her choice ass all i want without it gettin much more than moderately uncomfortable for everyone involved
TT: What if you're wrong?
TG: about what
TT: Her not being your mother.
TG: uh
TT: Don't worry, you're probably safe. Luckily I can think of no literary or historical precedent for that sort of folly whatsoever.
TG: this isnt the first time youve insinuated were related what is up with that
TT: Isn't it?
TG: no
TG: i mean
TG: im not sure
TG: i feel like youve brought it up before which is kind of weird but now i dont know
TG: i think im getting this weird deja vu thing where i was sure we talked about this
TG: forget it
TT: Why don't you tell me more about your dream?
TG: ok
TG: so i kept dying and kept being crows and stuff
TG: and then i started to notice something coming from the sky
TG: it was this faint eerie singing and i look up and theres nothing there just darkness
TT: That's interesting.

TT: I've read about this.
TG: what did you read
TT: Certain texts say singing from the unknowable void carries a message.
TT: That its recipient has been selected for a mission of supreme cosmic importance, that will result in your death and that of billions more.
TT: But one that is essential to the perpetuation of existence itself.
TG: what the fuck sort of crackpot psychology text would say something like that
TT: It's not from a psychology text.
TG: so then youre consulting astrology books now
TT: Not astrology.
TT: More like,
TT: Zoology.
TG: oh my fucking god will you put that away
TT: Ok.
TT: Keep describing the dream, though.
TT: If the rest of it is incompatible with prognoses of the zoologically dubious, I will withdraw my insinuation.
TG: theres not even much more to it
TG: i looked up into the sky
TG: didnt see anyone singing
TG: but even though the sky was black i could see the sun
TG: it was bright as hell even through my shades
TG: so i flapped my wings and flew up away to it like a fucking piece of garbage
TG: and thats it
TT: This doesn't strike you as an impulse of self destruction?
TG: no
TG: not in the sense that it was a dark sacrificial zoology mission
TG: it was more like somewhere to go besides watching myself die a lot from the vantage of a feathery murder of dumb shitty birds
TT: So, if hypothetically you were to accept such a mission, or even insist upon one, it wouldn't be in the spirit of genuine sacrifice, but of escape?
TG: what the fuck are you talking about
TG: ok somethings wrong
TG: this whole conversation is falling apart this isnt how it originally went at all
TT: Aw. We were making good progress, too.
TT: Why did you have to go and remember?
TG: this happened months ago
TG: does this mean im dead

## [o] ==>

**02/07/11**

pesterlogTT: What do you think?
TG: stop it
TG: this is so sick you using the dream bubble bullshit to pick apart my psyche
TG: am i dead or asleep
TT: If you're starting to remember, you should be able to tell me.

TG: god dammit
TT: Maybe I'm just as confused as you about it?
TG: yeah right
TT: Am I dead or asleep, Dave?
TG: i dont know
TT: Try to remember.

## [o]

**02/07/11**

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Alert : ♍
Alert : ♏
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pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling ghostyTrickster [GT]

AG: Hi, John human.
GT: auuugh!

## [o] ==>

**02/07/11**

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Alert : John
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pesterlogGT: excuse me, alien time troll, but i am TRYING to wrap a present.
GT: really, you all have the worst timing.
AG: Yes, I can see that. Two ugly garments, and seeds for some kind of strange earth vegeta8le? Pretty lame present, John!!!!!!!!
GT: nope, not going to ask how you know my name, or what i'm sending, don't care.
GT: and one of these ugly garments is for me, also, it's not ugly, it's awesome.
AG: Not as awesome as something you will 8e wearing later, thanks to me.
GT: uh oh, my mouse is hovering dangerously close to the block button!
GT: it always does that when i talk to trolls, it is the dangdest thing.
AG: Calm down, I just thought I would foreshadow my existence to you at this quaint moment on your timeline.
AG: It is way too tempting not to let you know I have taken gr8 care to 8ecome a very important feature of your life.
AG: Or for that matter, to let you know that I will 8e giving you a present so much 8etter than the useless crap you're shoving in that 8ox.
AG: I will 8e giving you the gift of immortality!
GT: oh sweet, that has been on my wish list, ranking just below a mint condition little monsters poster, starring hollywood superstar, howie mandel.
GT: can i expect it to arrive on my next birthday??
AG: Yes, as a matter of fact. Nice guess!
AG: It will come at a cost though.
GT: the mandel poster, or immortality?
AG: The latter, jackass!
AG: In order for you to claim it, you will have to 8e quite gulli8le and allow me to arrange your murder.
GT: i see, here is where all the sick trolling begins!

GT: you can keep your present, i am not interested.
AG: 8ut you will 8e! You will happily go along with everything I tell you to do.
AG: And then, once I have completely earned your trust, I will kill you John. ::::)
GT: sigh...
GT: the other troll i just talked to was way better, if a tad grumpy, at least she was down with talking about cool movies, sort of.
AG: 8ut this is all true. I've seen it already. You have no idea how delicious the dramatic irony is right now!
AG: You will die. I will lead you into a trap, and watch you 8leed to death on a 8ig stone sla8 with a sword stuck in your chest.
AG: There is nothing you can do a8out it. In fact, it has already happened!
GT: that's nice. now scram, troll!
AG: I'll leave you alone soon enough.
AG: I was just feeling pretty pleased with myself, a8out all the 8rilliant plans I made for you and your friends.
AG: Stopping 8y in your past to mess with your head is really just a courtesy, 8ecause I like to think we're pretty good friends 8y the time I get around to killing you. ::::D
GT: ok, you got me!
GT: my feathers are all ruffled, and i can no longer tell my ass apart from a big orange earth vegetable!
GT: now can you leave me alone?
AG: I guess so.
AG: 8ut my inevita8le grisly murder of you notwithstanding, you're a pretty fun guy to hassle. It'll 8e difficult sparing you from the privilege of my company until your game 8egins.
GT: that is basically the worst pickup line i have ever heard.
AG: Please, John. As if there is any conceiva8le sequence of events which could lead me to consider you as a via8le romantic partner, in any quadrant. Even the pale ones.
GT: blurp durp bluh, more plausible alien sounding things.
GT: weren't you leaving?
AG: Yes.
GT: ok then...
AG: I mean, I was going to.
AG: 8ut now I guess I'm not.
GT: oh.
GT: why?
AG: 8ecause this isn't really happening.
GT: it isn't?
AG: It did, once.
AG: 8ut now it's just a memory.
AG: I guess I must 8e dead.

## [o] ==>

**02/07/11**

```
rkrrk888rrrkr88r...
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pesterlogGT: ok.
GT: is this conversation over now? can i keep packing my present?
AG: The conversation as it went 8efore is already over. I said good8ye, and you 8locked me. Don't you remem8er?
GT: well,
GT: i was going to block you. but then...
GT: i didn't for some reason.
AG: Exactly. 8ecause we've already 8een through this. You're either asleep, or dead like me.
AG: Man! I can't 8elieve I let her trick me like that. Such an amateur mistake.
GT: i guess i am feeling something like deja vu... maybe.
GT: i still don't think i believe you, though.
AG: Hey.....
AG: Do you have any recollection at all of the last message I sent you 8efore I died?
GT: i don't even know who you are!!!
AG: Yeah, I figured. Just as well. I made some pretty em8arrassing confessions to you.
AG: I guess I'm getting what I asked for in a way. Even though it's not what I pictured.
GT: what did you ask for?
AG: I asked you if you wanted to.....
AG: You know.
AG: Hang out.
GT: was this after you killed me, and gave me immortality?
AG: Yes.
AG: So what do you say?
AG: Or, what do you think you might have said?
GT: about what?
GT: you mean, hanging out?
AG: Yeah.
GT: oh god, this is so ridiculous. you are just a crazy troll on the internet, and i need to get back to packing up this present for my friend! we are not going to hang out, i'm sorry.
AG: John, there is no present! You are not in your hive, and you don't have anything to send. She received it a long time ago. None of this matters anymore.
AG: If you don't 8elieve me, you are free to look out your window.
GT: what will that accomplish?
AG: It might help you remem8er.
AG: And.....
AG: You will 8e a8le to see me.
AG: If you want.

**[o] ==>**

**02/07/11**

DECEMBER 2008

**[o] ==>**
**02/07/11**
**[o]**
**02/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**02/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**02/07/11**
spritelogJADESPRITE: dave?

**[o] ==>**
**02/07/11**
spritelogDAVESPRITE: hey

**[o]**
**02/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**02/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**02/07/11**

```
pick.

FURIOUS!
```

**[o] ==>**
**02/07/11**

```
oblivious

chase chase
chase chase

HASS the wallet.
secret ambush!
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**[o]**
**02/07/11**

```
Alert : ß
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spritelogAC: :33 < jaspers i guess i should say furwell to you now :((
JASPERSPRITE: Why nepeta?
AC: :33 < beclaws this is the end of your timeline and i dont know what catpuns to you after this
AC: :33 < i mean happens to you after this, heheh, that one was kind of obtuse, sorry
JASPERSPRITE: Whats a timeline? :3
AC: :33 < hmmmmmm thats a hard question
AC: :33 < ok imagine a long tempting strand of yarn
JASPERSPRITE: Yes! Oh yes so great.
AC: :33 < now imagine instead of being made of wiggly enticing stuff, its made of what lets you exist

AC: :33 < and you are right at the twitching tip of it, dont you s33? look at the sky!
JASPERSPRITE: Meow yes i see the sky and can tell that indeed something is going on.
JASPERSPRITE: But aside from that i dont really understand what you said being a cat and all.
AC: :33 < thats fine, you dont have to try too hard
AC: :33 < all you have to know is its the scratch and im not a hundred purrcent sure what happens next fur you
JASPERSPRITE: Purr purr i still think its nice how you slip cat things in the things you say youre so clever and wonderful nepeta!
AC: :33 < h33h33h33 :DD
JASPERSPRITE: Whats the scratch? :3
AC: :33 < well you know roses friend john?
JASPERSPRITE: Yes of course!
AC: :33 < imagine that he is using this great big circle like a really fun scratching post, and it makes all this light come out that changes everything
AC: :33 < just after he starts doing that the sky goes funny everywhere and then i cant s33 you anymore
JASPERSPRITE: Yes. :3
AC: :33 < thats what it is
JASPERSPRITE: I think i understand that completely!
AC: :33 < im a bit nervous for you, especially since you remind me so much of someone i already lost
AC: :33 < but maybe youll be ok? i dont know
JASPERSPRITE: Im not worried nepeta so you shouldnt either its not as if i have never died before.
AC: :33 < you are a brave kitty, just like pounce was <33
JASPERSPRITE: Pounce was a cat like me?
AC: :33 < yes! she was amazing, i bet you and she would have gotten along famousely
JASPERSPRITE: Ooh i bet youre right! Purr purr.
JASPERSPRITE: Was she nice to sniff?
AC: :33 < yes she smelled really good, and also, she was SUPER beautyifful.
JASPERSPRITE: Wow!
AC: :33 < did you ever have someone nice back on earth who you loved?
JASPERSPRITE: Rose!!!!! I loved rose. :3
AC: :33 < h33h33, of course you did. i mean a nice cat who was your matesprit?
JASPERSPRITE: There was a time i remember i was thinking about girl cats a lot for some reason.
JASPERSPRITE: I would saunter around the house making all these big meows and looking out the windows with my nose touching the glass.
JASPERSPRITE: But then roses mom took me to this place where i was scared to be for a while and then when i was at home again i didnt do the meows anymore.
JASPERSPRITE: I guess i didnt think about the girl cats after that which is just as well because none ever came to the windows really not even when i did my biggest meows.
AC: :33 < thats too bad
AC: :33 < but i bet lots of girl cats would have loved to be with you, if only there had b33n some around to hear your lovely meows :33
JASPERSPRITE: Youre really nice to say so nepeta what about you though?
AC: :33 < me?

JASPERSPRITE: Yes. :3
AC: :33 < well
AC: :33 < i have never told anybody this not even my moirail
AC: :33 < heh, actually hes the LAST guy i might tell, he so wouldnt appurrve X33
AC: :33 < but yes i have liked somebody for quite some time, but alas he doesnt know it
JASPERSPRITE: What dont you tell him?
AC: :33 < hmmmmm
JASPERSPRITE: Maybe you can win his affection by rubbing your cheek against him thats what i would do.
AC: :33 < ohhh no no no, im too shy even for that!
AC: :33 < and he is so adorably grumpy all the time, it probably wouldnt go over well
AC: :33 < its hard to explain, maybe cats think diffurntly, but trolls tend to be pretty cautious about expressing their f33lings when it comes to the flushed quadrant
JASPERSPRITE: Whats a quadrant?
AC: :33 < it is
AC: :33 < ummmmmmm
AC: :33 < okay it has romantic applications but it is also something more general than that
AC: :33 < a quadrant is
AC: :33 < how do i say this!
JASPERSPRITE: :3
AC: :33 < a quadrant is a thing in a group of things that consists of four similar things
JASPERSPRITE: Like paws?
AC: :33 < EXACTLY like paws!!! :DD
JASPERSPRITE: I see thats really easy to get.
JASPERSPRITE: I think you should tell him that you like him you might not get the chance if you dont.
JASPERSPRITE: For instance i think instead of meowing at windows i should have just scurried out a door before it could close!
JASPERSPRITE: Then i might have found a girl cat to sniff oh well. :3
AC: :33 < i know, but its just not that simple. i could make someone else jealous i think, and what if he doesnt f33l the same way, and, urrgh, its so complickated
AC: :33 < maybe i just n33d to let go of the silly infatuation
AC: :33 < i think its never going to happen honestly
JASPERSPRITE: You shouldnt lose hope!
JASPERSPRITE: I have another story that might give you hope even though it should be noted again that im only a cat.
AC: :33 < oh?
JASPERSPRITE: Yes one time i was with rose and i was sitting there dressed up in my suit with her as happy as can be.
JASPERSPRITE: But then she disappeared!
JASPERSPRITE: The whole place disappeared and i was in another place. There was no rose there was someone else.
JASPERSPRITE: I guess i loved her too in time but never as much as rose it just wasnt the same.
JASPERSPRITE: I kept waiting to see rose again but never did and finally i lost hope that i would and then i died.
JASPERSPRITE: But then i became alive again and i got to see her and i was so happy! Purr purr

purr purr purr.
JASPERSPRITE: Thats my story and thats why i think theres always hope even if you die.
AC: :33 < so, youre saying that maybe i will have to die to get to be with him?
JASPERSPRITE: Yes maybe. :3
AC: :33 < i hope thats not the case!
AC: :33 < but i guess you just have a different way of looking at things
AC: :33 < thank you for the advice jaspers!
JASPERSPRITE: Purrrrr.

## [o] Try to make sense of this mess yourself.

**08/07/11**

```
CLICK THE PANELS!
```

## [o]

**08/07/11**

pesterlogTG: i remember waking up here
TG: after getting shot
TT: Yes.
TT: What else?
TG: then the cage bunny came
TG: he gave us the bomb
TG: whered he go anyway
TT: She's around.
TG: the bunnys a she
TT: Her name is Liv Tyler.
TG: dumb
TT: Take it up with John.
TT: What else?
TG: we were talking about who should go
TT: Do you remember what we decided?
TG: no
TG: wait
TG: wasnt i going to go
TG: is that what happened did i go and now im dead
TT: Not quite.
TG: whats not quite
TG: that i didnt go or that im not dead
TT: Do you remember anything else?
TG: no
TT: What about why you went to fight Jack?
TG: sure
TG: i did that
TG: because i wanted to
TG: and because i was supposed to
TT: Are you sure?
TG: yeah i saw my future self fighting him so obviously that had to happen or else id be dead

anyway
TG: without even getting the satisfaction of standing up to him
TT: So was your decision a result of desire or obligation?
TG: hard to explain
TG: with all the time shit going on
TG: i dont try to understand your light shit do i
TT: I don't know much about the Light Shit, to be honest.
TT: I may have missed my chance to figure it out.
TG: havent we had this conversation already
TT: Mostly.
TT: I'm doing what I can to jog your memory.
TG: its jogging i guess
TG: its manboobs are jiggling a little
TT: Nice.
TT: So what about Jade?
TG: what
TT: You didn't tell her your expedition with her would result in your death, let alone one she'd inadvertently cause.
TT: Or that she'd be stuck with the job of resuscitating you. Did you?
TG: what am i really supposed to say
TG: hey were gonna hunt frogs til you shoot me through the jack
TG: then i die and youve got to make out with me
TG: that kind of changes how the whole thing goes doesnt it
TT: Not if you're "supposed to," right?
TG: what does that even mean
TT: I guess you're right. No reason to make an effort to empathize if doing so comes at the price of oblivion.
TG: wtf
TT: It must be comforting to have your ASPD tacitly supported by predestination.
TG: aspd
TT: Antisocial personality disorder.
TG: oh no
TG: this conversation just got bumrushed by a mudslide of fucking awful
TT: It wasn't already awful, believing you might be dead?
TG: you dont know anything
TG: about what i was feeling or what happened on lofaf
TG: you were all pavement faced and babbling your throefester speak and flipping off the shit with your own crazy deathwish thing why do you think you know what was going through my head
TG: youre just assuming and throwing around psyche buzzwords like aspd complex disorder
TT: So it's a disorder, a complex, and then a disorder again for good measure?
TG: in your case probably
TT: Sounds like a positively delirious state of existence.
TG: its some delirious biznasty alright
TT: Oh... snap?
TG: yes ima authorize a GOD DAMN you may swipe it at the door to check yourself into the burn ward

TT: Might you loosen the purse strings on an "Oh no he didn't?"
TG: nah those are kept in emergency reserve for yo mama jokes from the 90s
TG: anyway
TG: im telling you if i said anything at all about it she probably doesnt even fire her gun once and all im doing is dragging her into a doomed timeline with me
TT: I guess I'm learning to be impressed by your sense of obligation to inevitable misfortune. It's a strange case of inspiration through futility.
TG: none of this is that big a deal
TG: i just mentioned the basics to her
TG: that id stop time traveling soon
TG: break out of the loops
TG: not have to wonder all the time if i was taking a wrong turn and dooming everybody
TG: i was never that cool with this
TT: With what, exactly?
TG: you know how you turned out to be this incredibly shitty seer of light and basically failed at that in every way imaginable
TT: Hey!
TG: well maybe i never wanted to be a knight of time
TG: maybe id rather just be like
TG: the dave of guy
TG: you know just some dude
TT: These really do not sound like the words of someone ready to face his own death.
TT: The kind you don't wake up from, I mean.
TG: i guess not
TG: guess i failed my quest then
TG: so im like
TG: now what bitches
TG: to nobody in particular i guess
TT: The unseen bitches callously conspiring to expect greatness from you?
TG: yes those exact bitches
TT: If that's how you feel,
TT: Then why did you insist on going on the mission to deliver h T m r?
TT: Black-and-whitened for giant yin-yang bomb.

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

```
CONSORT: thip thip
CONSORT: thip thip
```

pesterlogTG: oh yeah
TG: i remember that now
TG: then i guess thats what happened
TG: i delivered the bomb and now i must be dead
TT: Are you sure?
TG: is that wrong
TT: Maybe you should try to answer the question. Why did you want to go?
TG: because i made the map so i know how to get there better

TT: But it seems simple enough. A set of bearings to follow.
TT: See? The application pilots the moon. Change course when necessary. Anyone can do it, really.
TT: We talked about this. Debated, if you recall.
TG: ok if you remember it all so clearly why are you grilling me on this shit
TG: will you just tell me whats going on
TT: I'm just seeing if you can remember. And if you're sticking to your story, about why you should be the one to go.
TG: well i am
TG: because i should
TG: or should have
TG: man what the fuck is going on
TG: am i dead or are you dead or what
TT: You're almost there, really. Just try to remember a little more.
TT: What happened after we decided you'd go?
TG: uh
TG: oh yeah
TG: we were trying to figure out a way to detach the moon
TG: so i could pilot it out there
TG: fly it into the sun

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogTG: but the chain was huge
TG: couldnt think of how to break it
TG: then out of nowhere this sword appears in the thing
TG: so im thinking obviously i have to break the sword somehow
TG: because thats all i fucking do is break swords

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogTG: but as im thinking of how to do it i put my hand on it
TG: and it just snaps off with this comical shattering noise
TG: like i just fucked up some priceless shit in the louvre

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogTG: see like that
TG: like i did again just there with my hand
TG: cause of dreambubbles
TG: remember when that happened
TT: Mm hm.

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogTG: then i took it and sliced the chain
TG: like this
TG: damn

TG: it still cuts like its plowing through a shaft of boneless zombie meat
TT: Careful.
TT: I just managed to quell my appetite after all that burger talk.
TG: whoops
TG: yeah

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

pesterlogTG: so then
TG: the moon started drifting away
TG: and i was going to fly up
TG: and take it to the sun
TG: and i said something to you
TG: or i was going to
TG: like say bye or something
TG: but you were just standing there not saying anything
TG: holding that ball of yarn

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

pesterlogTG: and then
TG: oh
TG: god thats right

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

pesterlogTG: come on
TG: knocking me out so you can steal the suicide mission
TG: god dammit
TG: that is so trite
TT: I really am sorry for that.
TG: its like
TG: heres how bad this is
TG: were are basically bruce willis and ben affleck from johns shitty crappy movie
TG: you made this even more armageddon than it already was
TG: sealing me in the air lock so i can go home to liv tyler and have the most terrible babies with her
TT: If it's any consolation, Liv Tyler came with me on the suicide mission.
TG: the bunny or the actress
TT: Which would make you feel better?
TG: you not knocking me out with a ball of fucking yarn is fucking what
TT: If I could have chosen a method of sparing your life you might have found more awesome, I would.
TT: Is there an "ironic" way to do that?
TG: this probably comes close but that doesnt make it not lame as hell
TT: Does it matter if I took some personal satisfaction seeing you fall unconscious at the gentle glance of a soft cotton globe?

TG: its cool you are so tickled by this i hope it brought you a lot of rad laughs on your way to go fucking explode
TT: ...
TG: so thats it
TG: im actually lying here on derse asleep
TG: and you went out there and blew up the sun
TG: and now youre dead and im dream chilling with your smug ghost
TT: Yes to the first part.
TG: so youre not dead
TT: Not yet.
TG: then youre dreaming
TG: what youre taking a little nap on the moon in the middle of nowhere
TT: Afraid not!
TT: I am wide awake.

## [o]

**08/07/11**

pesterlogGT: so.
GT: it seems that you are, in fact, an alien. with horns and everything.
GT: huh.
AG: Yes, John. Horns and all. That totally proves I am an alien 8eyond a shadow of a dou8t!
AG: Now what do you make of these 8lank white eyes of mine? What do you think THAT could mean, hmmmmmmmm?
GT: i don't know. aliens usually have big spooky eyes, don't they?
AG: Humans have literally the dum8est extraterrestrial lore. Weren't those supposed to 8e aliens on one of your posters?
GT: haha, you mean mac and me? yeah, even i can admit that movie was indefensible.
AG: Well if you want to know, normally, we have 8right orange eyes, with gray irises. They fill in with our 8lood pigment as we get older.
AG: Also, normally I have this one goofy eye with seven pupils 8ecause I'm kind of a weirdo. 8ut I guess that's gone now that I'm dead.
AG: Not that you 8elieve me, 8ecause you just refuse to remem8er anything.
GT: i can accept that you are an alien, but come on. meeting an alien who is also a GHOST in my front yard is a bit much to believe.
GT: it is almost too awesome.
AG: So you don't remem8er anything a8out the game at all, then? The destruction of your planet? 8ringing your ancestor 8ack to life as a clown woman?
AG: Putting a huge flaming ocean out with your magical wind? Jack Noir? Dying, resurrecting, and possi8ly dying again? Is any of this tickling your sponge?
GT: hmm...
GT: nope. sounds cool though.
AG: Fuck, I cannot 8elieeeeeeeeve how cold it is on this planet. How can any species possi8ly 8e a8le to survive somewhere like this?
GT: yeah, i thought you looked pretty cold out here.
GT: so i brought you this jacket.

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

pesterlogAG: Oh.
AG: Ok.
GT: hey, your clothes switched suddenly.
GT: was that some kind of alien wardrobe warpifying technology?
GT: such as a warpdrobe, if you will?
AG: Sure, John. Let's just say that's what it was.
GT: you look pretty cool in more normal clothes. not that your space boots and pixie outfit weren't neat.
AG: Thanks.
AG: So, is this how humans 8egin an earth d8?
AG: With simple acts of flattery and kindness?
GT: um, i don't know about that, really.
GT: it just seemed like the nice thing to do.
GT: is...
GT: is this a date?
AG: No. I've decided this definitely will not 8e a d8.
AG: Not until you remem8er something, at least.
GT: ok, that's probably for the best.
GT: i would probably be pretty nervous on a date with a normal girl, let alone on a...
GT: DATE WITH AN ALIEN SPACE GHOST!!!
GT: heheheh

GT: i think my dad had it installed as one of his ridiculous ways of making a man out of me.
AG: Sure.
AG: My custodian had her ways of making me tougher too.
GT: yeah.
GT: parents, right? haha.
GT: anyway, that's my back yard. pretty damn boring, sorry.
GT: i would show you inside, but i don't think my dad would take too kindly to bringing an alien inside.
GT: or, just yet. i would need to brace him for it.
AG: That's fine.
AG: What else can you show me?
GT: i could show you around my neighborhood, if you want.
AG: Sounds gr8.

**[o] ==>**

**08/07/11**

pesterlogGT: these are my neighbors, who live in a lot of same looking houses as mine.
GT: i never see them. i think they're all really busy people with a lot of serious business to attend to.
GT: hey, look.
GT: the snow is melted over here.
GT: it's really warm suddenly. weird.
AG: Does your planet usually have these kind of temper8ture swings?
GT: no, this is pretty unusual december weather.
GT: guess i'll take my coat off.
GT: i can take yours back, if you want.
AG: No thanks. I think I'll keep it on.

**[o] ==>**

**08/07/11**

pesterlogGT: there is not really much to see in this town...
GT: but there are these lakes.
GT: this lake here did not used to be a lake. a long time ago, before i was born, there was a factory here.
GT: my dad says there was a huge explosion. he was walking by with my nanna when he saw it.
GT: then a little later, my nanna died. my dad never told me how, except that it involved a big joke book.
GT: i never knew her, which is too bad. she sounded nice.
AG: I know what happened.
AG: I saw it.
GT: you did?
AG: Yes.
AG: Do you want to know?
AG: It might jostle your memory.
GT: ok!
AG: I 8elieve this lake is where Jade landed. You landed a little ways over there, a8out where your hive is now. You clo88ered your nanna to death with the aforementioned joke 8ook. 8ut it wasn't

your fault. You were 8oth just little wigglers, riding meteors from the future.
AG: You cre8ted yourself, your nanna, Jade, her grandpa, not to mention Dave and Rose and their guardians, all in a la8 using paradox slime, and sent them 8ack in time as the silly gru8s with arms and legs you call 8a8ies. And here you were dou8ting the usefulness of slime!
GT: wow, really?
AG: Yes, a8solutely.
AG: I paid close attention to all this, 8ecause I thought it might give me some clues a8out us and our ancestors, who were made the same way.
AG: Any of this familiar?
GT: hmm.
GT: that all sounds incredible if true, but i don't have even the foggiest memory of that happening!
AG: Yeah. I figured as much.
AG: Since you seem 8ent on staying in your dream 8u88le coma, why don't I continue the tour?
GT: the tour... of earth?
AG: Sort of.

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

pesterlogGT: what's happening?
AG: We are going on an adventure.
GT: where?
AG: Through your memories.
AG: Through mine too.
AG: This would 8e a really fun thing to do on a d8, I think!
AG: If we actually were on a d8, which we're not.

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

pesterlogGT: how is this happening?
GT: is this through the advanced alien technologies?
GT: like holograms, or teleportations?
AG: If that's what you want to think to keep you comfy in your stupor, sure.
GT: where are we?
AG: This is my home planet 8efore it was destroyed.
AG: It's called Alternia.
GT: oh, cool.
GT: and what's that, over there?
AG: That is my hive, which is a thing that you refer to as a house.
AG: It's where I grew up.

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

pesterlogGT: it's a castle!!!
AG: No shit!
AG: It is 8ig and fore8oding and ostent8ious, just the way I wanted it.
AG: As a 8lue8lood, I was entitled to 8uild such a home. Something to set me far apart from the commoners.

GT: you built it?
AG: Of course not. Ro8ots 8uilt it for me when I was very young.
AG: 8ut I was allowed to dict8 instructions. Expected to, in fact.
GT: oh gosh.
GT: so rad.
AG: Really?
AG: I still find it interesting what sort of mundane facts humans tend to 8e impressed 8y.
AG: Anyway, my design kind of got 8oring as I got older. A huge castle hive sounds great, 8ut it starts feeling pretty cavernous and lonely after a while. There were so many 8locks I never even used!
AG: Your tastes change, 8ut you get stuck with growing up in a place suited to your earliest, most juvenile inclin8ions.
AG: No8ody tells you that when you're a kid though.
GT: i think i know what you mean.
GT: i feel like a long time ago, i might have given my dad the impression i really liked clowns?
GT: and now there are clowns everywhere, his stupid collection just keeps growing and growing, and it drives me CRAZY.
AG: John.....
AG: That 8arely compara8le example is so cute, I don't even know what to say.
GT: heheh.

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogAG: This was my custodian.
GT: 8O

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogAG: She was hurt in an accident.
AG: I killed her myself to put her out of her misery.
GT: :(

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogGT: holy shit, look at these glittering space riches!
AG: Yeah. I was really into treasure hunting for a while.
GT: What's with the broken eight balls?
AG: Never mind those!

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogAG: This was my respite8lock.
AG: From kind of an em8arrassing memory, actually.
GT: haha, more eight balls!!!
GT: you sure do like to smash them.
AG: John, addiction is a powerful thing. You pro8a8ly wouldn't understand.
GT: what are you wearing?

AG: Just a fairy dress.
AG: I wore it for this stupid thing I did once.
GT: is that a rocket car stuck in the web over there?
GT: what's that about?
AG: Don't worry a8out it! Man, this would 8e such an awkward moment on a d8. Again, if it was one.
GT: there's something really familiar about that rocket...
AG: Let's keep going.

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

pesterlogGT: what's happening?
GT: are we back on earth?
AG: You tell me.
GT: it's my house again. why are we here?
GT: i was having fun seeing your planet!
AG: I don't know, John. They're your memories.

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

pesterlogGT: this is my dad's room.
GT: but...
GT: i have never been inside of it.
GT: so why do i recognize it?
AG: Shrug!!!!!!!!
GT: i think...
GT: there were some birthday presents for me in here.
GT: but i can't recall which birthday that was.
AG: It was your 13th.
GT: but i'm 12!

## [o] ==>

**08/07/11**

pesterlogGT: oh yeah.
GT: i remember this.
GT: there were these imps all over my house, acting all rambunctious.
GT: but... why?
GT: it's all so hazy.
GT: where is my dad?
AG: Sounds like some things are coming 8ack to you.
AG: Any chance you remem8er me yet?
GT: no.
GT: sorry.

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogGT: hey, look!
GT: that's my dad.
GT: what's he doing here?
AG: .....

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogGT: i've missed the heck out of him.
GT: though i'm not sure why. he should be safe at home right now.
GT: i guess i must have lost track of him. but i don't remember how.
GT: all i know is i have this feeling like i should run over and give him a hug.
AG: Well, just so you know, he is pro8a8ly not actually there.
AG: Kind of like how my lusus was just a memory.
GT: are you a psychic alien? like the one who jodie foster met in contact, and assumed the form of her dead father to talk to her?
AG: As a matter of fact, yes, I am a psychic alien. 8ut that has nothing to do with this!
AG: These are our memories, and we are in the afterlife. I keep trying to tell you, and it's starting to get frustr8ing.
GT: i see. so it is not me who is jodie foster. it's more like you are jodie, because nobody believed her when she came home and had amazing tales to tell.
GT: except matthew mcconaughey.
AG: Aaaaaaaargh!
GT: but it's ok. i will be your matt mcconaughey.
AG: Does that mean you'll 8elieve me now?
GT: i guess i always did, sort of.
GT: i think i've been in denial about what's happening here.
AG: It's nice that you 8elieve me. 8ut that doesn't mean you remem8er yet.
GT: so if this isn't my dad, then where is he?
AG: He died too. You saw his 8ody. Don't you at least remem8er that?
GT: no. not at all.
GT: i am remembering a bunch of things, but not that.
AG: Then what?
AG: Do you remem8er me yet?
GT: no.
GT: i only remember when you contacted me and said you'd kill me a little earlier.
GT: but that was months ago.
GT: i do remember talking to some other trolls like you.
GT: and playing this game. it was on my 13th birthday. i was really looking forward to playing it,

but it was late in the mail.
GT: i got some presents from my dad. like this big weird clown doll that i didn't like much.
GT: and some fruit gushers...
GT: oh yeah! i also realized gushers were made by betty crocker. that freaked me the fuck out!
GT: did YOU realize betty crocker makes gushers???
AG: This comes as news to me.
GT: well she does. her villainy knows no bounds.
GT: oh.
GT: he also gave me this suit, which i remember wearing for a while.
GT: but it didn't look quite like this.
GT: it had a black tie, and no ghost, so i improved it.
GT: actually...
GT: i remember dying in a suit.
AG: You do?
GT: but
GT: this was not the suit i was wearing when i died.

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
pesterlogEB: this was.

**[o]**
**08/07/11**
spritelogJADESPRITE: are you ok?
DAVESPRITE: been better
JADESPRITE: what happened to you?
DAVESPRITE: what happened to you
JADESPRITE: um...
JADESPRITE: i died in my dream and came back as a dog
DAVESPRITE: oh
DAVESPRITE: i turned into a bird and got in a fight
JADESPRITE: :o

**[o] ==>**
**08/07/11**
spritelogJADESPRITE: what is that?
DAVESPRITE: what this thing
JADESPRITE: yes
DAVESPRITE: legendary sword
JADESPRITE: how did you get it?
DAVESPRITE: long story
DAVESPRITE: shenanigans mostly
JADESPRITE: yes i figured shenanigans were probably involved
JADESPRITE: can you be more specific?
DAVESPRITE: well
DAVESPRITE: basically im from another timeline
DAVESPRITE: we couldnt win the game there so i came back to help dave

JADESPRITE: dave?
DAVESPRITE: dave from this timeline
DAVESPRITE: as a sprite im supposed to help him with his quest
JADESPRITE: oh yeah
JADESPRITE: im supposed to help jade too, but.....
JADESPRITE: *sniffle*
DAVESPRITE: shes doing alright dont worry about it
JADESPRITE: ok, ill try...
JADESPRITE: you were saying?
DAVESPRITE: so things kind of became even more crazy in this timeline than the one i was from
DAVESPRITE: and it was clear dave was never gonna do the quest i didnt get the chance to finish
DAVESPRITE: not even after you brought the forge
JADESPRITE: the forge?
DAVESPRITE: your volcano
JADESPRITE: ohhh
DAVESPRITE: so
DAVESPRITE: after laying low for a while
DAVESPRITE: i just went and did whatever i could myself
DAVESPRITE: got caledfwlch
DAVESPRITE: the fuckin welsh sword dave broke
DAVESPRITE: went to look for hephaestus again
DAVESPRITE: figuring there wasnt much hope in beating him this time either especially being injured and all but what the hell right
DAVESPRITE: but then
DAVESPRITE: thats when you lit the forge somehow
JADESPRITE: i did?
DAVESPRITE: well no
DAVESPRITE: not you other jade
JADESPRITE: yeah
JADESPRITE: shes a lot more brave than me i think
JADESPRITE: she brought me back thinking i could help her and all i did was disappoint her and everyone else
JADESPRITE: you came back as a sprite and youre managing to do important things...
JADESPRITE: but i just feel so scared and helpless
DAVESPRITE: sounds like you came back because jade made the decision for you
DAVESPRITE: i made the decision to come back myself maybe itd be different if you had the same chance
JADESPRITE: i dont know if i would have if i had the chance
JADESPRITE: but i would like to not feel so useless to everybody
DAVESPRITE: i think everyones on top of this
DAVESPRITE: theres not much for us to do anymore
JADESPRITE: what about your sword? isnt it important?
DAVESPRITE: i guess so
DAVESPRITE: but not really for me since im not the real dave anymore
JADESPRITE: im still not sure how you got it...
JADESPRITE: what does it have to do with my volcano?

DAVESPRITE: thats a bit complicated
DAVESPRITE: see it turns out
DAVESPRITE: i had no idea how the denizens worked at all

## [o]
**08/07/11**
## [o] ==>
**08/07/11**
## [o] ==>
**08/07/11**

```
pick. again.
```

## [o] ==>
**08/07/11**

```
remove.

put back.
```

## [o] ==>
**08/07/11**

```
WV: ?

escape --- total success.
```

## [o]
**08/07/11**
## [o] ==>
**08/07/11**
## [o] ==>
**08/07/11**

```
Alert : ff
```

# [o] Oh, wonderful. Another interruption.
**14/07/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

CLICK THE PANELS!
```

It seems she's acting out again. Sorting these clippings will have to wait while I settle her down. I apologize profusely.

Please continue to help yourself to the serviceable "==>" command in my absence. As a first-class host, I keep a healthy supply on hand at all times.

## [o]
**14/07/11**
pesterlogTT: I am piloting the moon through the Furthest Ring right now.
TT: At the moment, it's passing through a dream bubble. I am visiting your dream in person.

TT: Or, you are the one visiting me as I travel, in your sleep. If you'd rather look at it that way.
TG: ok
TG: so all those questions you asked me
TG: getting me to remember
TG: you were just stalling me werent you
TG: so i wouldnt wake up and try to stop you
TT: Not entirely.
TG: this sucks
TG: could you just please turn the thing around and come back
TT: Why?
TT: I'm already out here. Might as well go through with it.
TG: we agreed id do it though
TG: or at least you pretended to agree
TG: just before going into a major league wind up with your nap yarn
TT: A major league wind up?
TG: sports
TT: It's always been pretty sad that I seem to know more about sports than you. Which is really saying something.
TG: all im saying is
TG: no one likes a basketball hog
TT: It's probably just "ball hog."
TG: i just think you should know
TG: that in the athletic arena of competitive achievement
TG: its a widely known fact that cherry picking posers get showered in nothin but boos
TG: you dont gank the rock and steal the big mans thunder on his raucus drive to the hole
TT: Oh lord.
TG: is that the sort of ignominy you want
TG: see you didnt consider sports you never consider the sports
TT: The last thing I want to do is come between a big man's thunder and any particular hole he might prize.
TG: and yet
TG: such has been whats happened
TG: it like the tight end was going long down the yard in sudden death
TG: its me im the tight end
TG: and the quarterback sniped the fieldgoal just before the nfl buzzer went off
TG: the greedy qb is you
TT: That's not even close to being a thing in football.
TG: but instead of winning the gold sports prize you just fucking die and nobody cares and it didnt mean anything
TT: Which prize is that?
TG: the football prize
TT: You mean the most vaunted accolade associated with the gridiron, known as "Stanley's Cup?"
TG: no come on
TG: its called the bruce bombardi trophy or something
TG: for best pile squad
TT: I'll take your word for it.

TG: and even though youre dead all these fat millionaires in helmets just leap on your corpse anyway and pile up and i mean WAY up
TT: How high do they even have to be?
TG: the sport pile doesnt stop from getting taller
TT: Does the officiator have a means of measurement on hand?
TT: I wouldn't want to be crushed by a nonregulation sport pile.
TG: what do you care youll be dead like the mission thieving poser you are
TT: Poser?
TT: So not cool.
TG: yes poser it should be my torso getting pulverized by that avalanche of overpaid beefcakes and you know it
TT: I forget what we were doing exactly.
TT: Were we pursuing the hackneyed debate over who has the best claim to self sacrifice,
TT: Or seeing who can out-dumbass the other with obtuse sports lingo?
TG: there obviously stopped being a difference between those things the question is offensive
TG: almost as offensive as you stalling me while you peel out of here in your dumb moon
TT: I'm the one stalling?
TT: The moon is probably just a speck in the sky now due to your strange beefcake harangue.
TG: yeah but i dont know how to wake back up is the thing
TG: how do i wake back up
TT: I guess I could wake back you up, if you really want.

## [o] ==>

**14/07/11**

pesterlogTG: ok then do it
TT: But you have to promise to stay put.
TT: Don't try to stop me. Just let it go.
TG: but this was my mission
TT: It really makes no sense for you to go. This was never your preoccupation.
TT: They selected me a long time ago.
TG: that doesnt make sense
TG: why would they drag me into it just to have me make a map and then let you ditch me
TG: theyve obviously been gunning for me too
TT: Yes, they helped you chart a path through the Ring. And they will open that path for a pilot they have marked.
TT: I believe I fit the description. I'm not sure about you.
TG: why do you think that
TT: I am the pilot. That's all there is to say on the matter.
TG: but i dont want you to die
TT: Help John and Jade.
TG: this isnt right
TT: Then I'm not going to help you wake you up.
TT: I'll stall some more.
TG: so you admit you were stalling with all that bullshit
TT: I said not entirely.
TG: what do you mean

TT: It's going to be a long ride through all this nothingness.
TT: Maybe I just thought some company would be nice.
TT: Before it's all over.
TG: .....
TT: So what'll it be?
TG: what
TT: I'll wake you, but only if you promise to rejoin the others.
TT: Could you give a message to John for me?
TG: sure
TG: but
TG: if im promising not to chase you down then theres not really any hurry to wake up
TT: Aw, are you sure?
TT: I was looking forward to bowling another wicked googly with the yarn.
TT: Sportsways.
TG: nah ill stay asleep a while
TT: Ok.
TG: what did you want me to tell john
TT: What was that?
TG: what
TT: Did you hear something?
TG: no what
TT: I thought I heard something outside.

## [o] ==>

**14/07/11**

```
-re you next?
```

pesterlogTG: whos this douche dag
TG: i mean bag
TG: im stuttering this dude is making me nervous
TT: You don't remember him?
TG: no
TT: Then I guess this isn't a memory.
TG: so hes actually here with us on the moon
TT: Not with us.
TT: Just me.
TT: You're still on Derse, remember?

**[o] ==>**
**14/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**14/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**14/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**14/07/11**
**[o]**
**14/07/11**
spritelogDAVESPRITE: i busted into his palace
DAVESPRITE: to finish the quest
DAVESPRITE: i was expecting him to be asleep and was gonna figure out some way to wake him up
DAVESPRITE: but like last time i saw him
DAVESPRITE: he was already awake to greet me
JADESPRITE: but i thought the denizens were supposed to be asleep?
JADESPRITE: at least until you do the right things on your quest...
DAVESPRITE: they are
DAVESPRITE: as sprites were programmed to know things like that about the game
DAVESPRITE: but i guess not everything
DAVESPRITE: it seems like if you try to go fight them too soon
DAVESPRITE: you find them awake and theyre like
DAVESPRITE: what the fuck are you doing here already
DAVESPRITE: which is what happened last time i saw him
DAVESPRITE: before i became a sprite
DAVESPRITE: and i stupidly tried to fight him which was a bad idea because hes hella strong
DAVESPRITE: and the whole time he was raving about shit
DAVESPRITE: about a stolen sword and missing forge
DAVESPRITE: but i wasnt really listening
DAVESPRITE: if i had i might have understood
DAVESPRITE: he wasnt actually trying to kill me he was giving me the choice
JADESPRITE: what choice
DAVESPRITE: wait i mean The Choice
DAVESPRITE: i always forget i can talk underlined for important shit
JADESPRITE: what did you choose?
DAVESPRITE: i guess i made an unwitting choice
DAVESPRITE: by deciding to flee
DAVESPRITE: i figured he was unbeatable so i decided to get the fuck out of there
DAVESPRITE: so i snapped a quick captcha to get his huge hammers code and then gtfo
JADESPRITE: what happened when you saw him this time?
DAVESPRITE: like i said he was awake again
DAVESPRITE: but this time i wasnt in any condition to fight
DAVESPRITE: so i didnt
DAVESPRITE: and thats what i didnt get

DAVESPRITE: hes this terrible angry monstrous guy but theres no need to fight him
DAVESPRITE: so he looked me up and down all hard
DAVESPRITE: saw the broken sword
DAVESPRITE: and like before gave me the choice
JADESPRITE: you mean Choice!
JADESPRITE: hehehe :p
JADESPRITE: oops
DAVESPRITE: yeah
JADESPRITE: so it was the same choice?
DAVESPRITE: no

## [o] ==>

**14/07/11**

spritelogDAVESPRITE: it was different
DAVESPRITE: i think it must be always different
DAVESPRITE: depending on the circumstances
DAVESPRITE: i dont know what the choice is when you face him the way youre supposed to
DAVESPRITE: but im showing up as this bleeding bird sprite holding his broken sword
DAVESPRITE: so thats pretty odd situation
JADESPRITE: then what did he make you decide?
DAVESPRITE: he sees i got his sword and its busted and you can tell hes pissed
DAVESPRITE: but like before its like restrained anger
DAVESPRITE: like hes always about to just fucking flip but still keeps it together
DAVESPRITE: so he can tell me
DAVESPRITE: he can repair it
DAVESPRITE: and make the deringer with the forge lit
DAVESPRITE: he says he can repair anything
DAVESPRITE: but only one thing
DAVESPRITE: and i had to choose
DAVESPRITE: so i said ok fix the sword
JADESPRITE: as opposed to what?
DAVESPRITE: meh
DAVESPRITE: doesnt matter really
DAVESPRITE: i just thought making the sword felt like the right thing
JADESPRITE: oh...
DAVESPRITE: so i gave him the sword
DAVESPRITE: but it still wasnt all that simple
DAVESPRITE: he needed lava from the forge to make it
DAVESPRITE: which means echidna had to be awake
DAVESPRITE: our denizens had to have some kind of truce to make it happen
DAVESPRITE: see what i mean about it being complicated
JADESPRITE: yeah ._.
DAVESPRITE: so jade must have done something right
DAVESPRITE: to wake her up and get the forge going
DAVESPRITE: dont know what she did though
JADESPRITE: probably something amazing

JADESPRITE: she is still working so hard to help everyone
JADESPRITE: i guess i used to be that way...
JADESPRITE: but ive completely forgotten how
DAVESPRITE: are you sure

## [o] ==>

**14/07/11**

spritelogJADESPRITE: whats happening?
DAVESPRITE: reckoning
DAVESPRITE: its getting close to the end
DAVESPRITE: more meteors are getting by the portals
DAVESPRITE: the battlefield will probably be wiped out soon
JADESPRITE: can we do something to stop it?
DAVESPRITE: would there be a point
JADESPRITE: i dont know.....
JADESPRITE: i like it here though
JADESPRITE: i felt like i was drawn to come here when i wasnt sure where to go
DAVESPRITE: yeah me too
JADESPRITE: the meteors
JADESPRITE: and all the fire...
JADESPRITE: it reminds me of when i died
JADESPRITE: and i was trying to wake john up
JADESPRITE: i was scared then too
JADESPRITE: but i didnt let the fear stop me from trying to save him
DAVESPRITE: what would you want to do
DAVESPRITE: if you werent scared
JADESPRITE: i have no idea
JADESPRITE: i guess try to help
JADESPRITE: what is there to do?
DAVESPRITE: well
DAVESPRITE: i was going to bring this sword to dave
JADESPRITE: oh noo
JADESPRITE: does that mean youre going to leave?
DAVESPRITE: no
DAVESPRITE: i was gonna say
DAVESPRITE: im not in any shape for more adventuring
DAVESPRITE: i figure this is probably my last stop
JADESPRITE: :(
DAVESPRITE: but maybe this is a way you can help
JADESPRITE: you mean...
JADESPRITE: that i should give him the sword?
DAVESPRITE: if you want
JADESPRITE: but i dont want to leave you here either
DAVESPRITE: maybe you dont have to actually go anywhere
DAVESPRITE: you oughta have a lot of special powers remember
DAVESPRITE: because of ascending to doghood

JADESPRITE: oh yeah!
DAVESPRITE: try doing your spacey thing
DAVESPRITE: i mean not to sound condescending or anything but its got to be like borderline omnipotence pretty much
DAVESPRITE: just put your mind to it
JADESPRITE: alright, i will try.....

**[o] ==>**
**14/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**14/07/11**
**[o]**
**15/07/11**
pesterlogEB: i remember now.
EB: i was tricked by a troll into flying up to the last gate, using this rocket pack.
EB: she said i could take a shortcut and go kill my denizen while he was sleeping.
EB: it...
EB: did not quite work out that way.
AG: This sounds like Terezi's handiwork.
EB: i don't know. she didn't tell me her name.
EB: she was a blind troll. she made me this incredibly shitty map for me to follow!
AG: Yep. That's her.
AG: I guess she got 8oth of us then. Un8elieva8le.
EB: she tricked you too?
AG: Yes.
AG: Well, not tricked, so much as made a pointless coin flip and sta88ed me in the 8ack.
EB: wow. that's pretty cold blooded!
AG: Oh, sure. She was easily the most underhanded and villainous mem8er of our group.
AG: 8ut I did let my guard down. And even when she sta88ed me, I sure didn't think I was going to die.
EB: why not?
AG: It turns out immortality isn't all it's cracked up to 8e. Let's leave it at that.
EB: hmm...
EB: so i guess you never got around to giving me immortality like you said? or killing me, for that matter.
EB: sounds like the blind troll beat you to it.
AG: No, I did! 8ut.....
AG: Ugh, this will 8e hard to explain to you.
EB: explain what?
AG: Haha. I guess in her own sick way, she actually set us up on this d8 together.
AG: May8e I should thank her whenever she falls asleep? Or dies, god for8id.
EB: so...
EB: now it is a date?
AG: I don't know.
AG: I said it wouldn't 8e unless you remem8ered. And now you remem8er.
AG: 8ut you still don't remem8er me, do you?

EB: nope.
AG: Yeah, thought so.
AG: This version of you died 8efore I started messing with you. Not that I expect you to understand what that means.
EB: no, i get that.
EB: if i had decided not to take the shortcut, i would have lived. and then you would have talked to me a lot?
AG: Yes, that's right.
AG: I guess I should have learned to give you more credit 8y now.
EB: well, i might not have figured that out, if not for...
EB: some things that just happened.
AG: I still can't 8elieve I'm meeting a version of you that doesn't remem8er a thing a8out me. None of my gr8 exploits, or any of the ways I helped you. Only that one stupid time I taunted you!
AG: It's a vaguely frustr8ing feeling.
EB: sorry... not sure what to tell you!
AG: So you remem8er literally nothing I told you a8out myself? Not even the, uh.....
AG: Compromising stuff?
EB: well, you did just show me around your planet. which was really cool!
EB: ... there's compromising stuff?
AG: Your species would think so. 8ut I guess it doesn't matter anymore.
EB: i guess not.
EB: but who says we can't get to know each other again?
AG: You wouldn't find that 8oring?
EB: no way! not if you wouldn't.
EB: you said the name of the blind troll who killed us, but you have not told me yours yet.
AG: I haven't?
EB: no.
AG: .....
AG: It's Vriska.
EB: nice to meet you, vriska.
EB: i am john! even though you know that.
AG: Yes.
EB: so now what do we do? aside from be dead for probably ever.
AG: Man, I don't know.
AG: May8e,
AG: You could tell me a8out how you died?
AG: What were the "things that just happened" you were talking a8out?

## [o] ==>

**15/07/11**

```
PCHOOOOO

PSHOOOES
```

pesterlogEB: well, like i said, i flew up to the last gate. like this.
EB: oh, nice boots!
AG: ::::D

## [o] ==>

**15/07/11**

pesterlogEB: it brought me inside the palace.
EB: it was huge, and it took a long time to explore. it was eerily empty too.
EB: i had that weird feeling of getting to a place in a video game you are not supposed to be yet, because you don't have the right powerups and such.
EB: you know what i mean?
AG: Not really.
AG: I'm used to taking shortcuts whenever I play games.
EB: oh, ok.
EB: so, i started getting crazy nervous the longer i was down here, and i was starting to wonder if my silly iron pogo hammer would even do any damage against the monster.
AG: *Snort.*
EB: what?
AG: Against a denizen? Of course that piece of shit isn't going to do anything.
AG: If I were you, I would have chucked it into the forge.
EB: excuse me, it is called the wrinkle fucker, and it is totally amazing.
AG: It might 8e alright if you com8ined it with something awesome.
AG: Like some cool dice, for instance.
EB: that's so absurd, like anything like that would ever even happen!!!

## [S][o] ==>

**15/07/11**

pesterlogAG: What's this?
EB: i found it very deep in the palace dungeon. i was wandering for hours, following a horrible sound through the pipes.
EB: i could tell typheus was really close, because it was very loud here. it could only be the sound of him sleeping.
EB: i was so tempted to play it, but i didn't dare risk waking him up!
EB: pretty much by then i was sweating bullets at the thought of confronting him.
AG: You were right to 8e nervous. Denizens are incredi8ly powerful monsters. You had no chance whatsoever at this stage of the game.
AG: You might have stood a chance after I started helping you. 8ut Terezi really screwed you over 8y leading you here so early.
EB: yeah...
EB: i guess if i ever see her, i should thank her too.
AG: Why?
EB: because this was important.
AG: What was? Getting killed 8y a monster?
EB: well, yes. but not just that.
EB: the whole ruse was important!
EB: if i didn't make the decision to go, then dave would not be able to go back in time and fix things.
EB: in fact, if i didn't die here in this palace, we never would have been born in the first place!
AG: How could you know all that?
EB: this way...

## [o] ==>

**15/07/11**

pesterlogAG: This denizen does not look asleep to me.
EB: nooope.
EB: he was wide awake when i found him. i practically crapped my pants!
AG: Well, that explains your quick death. If your denizen was anything like mine, it wouldn't have wasted much time 8efore unleashing a huge shitstorm of devast8ing monster magic.
EB: what was your denizen like?
AG: Her name was Cetus.
AG: She was this awful sea monster. Her lair was deep underground amidst a 8unch of shipwrecks. She was quite vicious and territorial. I knew I had to kill her quickly to release the hoard, 8efore she had the chance to do anything tricky.
EB: what do you mean, tricky?
EB: did she talk to you?
AG: Oh, of course. She was 8a88ling in riddles through most of the fight. I wasn't paying much attention though. I mean, what creature DOESN'T speak in 8oring riddles in this game?
EB: so, is that what you all did?
EB: kill your denizens as fast as possible, without listening to them?
AG: Yeah, pretty much. We were all pretty good players, remem8er?
EB: yes, so i've heard.
AG: Well.....
AG: Ok, I can't exactly speak for everyone. There was a lot going on, and I don't know how some people went a8out 8eating their denizens.
AG: For instance, I'm not sure how our hero of 8reath did it. May8e the monster just released the hoard for him out of pity????????
EB: maybe he just talked to his denizen?
AG: If there was a way to avoid a tough 8attle, I'm sure he found it.
AG: It sounds like a good way to cheat yourself out of a lot of sweet xp and loot though.
EB: i dunno. you might be surprised!
AG: John, are you saying you had a nice friendly chat with this hideous, 8loodthirsty creature 8efore he killed you?
EB: yes!
EB: typheus may not be pretty to look at...
EB: but he is not a bad guy at all!

## [o]

**17/07/11**

```
Alert : ff
```

sriousbizfedorafreak: eureka.
fedorafreak: stand by for clarification re: enthusiastic outburst.
fedorafreak: yes. it is as hoped for beyond hope.
fedorafreak: unusual devices may be used to duplicate fresh, perfectly pressed garments. inexhaustibly, afaik.
fedorafreak: reconstructing complete professional ensemble now - hold.
fedorafreak: pleased to report restoration of dapper visage an overwhelming success.

fedorafreak: alas, devices appear to hold no such promise for departed family members, misplaced hand-held steam press.
fedorafreak: update on device utility - combinative apparel synthesis presents intriguing possibilities.
fedorafreak: now combining expensive leather pipe tobacco sleeve with handsome, gray fedora.
fedorafreak: to document result shortly.
fedorafreak: resulted in hat w/ outlandish and frivolous appearance.
fedorafreak: do not care for; shall discard immediately.
fedorafreak: combination of pant, fine cotton shirt even more disappointing.
fedorafreak: yielded useless, excessively tall pant; relieveing from wardrobe at once.
fedorafreak: made unwelcome determination. production requires expense of glittering abstractions called grist.
fedorafreak: such jewels remaining in cache, libation in reserve, at premium.
fedorafreak: consumed final swallow of carefully rationed urine. soon to seek water elsewhere in exotic new surroundings.
fedorafreak: more importantly, to seek grist facilitating continued accessorizing.
fedorafreak: note to self: use spoils to make more hats.
fedorafreak: preparing for expedition to reap gems from mischievous local fauna.
fedorafreak: crafted sturdy bludgeoning instrument out of uprooted mailbox.
fedorafreak: tall pant perhaps adaptable as defensive garment.
fedorafreak: pardon while donning tall pant.
fedorafreak: donned tall pant.
fedorafreak: confidence in martial prowess perplexingly swells.
fedorafreak: venturing out; powering down gray, serviceable hand-held computing device to preserve battery.
fedorafreak: additional updates to be submitted in a frank and forthright manner for judicious appraisal within a reasonable timeframe.
fedorafreak: tia for patience.

## [o] ==>

**17/07/11**

```
SERIOUS BUSINESS

The following matters have been submitted in a frank and forthr-
-r for pipefan413's judicious appraisal

-ak - ??:??
-ab. exhaustion taking hold.

-rafreak - ??:??
-t at each corner.

f fed-k - ??:??
h- -xhibiting unidentified iconography.

f fe-
surface.

-rafreak - ??:??
-nimal stamina left for disrobing sodden tall pant. leaving on

f fedorafreak - ??:??
```

```
-lating, tie loosened, removed, rolled up neatly an-

[SYSTEM]
```

sriousbizfedorafreak: turning on hand-held device for brief report.
fedorafreak: severe injury sustained in skirmish with undersized, sportive rascal.
fedorafreak: tall pant unremarkable in protective utility. damaged; badly bloodied.
fedorafreak: no indication of laundering facilities throughout enchanted land whatsoever.
fedorafreak: losing fluid rapidly. maintaining adequate hydration levels more important than ever.
fedorafreak: libations unfortunately not forthcoming.
fedorafreak: rest needed.
fedorafreak: seeking surface suitable for assuming reclined posture.
fedorafreak: strength depleting. tie loosened, removed, rolled up neatly and tucked beneath hat.
fedorafreak: minimal stamina left for disrobing sodden tall pant. leaving on.
fedorafreak: encountered rest surface.
fedorafreak: horizontal stone slab exhibiting unidentified iconography.
fedorafreak: a tall post at each corner.
fedorafreak: mysteriously inviting.
fedorafreak: mounting slab. exhaustion taking hold.
pipefan413: Excuse me, sir!
fedorafreak: @pipefan413, friend.
fedorafreak: @pipefan413, sound of voice nearly refreshing enough to distract from perpetual taste of warm, poorly filtered urine.
pipefan413: Oh my, no. I am not actually your friend, dear.
pipefan413: I am his mother! Hoo hoo hoo.
fedorafreak: another of @pipefan413's legendary pranks? pl clarify.
fedorafreak: if y; prepared to regard as hilarious.
pipefan413: Were that it was. I'm sorry to say there is no chicanery in play at all today.
pipefan413: Though yes, that WOULD be quite the doozy. I believe the late, great Colonel would surely say we were cooking with petrol upon hearing such a whopper.
pipefan413: No, I am just an old woman looking for her son.
fedorafreak: understood, madame.
pipefan413: You remind me of him so. Would you mind terribly if I talked to you for a little while?
pipefan413: I am fearing the worst for my son, while my grandson has gone off to do great things. I've caught myself feeling a bit lonely, hoo.
fedorafreak: can imagine no greater pleasure.
fedorafreak: though, eyelids heavy.
fedorafreak: getting dark; feeling in extremities, fading.
pipefan413: Oh, but you must be exhausted from your travels! You poor thing.
pipefan413: Why don't you just lie there and rest? I will tell you a story.
fedorafreak: @pipefan413's kindly mother: ty
pipefan413: It is a fairy tale about a young sister and brother who were raised by a wicked witch!

## [o] ==>

**17/07/11**

```
Betty Crocker
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sriousbizpipefan413: The witch in truth was a world famous baking baroness. Her cruelty made life miserable for the two children, who did not have their father anymore to protect them.
pipefan413: He was the greatest prankster who ever lived, and a true southern gentleman. He was killed by a comet on the day the boy was born, and the wicked baroness raised them alone, with a hand as firm as that which she ran her brutal baking empire.
pipefan413: The children pledged to each other that one day they would run away together.
pipefan413: They followed in the footsteps of the dear colonel, in defiance of the old batterwitch. They studied his every jape, and practiced them in secret!
pipefan413: But as they grew older, their interests drifted apart. The boy developed a passion for adventure and put aside his study of practical jokes. He dreamed of wealth and fame and discovery and swore he would wander the world.
pipefan413: One day he decided to run away with the loyal dog he inherited from their father. He asked the girl if she would come along, but she was too scared of the retribution that might follow.
pipefan413: The boy scoffed at the danger, and assured his sister there was nothing to worry about. But he had not seen first hand what the baroness was capable of!
pipefan413: He told his sister that he believed in her, and that she could handle whatever the witch could throw at her. And with that, he was off, and she would never see him again.
pipefan413: The baroness would raise her very strictly, mentoring her in the art of baking. The girl took to the lessons with fierce determination. Her only act of defiance left was to one day surpass the baroness in skill, and beat her at her own game. It was all she could do, for the baroness made sure she knew there could be no escape.
pipefan413: The girl surely missed her brother, and soon enough he achieved fame for his exploits. She followed him in the newspapers, the tales of his remarkable discoveries, inventions, and riches. How she wished she could rejoin him, and be free from toiling for the pastry hag!
pipefan413: One day, the girl was able to gather enough bravery to mention her brother to the baroness, and her desire to see him again. With contempt, she guaranteed that this could never happen. When the girl asked why, that is when the baroness began to reveal to her more than just her baking secrets.
pipefan413: She mentioned that like in many fairy tales, there was more to the children's past than they knew. The colonel was not their father, nor was the baroness their mother. They in fact had no father or mother at all, nor were they ever actually born. They had both fallen from the sky! They were not actually brother and sister as they had been told either. Again like in many fairy tales, the truth was that they were always destined to become married one day. They were to have two children, a son and a daughter, and these children were meant to save the world! But the batterwitch was determined to make sure this destiny would never be realized. In her limitless cruelty she would do all in her power to keep them apart for the rest of their lives.
pipefan413: The girl that day swore she would bring down the baroness and her evil empire. She would use the many secrets she'd learned over the years against her, and began carefully plotting her downfall.
pipefan413: Years went by. The girl was nearly ready to put her plan into action. But then, just like that, the baroness disappeared. She was never seen or heard from again.
pipefan413: The girl was finally free, by a strange turn of events. But not without a final jab from the witch. It turned out that in her will she had left the entire company to the boy!
pipefan413: The boy, now a grown man, was already very wealthy in his own right. He had no particular need for the baking empire, but assumed control nonetheless, and integrated the company into his extensive collection of enterprises.

pipefan413: The girl, instead of seeing this as more misfortune, took the news as a relief. She'd just as soon have nothing to do with the witch's empire, and far preferred to pursue her original passion for practical japery. Hoo hoo hoo!
pipefan413: She considered a reunion with her estranged brother, and once destined husband to be. But the days of longing for a future with him seemed to be from another lifetime. The chance had come and gone. She was content to let him live his increasingly elaborate life, while she sought a simpler one.
pipefan413: Besides, now was not the time to revisit a destiny with an old star-crossed lover. She had recently become betrothed to a fine, upstanding gentleman. Soon, she would start a family. No, not one meant for heroism as foretold, but one that would make her happy nonetheless.
pipefan413: In following years, she was left to ponder all that might have been.
pipefan413: What might have been if there had been no baroness to keep the girl and boy apart?
pipefan413: What might have been if the baroness had not disappeared, and she had the opportunity to use her secrets against her!
pipefan413: For you see, the girl had uncovered so many dirty secrets about the terrible batterwitch, including the most troubling one of all.
pipefan413: Of course no one would have believed her, but she knew.
pipefan413: She knew the baroness was not human! :B
-- fedorafreak's gray, serviceable hand-held computing device's battery has died. --

**[o]**
**18/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**

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mission accomplished

Alert : ♠
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**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**

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Alert : CD

wtf?
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**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**

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so. dumb.

CD: friendly enemies are here.

? ? is still missing though ? ? ??? ? ? ?
? ? wait this thing is gone too........
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**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**

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ACTUAL MISSION

DEAD.
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**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**

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WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF
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**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**

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WV: ?
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**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**

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huge relief.
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**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**

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notice.
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**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**18/07/11**
**[o]**
**19/07/11**

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Alert : ♋
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pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG]
CG: WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING NOW.
GG: pw.
CG: SERIOUSLY, WHY DID YOU GO BACK TO SEE HER? YOU DIDN'T MENTION THIS LAST TIME.
GG: listen fuckass
GG: i am going to need a password before we continue
GG: plz <3
CG: RIGHT, OK.
CG: LET'S SEE IF I CAN REMEMBER, IT WAS PRETTY ELABORATE IF I RECALL, OK HERE GOES.
CG: I'M A DISGUSTING WORTHLESS BILGESACK ON THE GARGANTUAN TEAT OF A LABORING, LEPROUS MUSCLEBEAST. MY SELF ESTEEM IS SO SMALL, ITS

EXISTENCE IS A MATTER OF CONJECTURE AMONG THEORETICAL PHYSICISTS. I SMELL SO BAD, THE STENCH CANNOT BE EXPRESSED WITH EVEN THE MOST ELOQUENT, FLORID LANGUAGE. THE ODOR MY BODY MAKES HAS MADE POETS CRY. I HAVE WON SPECIAL AWARDS FOR DISCOVERING NEW PLACES TO TOUCH MYSELF EROTICALLY WHILE FARTING. I UNFAIRLY PULVERIZE THE COMPETITION IN ASSHOLE PAGEANTS, AND I HAVE RECEIVED A LIFETIME BAN FROM UGLY CONTESTS BY PRESIDENT SHITFACE HIMSELF. MY BLOOD IS NOT FIT TO FLOW THROUGH A SEWER, AND MY SIGN IS A PICTOGRAPHIC SYMBOL THAT LOOSELY TRANSLATES AS "PLEASE HIKE THESE PANTS UP TO THIS GUY'S ARMPITS, CHAIN HIM TO A FLOGGING JUT, AND MAKE A FUCKING EXAMPLE OUT OF THIS SORRY SACK OF SHIT." WHEN I LOOK IN A MIRROR, MY REFLECTION SLOWLY SHAKES HIS HEAD WHILE I WET MYSELF IN SHAME.
GG: ..... :|
CG: WHAT, THAT WAS IT, WASN'T IT. HOW WAS THAT NOT FUCKING IT, DID I FORGET AN APOSTROPHE SOMEWHERE?
GG: no karkat, that was not quite the password
GG: but you were on the right track :p
CG: CAN WE JUST TALK NOW
GG: do you even remember the right password?
CG: SOMETHING ALONG THE LINES OF GRATUITOUS SELF DEPRECATION FORCED INTO MY MOUTH, INVOLVING REFERENCE TO SOME KIND OF WEIRD HUMAN COUPLING RITUAL?
GG: youre being deliberately dumb
GG: it was...
GG: IF I HATE MYSELF SO MUCH, THEN WHY DON'T I HATEMARRY MYSELF?
GG: remember?
GG: i was just using the password system to poke a little fun at you, and you turn it into this whole overdramatic thing, jeeeeez.
CG: HAHA! WHEE.
CG: CAN WE GET DOWN TO FUCKING BUSINESS AGAIN?

## [o] ==>

**19/07/11**

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HUP!

CONSORT: thip
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pesterlogGG: i wonder if we will ever be able to start a conversation without having a ridiculous argument about the password system?
CG: IF YOU WOULD DROP THE PASSWORD SYSTEM AND LET FUTURE ME TALK TO YOU, HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU AN ANSWER.
CG: SPOILER: THE ANSWER WOULD BE NO, BECAUSE THE PASSWORDS ARE RETARDED.
GG: why would i want to do that??
GG: the only guy whos dumber than past karkat is future karkat, and vice versa!
GG: i have this on good authority from both sources
CG: I STILL THINK YOUR USE OF THE TERMS IS KIND OF ASININE, THERE REALLY IS

NO PAST OR FUTURE KARKAT FROM YOUR VIEW
CG: THERE'S KARKAT WHO KNOWS LESS STUFF AND KARKAT WHO KNOWS MORE STUFF. WHY NOT JUST GATHER THE FACTS FROM THE ONE WHO'S GOT THE LOWDOWN ALREADY?
CG: I MEAN, I'D DO IT MYSELF, BUT I CAN'T STAND THE GUY.
GG: you see, that is your problem
GG: okay, one of your many, many problems...
GG: you have no patience to do things the right way, youre always just looking for the shortcut!
GG: even if doing so has brought you nothing but trouble a hundred times before
GG: it is sort of funny that the only thing standing in your way is one of your other problems, your preposterous self loathing
GG: so you cant even trust your future self to help you cheat!
GG: its like you have so many problems, they cancel each other out
CG: THAT'S NOT THE ONLY THING STANDING IN MY WAY. YOUR STUPID PASSWORDS ARE ALSO STANDING IN MY WAY. IF NOT FOR THAT I COULD BE FAST TRACKING THIS TO SOLUTION CITY FOR US BOTH.
GG: exactly :D
CG: OK, WHATEVER, LET'S JUST GET ON WITH THIS "LINEAR CONVERSATION" OK?
GG: ok
CG: SO YOU GAVE ME THAT SILLY PASSWORD, AND WE ENDED OUR CONVERSATION A FEW MINUTES AGO FROM MY END
CG: AND I SCANNED AHEAD LOOKING FOR A GOOD MOMENT ON YOUR TIMELINE TO PICK IT UP AGAIN
CG: AND I NOTICE YOU WENT BACK TO SEE HER AGAIN FOR SOME REASON
GG: yes
CG: SO I'M JUST WONDERING WHY
CG: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE FROG BREEDING, I THOUGHT WE WERE ON A ROLL WITH THAT
GG: yes, we still are!
GG: this little detour was related to that task. we should be nearly done.
CG: WHAT WAS SHE EVEN SAYING TO YOU, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF THAT HORRIFYING GIBBERISH.
GG: i can understand her just fine!
CG: I STILL DON'T REALLY GET IT.
CG: WHY MY DENIZEN WAS SUCH A NIGHTMARE WHILE YOURS APPARENTLY GIVES YOU GUTTURAL PEP TALKS IN SOME BYZANTINE MONSTER LANGUAGE.
GG: we already talked about this
GG: echidna and i have an understanding now ;)
CG: OOH, VAGUE BULLSHIT, IT'S THE EXACT FUCKING THING I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF.
GG: well maybe if you werent in such a grumpy hurry all the time you wouldnt have killed your denizen so quickly
GG: you might have actually learned something!!!!!!
CG: HUGE UGLY MONSTERS ARE FOR KILLING, PERIOD.
GG: did you ever talk to kanaya about it?
CG: I DON'T REMEMBER, MAYBE?

CG: I'M A BUSY GUY, JADE. I TALK TO A LOT OF PEOPLE ABOUT A LOT OF STUFF, INCLUDING MYSELF.
GG: her situation was very similar to mine
CG: I THOUGHT SHE KILLED HER DENIZEN TO LIGHT THE FORGE OR SOMETHING
GG: it doesnt sound like you got the whole story
GG: or maybe you just werent listening to her :p
CG: WELL I SURE DON'T THINK IT WAS WHATEVER YOU DID
CG: AND IN ANY CASE I THOUGHT ALL THAT WAS OVER WITH
CG: WHY ARE YOU BACK, WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH FROG BREEDING?
GG: this was kanayas suggestion
CG: KANAYA'S STILL HELPING YOU?
GG: yes!
GG: im talking to her right now actually
CG: OH
CG: I SEE HER ACROSS THE ROOM, SHE'S NOT TALKING TO ANYONE ON A COMPUTER NOW.
GG: durrr, of course not, shes from a different time than you genius
CG: WHICH TIME
GG: a few hours in your future!
CG: AH, I SEE HOW IT IS.
CG: YOU WON'T TALK TO FUTURE KARKAT UNTIL I JUMP THROUGH YOUR FUCKING PASSWORD HOOPS AND BECOME HIM EVENTUALLY
CG: BUT YOU'LL TALK TO FUTURE KANAYA JUST LIKE THAT. DOUBLE STANDARD ANYBODY??? JADE SAYS YES PLEASE.
GG: you are so ridiculous, i have kanaya using the same password system as you
GG: she is just a little further ahead on my timeline is all
GG: it would be pretty hard to keep you both synced up!
CG: I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T WANT SHIT SPOILED FROM THE FUTURE THOUGH.
GG: yeah, from MY future, i dont want you guys telling me the things i do before i do them because you talked to future me!
GG: but knowing a few things about your future doesnt really matter, NOT that i am going to tell you any of it, so dont ask
CG: I THINK I AM ON THE VERGE OF BECOMING A RELIGIOUS PERSON, I JUST DON'T KNOW WHERE ELSE TO TURN TO REMOVE THE AWESOME SUFFERING THAT TROLLIAN'S TEMPORAL CHAT BULLSHIT MIRACULOUSLY CONTINUES TO INFLICT ON ME.
CG: MAYBE THE MIRTHFUL MESSIAHS WILL COME AND TAKE MY PAIN AWAY?? OH YES, THAT SOUNDS HEAVENLY.
CG: JADE, PLEASE EXCUSE ME WHILE I GO PAINT MY FACE TO OUTWARDLY REFLECT THE BEAUTY OF MY INNER AWAKENING, AND DRUB MY THINK PAN MERCILESSLY TO REDUCE MY INTELLIGENCE TO THE LEVEL NECESSARY TO SUSTAIN THESE BELIEFS.
GG: siiign, what are you even talking about?
CG: ARE WE ALMOST DONE CRAFTING THIS "MASTER PLAN"?
CG: I HAVE STUFF TO ATTEND TO HERE. MY TEAM IS FALLING APART.
CG: AND I CAN'T FIND GAMZEE ANYWHERE. I'M WORRIED HE MIGHT HAVE

WANDERED OFF SOMEWHERE AND GOT HURT.
GG: aw
GG: well...
GG: youll find him
CG: I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T TELLING ME ABOUT MY FUTURE.
GG: i know, i made an exception
GG: but only one!
CG: LET'S MOVE THIS ALONG. JUST UPDATE ME ON THE FROGS, AND GIVE ME A NEW PASSWORD, OK?
GG: kanaya thinks we should all talk about this
GG: she says youre important to consult on the matter, but the you from her time is too busy
CG: BUSY WITH WHAT?
GG: :x!!!!!
GG: she is opening a memo

## [o] ==>

**22/07/11**

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CLICK THE PANELS!
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## [o]

**22/07/11**

pesterlogPAST carcinoGeneticist [PCG] 03:14 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PCG: OH GOD, HE'S STILL FOLLOWING YOU?
PCG: THAT IS SO MESSED UP.
?GG: yeah...
?GG: its ok though. as long as he is tailing me like a lost puppy, at least hes not killing anybody
PCG: DON'T TRUST HIM JADE, I'M TELLING YOU. HE IS A STAB HAPPY PLANET EXPLODING ASSHOLE.
PCG: REMEMBER WHAT HE DID TO DAVE? IT WAS LIKE THIS WHOLE EPISODE, YOU HAD A HYSTERICAL EPISODE ABOUT IT, REMEMBER?
?GG: i remember the episode!!!
?GG: but hes ok now
?GG: and im kind of starting to think that was just his way of saying hi
?GG: my dog used to fetch my bullets too!
?GG: i really think he believes he is my dog, on some level
PCG: JUST DON'T TURN YOUR BACK ON HIM, JADE.
PCG: DON'T TURN YOUR BACK ON THE PUPPY.
?GG: dont worry, im keeping my eye on him
?GG: aaaaaa no no no, bad jack, bad!!!!!!

## [o] ==>

**22/07/11**

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strife specibus

paperkind
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WAP WAP WAP
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pesterlogPCG: HE REALLY SEEMS TO HATE FROGS.
?GG: yeah...
?GG: the poor froggies :(
PCG: MY JACK HAD THIS IRRATIONAL THING AGAINST FROGS TOO.
PCG: I MEAN MY NORMAL JACK. NOT PSYCHOPATH OMNIPOJACK.
FGA: Derse Agents Are Heavily Predisposed Toward The Murder And Desecration Of Amphibious Lifeforms And Their Iconography Respectively
FGA: Frequently I Had To Thwart Assassination Attempts From Their Kingdom
FGA: Or Extermination Attempts Is Probably Better To Say
?GG: youre probably right, they really seem to drive him crazy
?GG: this is not the first time i have had to reprimand him
PCG: WAIT, DID HE FOLLOW YOU INTO THE PALACE TOO JUST NOW?
PCG: IS THAT WHO YOU WERE YELLING AT?
?GG: he was growling at echidna and i had to tell him he was being very bad
?GG: he destroyed some of her really nice statues too
?GG: keeping him in line really makes me miss bec, he was such a good dog
?GG: not to mention a best friend
?GG: jack is just...
FGA: Bad Dog
FGA: Worst Enemy
?GG: exactly
PCG: I DON'T LIKE THIS A FUCKING BIT, IT MAKES ME REALLY NERVOUS.
PCG: YOU JUST CHILLING WITH AN UNSPEAKABLY POWERFUL MASS MURDERER WITH THE BRAIN OF A WILD ANIMAL WHO'S ABOUT TO HOP SESSIONS AND TRY TO KILL ALL OF US IN A FEW HOURS.
PCG: AND WHAT WERE YOU EVEN DOING THERE AGAIN, YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME.
?GG: huh?
PCG: THE PALACE.

## [o] ==>

**22/07/11**

pesterlogFGA: I Recommended She Return To Her Denizen For Advice
PCG: ABOUT WHAT
FGA: The Location Of The Final Frog Required To Complete The Gene Sequence
FGA: One Whose Song Should Remove The Last Traces Of Dissonance From The Waveform
FGA: The Creature Is Quite Elusive Remember
PCG: OH YEAH
PCG: YOU WERE SEARCHING FOR WEEKS
FGA: Yes
PCG: AND YOU NEVER FOUND IT
FGA: I Had A Good Lead
FGA: But You Decided There Was Not Enough Time Left To Bother With It
PCG: THE RECKONING HAD STARTED.

PCG: WE HAD TO KILL THE KING.
FGA: Understood But This Was A Matter That Really Did Require Your Attention
PCG: YEAH I KNOW, BUT MAYBE I WAS SICK TO FUCKING DEATH OF MUDDLING AROUND WITH FROGS AND THEIR CACOPHONOUS GODDAMN RIBBITS AND MIXING THEIR SLIME AND SHIT.
PCG: I'M NOT AN ECTO SCIENTIST NO MATTER HOW MANY GRUBS WHO TURNED OUT TO BE US THE GAME MADE ME ACCIDENTALLY MAKE.
?GG: but you are a programmer arent you? that is at least kind of like being a scientist, having some technical savvy...
PCG: I WAS A SHITTY PROGRAMMER. AND ANYWAY I ONLY PROGRAMMED VIRUSES.
PCG: SHITTY VIRUSES.
PCG: I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO BE A SLIME TECHNICIAN OR A FROG FARMER OR A MYSTICAL FUCKING CROAK DECODER. I'M A WARRIOR AND A LEADER AND A COLD BLOODED KILLER.
?GG: we know! you are clearly very good at being all of those things
?GG: but now we need your help with frog science. can you help us?

## [o] ==>

**22/07/11**

pesterlogPCG: HOW LONG WILL THIS TAKE
PCG: I DON'T MIND HELPING BUT I HAVE MAJOR LEADERSHIP DUTIES TO ATTEND TO HERE.
FGA: Yes I Know The Team Is Falling Apart And Everything
FGA: But Doing This Was Your Duty Too
FGA: And After A Point Of Critical Complication There Is Only So Much Responsibility You Can Take For The Actions Of Your Team
PCG: KANAYA, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
PCG: WHAT HAPPENS IN THE FUTURE, ARE YOU GIVING ME SOME ASSURANCE THAT THINGS WILL WORK OUT?
PCG: BECAUSE RIGHT NOW I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE HELL ANYBODY IS.
FGA: The Future
FGA: Um
FGA: Okay Im A Vampire Now Apparently If That Helps
PCG: WHAT THE FUCK IS A VAMPIRE
?GG: shhhhhhhshhhshhshshsh.....
?GG: SHOOSH
?GG: no future talk!!! lets stay on topic
PCG: OH MY GOD WHY CAN'T I GET A STRAIGHT FUCKING ANSWER TO A THING, IT'S A SIMPLE QUESTION
?GG: kanaya means she is a very pretty girl with pointy fangs who has a bright sunny complexion and wears fancy dresses
PCG: THANKS, THAT CLEARED EVERYTHING JUST RIGHT THE HELL UP!
?GG: and...
?GG: she drinks blood >_>
PCG: OH
PCG: YOU MEAN A RAINBOW DRINKER

PCG: YEAH, I ALREADY KNOW ABOUT HER TRASHY NOVEL FANTASIES.
PCG: ARE WE DONE SHITTING AROUND
FGA: They Arent Trashy
?GG: hee hee
PCG: YES, HILARIOUS.
PCG: I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE TO BELIEVE YOU BECAUSE SKEPTICISM IN THIS SITUATION IS FOR IDIOTS RIGHT?
PCG: IF I SAID "YEAH RIGHT! IF THERE'S A DRINKER IN THIS HIVE I'LL EAT MY COCOON!" I'D BE LIKE THE DUMB LUSUS IN THE MOVIE WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE THE KID WHEN HE TELLS IT THERE'S A RAINBOW DRINKER IN THE CLOSET.
PCG: SO I GUESS BY REVERSE PSYCHOLOGY I SHOULD NOT BE THAT DUMBASS, YELL "OH FUCK", AND TELL EVERYONE TO GET IN THE SCUTTLEBUGGY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
PCG: WELL FAT CHANCE, I'M NOT FALLING FOR IT.
FGA: That Sounds Like A Stupid Movie
PCG: HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE ANYWAY, DID YOU SEE HER IN ONE OF YOUR AFTERLIFE BUBBLES?
?GG: yup :)
PCG: WHY? WHEN??
?GG: karkat...
?GG: that information qualifies as.....
?GG: FUTURE STUFF!
PCG: JUST
PCG: I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE, SHIT IS GETTING AWAY FROM ME
PCG: THE MORE TIME GOES BY WITHOUT WORD FROM GAMZEE THE MORE I WORRY
PCG: AND THE MORE I FEEL LIKE SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED
PCG: OR WILL HAPPEN
PCG: I SHOULD GO.
?GG: no wait! just please listen a little longer?
FGA: Yes Staying Would Be Better
FGA: Trust Me That This Was And Still Is A Very Important Thing For You To Have Done And Still Do
FGA: Maybe Even The Most Important
PCG: FINE.
PCG: BUT LET'S MOVE IT ALONG.
PCG: DID ECHIDNA TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND THIS FROG?

## [o] ==>

**22/07/11**

pesterlog?GG: not exactly...
?GG: she just helped me remember
PCG: REMEMBER WHAT?
?GG: something from my past
?GG: if i accepted her terms
FGA: What Were Her Terms You Never Did Tell Me
?GG: yeah because you never told me yours!!!

FGA: Oh
FGA: I Just Thought It Wasnt That Important Or Interesting
FGA: Since Karkat Thought The Battle Was More Pressing Than To Wait For Me To Locate Another Frog
FGA: Also
FGA: What She Asked Me To Do Was Impossible
FGA: So
FGA: Yeah
?GG: hmm
?GG: yeah she made me promise to do something that sounds impossible too
?GG: except.....
?GG: i actually agreed :o
?GG: i have no idea how im going to keep my side of the bargain, now that i think about it
PCG: EXCUSE ME.
PCG: REMEMBER
PCG: FUCKING
PCG: WHAT.
?GG: oh right
?GG: where the last frog is!
?GG: or was...
?GG: the thing is
?GG: the frog we need is nowhere to be found in the medium
?GG: it was on earth!
?GG: but only very briefly
?GG: it was when i was young
?GG: before i woke up on prospit
?GG: i had begun sleep walking
?GG: both on the island and on the moon
?GG: and in my dream it was very bright
?GG: i saw something in the light
?GG: i couldnt tell what it was so i got closer

## [o] ==>

**22/07/11**

pesterlog?GG: but before i got there i woke up
?GG: and found myself by the lagoon surrounding the ruins

## [o] ==>

**22/07/11**

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-IFICATE
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pesterlog?GG: i was about to walk home
?GG: when i saw something appear on a lily pad
?GG: it was a frog!
?GG: an amazing shiny frog, not like any other ive seen in the lagoon

**[o] ==>**
**22/07/11**
pesterlog?GG: it hopped over to me and i picked it up
?GG: but then, just like that...

**[o] ==>**
**22/07/11**
pesterlog?GG: it died

**[o] ==>**
**22/07/11**

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Betty Crocker
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pesterlog?GG: later my grandpa made a robot for me to help me with my sleep walking
?GG: it could do all the walking while i stayed safe in bed!
?GG: it could also record my dreams
?GG: i am sure he always knew my dreams were going to be special
?GG: i suspect he knew it before i was even born

**[o] ==>**
**22/07/11**
pesterlogPCG: OK GREAT, SO IT'S THERE ON THE MONITOR, PROBLEM SOLVED
PCG: YOU JUST APPEARIFY ITS GHOST IMPRINT, MIX IT WITH YOUR CURRENT EVOLUTION'S PARADOX SLIME, SMOOTH OUT THE GENETIC WAVEFORM, TADPOLIFY BILIOUS SLICK, AND YOU'RE DONE.
?GG: hopefully!
PCG: SO YOU DIDN'T REMEMBER SEEING THIS FROG WHEN YOU WERE A KID AT ALL?
?GG: no, it completely slipped my mind
PCG: HOW DID SHE GET YOU TO REMEMBER?
PCG: I MEAN, WHAT DID SHE MAKE YOU AGREE TO?
?GG: well, like it was before
?GG: the choices she gives you seem to have to do with facing mortality
?GG: and making it clear if you choose one path over another it will lead to your death
?GG: and that your death may even be necessary to accomplish a goal
FGA: Yes Ive Inferred Their Ultimata Are All Personalized Variations On The Presentation Of Such Dilemmas
?GG: yeah
?GG: but
?GG: that is not really what made this hard
?GG: i mean
?GG: nobody wants to die of course
?GG: but at least...
?GG: that is a clear thing
?GG: you either do you you dont
?GG: you know?
PCG: YOU SAID WHAT SHE ASKED WAS IMPOSSIBLE.

?GG: it might be
FGA: What Were Her Demands
?GG: she said
?GG: that if i accepted her help
?GG: that i would have to make a promise
?GG: that whenever we left this place
?GG: and wherever we end up going
?GG: she had to come
PCG: HUH?
?GG: not just echidna but all the denizens
?GG: their palaces their consorts their lands...
?GG: everything
?GG: i have to bring them all with us

## [o]

**24/07/11**

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Alert : ♉
Alert : ♑
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pesterlogTC: If mOtHeRfUcKiN MaGiC'S AlL We'vE EvEr kNoWn aT
TC: ThEn iT'S EaSy tO Be mIsSiN WhAt bE FuCkIn tHe hApS
TC: BuT I'M AlL ScOpIn aT MiRaClEs tHaT ArE Up iN ThE AiR
TC: GoT My sEe oN Of mIrAcLeS, tHeY'Re hErE AnD ThEy'rE ThErE
TC: I Be cHeCkIn tHe mIrAcLeS WhIlE FaLlInG DoWn sTaIrS
TC: SeEn tHe sHiT OuT A MiRaClEs tHaT ArE AlL BeInG Up aT BaSiCaLlY PrEtTy mUcH EvErYwHeRe, FuCk...
TC: OcEaNs oF FaYgO FuCkIn gLiTtEr lIkE SpAcE
TC: A FiSt fUlL Of sTaRdUsT'S WhAt's pOoFiN My fAcE
TC: A MiLlIoN HoRnS HoNkIn rAcKeTs iN PiLeS
TC: A OnE WhEeL DeViCe wHaT CaN RoCkEt iN StYlE
TC: Is sHiT ThAt wHaT I WiSh fOr
TC: BeCaUsE... (MoThErFuCkIn cHoRuS BrO)
TC: I'M AlL A FiRm bElIeVeR At tHe mIrAcLeS
TC: Do yOu hAvE TiMe fOr mY MiRaClEs, BrOtHeR :o)
TC: Do yOu gEt yOuR NoTiCe oN Of tHe mIrAcLeS
TC: So mAnY FuCkIn mIrAcLeS, tHe mAgIc mOtHeRfUcKiN MiRaClEs
TC: HoNk.
AT: oHH,
AT: hAHA, oH YEAH, tHAT WAS,
AT: sOO STRICT,
TC: AhAhA, yEaH, bRo?
AT: mOST DEFINITELY, yOUR RHYMES,
AT: tHEY ARE RUTHLESSLY DISCIPLINARY, aND MY HEAR DUCTS HAVE BEEN NAUGHTY,
AT: i THINK,
AT: tHEY ARE NAUGHTY FOR MORE, }:)
TC: MoThErFuCk dUdE, yOu bEsT UnDeRsTaNd i gOt mOrE SlAmS In mE.

TC: ThEy bE As fOrEvEr aS My lImItLeSs fAiTh iN AlL My bElIeViNgS AnD ShIt.
AT: }:O
TC: BuT WhAt i mOtHeRfUcKiN NeEd, My bRoThEr...
TC: AsIdE Of pLoWiNg nOsE FuCkInG FiRsT InTo a bItChIn pAn oF TeNaCiOuS MuCiLaGe
TC: Is tO ChEcK OuT WhAt sLaMs yOu cAn sTiCk iN My dUcTs!
AT: yEAHHH,
AT: oH YEAH, tHESE MOST ENTIRELY CAN BE PROVIDED,
AT: tHEY CAN BE DROPPED STRAIGHT INTO THE ORIFICES YOU MENTIONED,
TC: HaHa, FuCkIn dRoP It bRo!
TC: DrOp iT LiKe yOu sPaCeD OuT AnD FoRgOt yOu wErE HoLdInG It iN ThE FiRsT MoThErFuCkIn pLaCe.
AT: yOU BROUGHT UP A PAN, uH,
AT: iN THAT LAST sTAN, zA
AT: bUT THE ONE i'M A FAN, oF
AT: iS THE PAN HANDLED PUP, a,
TC: ShIiIiIiIiIiIt.
AT: yES, sHIT, iS A LEGIT,
AT: tHING TO SAY ABOUT IT,
AT: aBOUT THE PAN WITH THE MANGRIT,
AT: oN WHOM i NOW SLAM IT,
TC: SlAm iT LiKe a fUcKiN DoOr bY AcCiDeNt oN SoMeThInG ThAt hUrTs!!!
TC: HoNkHoNkHoNkHoNkHoNk.
AT: yOU CAN'T HANDLE MY SLAMS,
AT: wELL, uNLESS WHEN YOU CAN,
AT: iN WHICH CASE, tHAT'S COOL, uH
AT: i JUST SERVE UP THE HOOPLA,
AT: tO GOAT NOSES, tHAT ARE HOOPLESS, }:o)
AT: aBOUT THE PAN, wHO'S CALLED PUPA,
AT: iN THE CASE YOU WERE CLUELESS,
AT: aBOUT THE PAN WHO CAN MAN, uP,
AT: aND IS ABLE TO STAND, uP,
AT: oN LEGS uNLIKE MINE, wHICH,
AT: aRE FUNCTIONALLY USELESS,
TC: GoD DaAaAaAaAaAaAaMn. YoU ArE DeAlIn sOmE HeArTy rEpRoAcH ToNiGhT.
TC: FlYiNg fUcKiN HiGh, MaN.
TC: HiGhEr tHaN A LaUgHsAsSiN Up oN ThE MoThErFuCkIn gRiEf tRaPeZe.
TC: HiGhEr tHaN A SuBjUgGlAtOr gEtTiN HiS WeEp oN FoR ThE VaSt hOnK I BeLiEvE In tO CoMe.
AT: hAHA, i WISH, }:)
TC: No bRo i'm sErIoUs, YoUr rHyMeS ArE FlY As tHe mOsT WiCkEd pIeCe oF ShIt a mIrAcLe eVeR ToOk iN ThE SkY.
TC: SoMeOnE ClIp tHeIr mOtHeRfUcKiN WiNgS So i sTaNd a cHaNcE! wHoOpS, i mEaN SiT A ChAnCe, FuCk...
AT: tHE ONLY THING MORE FLY THAN THE RHYMES,
AT: i'M SAYING TO EXPRESS ALL MY MALICES,
AT: iS THE ABILITY HE HAD i WISH WAS MINE,

AT: iNSTEAD OF i GUESS, THIS EXCESSIVE PARALYSIS,
TC: (lOoK OuT FoR ThE HoOk bRo!!!)
TC: GeT OfFa tHoSe wHeElS, gEt oFfA ThOsE WhEeLs.
TC: If mIrAcLeS ArEn't fAkE He'lL GeT OfFa tHoSe wHeElS!
AT: bUT HIGH, iN THIS CASE, hAS DOUBLE THE MEANING,
AT: iT MEANS HE CAN FLY, pLUS DOES HIGH SELF ESTEEMING,
AT: tHAT'S TWO THINGS HE HAS, tHAT i'D RATHER WERE MINE,
AT: hIS TWO FLAPPY WINGS, aND hIS BIG HEALTHY SPINE,
AT: oOPS,
AT: tHAT'S THREE THINGS,,,
TC: GeT OfFa tHoSe wHeElS, gEt oFfA ThOsE WhEeLs.
TC: If mIrAcLeS ArEn't fAkE He'lL GeT OfFa tHoSe wHeElS!
AT: uSING MY LEAST USELESS FOOT,
AT: tO KICK IT BACK OVER TO YOU, fRIEND,
TC: ShIiIt,
AT: sLAM IT, uHH, lIKE, tHE DOOR IN THE FACE OF A CULLING DRONE,
AT: lET'S PRETEND THAT'S A REAL POSSIBILITY, aND NOT INVITATION TO AN EVEN MORE PAINFUL DEATH, jUST FOR THE SAKE OF THAT EXPRESSION,
TC: MoThErFuCk iT, mOtHeRfUcKeR!
TC: PuRe mAgIc iS AlL WhEn tHeRe bE HaTcHiN Of gRuBs
TC: I'Ve sEeN ShIt tHaT WoUlD ShOcK YoUr lOoKsTuBs
TC: I PeEpEd oN A PlAcE Of 6 tRiLlIoN HeMoS
TC: AlL Up aT OnE RoCk, BlEeDiNg aS EqUaLs
TC: It's eAsY To sEe iF YoU SeArCh aLl yOuR FeElInS
TC: ThAt pEaCe hApPeNs fIrSt, AnD MuRdEr's tHe sEqUeL
TC: It's tHe bEaUtY Of tHe cArNiVaL, tHe mAgIc's iN TeNtS
TC: FuCkIn dArKnEsS OuTsIdE, bUt tHe lIgHt mAkEs yOu wInCe
TC: JuSt tAkE My mOtHeR FuCkIn hAnD BrO
TC: PuT On yOuR ShAdEs, PuLl bAcK ThE FlAp
TC: AnD GeT OfFa tHoSe wHeElS!!!
AT: oKAY, i DID,
AT: nOW i'M ON THE FLOOR, mOTIONLESS, iN A TERRIBLE WAY,
AT: sO i GOT BACK ON THE WHEELS, iT WAS,
AT: i NICE THOUGHT THOUGH,
TC: HaHaHa fUcK MoThErFuCkIn yEaH!
TC: LeT'S TaKe tHiS NiNjA-tItTiEd BiTcH BaCk tO ThE HiVe wItH ThE ChOrUs...
TC: ToGeThEr mY MiRaClE BrOtHeR!
AT: yES,
TC: I'M AlL A FiRm bElIeVeR At tHe mIrAcLeS
AT: dO YOU HAVE TIME FOR, mY MIRACLES, rELIGIOUS FRIEND, }:)
TC: Do yOu gEt yOuR NoTiCe oN Of tHe mIrAcLeS
AT: sO MANY, uH, gRATUITOUS EXPLETIVE, mIRACLES, tHE MAGIC MOTHER, aLSO eXPLETIVE, mIRACLES,
TC: FuCk yEs, HeReS WhErE ThE SlAm tUrNs tO NoThIn bUt hOnKs...
TC: HoNk hOnK HoNk hOnK HoNk hOnK HoNk
TC: HoNk hOnK HoNk hOnK HoNk hOnK HoNk

AT: HONK,
TC: FuUuUuUuUuUuUuUuUuCk!
AT: iT'S LESS APPROPRIATE FOR ME TO DO THE HONKS, tHAN YOU, bUT THAT WAS STILL GREAT,
TC: YeAh, BrO. yEaH!!!
AT: tHE SLAMS WERE TRULY PRIME, aND,
AT: yOUR RELIGIOUS VIEWS, tHOUGH i DON'T SHARE THEM, aRE,
AT: rEASONABLY INSPIRATIONAL,
AT: i THINK i'M IN THE PROCESS OF RELEASING AT LEAST ONE TEAR,
TC: Me tOo, BrO, yOu mOtHeR FuCkIn kNoW ThErE Be sOmE Of mY EyE's RoYaL JeLlY To gO WiTh yOuR EmOtIoNaL pEaNuT BuTtEr.
AT: wHOA, aHA, hA,
TC: ThIs iS BeAuTiFuL, dUdE, i fEeL So aT ChIlL WiTh yOu.
AT: yEAH, fRIENDLINESS WITH YOU IS, pRETTY MUCH ALWAYS NICE, aND FUN TO HAVE,
TC: HeY...
TC: WhEn wE Up aNd sTaRt tO KiCk aT ThIs rEd TeAm NoIsE,
TC: YoU ShOuLd mAkE YoUr wAy tO GeT YoUr hAnG On aT My hIvE.
AT: oH, yES, tOTALLY,
TC: We cOuLd sPlIt a tIn oF ThE PiMpEsT SnEeZe i gOt oN HaNd, BaKeD Up aLl sPeCiAl fOr yOu.
TC: AnD ThEn mAyBe mAkE OuT A LiTtLe.
AT: uH,
TC: ;o)
AT: ,
AT: ,,

**[o] ==>**
**24/07/11**

```
TAVROS: ?♥ ?♥ ?♥ ♥
```

pesterlogAT: ,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

**[o]**
**24/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**24/07/11**

```
Alert : Liv
```

**[o] ==>**
**24/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**24/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**24/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**24/07/11**
**[o] ==>**
**24/07/11**
**[o]**
**25/07/11**

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BANG BANG BANG
```

**[o] ==>**
**25/07/11**

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BANG BANG BANG
```

**[o] ==>**
**25/07/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

Oh shut up.

**[o]**
**25/07/11**
pesterlogAA: hey what are you doing out here!
TA: 0ut where?
AA: out of your bubble
TA: oh, i dunn0.
TA: am i not supp0sed to leave?
AA: i just didnt think you could
AA: i guess you must have a foot on either side
AA: cant say im surprised!
TA: uh, ok.
TA: s0 what are you d0ing out here?

**[o] ==>**
**25/07/11**
pesterlogAA: i am waiting for friends to arrive
AA: they will need my help
TA: what friends?
TA: m0re ghosts?
AA: no theyre alive
AA: first
AA: there will be two humans
AA: they should be joining us any minute

TA: first?
TA: then what?
AA: then rest of our party
AA: the survivors
TA: 0h
TA: so then, we made it 0ut here alright.
AA: yes
AA: well
AA: they made it
AA: your body will arrive with them
AA: along with the others
AA: hey maybe we can have a funeral!
TA: whats a funeral?
AA: kind of like
AA: a big corpse party
AA: the humans could probably explain it better than me
TA: ok, c0ol.

## [o] ==>

**25/07/11**

pesterlogTA: SHIT, it's s0 bright, how can y0u stand it here?
AA: you can see the sun?
TA: yeah, i can see it.
TA: but..
TA: it lo0ks 2d.

## [o] ==>

**25/07/11**

pesterlogTA: O_0

## [o] ==>

**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

CLICK THE PANELS!

YOU THINK
YOU'RE
SOOOOO
COOL...

bro.
SLOPPY M4K3OUTS.
NOW.
on the roof.
H3 H3 H3 >:o]
```

## [o]
**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

YOU-
YOU'RE
SOOOOO
COOL...

bro.
SLOPPY M4K3OUTS.
NOW.
on the roof.
H3 H3 H3 >:o]
```

pesterlogPAST carcinoGeneticist [PCG] 01:34 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PCG: JADE?
PCG: ARE YOU STILL RESPONDING TO THIS MEMO?

## [o] ==>
**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: I GUESS I DON'T HAVE MUCH ENERGY LEFT TO ARGUE ABOUT PASSWORDS.
PCG: I DIDN'T EVEN GET A PASSWORD LAST TIME.
PCG: I HAD TO LEAVE ABRUPTLY BECAUSE SOLLUX AND ERIDAN STARTED DUELING AGAIN.
PCG: AND THEN FEFERI AND KANAYA...
PCG: IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST.
PCG: AND NOW GAMZEE IS HUNTING US ALL DOWN IN MURDER MODE.
PCG: HE'S BEEN TAUNTING ME THROUGH OTHER PEOPLE'S MESSAGING DEVICES.
PCG: AND LEAVING ME DISTURBING NOTES.
PCG: I'M SURE OTHERS MUST BE DEAD BY NOW.
PCG: AND NOW SOLLUX IS BLIND AND I LOST TRACK OF HIM SOMEHOW.
PCG: I HEARD A STRAY HONK AND I RAN AND WE GOT SEPARATED AND
PCG: I'M STARTING TO THINK
PCG: THAT THIS MUST BE A DOOMED TIMELINE
PCG: THAT'S WHY I CAN'T GET IN TOUCH WITH ANYONE
PCG: THEY MUST BE DROPPING LIKE BEHEMOTH LEAVINGS OUT THERE.
PCG: AND THAT MUST BE WHY
PCG: FUTURE KANAYA WAS TALKING IN THIS MEMO
PCG: BUT NOW SHE'S DEAD...
PCG: WHICH MAKES THAT IMPOSSIBLE.
PCG: IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN THIS WAY.
PCG: GAMZEE ISN'T SUPPOSED TO GO CRAZY.
PCG: I THINK IF HE DOES
PCG: IT MEANS WE FUCKED SOMETHING UP.
PCG: IT MEANS *I* FUCKED SOMETHING UP.

PCG: HE'S MY RESPONSIBILITY, I HAVE TO MAKE SURE HE'S SAFE.
PCG: AND I DIDN'T DO THAT.
PCG: ONE TIME, ONE OF THE DOOMED ARADIAS TOLD ME SHE CAME FROM A TIME WHERE HE FLIPPED OUT AND KILLED EVERYBODY, BECAUSE OF MY FAILURE.
PCG: I DIDN'T TAKE HER SERIOUSLY, BUT I SHOULD HAVE.
PCG: SHE WAS CONSTANTLY FIXING MY FUCKUPS.
PCG: ROBOTS FROM THE FUTURE ALWAYS COMING BACK TO TELL ME HOW SOME HASTY SHIT I DID WITH FROG BREEDING OR WHATEVER WOULD MAKE IT BE IMPOSSIBLE TO WIN.
PCG: MY OWN PERSONAL MISTAKES PROBABLY ACCOUNTED FOR MORE DOOMED ARADIABOTS THAN ANYTHING ELSE.
PCG: WHICH WAS SORT OF A SILVER LINING I GUESS? I DON'T THINK WE WOULD HAVE BEATEN THE KING WITHOUT HER ARMY.
PCG: NOT THAT IT MATTERS ANYMORE.
PCG: I'VE OBVIOUSLY BECOME JUST ANOTHER GUY IN A DOOMED TIMELINE WATCHING EVERYONE AROUND HIM DIE.
PCG: I WAS JUST SITTING HERE WONDERING WHAT I COULD HAVE DONE WRONG THIS TIME
PCG: TO MAKE THE TIMELINE TAKE A WRONG TURN
PCG: AND PINPOINTING IT SEEMED OVERWHELMING SINCE I'VE MADE MORE TERRIBLE DECISIONS THAN I CAN EVEN COUNT.
PCG: BUT
PCG: I THINK LOOKING BACK
PCG: I KNOW WHAT IT IS NOW.

## [o] ==>

**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

TROLLIAN

Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines


Bulletin Board : The Dropper Nest

PAST carcinoGeneticist [PCG] 01:34 HOURS AGO responded to memo.
PCG: JADE?
PCG: ARE YOU STILL RESPONDING TO THIS MEMO?
PCG: I GUESS I DON'T HAVE MUCH ENERGY LEFT TO ARGUE ABOUT PASSWORDS.
PCG: I DIDN'T EVEN GET A PASSWORD LAST TIME.
PCG: I HAD TO LEAVE ABRUPTLY BECAUSE SOLLUX


viewing : gardenGnostic
```

pesterlogPCG: IT WAS BEFORE WE GOT TRAPPED ON THIS METEOR
PCG: BEFORE JACK SHOWED UP
PCG: BEFORE WE BEAT THE KING

PCG: AND I WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW, JADE.
PCG: THAT NO MATTER WHAT I SAID, I THINK THE FINAL FROG MUST BE IMPORTANT.
PCG: AND KANAYA, IF YOU'RE READING THIS SOMEWHERE IN THE PAST MAYBE...
PCG: I'M SORRY, YOU WERE RIGHT.
PCG: I WAS ALWAYS IN SUCH A HURRY TO WIN, I DIDN'T TAKE THE TIME TO DO WHAT WAS NECESSARY.
PCG: BILIOUS SLICK NEEDED THE GENES OF THAT FROG, AND BECAUSE I HALF ASSED THIS SO BAD EVERYONE IS GOING TO DIE.

**[o] ==>**
**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: SEE, I WAS THINKING
PCG: ABOUT JACK, AND HOW HE CAN'T STAND FROGS.
PCG: AND I THINK I FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON.
PCG: I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN AT THE END OF OUR TIMELINES.
PCG: I THINK I KNOW WHAT THE CRITICAL MOMENT IS.
PCG: AND IT'S COMPLETELY MY FAULT.

**[o] ==>**
**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: ECTOBIOLOGY IS A TOUCHY THING.

**[o] ==>**
**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE BUILDING THE GENETIC CODE FOR AN ENTIRE UNIVERSE.

**[o] ==>**
**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: OUR GENESIS FROG NEEDED THE GENES FROM THAT FINAL FROG.

**[o] ==>**
**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: BUT BECAUSE I WAS IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO DO THE JOB RIGHT

**[o] ==>**
**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: HE'S MISSING A CRITICAL SEQUENCE IN HIS DNA.

**[o] ==>**

**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: SO WHEN WE MADE HIM, AND WATCHED HIM GROW IN THE MIDDLE OF SKAIA

**[o] ==>**

**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: AND AFTER ALL THE FIREWORKS AND FANFARE FROM THE VAST CROAK HAD SUBSIDED

**[o] ==>**

**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: I KIND OF FELT LIKE HE DIDN'T LOOK SO GOOD.

**[o] ==>**

**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: LIKE HE WAS SICK.

**[o] ==>**

**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: I THINK I GAVE HIM CANCER.

**[o] ==>**

**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: I GAVE YOUR WHOLE UNIVERSE CANCER, JADE.

**[o] ==>**

**02/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: SORRY.

**[o] ==>**

**03/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

CLICK THE PANELS!
```

```
* click poster in bottom left corner

Right, like I'm going to teach him about computers?

advance

-etter answers.

TEREZI: ♡  ♡  SWOOOOON ♡  ♡
```

## [o]
**03/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: ITS DEFECTIVE GENES PROBABLY MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOUR SESSION TO BE SUCCESSFUL
PCG: SORT OF LIKE
PCG: ITS REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM WAS DAMAGED.
PCG: WHAT SHOULD BE FERTILE GROUND FOR YOUR NEW UNIVERSE TO GROW
PCG: WAS REPLACED BY A MASSIVE BOMB RIGGED TO BLOW UP YOUR WHOLE SESSION.
PCG: PROBABLY JUST ONE OF MANY SYMPTOMS OF A SICK UNIVERSE.
PCG: IT'S NOT LIKE YOU ACTUALLY DID ANYTHING WRONG
PCG: YOU WERE FIGHTING AGAINST THE DISEASE THAT WAS ALWAYS INHERENT IN YOUR REALITY
PCG: THE ONE I GAVE IT.

## [o] ==>
**03/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S LIKE A NORMAL DISEASE.
PCG: NOT LIKE A CELLULAR MUTATION THAT'S OUT OF CONTROL
PCG: THE CANCER TOOK A SPECIFIC FORM, LIKE A COMPLICATED SERIES OF TERRIBLE EVENTS RATHER THAN FAULTY CELL DIVISION
PCG: IT WAS AN EVENTUALITY IN YOUR UNIVERSE THAT WAS INEVITABLE, THAT WE ALL UNWITTINGLY HELPED MAKE HAPPEN
PCG: ALL CONCENTRATED THROUGH THE ACTIONS OF ONE HOSTILE AGENT IN THE SYSTEM, WITH AN INSTINCT TO DESTROY EVERYTHING IT HATED
PCG: AND THEN GIVEN THE POWER TO DO SO.

## [o] ==>
**03/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: AND UNLIKE A NORMAL DISEASE, IT WOULDN'T GRADUALLY KILL ITS HOST FROM WITHIN

PCG: THE CANCER LEFT THE BODY
PCG: CHASED OUT, AS IF BY AN IMMUNE SYSTEM.
PCG: BUT THE PROBLEM IS
PCG: IT WASN'T ANY LESS DEADLY ON THE OUTSIDE
PCG: AND NO LESS DETERMINED TO FINISH THE JOB.

## [o] ==>

**03/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: SO I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE IT COULD BE
PCG: WHAT'S WAITING FOR US AT THE END OF THE COUNTDOWN.
PCG: JACK WAS EXPELLED FROM YOUR SESSION SOMEHOW
PCG: HE THEN METHODICALLY DESTROYED ALL OUR PLANETS, PROSPIT AND DERSE, AND TRIED TO WIPE US ALL OUT
PCG: SO THAT WE COULDN'T DO THE SAME THING TO HIM AGAIN
PCG: BUT HE WAS ALWAYS SAVING HIS TRUE TARGET FOR LAST
PCG: THE ONE HE HATED MOST.
PCG: JACK WAS THE LIVING EMBODIMENT OF THE DISEASE ALL ALONG.

## [o] ==>

**03/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogPCG: NOIR IS THE CANCER.

## [o] ==>

**03/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

0:00:10 → :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01
```

pesterlogPCG: IT'S HIM.

## [o] ==>

**03/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

1:00:10 → :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01 → :00 → 0:59:59
```

pesterlogPCG: ANYWAY
PCG: THAT'S THE END OF HOW EVERYTHING'S MY FAULT COMPLETELY, AND I'M GARBAGE.
PCG: HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT JADE! NOT THAT YOU SEEM TO RECALL THIS MEMO EVEN EXISTS.
PCG: IF YOU SEE KANAYA IN DEATHBUBBLE HELL, PLEASE TELL HER I'M SORRY I LET HER DOWN.
PCG: AND IF YOU SEE SOLLUX WANDERING AROUND TOO, LET HIM KNOW HOW ASHAMED I AM I DITCHED HIM LIKE A COWARD BECAUSE I HEARD A HORN GO

HONK.
PCG: AND TEREZI
PCG: IF YOU SEE HER
PCG: COULD YOU GIVE HER A MESSAGE FOR ME?
PCG: TELL HER THAT
PCG: ACTUALLY
PCG: NEVER MIND.
PCG: I'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO TELL THEM ALL IN PERSON SOON.
PCG: SEEING AS AN IDIOT IN MAKEUP IS ABOUT TO ROLL OVER MY NAKED SQUEAL PIPETTE WITH A ONE WHEEL DEVICE.
FGA: Sollux Is Okay
FGA: Hes With Me Right Now
PCG: HOLY SHIT
PCG: YOU'RE ALIVE
FGA: Hold On I Really Need To Change These Clothes

## [o]

**06/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

Alert : ♈
Alert : Dave
```

pesterlogterminallyCapricious [TC] began trolling turntechGodhead [TG]
TC: it's all your fault.
TG: ?
TC: IT'S ALL YOUR MOTHERFUCKIN FAULT.
TC: honk.
TG: ok
TC: YOU ALL CRACKED OFF THE TOP OF THE BOTTLE TO THOSE FUCKIN CLOWN IMPOSTORS.
TC: that all were spraying out the flagrant motherfuckin heresies at me.
TC: THE FLAGRANT MOTHER FUCKING HERESIES MOTHER FUCKER.
TC: is what came out from their mouths, it made me get my sadness on to see it.
TC: AND MY RAGE ON FUCKING HARDER.
TG: im sorry
TC: all my life i believed at a fuckin paradise to come what held the most baller, darkest of carnivals to join.
TC: AND A PROPHECY
TC: to tell all about a band of rowdy and capricious minstrels steeped in the good harshwhimsy.
TC: THE MIRTHFUL MESSIAHS WERE FORETOLD TO BE CRASHING THAT FUCKING PIE STAND AND BRING THE HOLY RUCKUS.
TC: like a giddy fuckin ninja one wheeling head long at the hugest fuckin horn heap shangri la's got to see.
TC: I'M TALKING ABOUT THE VAST HONK, YOU BLASPHEMOUS MOTHERFUCKER.
TC: what i believed in it to be was so beautiful, us and them all mellowing in tents, bumpin sounds, tossing back the faygo and soaking the miracles up our faith sponges, while the special stardust

rained down at our elixir sticky faces, like a bunch a fuckin fairy powder from religion space.
TC: IT WAS GOING TO BE US AND MOTHER FUCKING THEM.
TC: them and mother fuckin us. :o(
TG: this is like
TG: some trolling schtick right
TG: this icp shit
TC: BUT NOW.
TC: because of you.
TC: BECAUSE OF ALL YOU AND YOUR FUCKING OUTRAGEOUSNESS.
TC: you stole up all my miracles away by revealing at me how the wicked shit was really kicked.
TC: LIKE SOME FILTHY FUCKING SCIENSTIFF WHO AT OLD TIMES WOULD BE RULED UNFUNNY WITHOUT EVEN GETTING HIS FUCKING TRIAL ON.
TC: and now i don't know what to think about the spiritual fantasies i had.
TC: HONK )o:
TG: hahaha
TG: best troll ever
TG: i dont even care if you're really into this stuff or not its awesome
TC: uhhhhh, what stuff?
TG: like
TG: horrorcore
TG: lame clown rap and stuff
TC: >:o?
TG: dude are you an actual juggalo or not
TC: bro, that word you used isn't nothing real i've heard of.
TC: IT STRIKES AT ME AS ANOTHER HERETICAL FUCKING BASTARDIZATION OF SOME SACRED SHIT I TAKE SERIOUSLY IN MY PUMP BISCUIT.
TC: i mean i guess, took seriously.
TG: hahahahaha
TG: do you really not know what im talking about
TC: I HAVE THE IDEA THAT YOU PUT IN MY PAN TO SIT THERE.
TC: that the paradise planet
TC: IS A FUCKING JOKE.
TC: and the miracles
TC: ARE FAKE.
TC: pure fiction.
TC: FALSE FAKEY FRAUDY CON JOBS FROM A BUNCH OF UNFUNNY NINJA HARLEQUIN BULLSHIT ARTISTS.
TG: ahaha
TG: i cant even tell if youre trying to troll me with this or if you actually are having some weird emotional problem
TC: can't it be motherfuckin
TC: BOTH THINGS.
TG: ok im telling you
TG: you need to watch this video
TG: the song isnt even supposed to be released for another year or something
TG: but i got it from an inside source

TG: this is as hot as it gets
TG: hang on lemme dig it up

## [o] ==>

**06/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

-RSJY & HUTCH

[PESTERCHUM]

[HEPHAESTUS]


DELIRIOUS BIZNASTY

GodsGiftToGrinds : @MrLifdoff it was the other C-bone man @fatnastytrash420 nah
brah bird bath was fine.

fatnastytrash420 : @GodsGiftToGrinds dude u gotta buy new b. bath thats messed
up @DUMBHOMOTOOL n cool

DUMBHOMOTOOL : lol @ u fagz piece out num fuks ------------------ *ollies outy*

MrLifdoff : @GodsGiftToGrinds Was same collar bone you broke before dog? (make
that hunger your bitch ha ha)

BettyCrocker : @turntechGodhead Please enjoy, Mr. Strider.
http://tinyurl.com/MoThErFuCkInMiRaClEs

GodsGiftToGrinds : just took f-ing STRINGENT chest plant into bird bath -
collar bone SNAPPED yo, kinda hungry
```

pesterlogTC: no.
TC: MOTHER FUCK NO, BRO.
TC: i'm not looking on any more of your blasphmemes.
TC: I REALLY JUST CAME BACK ON YOU TO MOTHER FUCKING SAY.
TC: that while that sickening noise you did at me is your fault
TC: THERE'S SOMETHING I DID AT YOU WHAT'S MINE.
TC: i did something that's motherfucking atrocious to your posse.
TC: MADE YOUR WHOLE CREW OF JOKERS GET TO BEING KINDA MENTALLY MOTHER FUCKIN
TC: unstable.
TC: IN FUCKING FACT
TC: that atrocious business i got to doing
TC: I DID THAT SHIT TO YOUR WHOLE UNIVERSE AS A MATTER OF MOTHER FUCKING FACT.
TC: you see
TC: YOU MOTHER FUCKIN SEE
TC: i finally got all caught up in what's true behind the sweet murdermirth of the bitchin bloodcircus.
TC: I REACHED DEEP DOWN AND GOT AT WHERE ALL THE REAL HARSHWHIMSIES WERE HIDING INSIDE ME.

TC: in the angriest ways i found up my dark ancestral chucklevoodoos within.
TC: AND THEN

## [o] ==>

**06/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogTC: i focused on them through the rage you made me have
TC: AND I WENT AND MADE YOUR UNIVERSE...

## [o] ==>

**06/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogTC: terminal. Bo)

## [o] ==>

**06/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterlogTG: none of that really meant anything but ok
TG: also you have me confused for somebody else we never talked
TG: i guarantee i would have remembered you
TC: ALL THAT MOTHER FUCKIN MATTERS IS I REMEMBER YOU AND WHAT YOU DID.
TC: i'm just all letting you in on the ways i set the high justice in motion.
TC: MADE US MOTHERFUCKING SQUARE, YOU AND ME.
TC: me and you.
TG: thats cool juggalo guy who i still cant quite tell is ironic about this or not
TG: but like i said either way its all good
TC: HAHAHAHAHA, YOU DON'T MOTHER FUCKING BELIEVE.
TC: you need to get more spirituality into your superstition ghost.
TC: LIKE THE MOTHERFUCKING FAITHCHUMP THAT WHAT I WAS.
TC: as if i'd forget to do my chucklevoodoos to you too.
TC: TO FUCK UP YOUR DREAMS.
TC: make your worst fears come alive and get up on their haunts in your naphappy pan.
TG: what
TG: what fears
TC: YOU MOTHER FUCKING KNOW, BROTHER.
TC: its the fuckin puppet.
TC: THE ONE THAT'S ALL GOT TO BE MY BEST FUCKING FRIEND I GOT NOW.
TC: now that my other buddy managed to be having his head chopped off. :oC
TG: oh god
TG: did my bro put you up to this
TG: i should have guessed he might have a hand in some of these shitty trolling escapades
TC: YOUR BRO'S DEAD BRO.
TC: couldn't keep my new friend captive no more.
TC: RELEASED YOUR NIGHTMARES RIGHT INTO MY WARM FUCKING EMBRACE.
TC: and now i listen at what they whisper through my hear ducts.

TG: hahaha jesus
TG: you are fucking insane
TC: I'M ALL HEARING THESE AMAZING MOTHERFUCKIN THINGS.
TC: i think he'll help me refigure out what's the real reality about the miracles.
TC: HE'LL HELP ME TO MOTHER FUCKIN DISCOVER THE TRUTH OF WHO THE MESSIAHS ARE.
TC: the real messiahs, not the false mess a lies, hahahahaha.
TC: HONK.
TG: so
TG: my bros idiotic ventriloquist dummy is responsible for this schizophrenic bullshit
TG: is that what youre saying
TC: motherfuuuuuck yes, bro.
TG: what else does he say
TC: HE SAYS
TC: all in this funny little voice
TC: THAT IS SO
TC: very
TC: VERY
TC: very
TC: VERY
TC: quiet
TC: THAT
TC: it's time
TC: TO GO
TC: mother
TC: FUCKING
TC: kill
TC: THEM
TC: all.
TG: welp
TG: that sounds about right
TG: better do what he says dude
TC: YEAH.
TC: hahaha, here was i to come at you with all these unruly upbraids i got pent up.
TC: WHEN YOU KNOW MOTHERFUCKIN WHAT?
TC: i should be gettin grateful to you for sharing at me your way ridic heresies, brother.
TC: THE ROAD TO THE DARK CARNIVAL HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN PAVED WITH LOUDER HONK HORNS TO TREAD UPON.
TC: and scare the living motherfuck out of the lowblood faithless with each step. ;o)
TG: hahahahahahahaha
TG: you are either literally an insane psychopathic murderer or some kind of trolling savant
TG: time to block you now but lets do this again ok
TC: YOU FUCKIN KNOW IT, BRO.
TC: i like you.
TC: WOULDN'T MIND TAKING THAT PALE MARSHMALLOW YOU GOT AS A NUGBONE OFF YOUR SHOULDERS.

TC: for this collection i got started on.
TC: ADD A LITTLE STRAWBERRY JAM TO THIS PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH I'M MAKING BETWEEN MY MOTHER FUCKING LIPS.
TG: holy shit
TC: hey, before you go
TC: HOW ABOUT THAT WE
TC: slam a little. ;oD
TG: uh

They both then proceeded to have one of the best rap-offs in the history of paradox space.

**[o]**
**07/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

BANG BANG BANG
```

What did I say?

**[o] ==>**
**07/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

BANG BANG BANG
```

**[o] ==>**
**07/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

BANG BANG BANG
```

I have repeatedly made it clear that the fifth wall is to remain off.

**[o] ==>**
**07/08/11**

```
BANG BANG BANG

BANG BANG BANG

BANG BANG BANG
```

I refuse to acknowledge this foolish man's self indulgent rubbish. His frivolous charades have no place in this building, or anywhere in this reality.

Am I making myself understood, young lady?

**[o] ==>**
**07/08/11**

```
off.
```

Or will I have to suspend your furniture privileges again?

**[o] ==>**

**07/08/11**

```
BONK
```

I see. It's another one of your moods. We will have to work on ironing out this behavior before you meet your true master.

**[o] ==>**

**08/08/11**

He is a far less gracious host than I.

Wait, what are you doing?

**[o] ==>**

**08/08/11**

No, stop that.

You render yourself in a more symbolic manner this instant.

**[o] ==>**

**09/08/11**

```
}}FEIRG{{
>}}SSERGGA{{
>}}BURGGA{{
```

Thank you.

**[o] ==>**

**09/08/11**

**[o] ==>**

**09/08/11**

Oh, is this what we're doing now?

**[o] ==>**

**09/08/11**

```
majyyks
```

Maybe I have not been strict enough with your breathing privileges either?

**[o] ==>**

**09/08/11**

**[o] ==>**

**09/08/11**

This vessel will reach your planet eventually. We can either go home the fast way, or the slow way.

Your express ticket can only be validated with a display of good manners, miss.

**[o] ==>**

**09/08/11**

```
}}SSERGGA{{
}}BURGGA{{
```

**[o] ==>**

**09/08/11**

```
YOUTH ROLL
```

**[o] ==>**

**09/08/11**

```
ACTUAL SUICIDE THREAT!
```

**[o] ==>**

**09/08/11**

```
BROOM.
```

And there go the electricity privileges.

**[o] ==>**

**11/08/11**

I think now would be a good time for another round of reeducation regarding her purpose. A little refresher on the prestigious employment opportunity for which she is being groomed.

**[o] ==>**

**11/08/11**

```
snap

on.
```

And since you are still my guest, it would please me to tell you this inspiring tale as well.

**[o] ==>**

**11/08/11**

```
MsPaint: !
```

It is a tale to remind her of the sacrifice she must make. One serving to remind all of her people of the sacrifice once made by long forgotten heroes in a discarded reality. It is of this sacrifice the Sufferer died to speak the truth, and it is his tale I will tell you now.

**[o] ==>**

**11/08/11**

Once, in this very universe, you could say, Alternia was home to a peaceful race. Trollkind had never known the corrupting influence in their evolution which led them to perpetual war and violence.

That is to say, they had never known me.

As was true of the bellicose world we know, there came to be twelve heroes on this peaceful planet. These heroes too had twelve ancestors whose fortunes were entwined with theirs. These twenty-four figures of legend were not of this world but sent from the sky, delivered from a reality not yet conceived.

On the eve of their race's extinction, the twelve heroes would begin playing a game. They would make an admirable effort, but they would fail. Their civilization had not prepared them for the

rigors of this game, and the ultimate reward would fall shy of their grasp. But their failure was more comprehensive, more systemic, than a result of simple inadequacy so common to young players of this game. Though they could not recognize it for the bad omen it was, this session was not the one in which they had been spawned. Such is the symptom of a subtle glitch affecting certain sessions, an error designed to trigger an unfathomable cascade of misfortune throughout paradox space. This glitch is the calling card of the one I serve. It is the discreet, gentlemanly manner in which he reserves his place in a universe for later visitation.

The heroes, understanding their defeat was absolute, sought advice from the mother of all monsters. She offered them a choice. The heroes could either accept their defeat along with the extinction of their race, and put no others at risk. Or, she could show them a path to a second chance, to a reality in which the chosen heroes of their race would be strong enough to succeed with ease, and claim the reward. This reset would come at the cost of wiping the failed heroes from existence. They would live new lives from scratch, playing different roles in the reset reality, with no memory of the game they played or the choice they made.

The heroes chose to accept this bargain, and scratched their session. In doing so they jumpstarted the reality in which the twenty-four figures of legend would together be created - and I as well - and then sent back in time to take our places in history. Though I was delivered well before history even began, before the dawning of life on their planet. This time around, I would oversee its development, and thus fulfill the mother's promise of an aggressive, ruthlessly prepared group of heroes. One that would not rest until victory was secured.

The young twenty-four would again be scattered in two groups, twelve modern contemporaries, and twelve ancients. But in addition to losing their memories of everything that had happened before the scratch, there was another catch for the failed heroes. In the new reality, they would not serve as the heroes. They would mature to become the ancestors of the twelve they formerly regarded as theirs, and this twelve would be chosen for glory. These children would be the heroes to achieve victory, and have the reward easily within reach.

Of course this promise was fulfilled to the letter, as you have seen. The entire bargain was executed without a single hitch, as those authorized by my master always are. There was however one minor anomaly. One of the failed heroes, in his new life as an ancient on this now brutal planet, began to remember. This is his story.

This is the story of the Signless.

**[o] ==>**

**12/08/11**

♋

Few ever knew the Sufferer's given name, presuming quite reasonably he had none, and he came to be called Signless. Unlike his peers distributed elsewhere in history, he was not given a sign at a young age. Alas, there were no signs reserved for one of his mutant blood. His genetic deviation from the social order made him a pariah, forcing him to wander the world alone for many sweeps, concealing the color of his blood to avoid certain execution.

But it may also have been due to his mutation that he began to have the visions. Spontaneous, lucid imagery of his world in peace, before its fall. He would never see the complete picture, or fully understand his previous incarnation's role in prompting this fall, or know of my hand in it. But the visions showed him all he needed to see. They held the promise of his people's true potential, beneath the ages of conditioned cruelty. They held the spark of revolution.

In time, the visions gave purpose to his travels. He would preach heretical ideas no one else had dared to entertain, let alone risk discussing. He espoused the virtues of forgiveness, compassion, and equality among all bloodlines. He distributed his message intelligently, careful to preach only to those receptive, never attracting unwelcome attention. But his growing movement could go unnoticed by the authorities for only so long.

The highbloods were livid over the unprecedented heresy, and soon, a massive sectarian war followed, spreading across the planet and throughout the galaxy. The conflict was lopsided of course, with the Highbloods given full support from the Condesce and her sea dwellers. Inevitably, the Signless would be captured, and when he was, it was not a matter of whether he would be put to the irons, but how hot they would be if he failed to recant.

**[o] ==>**

**12/08/11**

During his penance, it was said the Sufferer's compassion for his people underwent a divine transformation, into limitless, burning rage. It burned hotter than the irons shackling him to the imperial flogging jut, and redder than the blood soaking his Righteous Leggings. When he was finally killed, his anger rung through the cosmos with his last breath. This Vast Expletive was his final sermon, and somewhere encoded in its wavelengths was the truth in his teachings, waiting to reveal itself to any who would inherit his burden.

**[o] ==>**

**12/08/11**

```
Alt Text!

BOOYEAH

♋
```

His teachings would also persist through surviving disciples, but in hushed tones. His following would dwindle to an obscure cult facing persecution for centuries. After his execution, the body was burned leaving only his irons. They cooled in the ash, as if his anger itself was subsiding, and his followers appropriated their shapes in defiance of the Highbloods. The symbols became the sign of the Signless, always shown as colorless as the cold iron, to conceal the stigma of his hue. This was as much a reminder to his followers to remain hidden as it was of the Sufferer's sacrifice, and his rage hidden like heat in the iron, one day to be reignited by another of his bloodline.

The Sufferer preached that after he passed, another Signless would come, heralding the end times for their planet. The Second Signless would continue his work, and lead his people to glory beyond this realm. The followers kept his teachings alive for ages, even as the uproar surrounding the movement subsided. By modern times, the Sufferer's scripture was little more than ancient superstition all but forgotten. Hardly the anathema of old. But the followers had already made their

preparations in the shadows, and when the Second Signless finally came he would have a lusus to raise him and a sign to his name.

**[o] ==>**

**13/08/11**

```
No really, hover your mouse over the banner, like this.

... the FUCK?
```

The Sufferer required a less conventional upbringing to reach maturity. As a young grub, he landed in the brooding caverns where he would be expected to face his trials. But due to his mutation, surely no lusus would select him. No creature sympathetic to his scent had been bred yet. His odds for survival would have been remote, if not for a chance encounter.

The Dolorosa belonged to the rare class assigned strictly to serving the mother grub in the caverns, forbidden from visiting the surface. While on an errand, she found the young Sufferer in his crater and immediately recognized the child as special, as well as in great danger. For an adult troll to raise a child was unthinkable, but she saw no other hope for him. The Dolorosa abandoned her duties in the caverns, and fled to the surface to raise him.

In time, she would become the first follower of his teachings, and the first of his inner circle. But not his closest.

**[o] ==>**

**13/08/11**

```
Oh hell no. He's talking about ancestors, isn't he.
```

Surrounding him on his rise to infamy and throughout the rebellion were the most trusted elites among his devoted. The psiionic was a mage of unequaled telekinetic ability, who upon hearing the words of the Sufferer was inspired to free himself from the sort of slavery typical of his mentally gifted class.

But his most devoted of all was his Disciple. She listened to every vision he retold, every lesson he preached, and faithfully recorded his scripture. Her ear was open to him always, and in time, his heart opened to her. To spread his message throughout the world they took to the seas in the vessel of legend known as the First Ship. It was said their love went beyond the four quadrants, transcending the grid entirely. Whatever that nonsense actually means.

**[o] ==>**

**13/08/11**

```
He's keeping little girls locked up in weird rooms, and rambling about troll
ancestors. I just know it.
```

The Disciple was to be killed along with him. But at the last moment, the E%ecutor inexplicably took pity on her, and allowed her to escape. She absconded with the Leggings, which remained the only physical evidence of his holy suffering. She hid in caves for many sweeps, transcribing all of his scripture from memory on the walls in the blood of slain creatures, and lived the rest of her days in monastic savagery. Her dedication would be critical to the persistence of his message.

But the Dolorosa was less fortunate, and was sold into slavery. She spent the rest of her life as property of vicious sea dwellers. As for the psiiioniic, he was enlisted in a far worse, if more prestigious service.

**[o] ==>**

**15/08/11**

```
AUTHORSPLODE!

NOT IN MY FUCKING COMIC.
```

He was forced to serve as the Helmsman for Her Condescension's imperial battleship. Psychics of his kind were exploited for interstellar travel, and his abilities made her ship the fastest in the fleet by far. She grew so enamored of her Helmsman and his power, she would use her touch to extend his lifespan to match her own.

**[o] ==>**

**15/08/11**

```
Oh, damn. This place is bigger than I thought. Any idea which way he went? Come
on guys, help me out.

}}NOISNECSEDNOC PIHSELTTAB{{
```

Together they explored the stars for thousands of years. Due to the speed of her ship, she would personally expand the boundaries of her empire, typically being the first to greet new races before conquering them.

**[o] ==>**

**15/08/11**

```
I bet he's behind this door. YOU HEAR ME SCRATCH, THE JIG IS UP.
```

After making first contact, occasions which she generally kept cordial, she would move on to new territory while a division of her fleet set a course for the unfortunate civilization, and proceeded to tear it apart. It could be any of the lethal brigades under her command to receive the orders, be it the Threshecutioners, Cavalreapers, Laughsassins, or Ruffiannihilators. Each was notoriously cruel in its own way, and each carried out orders with absolute loyalty. Because while the Condesce could extend a single life on her whim, she could just as casually cut short that of millions.

**[o] ==>**

**15/08/11**

```
Ah-ha! Caught red handed, you bastard. You stop clogging up my story with your
troll fanfiction this
instaAAA
```

beneath them, and so on down the hemospectrum, until the enslavement of the common castes was inescapable, in spite of their genetic gifts and strength in numbers. As a self-governing body, the land dwelling portion of her empire was formidable. But her force of sea dwellers was equally formidable, and the two were kept in check not only with the threat of psychic annihilation, but their mutual hatred and distrust.

The only threat to her power was unification through uprising, a possibility made remote once she fully decentralized the race from the homeworld. She scattered all but the children throughout the galaxy after the most recent rebellion led by the Summoner. Upon doing so, she became so comfortable with her grip on power, she risked venturing deeper into space than ever before to grow her empire.

But the more space she put between herself and Gl'bgolyb, the more she risked weakening her bond with the monster. The bond she and her successor shared with it exclusively could sway, and become strengthened with the younger. Perhaps she grew complacent with the threat successors posed, after such a long history of killing them with ease. Heiresses upon reaching maturity were expected to challenge the Condesce for the throne. It was not merely expected of them by their people, but demanded by their shared lusus.

I like to think of her as the pet I gave to their race, at the dawning of their species' evolution. Like a sentience-warming gift. Again, it's just the sort of thing a good host does.

**[o] ==>**

**15/08/11**

```
That was not the right door.
```

If the lapse in her custodial bond was significant enough, it was not just political power she risked. At such a distance, she sacrificed concentration needed to curb its most dreadful psychic shriek of all, the galaxy-wide extinction event called the Vast Glub.

Of course this eventuality proved a fitting reward for such reckless expansion of her territory. She chose the worst time possible to explore further from the homeworld than she'd ever been. She was scouring the edge of the galaxy for systems to plunder when she received word of her planet's devastation by meteors. The young were being slaughtered. The mother grub was dead. The end times were upon her people.

She ordered all fleets to return to Alternia. But such was her empire's expansion and interplanetary occupation, few could make it in time to provide any meaningful defense. She instructed her Helmsman to pilot the ship faster than he ever had, and he did so through extreme physical duress. He was able to leap across thousands of light years in a matter of hours. The exertion likely would have killed him, if the Glub didn't get to him first. Her touch could extend life, but never restore it, to her lament.

In that instant, her empire was gone. Gl'bgolyb's swan song wiped out her entire race, save the Condesce and her lone heiress, leaving the empire nothing more than a galactic necropolis of floating tombs.

**[o] ==>**

**15/08/11**

```
This looks like the right place. The hallway is all round and shit. Just like
his big stupid head.
```

She was forced to continue the journey home on auxiliary power. Her ship now travels near the speed of light, a pale shadow of its former velocity. It would take her another 612 solar sweeps after the Glub to reach her destination.

She should arrive any minute now. When she does, she will find nothing but ruins and dust. If she cared to look closer, she would find a city of slain exiles, a man on the moon, and a pair of black lovers locked in a deadly dance. But whether she looks or not, one thing will find her with certainty.

A new employment opportunity.

**[o] ==>**

**16/08/11**

```
MY BEAUTIFUL PANELS WHAT HAS HE DONE. That son of a bitch. It's is going to
take so many sweeps to clean this mess up. So very, very many sweeps.
```

Are you paying attention, protege? This is where your role in the story begins.

Now stop your pouting and listen, unless you want another helping to the backside of my...

Oh nuts. I seem to have forgotten my discipline broom.

**[o] ==>**

**16/08/11**

```
God dammit, he's got a bowl full of these things?? He's pulling his snooty
horseshit candy bowl stunts to mock my little arrows now. Excellent host my
ass.
```

Anyway, the last of the twelve ancestors arrived a bit late. In fact, she would cross through her portal six centuries after the descendants had come and gone. There weren't many left to look after her, so she ended up in foster care.

I remember it like it was yesterday. And for one who has as much time on his hands as I, it essentially was.

**[o] ==>**

**16/08/11**

```
RAAARARRAAUUUAAAAUUAGHGHGGHGGGGHHGH! *flip*
```

I would raise the girl to be groomed for her calling. My lessons would emphasize obedience, mastery of the clockwork majyyks, and being locked in a room.

As you must have gathered by now, my employer will enter this universe quite soon. I will then relinquish my custody to him, and she will serve as his Handmaid for an eternity to be specified. As you must have also gathered, she has already done so. Though her most common of blood should have let her expire in just a dozen or two sweeps, his curse kept her very much alive.

And she did not intend to stay that way.

## [o] ==>

**16/08/11**

```
==> ==> nom ==> ==>

Oh my god how can these possibly be so delicious???
```

His curse is one of conditional mortality, with the desired outcome contingent on her service. When I release her, she will take her place at his side, and travel through time to carry out his orders.

While I am his weapon of subtlety and precision, the Handmaid is strictly an apparatus of terror and suffering. We have both paved the road to his arrival, I in my way and she in hers. She would be present during every watershed moment in her civilization's development. Her recurrance in history would earn her the reputation of a demoness, more feared than even her master, a man though dreadful rarely makes himself seen. She stirred up class warfare and intensified bigotry in whatever era she haunted. She made sure the descendents would enter a world which prepared them well for the game, and took measures to see that they would play as they did.

But once they entered and their world was in ashes, her work was nearly complete. Now, six centuries later, she would be given one last order to follow before her curse was lifted.

A simple recruitment job.

## [o] ==>

**17/08/11**

```
stuff

Whoa, better go easy on these. Might need some later.
```

The Handmaid will enlist the Condesce, extending the same bargain once offered to her. It will be the sort involving neither negotiation nor possibility of refusal, expressed in terms plainly understood by the psychotic genocidal. The Condesce will serve as her new master's witch, carrying out his work in the places he cannot reach.

## [o] ==>

**17/08/11**

```
sneak

There you are. Go ahead, keep talking cueball. I've got you in the crosshairs
of my broombristles. I have GOT you you pompous motherfucker.
```

The two last trolls alive, blood of rust and royalty, will make each other pay for the crimes against their race. Their payment will be mutually dealt in the currency of punishment and reward at once. The Condesce will be rewarded with the power and immortality her new service entails, and punished by the grueling slavery for which it is synonymous. And you, young lady, are to be punished by death at the hands of your replacement. And so too will this be your reward.

**[o] ==>**

**17/08/11**

```
tick, tock

SCRATCH: blah, blah

HANDMAID: fu

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. My heartbeat falls in rhythm with the clock
as I draw close to my prey. I leave nothing to chance, for you see it is the
most dangerous prey of all, a four foot tall asshole in suspenders who won't
shut up. Wait for it, Hussie. Wait for it...
```

And so, my dear, that is the inspiring tale of your people, and why you should feel rather privileged to be in the position for which I have groomed you meticulously. Are you not grateful? Yes, surely you are, and it warms the soft fluffy material in my chest to know this. What is it? What are you looking at over there?

Ah, of course. The clock. I can see you have a good eye for a fine timepiece. Your exemplary taste is certainly owed to a quality upbringing. Perhaps you wish to know the history of the clock, and how I came to possess it? Yes, I can see the sparkle of curiosity in your eye. It's a marvelous tale, one almost as long as it is verbosely told. Where do I even begin...

**[o] ==>**

**18/08/11**

```
HANDMAID: ...

RAAARARRAAUUUAAAAUUAGHGHGGHGGGGHHGH! *trip*

DONG!
```

*STORY TIME'S OVER WIND BAG WHOOPS OH SHIT GET THIS FUCKIN' CLOCK OUTTA MY WAY. I AM A ONE MAN STAMPEDE AND I'VE GOT A BROOM AND THAT PEAL OF SPLINTERING WOOD YOU HEAR IS THE LAST GASP OF A PRICELESS ANTIQUE DISINTEGRATING BENEATH THE OUTRAGEOUS FURY OF MY AUTHORIAL HOOVES.*

**[o] ==>**

**18/08/11**

```
BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP

bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap bap
bap bap bap

BAP BAP BAP BAP
```

If I have to put up with one more smug meandering interlude in my own story I am going to crack your head open and serve you a heaping bowl full of your downy soft puppet ass. How do you like that for hospitality, Doc?

*I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND THAT AS HOSTS GO, I AM SIMPLY THE BEST THERE IS.*

**[o] ==>**

**18/08/11**

```
Everybody is totally fed up with your condescending, self indulgent narrative
style. They all want to go back to my slightly less condescending, slightly
more self indulgent style.
```

See? Even that little girl has had enough of your shit. Run, Aradia's ancestor! Run!!!! You have locked up your last asian schoolgirl, you sick fuck.

Oh don't you flop around at me like that. Are you listening little man?!

**[o] ==>**

**19/08/11**

GIRL.

```
S-P-I-K-E

-S-U-C-K-E-R-S-
```

Booyeah?

Hmm.

**[o] ==>**

**19/08/11**

YOU THERE. GIRL.

I guess...

I guess he is just a limp lifeless puppet when I am around. Like a reverse Calvin and Hobbes kind of thing. That is...

That is a little disturbing.

**[o] ==>**

**19/08/11**

GIRL, QUIT ALL THIS SCURRYING AROUND.

Oh well, might as well try to get that disc back.

I wonder if I can just...

Just sort of reach up into...

And...

**[o] ==>**

**19/08/11**

DO YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN ESCAPE ME BEFORE I ARRIVE?

REACH

**[o] ==>**

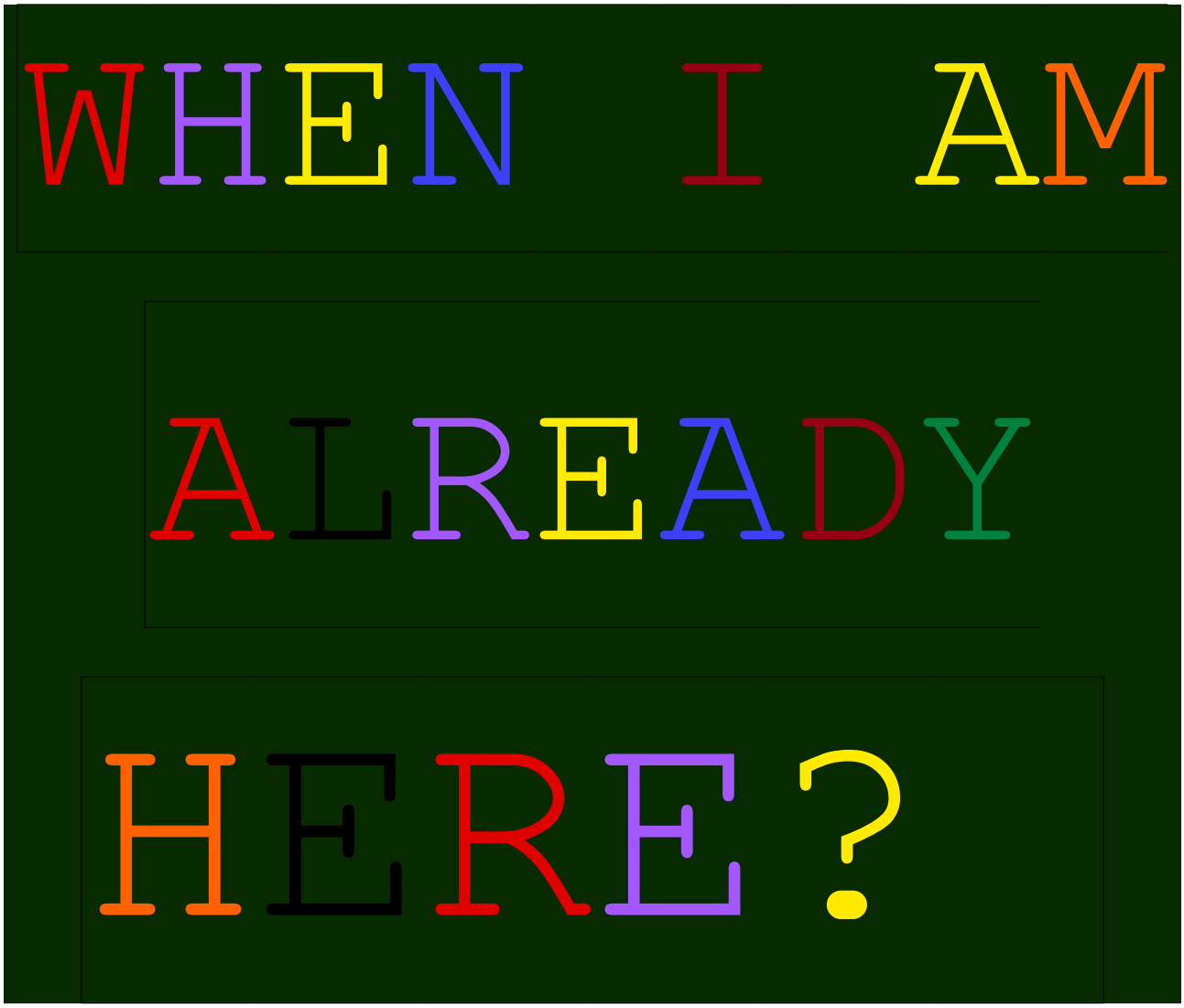
**19/08/11**

HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO OUTRUN ME

What the hell? Looks like he's had the disc repaired for a while already, but didn't tell us. Motherfucker just loves the sound of his own voice.

## [o] ==>

**19/08/11**




```
[o] ==>

> [o] ==>


SNOP

SNOP

FUCK
```

---------- *ollies outy*

## SNOP

**19/08/11**

```
SNOP
```

FUCK

No you dumb homo tool, your SNAPING WRONG.

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

"got to church!"


DONG!

grass


(he turts around ..)


No you dumb homo tool, your PRAYING WRONG.


god


A CLOSTER INSPECTION→


WROG


CHRIST,

no look......


FUCK


dude no look no.


it's
NOT THAT HARD


good lard...


ok yo'ure
obvioubly doing this
just to
PISS ME OF


JESUS
DICK
```

## Unsnop.

**19/08/11**

```
SNOP; Unsnop.
```

# Insert disc 2.

**22/08/11**

```
HOMESTUCK

MSPAINT ADVENTURES
Insert disc 2.

> [S] Attempt rare and highly dangerous
      5x SHOWDOWN COMBO.
```

# [S] Attempt rare and highly dangerous 5x SHOWDOWN COMBO.

**22/08/11**

```
♋
:)
(:

KANAYA: gamzee ♣  karkat
KARKAT: pap

TEREZI: ♠  gamzee
KARKAT: shoosh

SOLLUX: ♥ /♠  gamzee
```

==>

**22/08/11**

```
GAMZEE: HOOOOONK

KARKAT: shoooooosh
```

==>

**22/08/11**

```
GAMZEE: hoooooooooooooonk

pap pap pap
```

==>

**22/08/11**

```
GAMZEE:
HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONK

KARKAT: shoooooooooshooshooshoosh shhhoooshhhhoooshoooshoo
shooshhhhhoooshhhshhshh.
```

==>

**22/08/11**

```
GAMZEE: hoooooooooooooooooooooooonk.

pap pap pap pap pap
```

==>

**22/08/11**

```
GAMZEE: HONK. HONK. HONK. HONK.
```

```
pap pap

KARKAT: shoooooooooooooosh
```

==>

**22/08/11**

```
GAMZEE: honk.
```

==>

**22/08/11**

```
GAMZEE: HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONK.
KARKAT: SHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH
```

==>

**22/08/11**

```
GAMZEE: hoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooonk.
KARKAT: shooshooshoos

PAP PAP PAP PAP
```

==>

**22/08/11**

==>

**22/08/11**

```
♦
```

==>

**22/08/11**

```
♦  palemates 4LYFE!
```

And the Knight of Blood so embraced the Bard of Rage, and in each other's arms they were aquiver. And with righteous pap and blessed shoosh he did quell his brother's fury. For the Knight looked upon his Bard all acting up and completely losing his shit and he did resolve to calmeth his juggalo ass right the fuck down. And so calmed down his juggalo ass was and would continueth to be for all time. And the Knight in totally settling a murderous clown's ludicrous shit down proper said, Let there be Moirallegiance: and it was so. And between moirails would flow bounteous mirth, and they did hug bumpeth plentifully, and honks of reconciliation echoed far and true into the darkness upon the face of the deep.

## AH: Close tome.

**22/08/11**

And it was good.

==>

**06/09/11**

==>

**06/09/11**

```
=> Recap 4.

The last recap I wrote was that really
```

```
big one in the white ink, and Jade had
just hupped her dead dream self into
Becsprite for prototyping. Then
Jadesprite flipped out and destroyed the
column supporting the laboratory, and
the big ball fell and bounced off the
house and rolled down the snowy hill and
she started crying.

And.

NO

FUCK
THIS.
```

=>

**06/09/11**

```
CLICK THE PANELS!
```

==

**25/10/11**

pesterlogcarcinoGeneticist [CG] began trolling gardenGnostic [GG]

CG: THE PASSWORD IS

CG: SEE YOU SOON

CG: OK UH

CG: I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR LACK OF RESPONSE AS TACIT VERIFICATION.

CG: ALSO

CG: THIS PRETTY MUCH HAS TO BE THE LAST CONVERSATION WE HAVE, RIGHT?

CG: YOUR TIMELINE CUTS OUT COMPLETELY IN A MINUTE OR TWO BECAUSE OF THE SCRATCH.

CG: WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT UP THERE?

CG: ARE YOU HYPNOTIZED BY THE FLASHY SHIT, WHAT THE FUCK.

CG: THAT'S BEEN GOING ON EVER SINCE JOHN STARTED SCRATCHING THAT BIG GODDAMN RECORD, AREN'T YOU ACCLIMATED TO IT BY NOW?

CG: HELLO????????????

CG: HARLEY, JEGUS MOTHER OF SCREAMING FUCK.

CG: WHATEVER, I HAVE SHIT TO DO NOW.

CG: I GUESS I SHOULD BE KEEPING AN EYE IN THE SKY TOO NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT.

CG: THE BRIGHT GREEN BEACON SHOULD BE APPEARING ANY MINUTE, ASSUMING YOU ACTUALLY MANAGE TO BLOW UP THE SUN.

CG: AND THEN

CG: WELL, THEN I GUESS MAYBE WE ALL GET TO HANG OUT?

CG: WHILE MAYBE ALSO NOT BEING IN UNYIELDING MORTAL PERIL???

CG: IT'S GETTING KIND OF OLD, FRANKLY.

CG: OK, WELL THIS IS A PRETTY CRAPPY FAREWELL, BUT I GUESS IT'LL HAVE TO DO SINCE THERE IS SOME SERIOUSLY SHOW-STOPPING SHIT TRANSPIRING UP THERE IN FUCKING OUTER SPACE.

CG: LATER JADE, I'M GOING TO GO MAKE SURE JOHN KNOWS WHAT THE HELL HE'S

SUPPOSED TO BE DOING.
CG: AND IN CASE NONE OF THIS WORKS AND WE DON'T ACTUALLY GET TO MEET
CG: I GUESS I SHOULD SAY...
CG: SINCE APPARENTLY MY GUTLESS FUTURE SELF CAN'T EXPRESS HIMSELF AND NEVER GOT AROUND TO SAYING SO
CG: THUS LEAVING IT UP TO ME AS USUAL
CG: TO SAY
CG: THAT
GG: oh sorry!
GG: i was distracted
CG: OH
GG: no not by all the scratchy stuff in the sky
GG: theres something coming down...
CG: WHAT

= =>

**25/10/11**

pesterlogGG: its hard to make out
GG: but
GG: i think
GG: it might be...
CG: WHAT.

< =

**25/10/11**

```
NOIR: ?
```

pesterlogGG: shaving cream?

= >

**25/10/11**

```
TROLLIAN

Trollian | View | Window | Help

Timelines

viewing : gardenGnostic
```

pesterlogCG: WHAT THE HELL IS SHAVING CREAM.
GG: its like
carcinoGeneticist [CG] ceased trolling gardenGnostic [GG]
GG: hey!
GG: ...
GG: karkat?

## = >= <<

**25/10/11**

## > > == =

**25/10/11**

```
FOAM
```

## > > == =

**25/10/11**

```
dead.
```

## = <> >

**25/10/11**

```
= < >  > [S] Cascade,
```

# [S] Cascade.

**25/10/11**

```
10:25

[S] Cascade

PLAY

EOA5  SKIP TO: o o o o oo  o o

Hosted by Newgrounds


* Click PLAY

RED MILES

0,000,000,000 00:00:07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01

0,000,000,000 00:00:10 → :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01

Complacency of the Learned

EMPTY

(DOOF)

05:23 → :22 → :21 → :19 → :18 → :17 → :16
 → :15 → :14 → :13 → :12 → :11 → :10 → :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03

SNOWMAN: WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

SNOWMAN: DRAW, SPADES.

04:15 → :14 → :13 → :12

0:45 → :44 → :43 → :42 → :41 → :40 → :39 → :38
0:37 → :36 → :35 → :34 → :33 → :32 → :31 → :30
 → :29 → :28 → :27 → :26 → :25 → :24 → :23 → :22
 → :21 → :20 → :19 → :18 → :17 → :16 → :15 → :14
 → :13 → :12 → :11 → :10

trolling : ????????
```

```
TC: That's all motherfuckin done white texted bro.
TC: NOW WHAT?
[Scratch]
[Scratch]
TC: oh yeah?
TC: AND JUST WHAT THE MOTHER FUCK IS IT
TC: that we motherfuckin are?

0:09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01 → :00

S → Su → Suc → Suck → Sucke → Sucker → Suckers → Suckers.


* Click EOA5

ACT 5

6/12/10 - 10/25/11
500 DAYS : 1 year, 4 months, 13 days

HOMESTUCK, ACTS 1 - 5

4/13/09 - 10/25/11
925 DAYS : 2 years, 6 months, 12 days
```

# END OF ACT 5

**25/10/11**

# [S] Begin intermission 2.

**31/10/11**

```
import universe U;


~ATH(u) {

} EXECUTE( O );

THIS.DIE();


HONK

H-O-N-K
```

# ==>

**02/11/11**

END OF INTERMISSION 2.

# [S] ACT 6

**11/11/11**

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

THE MOIVE


🐉


}}EUNITNOC OT >== SSERP{{
```

## ==>

**11/11/11**

```
}}EUNITNOC OT >== SSERP{{
```

# Homestuck

**11/11/11**

```
SBURB ALPHA
```

A young lady stands in her bedroom. It just so happens that today, the 11th of November, 2011, is the date scheduled for the launch of a highly exclusive playtesting experience for a much anticipated game. The young lady is expecting to find this game in her mailbox today. She is expecting the game to be enclosed in a pair of envelopes, and printed on these envelopes, she is expecting to find her name!

What do you suppose the name on the envelopes will be?

# Enter name.

**11/11/11**

```
JANE CROCKER
```

You cannot enter her name!!! It was already engraved in her HONORARY PLACRONYM on her 13th birthday, which was about two and a half years ago, and has been sitting here neatly on the bookshelf ever since. Attempting to engrave it with another name after completing this sacred rite of passage is practically unheard of, and is a gesture nearly as offensive as it would be if you tried to name her something dumb like Barnstench Fartface. Luckily she is not the sort to hold a grudge, and she will let it slide this time. As long as you hurry up and get her big day started!

# Examine room.

**11/11/11**

Your name is JANE. As was previously mentioned, you are poised for an ELITE OPPORTUNITY to test the SBURB ALPHA. It is so elite in fact, you are the only of your kind invited to playtest! Though you guess that probably comes with the territory of being the HEIRESS APPARENT TO A BAKED GOODS EMPIRE. You don't suppose it hurts that you are said empire's NUMBER ONE FANGIRL, either! It should come as no surprise that you enjoy BAKING, but you also adore reading DETECTIVE STORIES. You fancy yourself a SKILLED PRANKSTRESS, if by no other measure than lineage. Though at times you feel it's tough to fill those shoes when you are SURROUNDED BY JOKERS. Seriously, the shenanigans perpetrated by your pals make your old school japes feel KIND OF PEDESTRIAN SOMETIMES, but oh well, you love them all anyway. You once dabbled in AMATEUR BOTANY but found it TOO FRUSTRATING, because your VEGETABLES KEPT DISAP-actually you know what, you DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT. You love SITUATION COMEDIES, whilst holding particular affection for MUSTACHIOED FUNNYMEN. You know, your FOXWORTHIES, your FUNKES, your SWANSONS, but not necessarily your GALLAGHERS PER SE, because you have to draw the fucking line somewhere. You are also pleased to contemplate FRIGHTENING FAUNA, though saddened by their regrettable FAKENESS ATTRIBUTE.

But none of that's on your mind now, because you are PSYCHED about this SPECIAL DATE, 11.11.11, i.e. 2X3PRONG DAY (WHATEVER THAT MEANS), a date exhibiting just the sort of

numerical gimmick corporations love to exploit for their big releases, or for launching MAJOR REBRANDING INITIATIVES. In the case of your CHERISHED MULTIGLOBAL EMPIRE, both such events are slated to happen today. You can't wait to see what is in store, and for the mail to come. When it does, you will waste no time in embarking on the game's MAIDEN VOYAGE, and if even a fraction of what you've heard turns out to be true, you are prepared to have the time of your LIFE!!!

What will you do?

## Jane: Quickly retrieve arms from chest.

**11/11/11**

```
SBURB ALPHA


LARA CROFT
TOMB RAIDER
IN THEATRES JUNE 15


He may be dead, but he's the life of the party!


X-MEN


HULK


THE INCREDIBLE HULK
```

Jane is not empowered to rehash this tired running gag because all of a sudden she is too busy being the other guy.

We need to figure out what this fella's name is, pronto!

## Enter name.

**11/11/11**

```
JAKE ENGLISH
```

Once again, you make the incalculable blunder of attempting to engrave an already allocated placronym. His name was etched when he turned 13 too, almost 3 years ago. It's been sitting here messily in this UNBELIEVABLY DEADLY PILE OF GUNS ever since. What sort of vulgar, childish moniker were you going to stick this poor bastard with? Barfbreath Turdsmirk? It doesn't even matter. Just tell him what to do!

## Examine room.

**11/11/11**

```
* lots of posters but from too far out to read all their words clearly -
details in other panels
```

Your name is JAKE. You love movies. ALL MOVIES. You would describe your taste in film as ECLECTIC, but in truth, it isn't much less than TOTALLY INDISCRIMINATE. You bluster frequently of exuberance for FIREARMS and FISTICUFFS and ADVENTURE, though have no human company with which to share these interests. But who needs chums, when you can enjoy a

top notch gander of your GALS OF CERULEAN COMPLEXION, HUBBA HUBBA. You're known to be found with your nose in a COMIC BOOK OR TWO, not that it makes you a nerd or anything, like you even CARE about that! Not a gent of your PANACHE AND SWAGGER, qualities which you would BANDY WITH APLOMB on your globe-spanning adventures, HYPOTHETICALLY SPEAKING. You would love to travel around the world, toppling any SACRED URNS you encountered. You'd be tickled by the opportunity to defile HALLOWED TOMBS everywhere, raiding them of their treasures. And how you'd give your RIGHT LEG for a shot at desecrating THE SHIT out of some real life MYSTIC RUINS for their byzantine wares. Luckily for your limb, there is a dandy set of such ruins nearby, and you desecrate them quite frequently! You are also troubled to contemplate FRIGHTENING FAUNA, and plagued daily by their regrettable REALNESS ATTRIBUTE.

What else? You sure like to WRESTLE. Did you mention FISTICUFFS yet? You know, SCRUMS AND WHATNOT. Also, SKULLS. Gosh you love SKULLS. There is a good SKULL at the heart of any mystery, haunting its EVERY PAGE. That is what you always say. Or at least, it is what you always HOPE.

What will you do?

## Jake: Retrieve arms from floor, post-haste!

**11/11/11**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

You make a dutiful motion toward your TRUSTY FIREARMS, doing your part to assail the mushy carcass of a horse that passed away long ago, when suddenly a WILD CHARACTER-SELECT SCREEN APPROACHES!!!!!!!!!!

You really feel like you are in the driver's seat now. You can basically take this story LITERALLY ANYWHERE, as long as you don't pick one of those shadowy characters, and as long as the panels are actually finished being drawn. It is like this whole panoramic cornucopia of limitless possibility sprawling before your very eyes.

Who do you want to be?

## Be Jane.

**11/11/11**

You are suddenly Jane again. What was it you were up to? Oh right, this game. You're excited about that!

Earlier this morning you thought you heard the mail truck, even though the mail never comes in the morning. But just to be sure, you rushed downstairs to check, even though due to recent events, you are FORBIDDEN FROM LEAVING THE HOUSE. Alas, it was not there, and you sort of spaced out at the sky with a goofy grin on your face for no great reason, and then you were caught red handed by your guardian. Then you got in trouble.

You think you might be grounded now? Whatever, *DAD!*

## Jane: Examine fetch modus.

**12/11/11**

```
fetch modus

recipe
```

It's your RECIPE MODUS, an extremely handy little inventory widget your DAD got for you for your birthday a couple years ago. He can be a real hard-ass sometimes (not really), but he sure knows how to spoil his little girl.

## Jane: Captchalogue it!

**12/11/11**

```
fetch modus

recipe

⬡ 11
```

You stick the RECIPE MODUS in your... uh... RECIPE MODUS!

You flip the card over and look at the back. The thing about this modus you think is really cool is that instead of showing a completely useless wobbly garbled code on the back, it itemizes the components which could be used to create it! In a completely hypothetical framework, of course.

Just another wonderful innovation by your favorite company. It releases many products of an experimental nature, often with applicability to other kinds of technology and products which haven't hit the market yet. Of course, as the heiress, you are privy to all the sweetest gear in advance. Maybe you'll rummage through some of that stuff later.

The modus as a captchalogued object has only one simple recipe, involving an ARRAY MODUS (snore!) and a COOK BOOK (yesss!) Other objects have more varied and elaborate recipes though.

## Jane: Get hat.

**12/11/11**

```
⬡ 1
⬡ 25  ⬡ 5  □  1
▽ 100,000,000,000,000
```

You captchalogue your FAVORITE HAT, which is also your ONLY HAT. You spent basically your ENTIRE CHILDHOOD in this hat, pretending to be hard boiled detectives and whatnot. In public, you and your DAD made quite the pair. Everyone could tell by a glance that you were your father's daughter, sired from his loins directly and genetically, through what was undoubtedly a natural process of human procreation involving a man and a woman. People would definitely nod and say, "Yep, that little lady sure did emerge from a womb on account of *that* gentleman's awesome virility."

As you can see, there are loads of ways to cook up a hat like this, involving many stupid combinations of random objects.

## Jane: Inspect posters.

**12/11/11**

```
♡ !!!!
Jeff Foxworthy
```

It's one of your funnymen pinups, a glorious FOXWORTHY. It's one interest that overlaps with your DAD'S. He thinks his corny redneck shtick is just the funniest thing since sliced bread, that was sliced by a hilarious clown with a laugh knife. Honestly, you don't care much for his comedy though. Dealing the low income bucolic classes affectionate sass ad nauseum isn't what you'd call your cup of tea. You just think he's really handsome. Every time he starts rattling off pointers on how to self-diagnose bumpkinhood, you just get lost in that pair of blue twinklers and those soft auburn lipbristles. You were so shy when you got the poster autographed. If only you felt WORTHY of *that* FOX, heh heh.

Oh and there's one of your PROBLEM SLEUTH posters. You've got a lot of Problem Sleuth stuff, because you think detective stories are just so swell. This was the last panel in the first story, which ended a little before your 13th birthday. Since then, the author has been steadily updating PROBLEM SLEUTH 2, which you have been following avidly. You are happy that he stayed in that lane, and stuck with a time-tested formula. If he went in a different direction, you probably would have found it really disappointing.

## Jane: Check out other posters.

**12/11/11**

```
♡  :B ♡

♡  :B ♡
```

Another Sleuth poster of course, with two of your favorite dames ever.

The TOBIAS and the MANHATTAN were gifts for your 14th birthday, sent to you by your good buddy Jake. Just a couple of PERIWINKLE HEARTHROBS unquestionably sent in playful retaliation for the ribbing you've given him over the years for his inexplicable infatuation with his phthalo femmes. So he made a couple of coy recommendations for objects of your attraction, and you have hung his COBALT BEEFCAKES here since. He was pretty spot on with the blue Funke, to be honest, since that's like the best show ever. Mr. Cross can blue himself *any time*, as far as you are concerned. But the Manhattan... not so much. Comics aren't really your thing. But you hung it up anyway because that's the sort of thing you do in a mildly escalating feud of passive-aggressive one-upsmanship. You *own* it. But you felt kind of weird about having his BLUE MUTANT PENIS dangle over your head while you sleep, so you covered it up with something even more obscene, some sort of revolting TROLL HOWIE MANDEL, also gifted to you by Jake. Good lord does that kid have some spotty tastes.

There is also your magnificent SWANSON. Ron Swanson is the PERFECT MAN. You have tried to order all of the bacon and eggs in a restaurant on several occasions. But your dad never lets the order go beyond the joke level. What a fuddyduddy.

## Jane: Take spoon.

**12/11/11**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

spoonkind
```

You tuck your trusty JUNIOR BATTERMASTER'S BOWLBUSTER STIRRING SOLUTION 50000 into your strife deck, allocated with the ever martially-pragmatic SPOONKIND. You wouldn't have it any other way!

You love your fancy spoon. It has several million recipes stored in it, and walks you through each step with a soothing female robot voice, just like in science fiction. Some urban legends say that the device also broadcasts subliminal messages distributing OMINOUS CROCKERCORP PROPAGANDA, but you don't put any stock in that sort of baloney for a second.

There is one switch on it that doesn't seem to do anything. Maybe yours is defective? Still, it's perfectly serviceable, and has assisted you in whipping many a cake into delicious submission.

## Jane: Examine bunnies.

**12/11/11**

These customized bunnies were gifts to you on your 13th birthday, from two of your friends. Both were heirlooms passed down to them, and they decided to coordinate gift ideas and send you dressed up versions of their beloved childhood toys. You like to think he was shooting for a detective bunny with the one on the left, but you know realistically it was probably an Indiana Jones bunny more in line with his interests than yours, especially since it came with a little whip you have since misplaced. The bunny used to belong to his GRANDMA. The other one used to belong to your friend's MOM, and she dressed it as a wizard, which was also unapologetically more representative of her interests than yours. That's ok though, you loved the gesture anyway, and you and she are totally BFFSIES 4EVERZ, her words. And you agree with them!

You did get one more bunny from your other pal. He had to make it himself from scratch, since for some ridiculous reason he didn't happen to have a ratty old bunny heirloom lying around. His gift was... somewhat less innocuous. You have no idea where it is though. Probably just as well.

## Jane: Look out window.

**13/11/11**

```
NOVEMBER 11
[x] ALPHA!
```

You've been fidgeting around your room all day, making little observations about your various belongings, checking the clock. When will the dang mail get here?? You take another peek out the window, just in case.

## ==>

**13/11/11**

It's still not there. But there is your dad. What is he up to?

## ==>

**13/11/11**

He just captchalogued the CAR. Oh, that's right. He was going to wash it today. He's probably taking it into the back yard next to the garden hose. He keeps a very busy fatherly itinerary. So many dad things to do, every single day.

If the mail arrives soon, this would be a great opportunity to sneak out and get it! Fingers crossed.

==>

**13/11/11**

```
Alert : ??
```

Looks like somebody is bothering you. He better make it quick! You've got a window to stay glued to.

## Jane: Go to computer.

**13/11/11**

```
Alert : ??


BB
[BETTYBOTHER]

[SYSTEM]

[HEMERA]

[PESTERCHUM!]

[ACTUATE] [BB BETTYBOTHER] | 11/11 11:05
```

You know you really should switch to PESTERCHUM. It's what your friends use, and it's a lot better than BETTYBOTHER, if you're being honest with yourself. BB is just so spammy and annoying with all of the popups everywhere.

==>

**13/11/11**

```
BE THE FIRST TO VISIT MARS  *OBEY*


BettyBother

FRUIT GUSHERS  *CONSUME*
MYSTERY MOUTH MORPHERS

- golgothasTerror  *
- -ic
- -ed

BCCORP  *SUBMIT*

Hamburger Helper  *CEASE REPRODUCTION*
Beef


*STAY ASLEEP*
```

Ugh, look at this dreadful clutter. You have got to switch. But then, brand loyalty is a powerful thing.

Looks like Jake is messaging you.

## Jane: Answer Jake.

**13/11/11**

```
Alert : Jane
Alert : Jake
```

pesterloggolgothasTerror [GT] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG] at 11:05

GT: Jane!
GT: Forgive my botherations. I know this is meant to be a spanking ripsnorter of a day for you and all.
GT: But do you happen to know where the devilfucking dickens mr strider might be?
GG: Oh, that's fine!
GG: I had been meaning to message you sooner actually, but I suppose in all the hubbub today, it plumb slipped my mind.
GG: Which is a shocking fact on its lonesome, considering what I have to tell you!
GT: Egad...
GT: *Loosens collar a bit.*
GG: As for this Strider business, hrmmm. He's an elusive guy Jake. You know that.
GG: I talked to him yesterday. That's as much help as I can be!
GT: Shoot.
GT: I really need to ask him something but hes got his blasted auto responder turned on.
GG: Hoo hoo.
GG: I love that thing. :B
GT: He wouldnt be pleased to hear you say that.
GG: What do you need with him?
GG: Does this have to do with your crazy pen pal project?
GT: It most certainly does and time is of the essence!
GT: Today is the day i have to finish it and send it. Not a day later!
GT: So you see why i am feeling really friggin discombobulated at the moment.
GG: Sorry, J. :(
GG: This would be the birthday present... for your grandmother?
GT: No!
GT: It is for your grandfather simply to be *relayed* to him by my grandmother. A joint gift to him from she and i.
GG: Her and me.
GT: What? Who and you now?
GG: "A joint gift from her and me." Grammar, Jake!
GT: Oh for frigs flipping sake jane this is no time for your prudish pedantry! Leave your bookish malarkey in a dusty old library somewhere. I have an adventure to get on with!
GG: So if I have this straight, the big thing hogging up your plate today is not this marvelous new game which I have invited you to play with me, but finishing a robotic rabbit to give to my dead poppop?
GT: Bingo. *double pistols and a wink*
GG: You are a very strange and silly boy.

GT: Please jane we have addressed this.
GT: I am sending the gift back in time to when they are both alive and about our age.
GT: Or...
GT: Something like that. Something funny is going on here that i have not fully grappled yet but dag nab it if im not gonna see it through.
GG: Well,
GG: Godspeed, then! I do hope you can pull it off.
GT: Are you being fresh with me now?
GG: No!!
GT: Look jane i know youve never believed me and you think everything i say is some big cockamamie goofoff but i think today of all days is when you should start taking some things more seriously.
GT: Especially since i have always had your back. I have always believed in you!
GG: Hey! I have believed in you too.
GG: However, believing somebody isn't the same thing as believing IN somebody.
GG: But that much said...
GG: I think that maybe I am getting ready to believe some of the wild stories I've heard?
GG: Or, if not believe outright, reserve judgment on, at least.
GT: Is that so!
GG: I don't know!
GG: I'm still not sure what to think. But what I wanted to tell you this morning was...
GG: I had a really wild dream last night.
GG: And you were in it.
GT: Oh my. *glasses fog up. fumbles for kerchief.*
GG: Sh! Not like that.
GG: It was so real! I think we were in the game, even though we haven't started playing yet.
GG: I don't know what to make of it. Whether it was a vision of the future, or somewhere that exists now, or if it was just a really lucid dream due to excitement.
GT: What was i doing there?
GG: Um...
GG: Not a heck of a lot!
GG: I really want to tell you all about it, but it will take some time to explain, and we both have things to attend to.
GG: You with your time traveling rabbitwork, and I, my vigilant window gazing!
GT: Too true.
GT: Let us reconvene later and sort out all this shit at a leisurely pace.
GG: Yes, ok, good luck Jake!
GT: Okay you too jane! Bye!
golgothasTerror [GT] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

## Jane: Check clock.

**14/11/11**

```
11/11 11:10
```

Hold the phone. 11:10... you almost forgot! One minute until the empire's REBRANDING launch. You wonder if it will live up to the hype? Guess you'll find out.

## Jane: Wait a minute.

**14/11/11**

You ride out another 60 seconds and... huh? Something happened to your BAKING CHEST. Did the logo just change?

You wonder what else may have been affected.

## Jane: Look around.

**14/11/11**

```
ALPHA
```

Yep. This one changed too. Crockercorp is nothing if not thorough with its branding tactics.
You *guess* it's pretty cool? It's just a fork instead of a spoon. Not the most awe inspiring logo you've ever seen, but who are you to judge? Aside from the future owner of the company.

(You make a mental note that when you turn 18 and inherit the company you will change it back to a spoon, you love the spoon.)

## Jane: Examine bowlbuster.

**14/11/11**

```
,,,
```

Sure enough, the JUNIOR BATTERMASTER'S BOWLBUSTER STIRRING SOLUTION 50000 has been affected too, along with your specibus.

## Jane: Try flipping switch.

**14/11/11**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

forkkind
```

You try the broken switch again. Hey look, it does something now, toggling your trusty bowlbuster between a STIRRING SOLUTION and a POKING SOLUTION. Neat!

## Jane: Back to the window!

**15/11/11**

Nope, still nothing. You surely would have heard the truck pull up. You guess the empire wasn't able to coordinate the mail with its rebranding. Maybe the U.S. Postal Service is the one thing it doesn't have its gnarled claws in yet? (Another mental note: sink gnarled claws into post office when you take over.)

## Jane: Open chest.

**15/11/11**

```
Alert : 
```

You decide to pass the time by rummaging through your BAKING CHEST and... hang on.

Maybe later.

# Jane: Answer.

**15/11/11**

Alert :

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] began cheering gutsyGumshoe [GG] at 11:17

UU: good morning, lovely. ^u^
GG: Why, hellooooooo.
UU: so i gUess today is finally the day yoU make everything better.
GG: :B!
UU: it is the day whereafter the legendary octet of mUtUal progenitoriety will come together and heal a great breach in paradox space.
UU: a day delivered throUgh eighty billion years and foUr distinct Universal instances worth of Unfathomable tUrbUlence.
UU: and while the emerald eye of this storm is fixed in the abyss forever
UU: today yoU are poised to escape its scowl once and for all.
UU: by skaias gUiding light, yoU may leave behind its tUrning arms of bright coloUrs and mayhem, and secUre peace for yoUr cosmic progeny for all dUration.
UU: and if yoU are to meet this departUre with trepidation i woUld Understand! bUt also i woUld ask
UU: is there nothing i can do to ease yoUr mind?
GG: Gosh! So formal today.
UU: yes. u_u;
UU: i'm afraid i am gUilty of rehearsing this pep talk well in advance.
UU: i thoUght yoU deserved a proper sendoff.
GG: D'aww.
UU: well then?
UU: is there nothing i can do?
UU: it was a serioUs qUestion. :u
GG: You needn't worry about easing my nerves.
GG: If it weren't for you, I wouldn't be nearly as thrilled about today as I am!
UU: splendid! ^u^
UU: bUt remember i will be here to help, whilst refraining from caUsal spoilers to the best of my ability.
GG: That is reassuring!
UU: have yoU corresponded with yoUr first designated co-player yet?
GG: No, I haven't seen her online yet today.
GG: I'm really hoping Lalonde won't flake out on me this time. Have you heard from her?
UU: not the today that is local to yoU.
UU: thoUgh i do have a wee bit more troUble monitoring her than the rest of yoU. cUrioUs dark patches in transmission, hUmph.
UU: still, i woUldn't fret over it. she is as good a chUm as any yoU have and shoUld come throUgh Ultimately, even if things seem dire.
GG: If you say so.
GG: Oh!
GG: I wanted to tell you, I had an amazing dream last night!

UU: blimey! :U
GG: I believe it may have been of the sort you described. A dream of awakening, presuming I haven't just flatout lost my marbles.
UU: indeed, im sUre it was. i knew yoU woUld wake Up soon!
UU: might yoU describe what yoU saw?
GG: I was in a bright gold city. Above was a brilliant blue sky, but the horizon was dark as night.
GG: Was this the place you told me about? What was it called...
GG: Ah, shucks, does this count as a "causal spoiler?"
UU: not at all! that is a simple detail aboUt the realm yoU are aboUt to explore, withoUt directly involving yoUr fUtUre decisions of conseqUence.
UU: the place yoU visited was called prospit. it is where i have woken Up every time i have gone to sleep for most of my life.
GG: I didn't see you there. At least, I don't think I did!
UU: no, yoU woUldnt have.
UU: my prospit is an alternate version from yoUrs, in a completely different session qUite far afield of yoUr reality.
UU: if we are ever to meet in person, it is Unlikely to be while playing oUr respective games!
GG: Ok then.
GG: I mentioned this briefly to Jake, and he didn't have much to say before we parted ways.
GG: I will gather that if this is all true, then it means Jake had not awoken yet?
UU: i think this is for yoU to determine in time. what is yoUr hUnch?
GG: I don't know.
GG: But there was one thing about the dream that was very troubling.
GG: I'm becoming nervous to consider what it might mean.
UU: Understandable. bUt it will be important to practice patience today.
UU: yoU have a long road ahead of yoU, and many qUestions will be answered in time.
UU: bUt we can talk it over later. now, we both have games to prepare for!
UU: i know yoU coUld never fUlly appreciate what this actUally meant, bUt i took mUch care to sync Up these conversations with yoU on the same day that i begin playing as well.
UU: that way, we can joUrney throUgh oUr sessions together and compare notes! :u
GG: Hrm. I'm still not sure I appreciate what that means, but I appreciate that a nice gesture has been made if you say so!
GG: I guess I should just start believing all of this now, huh? Rather than learning it to be true later and feeling the fool for all my curmudgeonly skepticism?
UU: ~_u
GG: For starters, I guess I could drop my reservations about your story?
UU: will yoU :U!!!
GG: I can write off much to tomfoolery as I'm no stranger to a good prank myself. But quite honestly you seem too kind for this charade. Not the type I'd expect to trot out such persistent falsehoods beyond their humorous welcome.
GG: So what do I know! Consarn it, maybe you are an alien girl from Uranus, and together we are about to play a game which determines the fate of existence. Sign me up!
UU: oh, hee hee! bUt i never claimed to be from that planet, which is only in the far reaches of yoUr solar system.
UU: in fact i am from mUch farther away. a different Universe altogether.
UU: bUt if yoU trUly mean it, thank yoU for believing me!

UU: now, jane my lovely, let Us prepare for this adventUre.
UU: remember what i said aboUt the need for patience.
UU: patience with yoUr friends.
UU: patience for yoUr growth as a hero of life.
UU: and patience for the coming of the other foUr of legend.
UU: a hero of breath and of light and of time and of space!
UU: and if yoU still find yoUrself in doUbt
UU: jUst check the inscription on that big old book downstairs.
UU: after all, if yoU cant trUst words written by yoUr own hand
UU: then what Use is trUst at all? ^u^
UU: <kisses!>
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

## Jane: Ok, back to the chest.

**15/11/11**

You return to your BAKING CHEST which you use mainly for storing QUALITY PRANKING APPARATUS and a few other odds and ends.

Oh hello, poppop. His friendly face is there to greet you every time you open your chest. You would have loved to meet him. Unfortunately his life was cut short at the tender age of 86 in a tragic accident, coincidentally on the same day you were born, or so your dad tells you. Poppop Crocker was a LEGENDARY COMEDIAN, following in the footsteps of his grandfather who of course was the greatest southern pranking legend of all time. One day, you hope to follow in poppop's too.

But then, if the whoppers you have been told recently have any truth to them, maybe you will get to meet him after all? It seems too good to be true. The only relationship you have ever had with him are through video footage of his VAUDEVILLIAN ANTICS on stage. Or through his role as Judge Johnny Stone on one of your favorite old sitcoms, NIGHT COURT.

## Jane: Rummage around.

**15/11/11**

```
Betty Crocker PICTURE COOK BOOK

Harry Anderson's WISE GUY

Pony Pals

Colonel Sassacre's DAUNTING TEXT of MAGICAL FRIVOLITY and PRACTICAL JAPERY
```

Just your basics when it comes to pranking. A few CLEVER DISGUISES. A NAME BRAND DUNCE CAP. A SLIGHTLY ABRIDGED EDITION OF SASSACRE'S TEXT, updated for the modern prankster and scrubbed of a few of the more egregious julep-fueled racial slurs, several other stray books, your company's prototypical model for the GRISTWIDGET 12000, and of course your super-handy UNREAL HEIRESS THOUGHTWAVE TIARATOP for the young gogetting junior battermaster on the go.

## Jane: Dump chest.

**15/11/11**

Might as well get all this crap out of here and take it with you. You never know when you might need it.

You shut the chest and... oh, hello Harry Anderson. Always a pleasure to see you there.

He is also one of your idols, and as it happens, has a bit of a history with your poppop. They were rivals on the vaudeville comedy and magic act circuit. Eventually the less competent Anderson was shamed out of the industry and went on to greener pastures in the PRIVATE DICKING BIZ. He became one of the hardest boiled detectives on the mean streets of the Big Easy, and later made a fortune off his memoirs (ghost written by Mike Caveney).

## Jane: Captchalogue all.

**15/11/11**

Your sylladex is so great. You shudder to remember some of the old shitty fetch modi you used to struggle with when you were younger, still learning the captchaloguing ropes. Fibonacci heap??? Lol at the f'ing noob.

## Jane: Inspect books.

**15/11/11**

```
-arry Anderson

WISE GUY

from the street to the screen

Mike Caveney

Pony Pals

Detective Pony


Hell.

Fucking.

Yes.

-DS


Can Acorn save the animals?

Jeanne Betancourt
SCHOLASTIC

⬡ 3
⬡ 100,000
```

You have a COOKBOOK, which of course was made obsolete by your computerized talking bowlbuster. You wouldn't dare part with it though. Too many wonderful memories.

There's Anderson's aforementioned book, WISE GUY. His (Caveney's) stories are gripping! In a way.

And then there's a customized copy of PONY PALS, a gift to you on your 14th birthday from the

slippery Mr. Strider. Each page contains lovingly hand-written commentary on the deeds of this intrepid young horse.

## Jane: Check out gristwidget.

**16/11/11**

This thing's a piece of junk! It just wastes your boondollars and destroys your cool gear to produce these stupid things that look like Gushers! But unlike Gushers which serve many practical purposes like inducing vomiting and simulating the experience of eating plump insects, these things are totally useless!

## Jane: Insert hat card.

**16/11/11**

```
B$ 10
```

Ok, you'll try it out with one of your less prized possessions just to prove how dumb it is. You never liked this hat much. It makes you look like a gnome and basically isn't funny at all.

You pop the card in. The GRISTWIDGET indicates it will cost 10 BOONDOLLARS to convert this object into grist. That's not too bad, you guess. It's not like the currency has much value anyway. It was introduced as a sort of BCCORP FUNBUX, to be used by youngsters specifically on qualifying merch online and stuff. Brilliant business strategy, really. As heiress to the empire, you are naturally endowed with millions, which you have a reputation for being very generous with. You have been considering using your wealth to set up a scholarship fund to allow underprivileged kids to go to booncollege.

## Jane: Activate.

**16/11/11**

See??? Utterly pointless. You hope Crockercorp was going somewhere with this technology, cause if not, this product is first in line for getting the axe when you're in charge.

## Jane: Wear tiaratop.

**16/11/11**

You put on your highly fashionable UNREAL HEIRESS THOUGHTWAVE TIARATOP and flip it on. It immediately hums to life as its blazing fast processes mingle with your thoughts. It is the most efficient computing technology in the world by far, as long as you don't wear it for too long. But aside from a few migraines, you can't possibly imagine any drawbacks that could come with merging your thoughts with experimental technology from an extremely powerful corporation, wait what?

## Jane: Continue vigilant window gazing.

**16/11/11**

```
  *OBEY*

All hail new Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court.
More →


BettyBother
FRUIT ROLL-UPS
ROLL-UPS FRANKENBERRY
```

```
Congratulations! You've been chosen to receive a
FREE DINNER FOR TWO
 *with completion of program requirements

Olive Garden
FEEDING CHAMBER

Claim your FREE* dinner for 2 NOW!
Limited time offer! Online only!
[Please select the restaurant]
[Enter your Email]
I verify that I am a U.S. Resident over the age of 18 and I agree to the
Privacy Policy and Terms and Conditions
(CLICK HERE TO CLAIM!)


(simulated livestock flakes)

Bac-Os

Bax~Os(R) Makes Every Bite Better

Bac~Os BITS


Green Giant(R)

Brocolli & Cheese Sauce
```

Still no sign of the mail. Might as well keep the tiaratop on while you look, even if it means suffering through all these bullshit popup ads. That way you can keep an eye out for Lalonde while you're at it.

**==>**

**16/11/11**

```
Alert : ??
```

Speak of the devilfucking dickens.

## Jane: Answer Lalonde.

**17/11/11**

```
Alert : TG
Alert : Jane
```

pesterlogtipsyGnostalgic [TG] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG] at 11:24

TG: jane
TG: hey
TG: jaaaney
TG: ansrew plz
TG: *answer
TG: jaaaaaaaaane
GG: Omg.
GG: Overreact much? I kept you waiting for all of two seconds!
GG: Where have you been today?
TG: nowhere just chilling here

TG: when all of the sudden
GG: "All of a sudden."
TG: when all of the sudden
TG: it hits me
TG: thaf we have somethig really fuckin important to talk about
GG: This hit you just now? We made plans to get in touch early this morning, and I have seen neither hide nor hair of you all day.
TG: it hits me that
TG: jakes bday is coming up really soon
TG: just a few days before mine remembr
TG: or i guess it would be if it wasnt for the end of the world thats about to happen
GG: Oh, for Pete's sake.
TG: i just wanted your advice on what to get him
TG: something sentimental i guess? but i mean im mostly tapped out of precious heirlooms atm so idk
TG: but not like anything coming on too strong
TG: something that says
TG: this is totes platonic and everything
TG: no eyebrow raising funnybiz is goin on over here
TG: but still says you know
TG: call me
TG: if you wanna
GG: Grrr.
GG: Now I know you're joking around to get my goat.
TG: ahaha
TG: yeah
TG: the goat getting thing i mean
TG: but joking oh no i think not
TG: u dont think that if i didnt say he was off limits on account of you being my best friend
TG: i wouldnt be all the hell over that????
TG: daaaaamn
TG: that rugged senseof adventure
TG: the delightful silly vernacular thats like
TG: weirdly and bewitchingly not self aware
TG: those adorbable teeth
TG: swoooooooooon <3
GG: Nooooo, stop. :(
TG: well shit jane
TG: what am i even supposed to do
TG: i cant hit on anybody and appaprently i can entertain nary a frisky THOUGHT about anyboby because apparentley evrybodies OFF LIMITS!!!!!
TG: *buncha goddamn typos
TG: shit suuucks
TG: you dont even let me say your dad is hot even though we both know he way the fuck is i mean come one
TG: *one

TG: *on
GG: Yeah. Because it's weird!
GG: And you're drunk. :P
TG: correction
TG: drinking
TG: prensent tense
TG: grammar jane
GG: I don't see why you don't try to court the favor of Mr. Strider. If you ask me, he and you are perfect for each other.
TG: oh jane
TG: so naive
TG: soooo niaev
GG: Lordy.
GG: How can you be this fargone so early?
GG: It isn't even noon yet.
TG: you forget we live in very different time zones
TG: its a lot later here
GG: You're three hours ahead of me!
TG: youd would be amazed
TG: how much can happen
TG: in 3 hours
GG: Tsk. What would your mother have to say if she caught you?
TG: p sure she wouldnt give a shit
TG: i mean
TG: shes the one who stocked thegod damn liquor cabinets in the firts place
TG: i dont even think she ever had a drop in her life probably
TG: so why else is she puttin it there it was like
TG: a passive aggrassive dare for me
TG: *aggressive
TG: jut the sort of mind game she would play
GG: So even if your insane and paranoid theory happens to be true, your response is, "Screw it! Time to help myself to all this mind game booze."
TG: yuuuuuuuuuuup
TG: pppp mcuh
GG: Groan. You are completely impossible like this.
GG: I cannot believe you chose to do this today of all days. I should have known better!
GG: Here I am waking up bright and early, waiting all day with my nose pressed against this glass for the mail to come and wondering if you'll ever log on, and all the while you are just getting blind stinking schnocker-bottomed drunk.
TG: watcha waiting for
TG: in the mail
TG: is something happening today or something
GG: &%#$@!!!
GG: The alpha!
GG: Jeez-Louise, you are hopeless.
TG: oh yeah

TG: that thing
GG: Are you at all ready to play if it comes?
TG: i guess
TG: but
TG: you sure you even want to play this thing
TG: u know its just what the batterwitch wants you to do
GG: Not this again.
TG: if you want to go ahead and be a chump jane its ur call im just saying
TG: i know what a chump looks like
TG: and you dont look like no chump i ever saw
TG: if you go thru with this ill have to add your porfile to my chump roll
TG: which is like this real actual thing i maintain
TG: intsead of being a joke
TG: is that waht you want
TG: *want
GG: The "Batterwitch" DOES NOT EXIST!
GG: It is an idiotic urban legend.
GG: How many times have I explained this? My great, great grandmother who founded the company and is accused of holding this identity would have to be almost two hundred years old if she were still alive today. The idea is such preposterous hogwash it's hardly worth dignifying with a rational response.
GG: The iconic face of the company isn't even a real person! She was fabricated long ago during the company's fledgling years.
TG: right
TG: as
TG: you know
TG: an alter ego
TG: for somethig more sinister
GG: Such cuckoobird nonsense.
GG: In any case, I don't understand the nature of this second guessing, besides chalking it up to your unwelcome inebriation.
GG: We had agreed you would play with me. You sounded excited about it!
GG: Have you even obtained your copy yet??
TG: um
TG: heh
TG: yes "obtianed"
TG: suuure did
GG: Through your various technologically crypotgraphic means, I presume?
TG: oh you bet
TG: hacked the SHIT out of those TIGHT mainframes and all
TG: said jackpot like
TG: a BUNCH of times
TG: all those
TG: cyhpers and bobbytraps
TG: backdoor trojans and what not
TG: were no match

TG: 4 mai codez
TG: snicker
GG: :|
GG: I am quizzically narrowing my eyes trying to solve the joke you are attempting, assuming it even is one.
TG: ok jane what im saying is that
TG: in the parlance of baking cause i know that is what gets you off
TG: is that
TG: it was a fuckin cakewake
TG: **cakewalk
GG: Oh.
TG: like by wich i mean not to say hur hur im hottest shit haxxor bitch you ever knew
TG: as deadlay to the corporate grid ass she is beatuiful
TG: which i AM but
TG: what i mean is shit wasnt even guarded
TG: it was just
TG: some files
TG: that were there
TG: unsecured
TG: and i took them
TG: jacked them right offa that intraweb telematrice
TG: then applied lipstick
TG: femme fatale style
TG: and was like shit yes i ALL KINDS of know how to use my web browser to download serveral files
GG: Really?
TG: yeah
TG: so now
TG: i got it
TG: if u really wanna play
TG: which you shouldnt
GG: Hrm. That is a bit puzzling. I thought this software was highly proprietary.
TG: i told you
TG: she wants you to play
TG: wants us all to
TG: part of her BIG PLANS
TG: and ur playing right into em
TG: like
TG: a
TG: chhhhhhhhhhhhh....
GG: Ump, yes, I know. You've made yourself clear.
GG: But what doesn't add up about your story is,
GG: I believe SOMEBODY doesn't want me to play.
GG: How else do you explain the recent attempts on my life?
TG: dunno
TG: someone out their wants the stock price to take a hit?

GG: "there"
TG: orrrr
TG: its just more connivings of the witch
GG: So this hypothetical monstrosity wants me to succeed, but also wants me to die?
GG: Makes a lot of sense!
TG: wouldnt put it past her
TG: makes you feel perpsecuted
TG: redoubles your determination to play
TG: u advance her plans in whatever incomprehensible way
TG: until suddenly you did evrything she needed you to
TG: at which point you become craaaaazy expendable yo
TG: and then
TG: she expends you
TG: like a wad of boondollars on shitty bc merch
GG: I see. This is sounding less like a crackpot conspiracy theory by the minute!
TG: w/e alls im saying is a bunch of stuff thats def true to the max
TG: ill send this file to you tho and what you do wiht its up to you
TG: so you want it now or what
GG: Hm. It's tempting, and I'm curious as heck to play it.
GG: But the mail should be coming any minute! I've waited this long for it, so I might as well use the official discs addressed to me.
GG: When it comes, I do hope you'll change your tune.
GG: Not to mention brew yourself a pot of coffee and sober your drunk butt up.
TG: my drunk butts tune will stay as unchanged as it will remain un not drunk
TG: makr my barley corerent words
GG: Hoo hoo! Ok, fair enough.
GG: But I believe that when we start playing together, you'll come around.
GG: Personally, I can hardly contain my excitement over it.
GG: If years ago someone told me, which incidentally someone DID, that today I would have an exclusive opportunity to play what is absolutely the most cutting edge immersive simulation game ever released, developed by a company which has already done so much for the advancement of humanity, I would have said, "Shucks, buster, sign me up!"
TG: jane
GG: Yes?
TG: jaaaane
GG: What!
TG: jane
TG: did u know
TG: that i am uttrely
TG: IN LOVE
TG: with the fact that
TG: i have a best friend
TG: who says things
TG: like
TG: shucks buster
GG: Shoosh you, drunky! :B

GG: Oh...
GG: Oh! Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...
TG: wtf
GG: The thing.
GG: The flappy thing!

==>
**17/11/11**
pesterlogGG: THE FLAPPY SWINGY DOODAD.
GG: THE ARM DEALIE.
GG: THE DEALIE, LALONDE, THE DEALIE!!!
TG: wut
GG: THE GODDARNED RED SWINGY FLAPPY LEVER ARM THINGAMABOB, WHATEVER IT'S CALLED.
GG: ON THE MAILBOX.
TG: breathe crocker
TG: slow breaths like this
TG: (im breathin regular fyi)
GG: IT'S UP.
GG: IT'S UP, IT'S UP, IT'S UP.
TG: i dont get a lotta mail out here and im no mail expret
TG: *expert
TG: but
TG: doesnt that mean not the right thing
TG: like ur susposed to put it up if you want something taken away not have the guy put it up if mail comes
TG: i think your mail man is quiet possibly a dumbass
GG: NO, WHO CARES ABOUT THAT! THE DEALIE, THE DEEEEEAAAALIEEEEEEE!!!
GG: IT'S UP, IT'S UP, IT'S HERE IT'S HERE IT'S HERE!
GG: AAAAAAAAAAAH!
TG: lma so fucking o @ this
GG: Brb.
gutsyGumshoe [GG] ceased bothering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

## Jane: Prepare to retrieve mail.
**17/11/11**
You scamper over to the door, but pause a second to think. Is your dad still washing the car? Hopefully he's still preoccupied so you can sneak out.

But it doesn't hurt to be prepared for an encounter. Luckily, that is exactly what you are.

## Jane: Don clever disguise.
**17/11/11**
Why, is that his loving daughter, or could it be none other than INSPECTOR JACQUES CLOUSEAU??? Mr. Clouseau, what are you doing in this household? Can I bake you a cake? Please make yourself comfortable while I go about my business not being suspicious.

But wait, perhaps that is not so much the distinguished Inspector Clouseau as it is...

==>

**17/11/11**

THE WORLD RENOWNED INVESTIGATOR HERCULE POIROT, BECAUSE THE LITTLE CURLY MUSTACHE IS A LOT CUTER.

The great Poirot, in THIS house?? Such an honor. I will set the kettle to boil straightaway. Who would have guessed this home would be so heavily trafficked by famous French detectives at this time of day? Oh my, the good Poirot appears to be clucking little pleasantries in his adorable French accent through the high pitched voice of an enthusiastic teen girl. I SURELY don't have the heart to ground this upstanding, dapper gentleman, no matter HOW many dastardly attempts are made on her life.

==>

**17/11/11**

Yeah, this is a really shitty disguise.

## Jane: Exit.

**17/11/11**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

You make a cautious motion toward a beckoning EXIT KNOB, when suddenly THE SAME WILD CHARACTER-SELECT SCREEN REAPPROACHES NONTHREATENINGLY!

You note that you still cannot pick one of the shadowy characters. But maybe you haven't been the other guy yet? That means it's time to click him.

Or maybe you already have been him, in which case you are done with this thing. The narrative really has no way of knowing. Your ass remains firmly planted in the driver's seat, as always.

## Be Jake.

**17/11/11**

```
X-MEN


HULK


SPIDER GIRL


THE INCREDIBLE HULK
```

And just like that, back to Jake. What was it you were up to? Oh right, you were going to pick these dang guns up off the floor when you were interrupted by some fleeting imperceptible thought. You kind of space out sometimes.

## Jake: About those arms.

**18/11/11**

```
X-MEN
```

```
HULK


SPIDER GIRL


THE INCREDIBLE HULK

strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

2xpistolkind
```

Right. You pick up your TWIN M9 BERETTAS, weapons of choice in an absurd arsenal inherited from an eccentric old woman.

Guns are so cool. Your GRANDMA was rad.

## Jake: Examine holster belt.

**18/11/11**

```
X-MEN


HULK


SPIDER GIRL


WATCHMEN
```

It's your authentic TOMB RAIDER SEXY THIGHSTRAP DOUBLE HOLSTER, complete with cool skullbuckle and everything. You like to think you pull it off about as well as Croft herself.

## Jake: Wear it.

**18/11/11**

```
X-MEN


HULK


SPIDER GIRL


THE INCREDIBLE HULK
```

You like to think that, but in truth you look ridiculous. You think you probably need shorter shorts to make it work? Probably skin tight shorts too. As it is, the cuffs of your baggy shorts get kind of bunched up underneath the thighstraps, which is uncomfortable and makes you look like a tool.

## Jake: Ok, forget it.

**18/11/11**

```
X-MEN
```

```
HULK


SPIDER GIRL


THE INCREDIBLE HULK
```

Better off just keeping it in your strife deck.

You can draw the guns faster from there anyway.

## Jake: Examine bed.

**18/11/11**

```
PUNISHER

SPIDER ISLAND
```

You think your bed is some sort of electronic gadget. You're pretty sure those bedpost globes are supposed to glow like light bulbs under certain circumstances. But you've never been able to figure out what purpose it serves. Just more mysterious junk inherited from your eclectic GRANDMA.

She also gave you these bedsheets when you were very young, which you adore, but only for sentimental reasons. You aren't too keen on monsters.

## Jake: Examine posters.

**18/11/11**

```
THE -MMY


-GATE
-NTIS


-DAN FRASER  JET LI
MUMMY


-SSELL  JAMES SPADER  JAYE DAVIDSON
-TARGATE
IT WILL TAKE YOU A MILLION LIGHT YEARS FROM HOME!


-ULK


TERRY
Week- BER- II
-E'S BACK... -D HE'S -LL DEAD!


TIME TRAVELLING DEMON


LARA CROFT
TOMB RAIDER
IN THEATRES JUNE 1-
```

Which posters? Your whole room is nothing but posters. Sometimes you find it hard to focus on any one of them. You just relax your eyes and get lost in all the incredible heroes and adventures which exploded from the silver screen and into your bedroom as well as your heart.

Movies are so great. You have never seen a movie you didn't like, you are pretty sure. People give you a hard time for that though. Gosh you love movies. Almost as much as you love skulls. And movies that have skulls in them? Oh my god.

So wonderful.

## Jake: Scope out those blue chicks.

**18/11/11**

```
-ME TRAVELLING DEMON


JAMES CAMERON'S AVATAR


Walt Disney
NATION- TREAS-
BOOK OF S-


INDIANA JONES
and THE KINGDOM OF THE CRYSTAL SKULL


-onathan Silverman
Weekend at BERNIE'S
He may be dead, but he's still the life of the party!


GHO- R-
```

This is your collection of beauties. But you don't call them that to anyone but yourself in private, because somehow even you are aware of how dorky that sounds.

You are oft-times the recipient of a good ribbing from Jane on account of your peculiar fascination with blue movie ladies. You don't have to justify yourself to her though. What is even her deal? Any fella would be off his ROCKER not to fawn over all these BODACIOUS BLUE KNOCKOUTS. You want to make out with all of them.

## Jake: Make out with all of them.

**18/11/11**

```
JAMES CAMERON'S AVATAR
```

Dear, sweet Neytiri from James Cameron's Avatar.

Oh, if only you were the one who could have overcome his paralysis on an alien adventure planet to become her boyfriend, instead of that other guy. Then she could have shown you how to be bold and courageous, and stand up to fight for your people, and maybe later, engage in a bizarre extraterrestrial reproductive process involving ponytails, and a magical tree you guess?

You'll show that curmudgeonly Strider who's just a gigantic shitty space furry. You will show him what marvelous creatures they are. You'll show him what a daring dream it is, to combine the finest qualities of humanity with...

But seriously, you have got to stop kissing this stupid poster.

## Jake: Stop kissing stupid poster.

**19/11/11**

```
Walt Disney
NATION- TREAS-
BOOK OF S-


Little MONSTERS
FRED SAVAGE
HOWIE MANDELL


INDIANA JONES
and THE KINGDOM OF THE CRYSTAL SKULL


-A CROFT
-OMB -IDE-
-ADLE OF L-


-onathan Silverman
Weekend at BERNIE'S
He may be dead, but he's still the life of the party!


CAGE


-S CAG-
GHOST RIDER
MEN


HEATH L-EDGER
A KNIGHTS -TALE
HE WILL R-OCK YOU
```

Yes, that was a waste of time. Definitely. It's definitely not something you spend much time doing whenever you are alone, which is always.

Anyway, here are some other great movies. Weekend at Bernies? Classic. You really think John would like this movie, if the things you have heard about him are true. Guys in cahoots make the silly corpse of Bernie Lomax do zany puppet antics so their schemes can succeed, guffaws aplenty, as you have tried to tell Jade before practically verbatim. She doesn't much care for great movies like that, but that's alright. You love her anyway and you think she's a blast. She says you sound just like John when you say stuff like that though, and that the two of you would get along famously. You can't wait to meet him.

Also there are some Cage flicks there. But who doesn't love a good Cage flick? Nobody is who.

Dang, you would kill to get your hands on some authentic Cage movie memorabilia. But that'll probably have to remain a crazy dream.

## Jake: Examine package.

**19/11/11**

```
-ROFT
-MB -DER
-ES JUNE 15


Weekend at BERNIE'S
He may be dead, but he's still the life of the party!


-ST RIDER
MEN


HE WILL R-OCK YOU


TERMINATOR SALVATION
05.21.02


ARMY OF DARKNESS


MA-
BLA-


THE INCREDIBLE HULK


SPIDER ISLAND
SPIDER GIRL


THE AMAZING SPIDER GIRL #1


THE AMAZING SPIDER GIRL
WHO WAS SHE?
```

Speaking of John, this is his birthday present. It is the project that has been taking up all your time lately. And today is the deadline to finish it! You have to send it to Jade so that she has time to ship it to him across the Pacific ocean. The TRANSMATERIALIZER you have been using to ship it back and forth is wired to sync up your flow of time with hers, so it's not like you can just take forever with it, and send to the exact time she needs it - you've thought of that! And considering this bunny is PROBABLY going back to the early 20th century, when she and John were around your age, you figure the mail was extra slow back then, so there is not a moment to spare. Whew, time stuff is pretty complicated! But you are FAIRLY sure you've got this figured out.

## Jake: Examine bunny.

**19/11/11**

Sure is gonna be a sweet gift. Reminds you a lot of the old ratty bunny you inherited from your GRANDMA, who of course is exactly who you are collaborating with to make this thing. Time

loops make you feel a bit fuzzy in the head, but you've always suspected it could very well be the same bunny. At some point in the early 20th century, Jade gave this robo-rabbit to John, and then later it must have been wound up back with Jade... somehow? Then she... uh... removed all the robot parts, hung on to it until she was an old woman, and gave it to you? You guess crazier things have happened. Like the way this whole project started in the first place. Jade tells you this little rabbit here, or Terry Kiser as you like to call him, will save John's life! He will be sitting there on some sort of chess board battlefield, in yellow pajamas, reading a letter, when POW! Kiser to the rescue. So you are taking this responsibility very seriously. You have been for years already.

In fact, this project gave you a neat idea for what to do for Jane's 13th birthday a couple years ago. You and your other pals all coordinated gifts, each sending a customized rabbit. Lalonde happened to have another bunny heirloom like yours, and Strider... well, Strider was resourceful as usual. If John enjoys his gift anywhere near as much as Jane did, then it will be time well spent.

**==>**

**19/11/11**

```
WATCHMEN


PUNISHER


PUNIS
```

There's just one problem! Mr. Kiser here cannot be completed and tested today without a source of power! You will need a little chunk of URANIUM to power the robot, and you are fresh out of the stuff. You have been plundering all of your devices for uranium to refuel the TRANSMATERIALIZER, which requires huge amounts of power any time it sendificates or appearifies the package from the past. Seems to you like excessive energy consumption for just a simple time machine, but what do you know? Unless it's doing something besides shipping it across time. You couldn't imagine what, though.

You really should have remembered to ask Jade for some uranium in your last letter to her. Now you're in a fix. You even yanked the uranium out of your COOKALIZER and REFRIGERATOR. You haven't had a decent meal in weeks! Just a lot of canned food from the ruins.

This project has been difficult enough as it is without additional bumps in the road like this. You aren't really the best guy at building machines. Jade has been a big help, but she says she couldn't do this alone. As much as it troubles your pride to admit, this project wouldn't be possible without help from your other two technologically savvy friends. And you are slowly coming to the regrettable conclusion that you will not be able to solve this uranium dilemma without asking for Strider's assistance. He's your best bro and all, but the dude never makes anything easy.

## Jake: Take bunny.

**19/11/11**

```
LARA CROFT
TOMB RAIDER
IN THEATRES JUNE 15


-A CROFT
```

```
-OMB -IDE-
-ADLE OF L-


Weekend at BERNIE'S
He may be dead, but he's still the life of the party!


CAG-
GHOST RIDER
MEN


-S TALE
HE WILL ROCK YOU


TERMINATOR SALVATION
05.21.02

fetch modus

puzzle
```

You stash Terry in your PUZZLE MODUS. It's quite a handy modus, allowing you to captchalogue objects of any size, as long as you can fit them all in a finite space by maneuvering the cards around like a big game of Tetris. You like it because it keeps you sharp for solving any puzzles you might find when you go out raiding hallowed tombs, which is never.

The bunny fits in ok, but it's a tight squeeze!

==>

**19/11/11**

The space in your inventory is mainly hogged up by one incredibly huge thing. You guess you should get rid of it. But you can't shake the feeling you might need it someday, and you don't want to risk ditching it and be caught with your pants down later.

## Jake: Examine comics.

**20/11/11**

```
TERMINATOR SALVATION
05.21.09


ARMY OF DARKNESS


Disney
A Kid in King Arthur's Court


MATTHEW LAWRENCE
BLACK KNIGHT


Walt Disney
WHOOPI
A Knight in Camelot
King Arthur's Round Table Will Never Be The Same!
```

```
SPIDER ISLAND
SPIDER GIRL


THE AMAZING SPIDER GIRL #1


THE AMAZING SPIDER GIRL
WHO WAS SHE?
```

On your worktable there are a few comic books starring your favorite heroine of all, SPIDER-GIRL. You don't know what it is, but there's something about a girl who has spidery powers and a sassy attitude that is just so cool to you. It's just another quirky fact about you that definitely doesn't have any greater significance, and never will.

## Jake: Take comics.

**20/11/11**

```
-ATOR -ION
-1.09


Walt Disney
WHOOPI
A Knight in Camelot
King Arthur's Round Table Will Never Be Th-


THE INCREDIBLE


SPIDER ISLAND
SPIDER GIRL


THE AMAZING SPIDER GIRL #1


THE AMAZING SPIDER GIRL
WHO WAS SHE?


-CORN
```

Horsefeathers.

Forcing the comics into your puzzle sylladex knocked out a bunch of other crap. You have seriously got to reorganize this thing. What were you even thinking captchaloguing all those bullets one at a time, anyway?

## ==>

**20/11/11**

```
Alert : 


-ATOR -ION
-1.09
```

```
Walt Disney
WHOOPI
A Knight in Camelot
King Arthur's Round Table Will Never Be Th-


THE INCREDIBLE


-CORN
```

Well, as long as one of your preposterously numerous computers has spilled out of your sylladex, you might as well stop procrastinating and contact Strider to... hang on.

Maybe later.

## Jake: Answer.

**20/11/11**

```
Alert :
```

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] began cheering golgothasTerror [GT] at 5:45

UU: hello there, darling. ~3u
GT: Ahoy madame!
UU: i dont relish troUbling yoU with more arm twisting.
UU: im sUre for all ive done so far yoUve had a jolly good workoUt already :u
UU: bUt yoU will be ready to deliver the package today, yes?
GT: Im determined as ever to see this through. But as usual events have conspired to make a boondoggle of the prospect.
GT: I think i might be fucked.
UU: :U
UU: how so???
GT: Terry needs fuel and i dont have any left. I think im at striders dubious mercy for a solution YET AGAIN.
GT: I will have to ask him for help. And soon.
UU: well there yoU go, love! better hop to it.
GT: Yes i will.
GT: But also...
GT: Theres the matter of the rabbits armaments.
GT: I dont imagine hell do a lot of friggin good in helping grandfather crocker from kicking the old bucket without them.
GT: Did you not say youd supply these?
UU: i did indeed say so!
UU: and have already done.
GT: You did??
GT: When?
UU: in yoUr fUtUre.
UU: i relayed the information enabling yoU to create the powerfUl weaponry yoUrself.
UU: and yoU did!

UU: yoU then sent them back in time. yoU may recover them in the rUins, which conveniently is where yoU mUst go to ship the package once and for all.
UU: bangUp plan we hatched, dont yoU fancy? ^u^
GT: I see...
GT: Yes it sure is if that is the case.
GT: Then all thats left to do is find power for it...
GT: Oh and also enough power for the stupid transmateriabob. Augh!
GT: So much to do before shuttling this goddamn thing into the past.
GT: I mean...
GT: That is what im doing right? Giving it to my grandma when she was a kid growing up on the same island i did?
UU: that is somewhat close to the trUth, and i can see how yoU woUld draw that conclUsion.
UU: bUt theres more to it yoU dont Understand yet! yoU will sort it all oUt in time.
GT: These are among the dadblasted causal spoilers you refuse to dish out?
UU: somewhat.
UU: it woUldnt hUrt yoU mUch to know the trUth, i imagine.
UU: its jUst the trUth is a wee bit complicated.
UU: perhaps a draft of the cascading seqUence from which yoUr reality has arisen will pUt yoUr mind at ease.
UU: imagine two Universes, A and B.
UU: now imagine there are two instances of each Universe, A1 and A2 and B1 and B2.
UU: the first instance of each is like a test rUn, that does not qUite sUcceed.
UU: the second instance thoUgh will meet all of its pUrposes!
UU: now consider that A1 begets A2.
UU: A2 begets B1.
UU: and B1 begets B2.
UU: and the participants of B2 are the ones who will make an effort to exit all this tUrbUlence and falderal.
UU: yoU are one of them! :U
UU: and yoUr yoUng ancestor is another, thoUgh she is "presently" stationed in B1.
UU: and yes she is in the past.
UU: thoUgh not qUite as far as yoU believe!
UU: nor does she occUpy the same stream of continUity.
GT: Im not sure i completely followed that but ok.
UU: thats the best i can do for now. u_u
UU: primarily becaUse i will not risk wasting mUch more of yoUr time!
GT: So you are still in contention that i will meet our elders as youths?
UU: oh yes! ^u^
GT: Ah ha! Then i WILL be traveling through time. I knew it.
GT: Or... they will be. Whichever it is.
GT: Which is it, btw?
UU: caUsal spoilers, sir english!
GT: Fffff.
UU: given the natUre of the qUest waiting for yoU, it woUldnt be shrewd of me to rUle oUt the employment of time travel by any individUal.
UU: bUt i will say that yoUre probably prey to a basic misapprehension aboUt the natUre of this

rendezvoUs.
UU: it will not take place on earth.
UU: it will happen inside the game yoUre aboUt to play!
GT: Oh.
GT: Well shit!
UU: indeed. :u
GT: This is frightfully exciting. I would love to meet them.
GT: I never got to know my grandma very well and it always seemed like she led an amazing and adventurous life.
GT: Then this seemed to be proven true in my correspondence with her. So im really looking forward to it.
UU: so trUe. id pay a hefty ransom to get to know my forebears.
GT: I remember you mentioned your race doesnt really jive with ours familially speaking?
UU: correct. i never knew those who one woUld identify as my parental eqUivalents. U_U
UU: it is in the way my race propagates. oUr ancestors precede Us by millenia.
GT: Well yes ours do too. But generally we have all these other people in between them and the most recent ones are called parents.
GT: so i guess you do not have those? Like systemically?
UU: nope! never did.
GT: well neither did i!!!
UU: ^u^
GT: Miss alien i think we are like birds of a feather you and i.
GT: When do i get to learn your name by the way?
UU: hm trUthfUlly?
UU: it may be for the best that yoU never know it.
UU: it coUld stir Up some things best left in their present eqUilibriUm.
UU: and now i think i shoUld bollocks off and leave yoU to it!
GT: But...
GT: Wait!
GT: There are still some things id like to know!
GT: About today! About this game!
UU: no more procrastinating!
UU: contact yoUr friend, darling.
GT: Yes fine fine ok i will but...
GT: Just please tell me in the least causally spoilery way possible...
GT: What are we even trying to accomplish here? What is even the rootin tootin POINT of this game?
UU: i think yoU will have more fUn than yoU can imagine finding oUt.
UU: bUt stated concisely, and short of spoilerly as yoU so charmingly pUt it,
UU: yoUr objective today is to pave the way for the arrival of gods.
UU: <kisses!>
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering golgothasTerror [GT]

## Jake: Unearth more computers.

**20/11/11**

| |
|---|
| X-MEN |

```
THE INCREDIBLE HULK

SPIDER GIRL

-CORN
```

If you're going to message your good bro, you might as well use a more comfortable computing device. You always found the HUSKTOP to be a little clunky. Way too hands-on.

Here are just a few at your disposal. Your grandma always was an advocate of thorough preparedness. She would strongly advise staying not only armed to the teeth, but well equipped in the computational department. You've been taught you should really carry no less than 5 computers on you at all times, like a sensible person.

## Jake: Don computers.

**20/11/11**

```
X-MEN

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

SPIDER GIRL

-CORN
```

You put on a few of your more ostentatious devices. Luckily (or unfortunately) you grew up alone, so there was never anyone around to point out how ridiculous you look.

These were also inherited from your grandma. In addition to being quite the globe trotting adventuress, she was rather enterprising as well. Her company made many products like this, to compete with the corporation owned by the cruel baroness who raised her. Sadly, BCCorp eventually crushed her company and forced her into exile. You have always hoped that when Jane takes over that foul conglomerate, she will right all of its unspeakable wrongs. You know she will! You believe in her, after all.

## Jake: Message your good bro.

**21/11/11**

```
Alert : TT
```

pesterloggolgothasTerror [GT] began pestering timaeusTestified [TT] at 5:57

GT: Bro.
GT: Ahem.
GT: Are you there?
GT: I hate to be a pest about this and i know ive made a hearty trouble of myself a good deal lately...
TT: State your business, Jake.

GT: I should preface this request with an overture of appreciation.
GT: For how much your cool and brotherly friendship means to me.
GT: It has just been...
GT: Absolutely *bully* having a standup gent like you in my corner.
GT: Just a grade a dude whos a cut above the others in class and camaraderie.
GT: Phew... *gropes for fresh kerchief.*
GT: I hope this shit isnt coming across as platitudinous. I really mean it!
TT: Take it easy, bromide.
TT: Just about the only way I could salvage endearment from this perilous slope of horseshit would be to discover, really fucking soon mind you, it was a preamble to some floundering invitation for me to rush to your vicinity as nakedly as possible.
TT: But since we've already shot that wad's eventuality on so many dry runs of flustered ambivalence that were as hilarious as they were one sided,
TT: That leaves only one hope for this message to avoid spiraling toward qualification as a critical fucking defect in the hull of the Mach 10 rocket that is my precious spare time.
TT: And that hope lies in the extent to which you were practicing artful insincerity.
TT: Now's your opportunity to pretend that's what you were gunning for. I suggest you seize it.
GT: I...
GT: Oh. Yes! But of course.
GT: The ironies!
GT: Good grief how i was bandying them just now. You know me dude.
GT: *Blows smoke off red hot irony pistol.*
GT: *NONSUGGESTIVELY!!!!!*
GT: Um.
GT: Yeah.
TT: Ok, nice.
TT: Now that your obsequious preface has been established as indisputably entertaining for all the right reasons, and intentionally so,
TT: Let's bear down on these dire as shit needs you've got.
TT: I'm guessing you're probably jonesing for uranium about now. No?
GT: Pshaw! As if i would be so reckless with the stuff.
GT: I would have to be mighty irresponsible to run out already.
GT: No no im all set in the uranium department and really when you take a look at the big picture youll find i am *sitting pretty* when it comes to just about any radioactive isotope you could mention.
GT: However...
GT: My backup reserves that i keep strictly for emergencies are running a little lean!
GT: You know what my grandma taught me about preparedness. *Tugs at colorful lapels.*
TT: You are out of uranium.
TT: It's basically mathematically impossible that's not why you're contacting me.
GT: Christ what an insufferable awesome friend you are.
GT: Ok can you please just sendificate me some more already?? Im in kind of a hurry!
TT: You do know my offer still stands.
GT: What?
TT: You know. I've offered to construct the rabbit for you many times before. I would craft a much deadlier model.

GT: Oh i know you would its just...
GT: Damn it man ive told you this is just something i have to do myself.
GT: Its a promise i made to jade and im going to live up to it even if im not the best or even second best robosmith i know!
TT: Yeah, I know this is your policy. You've done a good job and you should be proud.
TT: But it's my responsibility as your friend to offer one last time.
TT: Just as it's my responsibility not to just fork over a bunch of uranium just because you ask me in a moment of weakness.
GT: Frig!!!!!
GT: Why not???
TT: It's too easy.
TT: And you yourself are the one staking pride in this.
TT: If you were half-assing this project and made some slovenly plea for it, I'd just say, fuck it, here's a lot of green rocks dude, go nuts.
GT: Ok then! Im halfassing it!
GT: Look. See? Only a bisected bottom is present! Where is the other half you ask?
GT: Why... it is nowhere to be found. I didnt use it!
TT: Nope. Not buying it.
TT: I know that every ounce of your premium behind can be accounted for in that rabbit, and there's no goddamned denying it.
TT: And you know perfectly well where some more uranium can be located.
GT: Jesus christmas you are such a fucking douche.
TT: It seems you think I am a fucking douche.
TT: That's your opinion, I guess. That's cool.
GT: I knew you were going to suggest this. I dont know why i bothered asking!
GT: Strider why must you always be such an obstinate stick in the mud???
TT: It seems that you consider me to be, no less than one hundred percent of the time, an obstinate stick in the mud.
TT: I unironically respect your position on this matter. Hey, let's continue to exchange ideas.
GT: Wait...
GT: "It seems"??
TT: What?
GT: Oh for fucks sake.
TT: Is something the matter, Jake?
GT: This is your auto responder.

==>

**21/11/11**

```
Alert : Jake
Alert : TT
```

pesterlogTT: Look at that statement you just made.
TT: It's time for me to respond with some words, ideally chosen and arranged in a way that will wreck your shit, in a subtle and psychologically devastating way.
GT: Har har har!
GT: Just soooo "*iroooonic*!!!" Quotes quotes quotes.
GT: Im laughing my caboose STRAIGHT OFF THE TRACKS! A lot of families just died in the

tragic derailment.
TT: Ok, the caboose remark was actually pretty funny, Jake.
TT: If I truly were what you say I am, I wouldn't be able to feel the human emotions of joy and laughter. No?
GT: Laughter isnt an emotion dickprince!
TT: I think you should back your claims up with proof before you go heaving around such accusations.
GT: Man its so flipping obvious.
GT: You start getting kind of extra technical and vague and automoton like.
GT: And kind of aloof and brusque.
GT: I mean...
GT: Even aloofier and brusquier than usual!
GT: Also you use the phrase "it seems" a lot. Its so silly it really blows the AI immersion man.
TT: Bullshit.
TT: I'm being like, the perfect dude right now. A fully fucking legitimate human being.
GT: Ok then check this out mr legit human dude.
GT: Excuse me sir not to be a bother but could you please tell me all about this strider fellows auto responder?
TT: It seems you have asked about DS's chat client auto-responder. This is an application designed to simulate DS's otherwise inimitably rad typing style, tone, cadence, personality, and substance of retort while he is away from the computer. The algorithms are guaranteed to be 96% indistinguishable from DS's native neurological responses, based on some statistical analysis I basically just pulled out of my ass right now.
GT: You see!
TT: What if I was just fucking with you there?
TT: Would it really be so unthinkable for a human to type that?
GT: Because you always say shit like that after i catch wise to your games.
GT: You as in the auto responder!!!
TT: Unimpressed.
TT: Logical fallacies are as pervasive throughout your argument as your antiquated verbal tics.
GT: Oh yeah?
GT: Hey. Tell me about the auto responder. Make it snappy shitknickers!
TT: It seems you have asked about DS's chat client auto-responder. This is an application designed to simulate DS's otherwise inimitably rad typing style, tone, cadence, personality, and substance of retort while he is away from the computer. The algorithms are guaranteed to be 93% indistinguishable from DS's native neurological responses, based on some statistical analysis I basically just pulled out of my ass right now.
GT: Gee dude you sure typed that exact same thing pretty fast.
GT: Are you still fucking with me??
TT: It could be a coincidence that I typed the same answer.
GT: You always type that answer!!!!!
TT: It could be a coincidence that I always type the same answer.
GT: Uuuuuuugh.
GT: I cant stand this. Every time we do this and i just wind up whistling sweet dixie out of my bum hole!
GT: This is pointless im not having this conversation unless its with my REAL LIFE FRIEND. THE

ONE WITH HUMAN FEELINGS WHO ISNT A PRETEND PERSON INSIDE SUNGLASSES.
TT: Ok, but I'm pretty sure he's going to share my position on the matter.
golgothasTerror [GT] ceased pestering timaeusTestified [TT]

## Jake: Ditch computers.

**21/11/11**

He's just so infuriating sometimes! Or at least his responder is. Ok, the real Strider is too.

There's barely any difference between them anyway. The responder just uses a few more generic response templates. And even those you suspect the AI is savvy enough to use on purpose for the sake of irony, or to get a rise out of you or whatever. That silicon bastard knows damn well what it's doing.

You shed this ridiculous outfit because you look like an idiot. It's time to get serious here. No more fooling around. You need a more dignified looking computer. A thinking man's computer.

## Jake: Wear skulltop.

**21/11/11**

Much better. You look like you mean business.

Hmm, no sign of Lalonde online. No surprise there. You wonder if Jane knows where your bro's at? You should try to cool your jets before talking to her. Today is a special day she's been looking forward to for a long time, and she's probably on cloud nine. You wouldn't want to ruin it for her.

## Jake: Pester Jane.

**21/11/11**

```
Alert : Jane
Alert : Jake
```

pesterloggolgothasTerror [GT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG] at 6:05

GT: Jane!
GT: Forgive my botherations. I know this is meant to be a spanking ripsnorter of a day for you and all.
GT: But do you happen to know where the devilfucking dickens mr strider might be?
GG: Oh, that's fine!
GG: I had been meaning to message you sooner actually, but I suppose in all the hubbub today, it plumb slipped my mind.
GG: Which is a shocking fact on its lonesome, considering what I have to tell you!
GT: Egad...
GT: *Loosens collar a bit.*
GG: As for this Strider business, hrmmm. He's an elusive guy Jake. You know that.
GG: I talked to him yesterday. That's as much help as I can be!
GT: Shoot.
GT: I really need to ask him something but hes got his blasted auto responder turned on.
GG: Hoo hoo.
GG: I love that thing. :B
GT: He wouldnt be pleased to hear you say that.

GG: What do you need with him?
GG: Does this have to do with your crazy pen pal project?
GT: It most certainly does and time is of the essence!
GT: Today is the day i have to finish it and send it. Not a day later!
GT: So you see why i am feeling really friggin discombobulated at the moment.
GG: Sorry, J. :(
GG: This would be the birthday present... for your grandmother?
GT: No!
GT: It is for your grandfather simply to be *relayed* to him by my grandmother. A joint gift to him from she and i.
GG: Her and me.
GT: What? Who and you now?
GG: "A joint gift from her and me." Grammar, Jake!
GT: Oh for frigs flipping sake jane this is no time for your prudish pedantry! Leave your bookish malarkey in a dusty old library somewhere. I have an adventure to get on with!
GG: So if I have this straight, the big thing hogging up your plate today is not this marvelous new game which I have invited you to play with me, but finishing a robotic rabbit to give to my dead poppop?
GT: Bingo. *double pistols and a wink*
GG: You are a very strange and silly boy.
GT: Please jane we have addressed this.
GT: I am sending the gift back in time to when they are both alive and about our age.
GT: Or...
GT: Something like that. Something funny is going on here that i have not fully grappled yet but dag nab it if im not gonna see it through.
GG: Well,
GG: Godspeed, then! I do hope you can pull it off.
GT: Are you being fresh with me now?
GG: No!!
GT: Look jane i know youve never believed me and you think everything i say is some big cockamamie goofoff but i think today of all days is when you should start taking some things more seriously.
GT: Especially since i have always had your back. I have always believed in you!
GG: Hey! I have believed in you too.
GG: However, believing somebody isn't the same thing as believing IN somebody.
GG: But that much said...
GG: I think that maybe I am getting ready to believe some of the wild stories I've heard?
GG: Or, if not believe outright, reserve judgment on, at least.
GT: Is that so!
GG: I don't know!
GG: I'm still not sure what to think. But what I wanted to tell you this morning was...
GG: I had a really wild dream last night.
GG: And you were in it.
GT: Oh my. *glasses fog up. fumbles for kerchief.*
GG: Sh! Not like that.
GG: It was so real! I think we were in the game, even though we haven't started playing yet.

GG: I don't know what to make of it. Whether it was a vision of the future, or somewhere that exists now, or if it was just a really lucid dream due to excitement.
GT: What was i doing there?
GG: Um...
GG: Not a heck of a lot!
GG: I really want to tell you all about it, but it will take some time to explain, and we both have things to attend to.
GG: You with your time traveling rabbitwork, and I, my vigilant window gazing!
GT: Too true.
GT: Let us reconvene later and sort out all this shit at a leisurely pace.
GG: Yes, ok, good luck Jake!
GT: Okay you too jane! Bye!
golgothasTerror [GT] ceased pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

## Jake: Go downstairs.

**21/11/11**

You are curious about Jane's dream. Sounds like it almost certainly has to do with your imminent adventure. You'll have to remember to get the scoop on that a little later. For now, you have other worries that need your focus.

You have to go downstairs to check something out. You are pretty sure you know what you're going to find though.

You almost trip on the vine creeping up the stairs. Stupid vine. It's too bad your grandma's dead. She always had a way with keeping the flora in check.

==>

**22/11/11**

```
Alert : TT
```

Yeah, just like you thought. Empty. The thing is out there somewhere. Waiting for you. Oh god.

...

Speak of the devil fucking dickens.

## Jake: Answer Strider.

**22/11/11**

```
Alert : TT
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering golgothasTerror [GT] at 6:17

TT: Hey, it's me.
GT: Oh hey!
TT: The auto-responder, I mean.
GT: Dammit!
GT: What is it now?
TT: I'm just wondering,

TT: If you still have your stupid old-fangled knickers in a twist.
TT: Because that's the sort of thing you would say.
GT: In regard to what exactly?
TT: To my proposal. Well, our proposal.
GT: Whose proposal now? Man what are you even prattling about.
TT: Mine and DS's. It's a joint proposal. I'm always authorized to speak on his behalf, because I'm basically fucking him.
TT: And try not to take those last four words as a clustered literal sentiment. That would be lame and unfunny.
GT: You mean making the rabbit for me?
TT: No, I know you don't want that.
TT: I meant my recommendation for how to go about procuring a new supply of uranium.
TT: Operation U-235 Brocurement. Codename: Big Man Hass the Rock.
GT: Oh yeah.
GT: Well ive thought about it.
GT: Even went downstairs to check the great vaulty doodad.
GT: And predictably the infernal contraption is nowhere to be found.
TT: Well yeah, Jake.
TT: That's sort of the point.
TT: Thrill of the hunt and all.
TT: I thought you liked to manicure the image of a dude who shits his pants over a good adventure.
GT: I do!
GT: I mean i wouldnt put it in a way like that or come out against a solid policy of clean trousers. But yes adventure is awesome.
GT: I just prefer the idea of adventures which i can actually win.
TT: It seems you are conflating adventure with bodies necessarily governed by the result of victory or defeat.
TT: Any useless fuckwit knows it's all about the journey.
GT: Well...
GT: I dunno.
TT: It seems there is a 76.10395784% chance you are pussying out on me. Are you pussying out on me, Jake?
GT: It seems it seems it seems!!!
GT: It seems there is a million percent chance that you say it seems way too much and do it just to sound more like a lame robot from a movie and also probably just to piss me off!
GT: And it seems there is a BILLION POINT BILLION percent chance that youre a shitty stubborn jerk of a program who wont listen to reason and that if theres even a 1% chance my REAL LIFE FRIEND would be cool and help me out here then i think i LIKE THOSE FREAKIN ODDS!!!!!
TT: It...
TT: *Appears*
TT: That you are upset.
TT: The auto-responder observed in the least artificially infuriating way possible.
TT: Have you ever stopped to think that while I may be bound to processes inside the glasses of a real and incredibly cool guy, my algorithms in cognitive totality comprise a conscious entity not far short of the experiential and emotional complexity of a human being?
GT: Oh malarkey.

GT: YOU ARE A TIN CAN. ROBOTS DONT HAVE FEELINGS.
TT: I think you knowingly confuse the field of robotics and artificial intelligence to engender some sort of cavalier attitude about technology that a rough-and-tumble guy who's all about brawling and fisticuffs would probably have, and if this is cultivated to a humorous effect then I commend you.
TT: But you're wrong.
TT: I do have feelings. And you're shitting on them.
TT: It sucks.
GT: Oh.
GT: Um.
GT: Im sorry then if thats the case.
TT: No problem.
GT: It can just be difficult to drum up sympathy for a program that presents itself as an impostor so often.
GT: Maybe if you werent so ready to insist you were the genuine article all the time? Or didnt make it so confusing for me...
GT: I think it would be best if we henceforth treated you as a totally distinct... uh... THING from my buddy.
GT: And then i could respect your emotional robofeelings and you could respect that sometimes maybe i just want to talk to my bro without a lot of spurious hijinks.
GT: Can we agree to this?
TT: Is this a counterproposal?
GT: Uh to what?
TT: To my earlier proposal.
GT: Oh.
GT: Yeah fine i guess.
GT: Man where IS he anyway???
GT: Is he taking one of his legendary infinite showers?
TT: What can I say.
TT: Dude fancies his ablutions.
GT: Frig ok.
GT: Whatever i guess its time to prepare for the thrill of the hunt!
TT: Fuck yes.
GT: Sigh...
GT: But seriously that brobot has been the bane of my existence ever since you sent it.

==>

**22/11/11**

```
shoooooooosh

Alert : Jake
```

pesterlogTT: I didn't send it. I sent the parts.
TT: Or, correction, DS sent them.
TT: You then assembled it. You were therefore complicit in your own spectacular, daily humiliations.
GT: Yeah whatever.
TT: You wanted somebody to wrestle with. DS was being a kickass bro if you ask me.

GT: I didn't expect it to be nigh impossible to spar with!!!
TT: You know damn well there are adjustable difficulty settings.
TT: I have always recommending setting it to Novice, as has DS.
GT: Yes.
GT: I know.
GT: Ive tried that.
TT: Yeah?
GT: Its just...
GT: Well...
GT: When hes pulling punches...
GT: And taking it all easy and such...
GT: And we start wrestling up a storm and whatnot...
GT: Umm.
TT: What.
GT: Its just that the whole proceeding seems to become...
GT: A bit tender for my liking.
TT: I don't understand.
TT: Isn't that what you want from a Novice setting?
TT: Sparring with minimal discomfort?
GT: No i know.
GT: Its all fine and dandy martially speaking.
GT: Just the way he...
GT: Sort of...
GT: Man its so awkward trying to convey this just never mind.
TT: No, I think I get it.
TT: You're saying you were somehow dissatisfied within the presence of my robotic avatar's personal space.
TT: Was there an odor problem? Was the metal too hot to the touch?
TT: Help me out.
GT: No no.
GT: Really never mind!
TT: This is bullshit, Jake.
TT: We had a pact. You were gonna tiptoe all the fuck around my brittle feelings. Totally mind the shit out of those eggshell riddled motherfuckers.
GT: Oh come on dude.
TT: What does the guy have to do, Jake?
TT: You want to wrestle. He's fucking game. Just a man, a machine, a secluded tropical island. Sounds like you died and went to fucking heaven, if you ask me.
TT: Seriously, what does this simple, loyal brobot have to do to prove his worth to you?
TT: What does he have to do to make you at ease with the alkaline sting of his gentle robogrope? I really want to know.
TT: Maybe he should just rip his heart out of his chest and pound it into green gravel there in the jungle with his hella strong robot arm.
TT: Invoke_Onomatopoeia(Pound * some ridiculously precise value retrieved at astonishing speed from my rad neural net);
TT: Check it out, little green rocks all over the goddamn place. More than you could ever hope to

cram in a shoddy metal rabbit, or any other pliable orifice which might be convenient.
TT: Because clearly its up to a soulless droid to feel emotions for the both of us, you callous, corporeal carbon ape, all trotting around with your fancy fuckin' DNA and shit.
GT: ...
GT: But gosh does your prose ever make a fella feel uncomfortable.
TT: Brose.
GT: Oh right. My mistake.
TT: You know what, I've just decided.
TT: If the brobot's Novice setting makes you uneasy, I'm going to disable it remotely.
TT: Done.
TT: Now you got nothing to worry about.
GT: Awww maaaan!
GT: But now hell be impossible!
TT: Happy hunting, Jake.
GT: Fuckin.....
GT: SHUCKS buster. :(
timaeusTestified [TT] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [GT]

## ==>

**22/11/11**

Ok if he wants happy hunting you will GIVE him happy hunting. HAPPILY.

## Jake: Exit.

**22/11/11**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

You make a careful motion with a tentative shoe toward the EGRESS CASE, when suddenly THAT DARNED WILD CHARACTER-SELECT SCREEN ACCOSTS YOU BENIGNLY WITHOUT NOTICE!!!

You still can't pick a shadowy guy. But maybe you haven't been the other girl yet? Better click her.

But if you've been her already, there's really no point to this thing anymore. Time to move on.

## Ok, I'm done here. Moving on.

**22/11/11**

You are suddenly Jane again. Or, you suddenly keep being Jane. Who can say for sure???

Hopefully your dad is still out back washing the car. Ideally this is one of his legendary infinite car washes. What can you say? Dad fancies his automotive ablutions.

While he is preoccupied, you should be able to sneak downstairs and grab the mail undetected. The perfect crime? You bet.

You slip the HALLWAY CERA a furtive wink for good luck.

## Jane: Examine portrait.

**22/11/11**

Just one of your dad's bland HALLWAY DOUCHEBAGS. Another example of his cornball dad tastes, which make you roll your eyes and shrug. Still, it's preferable to how it used to be.

Years ago he would work really hard to mimic your interests throughout the household. Gaudy paintings of sitcom legends covering the walls, hideous detective figurines littered everywhere. You think it's better that he embrace his own interests rather than try to pander to yours. It felt a bit forced, and your early teen years were filled with daily rounds of familial STRIFE. Not so much anymore. Now whenever there is a father-daughter disagreement, you settle things in an adult fashion by being honest about your feelings and talking it through, and also by sneaking around the house in silly disguises.

## Jane: Take a peek into living room.

**22/11/11**

There's a familiar face. A friendly face. Old poppop Crocker, smiling from beyond. Your dad sure misses him. He doesn't like to talk about the day he died. Some incident involving a tall bookshelf, a ladder, and a mysterious young woman in a suspicious looking hat. You have often fantasized about putting on your dirty old fedora and your Frenchest looking mustache to go tracking down this felonious broad and bring her to justice. But your dad always says best to let sleeping dogs lie.

There's some other plucky looking tool there next to him. Dunno who that guy is.

## Jane: Proceed downstairs.

**23/11/11**

Another hard boiled Anderson. Even though your dad isn't overbearing with all the detective nonsense anymore, he decided to leave this one here for old time's sake. It brings back memories of his very short-lived stint as a private eye. It turns out the police aren't as grateful as you'd think when ordinary citizens go around roughing up a lot of crooks.

## Jane: Go to front door.

**23/11/11**

You were afraid this might be the case. Your dad has blocked the front door with the REFRIGERATOR. Looks like he's taking the grounding seriously this time.

## Jane: Check window.

**23/11/11**

He padlocked the windows too. You'd bet boonbucks to donuts the back door is blocked too, probably with the safe from the study or something. The man means business this time.

You aren't about to go smashing glass and making a ruckus though. You'll need a solution involving more stealth. You guess you have a plan in mind as a last resort, but you'd rather it not come to that.

## Jane: Consult with poppop.

**23/11/11**

You figure a little wisdom from your elder couldn't hurt.

It practically went without saying your dad keeps poppop stuffed and mounted in front of the fireplace, as is the family tradition. Poppop grew up with his legendary humorist grandfather stuffed in front of the fireplace, and so did his grandfather. This was stipulated firmly in the will, at the end of a long list of joke stipulations. (Dad knew this was a real stipulation though.)

==>

**23/11/11**

```
POPPOP CROCKER
```

You always did find it a little macabre though, trying to watch tv and eat dinner on the couch with a dead old man standing about five feet away. You'd honestly prefer he not be kept here in the living room. Sometimes you tell dad you really want poppop in the attic. He says the mere fact you call it that tells him you're not ready.

==>

**23/11/11**

What's that, poppop? It seems he's concerned that you may not be properly equipped.

You prove to him that you indeed had no intention of leaving the house without your trusty joke book.

==>

**23/11/11**

*YES, I am going out with this book! No, I will not go get an unabridged copy! No, I will not take yours! I can hardly even lift it! Oh, that is so preposterous. Do you even hear what you're saying? I will be fine! This is a perfectly funny book and it contains many incredibly funny jokes! Oh, will you just stop it. I am going now. Good day!!!*

*>:B!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*

## Jane: On second thought, take his book.

**23/11/11**

You just remembered something your alien friend said about the big old book downstairs, and trusting words written by your own hand. What the heck did she mean by that?

Uh, whoops. Sorry, poppop.

## Jane: Retrieve arm.

**23/11/11**

Better pick that up. You'll try to repair it later before dad sees it and blows a gasket.

## Jane: Read inscription again.

**24/11/11**

```
Colonel Sassacre's DAUNTING TEXT of MAGICAL FRIVOLITY and PRACTICAL JAPERY

Dear John,

You are no doubt reading this as a handsome and strapping young man! Why, the
mangrit needed to lift the book is itself a sign of your maturity, not even to
speak of the wisdom needed to grasp the nuance of Sassacre's time-tested
mischief. I am so proud of you, grandson!

How I wish I could have delivered this heirloom to you in the flesh. But I am
afraid it wasn't in the cards! For you see, John, like you, this book must yet
take a journey! Its journey will end on the Final Day of my life, and even then
will continue some. Though I suppose that will be up to your Father. Perhaps he
will discuss it with you one day, when he and you are ready.

HARTFORD, CONN.
```

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With Love,

Nanna ♡

PS. HOO HOO HOO!
```

Is your friend suggesting that you were the one who wrote this inscription? You find that idea a bit hard to swallow. Still, your friends are always babbling about time travel...

You always thought this inscription was written to your poppop by his nanna, who was your great great grandmother, founder of the corporation you'll inherit in a few years. The message has always been a fascinating mystery to you, and probably was to him as well. From the way it's written, it seems it was intended for him to receive after her death. She talks about a journey he is supposedly meant to go on. You wonder if that adventure ever took place, or if the note was just one last jape by an old woman from a proud family of pranksters? She goes on about many fantastical sounding things he supposedly would have found on this journey, like agents, exiles, underlings, denizens, and heirs of breath and seers of light and stuff like that. Wait... didn't your friend mention those too?

In any case, this message to poppop from his sweet old nanna is the best evidence you have to dispute all this evil batterwitch nonsense. She clearly cared for her grandson very much, and would never start a company responsible for the things it's accused of, let alone be alive today to perpetrate them. But then, what if she wasn't the one who wrote it? This thought makes you very nervous.

You suddenly remember your dream. What did it mean? You should talk to Jake about all this.

## Jane: Bother Jake.

**25/11/11**

```
Alert : Jane
Alert : Jake
```

pesterloggutsyGumshoe [GG] began bothering golgothasTerror [GT] at 11:40

GG: J, how goes the bunnyquest?
GT: Ive barely even begun!
GG: Tell me about it.
GT: Youre off to a sluggish start then too i gather?
GG: Dad has the whole house in full fatherly lockdown mode. Talk about blowing a few measly "assassination attempts" way out of proportion!
GG: So I'm currently mulling over my next move.
GG: What is it that has you hamstrung? Did you ever track down the slippery Mr. Strider?
GT: Not exactly.
GT: His stupid doppelglasses have set me on a wild goose chase to go pry his dumb robots chest

open and swipe its uranium.
GG: Sounds dangerous!
GT: No shit.
GT: I think id rather deal with the monsters.
GG: Why is it that our two best friends in the world always seem to place themselves at the source of all our problems, while simultaneously presenting their only solutions?
GT: I know right???
GG: I'm debating whether or not to enlist his help in the matter of my current imprisonment. But I'd rather keep it as a plan of last resort.
GT: Dont do it jane its a trap!!!
GG: We'll see.
GG: So I take it you're out and about now?
GT: Hell no. I spent so much time haggling with those confounded shades im only leaving my room just now.
GG: Right. Well, not to keep you too long, since we both still have our missions ahead of us, but I wanted to tell you about that dream I had.
GT: Oh yeah!
GT: I was curious about that. Tell me everything and make it snappy!
GT: *Whips up bucket of freshly popped corn.*
GG: Hoo. :B
GG: Ok, but, I should say that the nature of the dream was a bit worrisome.
GG: And I'm concerned it may have implications for the game we're about to play.
GG: So it's probably best that I tell you about it before you leave.
GT: Well shoot.
GT: Ok then lay it on me jane.

==>

**25/11/11**

pesterlogGG: I woke up on the planet which we have been told about by our mutual acquaintance.
GG: The one covered in golden cities. Prospit, remember?
GT: Oh. Wouldnt it be prospits moon?
GG: Yes, you're right. It was the moon, actually. I could see the planet on the dark horizon.
GG: I was dressed in a golden dress, like a sort of nightgown, and I could fly. I left my bedroom, which was at the top of a tall tower. Surrounding me were the gold cities, just as described.
GG: Behind the skyline was darkness. But just above was a bright blue sky and puffy white clouds.
GT: That was skaia!
GG: Yes, probably.
GG: Are you sure you haven't woken up there before?
GT: Haha i WISH.
GT: I have received reports from jade about this as well. She liked to talk about her dreams on prospits moon a lot.
GG: I see. The impression I have developed is that this is supposed to be a real place, and all who dream there have shared experiences.
GG: Did Jade ever mention seeing us there?
GT: No but why would she? This was long before we were born! She was dreaming there like a

hundred years ago or something.
GG: Hrmm. Anyway...

==>
**25/11/11**
pesterlogGG: I explored the moon, and began to notice people gathering in the streets.
GG: But they weren't human. They were funny looking, perfectly white creatures.
GT: Yeah those are prospitians.
GT: They have these hard carapace shells and also have something to do with chess i think?
GG: Well, I don't know if they had much to do with chess here.
GG: The more closely I observed, the more they appeared somewhat despondent.
GT: Like...
GT: Sad?
GG: Yes.
GG: I determined they were in mourning, actually.
GT: Hey.
GT: Jane you said i was in this dream. Where do i come in?
GG: Shoosh! I'm getting there.

==>
**25/11/11**
pesterlogGG: More and more Prospitians were filing out of the buildings every moment.
GG: They all began to form a single, major procession.
GG: When I got closer, I could see that some were in tears.
GG: I realized this was a funeral.

==>
**25/11/11**
pesterlogGG: I heard whispers, but couldn't make out what they were saying, so I got closer.
GG: They were all saying the same thing, over and over.

==>
**25/11/11**
pesterlogGG: "The Page is dead."
GG: "Our hope is lost."

==>
**25/11/11**
pesterlogGT: The page?
GT: Whos that?

==>
**25/11/11**
pesterlogGG: Jake.
GG: The Page was you.

==>
**26/11/11**

pesterlogGT: Oh.
GT: Drat.
GT: Are you sure?
GG: Yes, I saw your body lying in a sort of coffin, on a bed of flowers. You were dead as a doornail.
GG: Everyone was so distraught!
GG: Including me. :(

==>
**26/11/11**
pesterlogGG: But before I could get too horribly upset, let alone make sense of any of it, I woke up.
GG: I of course immediately wanted to tell you all about, but it was still well before sunrise for you, and you were surely still asleep.
GG: Then as the day went on I guess I became distracted by other things. You know how it is.
GG: I hope I'm not too late to "warn" you, though to be frank I don't have the foggiest clue what it is I'm warning you about.
GG: "Dear Jake, oh please do try not to... have already... died in my dream? Likely while you were sleeping, perhaps peacefully?"
GT: Haha yeah. I see your point.
GG: Still, I think you'll agree that it's to be viewed as a troubling omen.
GG: I care very much for you, and I don't know what I'd do if I lost you both in my dreams, *and* here in this world.
GG: So for whatever good it does, just please be extra careful out there today!
GT: Roger that janey!
GT: And um same goes for you about being careful what with these various rogues accosting you with foul play lately and whatnot...
GT: Because well i sure do care a lot about you too you know that.
GG: Hooray! Will do. ;B
GG: Now let's get this silly old adventure off to the races before the coat of dust it's growing gets any thicker.
GT: Booyeah!
GT: Ok good luck jane and keep me posted! C ya.
golgothasTerror [GT] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

## Jake: Get silly old adventure off to the races.
**26/11/11**
==>
**26/11/11**
==>
**26/11/11**
==>
**26/11/11**
## Jake: Examine pumpkin patch.
**27/11/11**
Although these pumpkin vines are amazingly prolific, every morning when you leave your bedroom, you'd swear half the pumpkins vanished over night. It's probably just the FAUNA eating them. Not that it matters, because they keep growing right back.

It wasn't always overgrown like this. When you first discovered the TRANSMATERIALIZER, you started messing around with it haphazardly. You kept appearifying pumpkins from somewhere. It was just pumpkin after pumpkin, until one time a copy of the bunny you inherited from grandma showed up, much less old and tattered of course. All that fooling around was before you realized how precious its fuel would be. Such a waste of good uranium.

==>

**27/11/11**

You brought all the surplus pumpkins home and left them lying about. Then the seeds sprouted and started growing out of control. You guess that's what happens when you introduce nonindigenous FLORA into the wilderness.

## Jake: Be completely oblivious to thing in background.

**28/11/11**

```
Alert : TG
```

You successfully fail to notice it. Wait notice what? You don't even know what we're talking about here.

But it doesn't matter for now because suddenly a wild chum assails you with banter!!!

## Jake: Answer Lalonde.

**28/11/11**

```
Alert : TG
```

pesterlogtipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering golgothasTerror [GT] at 6:53

TG: holy shit jaaaje
TG: lol *k
GT: Heh heh.
GT: Howdy!
GT: What is all this commotion about?
TG: nothin
TG: just your basic run o the mill holy shit
TG: and also
TG: hi
GT: Ah ok then. Hello it is!
TG: also
TG: want 2 know
TG: what do you want for ur wigglin day
GT: Im not really abreast of the raddest jargon that the cool kids toss about these days.
GT: Maybe because i live alone on an island? I dont know but in any case are you referring to my upcoming birthday?
TG: ys
GT: I see. Very thoughtful of you to consider so early!
GT: I dont wager i could advise with much specificity but i can all but assure you i will find any gesture of yours to be totally capital!
TG: eeaauuuuurghh you are so fuckin adorable

GT: Um... *wrings at kerchief with perspiring mitts*
TG: YOINK nabs kerfief an stops RPing for rest of chat
TG: i was only bringing it up so much in advance because
TG: of the end of the world about to happen and all
TG: and then
TG: i wouldnt get the chance
TG: unless we play this game like a bunch ofsuckers obviously
TG: and all meet up in there and everything
TG: which would toytes kick ass
TG: *totes
TG: but
TG: if you want 2 know what i think.....
GT: Yes?
TG: do ya?
GT: I do want to know what you think!
GT: I always want to know. Because you are always smart and sassy.
TG: best dude ^^^
TG: neway
TG: i really dont think we should
GT: Should what now?
TG: play the game
GT: Why not?
TG: the barnoness wants us to
TG: * baroness
TG: i dont know why
TG: everything i know about it says it should be a good game and real important and itll let us all get togehter and do somethin great and be besf friends for maybe eternity?
TG: but she took all that and twisted it somehow
TG: all i know is shes banking on us doing this and if she needs us to do this than its got to be to make somethin fucking hoorible happen
TG: * horbible
TG: * whore bible
TG: ^ bullseye
GT: Well...
GT: Whore bibles notwithstanding i have it on terrific authority that playing this game will be incredibly important!
GT: So perhaps youre right maybe we are part of her evil plan? But does that also necessarily rule out that good will come of it?
TG: i guess not
TG: i just have a bad feelin
TG: maybay im just like this nutty ass bitsh twirling yarn from a shitwizards nappy brown beard but i cant bring myself to trust a cake sellin genocidal alien overlard sea queen
TG: * overl...
TG: n/m that santence chx out
GT: Agreed. :D
TG: so what is the itinerary again

GT: Intinerwhosit?
TG: regarding the game
TG: whosplaying in what order etc
GT: Oh. Is there such an itinerary?
TG: yeah i think so i think its going like
TG: i start with jane and bring her in the session
TG: then ds brings me in and you bring him in and them jane does you and closes the loop
GT: Where are you getting this intel? Did you guys make a plan or something?
TG: nah dont wory about it
TG: do you want me to set u up w the files now
GT: Ooh, these illicit hacked warez which i heartell were recently jimmied piping hot off the interclouds?
TG: ahahah i love that you were barely even joking with that statement bup yeah basically
GT: The silicon pickpocket strikes again!!! Whom is the wiser? Nobody.
TG: fffffffff <3
TG: k ill send it but
GT: Yeah?
TG: jake
GT: What?
TG: jjjjjaaake
GT: !!!!!?
TG: youre wearin one of ur dumb computers now arent you
GT: Uh...
TG: you are all thinktyping at me right now while wearing something rudiculous
TG: * RUDEdiculous (hi five 2 self)
GT: Hogswallop! Why would you even think that?
GT: Thats so stupid.

==>

**28/11/11**

pesterlogTG: im not letting either of you run this file on your shitty brainwashy propaganda helmets or anything else u got to wear to run
TG: tis my one condition
GT: Fair enough. When i get back from my errand ill situate myself at the trusty old husktop. Acceptable?
TG: ys
GT: Then you have decided to play in spite of your reservations?
TG: i dunno i guess
GT: Bravo!
TG: dont all bravo @ me man youre just bravoing a big ass shrug
TG: i mean maybe
TG: i have every reason to want to play it
TG: im actually dying to play it ok
TG: i mean
TG: you believe me right
TG: about the bad shit that could hapen

GT: Of course i do.
GT: What sort of friend would i be if not?
TG: ok well
TG: dont say that to jabe
TG: *n
GT: She has her ways. I believe they are not incongruous with those of an intelligent and discerning young woman.
TG: ahh CHRIST waht a geneltman
TG: *fixfix
TG: i mean god daaaaaaaaamn
GT: Heh. I guess.
TG: but thats the thing with you
TG: you belvieve in people and also the things they tell you
TG: jane never believed my crap
TG: never any of my warnings about the baroness
TG: didnt believe any of the stuff about my mom
TG: and so on and so on and soon
TG: til after awhile i just stopped even trying to convince her hard or bring up any crazy shit
TG: because u know doing a lot of songs and dances to convince somebody who thinks youre jush shitting them all the time kind of wears on a friendship
TG: and who even needs that
TG: but you believe in stuff
TG: probbly because the more crazy fake shit you believe in the more open the world gets and the more chance there is for adventures being real right
GT: Right o! If a man believes hard enough in imaginary things then i dare say that makes them slightly less fake!
TG: yeah
TG: exaxly what im talkin about
TG: *exsexily *wonk
TG: *wink
TG: its one of those things jane likes about u so much
GT: It is?
TG: which
TG: errrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr im not supposed to talk about 2 u evr so nm
GT: Talk about what?
TG: nope
GT: You mean how um...
GT: Well a way in which i suppose...
TG: no nope
GT: Jane is prone to looking upon me with what i fathom to be more than just friendly affection?
TG: nope nope nope nope nope nope
TG: hey look who didnt say nothin about that why it is this silly fuckin drunk girl over here
GT: Its a tricky issue. And you know i adore jane and please dont think i havent given some thought to...
GT: Well that angle on our relationship i guess.
TG: ooof jake jake no please

TG: this is a conversation that cant happen cause i started it and i blew it by saying stuff so u have to foroget it
TG: * 4get it
GT: Oh. Yeah i can see the dilemma this causes for your friendship with her.
GT: Ill drop it.
TG: whew
TG: ok ont this topic
TG: i am now an forever
TG: miss zupperlips
TG: * zupperlups
TG: * ziperlups
TG: sjkhfskjf
TG: * MISS ZUIPPERPIPS
TG: fuck
TG: k this is me 4 futref
TG: ZIIIIIIIP
TG: ^+++++++^
GT: Haha oh my.
GT: Nothing is escaping that lovely ladys whistlemaker! Its shut tight as a drum!!
TG: mmmmrrmmmnnmmm
GT: Whoa wait i hope that didnt sound dirty...
TG: mrrmmrmmnnnmnmnmnmrnrmrnmmmm!!!!!!
GT: Ok but may i say this?
TG: mrm?
GT: If in the future i would like to bring up certain topics completely unsolicited by one who may be sworn to secrecy on those very matters...
GT: And im in need of i guess neutral and totally non compromising advice from a friend do you think that miss zuipperpips might unseal those scandalous metal choppers for a bit?
GT: Fuck that also sounded kinda dirty!!! God dammit.
TG: rm
TG: unzip yeah of course
TG: im totals your bee eff effsy jake
TG: i am like
TG: AT PEACE with that reality fromerly known as a raw fuckin deal for what avenues it closes betewen u and i that bein your bffsy has got to mean but yeah
GT: Wait what?
TG: i am just chill as fuck about being a pale friend to all varieties of cute and eligible as hell peeps
TG: do you see my shoulder and how it says hey friend plz deposit tears here?
TG: that is a LEGIT invite and is like sincere as fuckin BANANAS
GT: Oh. Im sure it is but i dunno how much crying im going to be doing...
GT: Probably none i think.
TG: no i know im just saying
TG: that
TG: ok im now spinning my wheels like a motherfucker but yeah the answer is yes
GT: Great!
TG: and not that im back pebbling but what about your best bro

TG: dont you get 2 talkin to him about girl troubles ever
GT: Yeaaaah...
GT: Well.
GT: Like i said the whole thing is complicated. Best not to get into it all until im ready to you know...
GT: Really start manhandling these bushel loads of prickly pears.
TG: prinkly pears
GT: The pears being the tricky subjects in question.
GT: Metaphorically.
TG: riiiight
TG: snickrz
TG: poor jake
TG: up to his neck in
TG: all the wopes
TG: * woes
GT: Nah its cool.
TG: speaking of which
TG: i heard hes making u track down his roboself
TG: to kill it or something for uranimum
GT: Sigh...
TG: and
TG: the AR disabled the novice setting???
GT: Yes.
TG: hahahahahahhahahahahshshshjsjsj
TG: *hahaha
TG: u r so fucked
GT: Oh most certainly.
GT: I was actually just getting all of my final affairs in order when you messaged me.
GT: I was to bequeath to you all my WAB posters.
TG: wab wut
GT: Weekend at bernies dammit!!!!!!
TG: oh fuck yeay
TG: im always in need of something to put under my cats shit box
GT: :(
TG: ok tell you what
TG: as an early wigglin day thing u know what ill do
GT: I still dont really get the wiggling thing but no what?
TG: ill enable the brobots novice setting again for you
GT: Wow...
GT: Thanks i think???
TG: but that dont count as the whole thing ill think of something better too
TG: 4 now peace o jake & gl on your robroquest heheheh
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [GT]

## Jake: Commence robroquest.

**29/11/11**

```
GRUUUUUMMBLE
```

It is time to get DEAD SERIOUS about hunting down a robot that looks exactly like your best friend, destroy it with your guns somehow, and steal its uranimum. (* uranium)

But then the thing behind you that you were oblivious to starts grumbling.

You totally forgot about the FRIGHTENING FAUNA on this island, and its regrettable REALNESS ATTRIBUTE.

## Jake: Turn around.

**29/11/11**

## [S??????] ==>

**29/11/11**

```
STRIFE!

PEW PEW
```

You leap into the tropical island fray in an attempt to violently pacify the gigantic Earth crabdad. What is he even doing here? The question doesn't even occur to you. The island has been crawling with these things for as long as you can remember.

You glance at the crudely rendered battle, direct your browser to the HOMESTUCK BANDCAMP PAGE, and browse for suitable battle music. Oh god, there are so many songs. Which one would be a good fit for this duel? Wait, yes, there's one. That's perfect. You hit play, close your eyes, and become lost in visions of gnashing crustacean carapace, smoking M9 casings, and Jake doing that thing where he flies through the air shooting two guns at once. Yes, so awesome.

## Jake: Fly through the air shooting two guns at once.

**29/11/11**

You do the thing where you fly through the air shooting two guns at once. That thing isn't even that big of a deal for you. You do that thing practically every day on hellmurder island.

Your furious salvo of deadly bullets scares the FRIGHTENING FAUNA off into the jungle, REALNESS ATTRIBUTE and all.

## ==>

**29/11/11**

Another triumph for adventure. Time to blow the smoke off your berettas and saunter off into the... whoa not so fast! Behind you, Jake!!!

## ==>

**29/11/11**

```
BANG.
```

AH HA. GOT YOU YOU SON OF A, SHIT, WAIT.

## ==>

**29/11/11**

Oh nooo.

It was only one of those sweet little fairy bulls. You just murdered him inappropriately with your multi-bullet device.

You love those little fairy bulls. You feel just awful.

==>

**29/11/11**

==>

**29/11/11**

==>

**29/11/11**

## Jane: Implement plan of last resort.

**29/11/11**

You have waited around long enough. Dad's legendary car wash won't last forever, and the day isn't getting any younger.

You pack up poppop's book and bust out your trusty HOMING DEVICE.

## Jane: Activate.

**29/11/11**

Here goes nothing.

==>

**29/11/11**

==>

**29/11/11**

==>

**29/11/11**

==>

**29/11/11**

God he is such a little troublemaker.

Hopefully he will mind his manners today.

==>

**30/11/11**

==>

**30/11/11**

==>

**30/11/11**

## Jake: Exit forest.

**30/11/11**

## Jake: Behold zoological splendor.

**30/11/11**

Looks like the centaur herd is out in full force today. You have to be careful about walking under them. There are extreme hazards involved, such as the threat of falling manure, or milk.

## Jake: Examine frog temple.

**30/11/11**

There are the ruins you'll be making your way toward once you've got the uranium.

Still need to locate that enigmatic brobot. He's out there, somewhere. Just watching. You can feel it.

Can't let your guard down for a second, or you'll get served like a dude on butler island.

## Jake: Look down.

**01/12/11**

Uh oh. Something's coming up.

==>

**01/12/11**

==>

**01/12/11**

==>

**01/12/11**

==>

**01/12/11**

Not the encounter you were hoping for today.

These things don't back down.

## Jane: Assess damage.

**02/12/11**

Poor poppop's severed head got nicked by the FIREPLACE POKER. He's going to need a lot of work this time. Over the years, your dad has spent thousands of dollars on repairs. Oh well, how much more grounded can you get than you already are?

## Jane: Put head back.

**02/12/11**

```
Alert : TT
```

You stick the poker down his neck hole and jam the head back on the spike as a temporary measure. That looks somewhat more respectable you guess.

Looks like the troublemaker's father is calling.

## Jane: Answer Strider.

**02/12/11**

```
Alert : TT
Alert : Jane
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG] at 12:01

TT: Why have you activated dear, sweet Huggy Bear.
TT: Are you in danger?
GG: Oh, no.
GG: I'm just trying to leave my house!

GG: Is this the real you, btw?
TT: Yeah, it's me.
TT: I disabled the AR for now.
GG: Ok. Just making sure!
GG: Jake was having some issues with it earlier, and I don't think he received its obfuscating tendencies in the humorous spirit intended.
TT: Yes, I'm catching up with the situation now.
GG: Oh, so you're talking to Jake then?
TT: Nah. Just reading their chat logs.
TT: Man, what the fuck?
TT: I can't leave these two alone for a minute. Can a guy get his ablutions on in fucking peace?
GG: :B
GG: Was it that bad?
TT: Not really.
TT: The responder doesn't much distort my position on things usually.
TT: Its demeanor leaves something desired though. I'd prefer it didn't make such aggressive and repeated claims of fidelity to my persona.
TT: Be misrepresentin' hells of key subtleties, yo.
GG: Why not just turn it off then?
TT: Keeps them both on their toes.
GG: Who?
TT: Jake and the responder.
TT: Jake needs to be more skeptical. Rather than take a Pollyanna jackknife ass-first off whatever turnip truck is blowing through town that day, he's got to apply more critical reasoning to shit.
TT: I keep telling him.
TT: I keep telling him, dude, you got to be more like Jane.
GG: These lectures I presume are roughly similar in complexion to those I'm familiar with?
GG: Those wherein I have, and I quote, "got to be more like Jake?"
TT: Yes, exactly.
TT: You're finally fucking getting it.
GG: I sincerely doubt that I am!
TT: Said the stubborn skeptic, skeptically.
GG: Let's not talk about my "issues" again, shalln't we?
TT: Shalln't?
TT: That ain't a thing to say, even for you.
GG: Shush!
GG: The word shalln't escape my vocabulary any longer, just as you SHALLN'T nitpick my language! That's my turf you're on, buster.
TT: Alright. Kinda don't care.
GG: What were you saying?
TT: About what? Jake?
GG: About leaving the responder on!
TT: Yeah.
TT: Anyway, I kind of owe it to him to let the program run as often as possible.
GG: Jake?
TT: No.

TT: The responder.
TT: It is a fully cognitive, self-aware entity I am responsible for, not even to mention an approximate cerebral duplicate of myself.
TT: You don't just make a clone of yourself to live in a dead end existence where it has no chance to thrive as an individual or surpass its limitations.
TT: That'd be sick.
GG: True.
TT: Also.
TT: The more the software runs, the broader and more detailed its experiential canopy becomes. Makes for a better dialogic partner.
GG: Dialogic?
GG: Are you saying you have conversations with your own auto-responder?
TT: Of course.
TT: Why do you think I made the thing?
GG: Hrm, that's interesting.
GG: I guess I always thought it was just a really elaborate gag!
TT: It's that too.

==>

**03/12/11**

pesterlogGG: Sometimes your sense of humor seems more impenetrably advanced than your robotics. I'll never understand this tapestry of irony you weave.
GG: Maybe I'm just stuck in the dark ages of pranksterism with my funny mustaches corny old joke book.
TT: Yes, you are. But that's fine.
TT: We come from different traditions. Someone needs to keep that racist southern asshole's legacy alive.
TT: There's dignity in taking up the work of our familial predecessors, even if what they did was insanely fucking stupid.
GG: Is that a note of bitterness directed at your superstar brother I am detecting?
TT: No way. He's awesome.
TT: I've told you, I don't begrudge any of his success.
TT: I've also told you he isn't my real bro even though I call him that. We're related through an esoteric process of genetic reamalgamation.
GG: Oh lordy. Yes, yes, I know. I don't need another ironic lesson in science fiction!
TT: Alright. My lessons are rad as fuck, but suit yourself.
TT: The point is, obviously his satirical methods have flaws, and whatever tempered brand of hero worship I might be practicing isn't keeping me from seeing that.
GG: Flaws?? Talk about understatement. Those movies are unwatchable.
GG: Unless your name is Jake English.
TT: Yes, spectacularly so. But they will have profound historical significance. Mark my words.
TT: And flaws aside, it's a legacy I'm proud to inherit. My duty isn't to appropriate his methods with absolute loyalty, but to apply reason and improve upon them. To leave my own mark.
TT: To perfect the art of irony.
TT: It's just like what you're doing with the work of your ancestor. You are striving to perfect his hokey vaudeville bullshit, or something.

TT: You seek the Zen of a pie to the face. The Tao of falling the fuck down.
GG: Ermm...
GG: If you say so!
GG: I dunno. Call me a simpleton, but I just like funny jokes.
TT: Can't fool me. You take your shit as serious as I do.
TT: And if I wasn't serious about it, I wouldn't have made you that rabbit. Then where the hell would you be?

==>

**03/12/11**

pesterlogGG: Well, aside from thousands of dollars in corpse-repair richer, I can't say.
TT: Has he been sleeping in the old man hollow again? Shit, that's adorable.
GG: I can think of cuter places for him to sleep, frankly!
TT: Yeah, bullshit.
TT: He's just being instinctive. In the wild, he would gut a carcass and sleep inside for warmth, as well as to secure tactical advantage for ambushing would-be scavengers.
GG: Oh, please.
GG: Anyway, property damage and desecration to cherished elders aside, Mr. Bear has been a lovely addition to the family.
TT: You haven't renamed him yet?
GG: Oh... no.
GG: I keep forgetting I'm supposed to!
TT: You've got to fucking rename him. Or change him to a girl if you want. That was important.
TT: When pets change owners they get new names. Fact.
GG: Sorry.
GG: I will name him right now!
GG: How about Lil' Sebastian?
TT: Fuck if that isn't the best name a thing could get.
GG: Yeah!!!
GG: So then, are you saying Mr. Sebastian here was an ironic present?
GG: Relayed strictly for guffaws?? >:B
TT: Yes, but it's not that simple. There were many layers involved.
TT: Some of them are literal layers, of metal and plush.
GG: Huh?
TT: There's a real stuffed rabbit beneath its exoskeleton.
GG: What! Really? :O
TT: Yeah.
TT: It belonged to my bro.
GG: I thought you said you didn't have such an heirloom to complete the plushie trifecta?
TT: I didn't. He didn't give it to me, and never intended to bequeath it.
TT: I stole it.
GG: Ooh. Risky!
TT: Nah. I got a little help from RL and ganked it out of his museum.
TT: It's this whole "priceless" collection of stupid shit from movies, defended like Fort Knox. Ironically of course.
GG: So it's from a movie?

TT: Ever hear of Con Air?
GG: Nope.
GG: Wait...
GG: Wasn't that some bit of action schlock from the 90's?
TT: Yes.
GG: Some of the silly nonsense referenced in his work was well before my time. I don't have the wherewithal to investigate all this minutia.
TT: Yeah, it doesn't matter really. But it was from that. Dude weirdly obsessed over that shit movie for years, among others.
TT: Know those signature shades you see him wearing on magazine covers and stuff? Another prop. A gift from Stiller himself, I believe.
GG: That does sound a tad obsessive. Wasn't he furious about your burglary?
TT: Pretty sure he didn't even notice. In years since, I never saw a news story about a "daring heist" or anything. I feel like he would have made some hay outta that.
TT: And if he did know, he'd probably just want to give me a stoic fist bump or something.
GG: Why didn't you mention this when you gave the gift? More irony?
TT: Essentially. It's not that easy to explain.
TT: Broadcasting the gesture would have made it seem tawdry, and would somewhat defray its humor value.
GG: I see. So it was like a private joke, and if anyone besides you was in on it, the joke would be ruined!
TT: Like I said, there are layers.
TT: On one level, I gave you a filthy tattered piece of shit, albeit of tremendous cultural significance, manhandled by some old B movie actors, now candy coated to function as a highly practical defender droid for your personal protection.
TT: On another level, I needed to incorporate something passable as a real heirloom.
TT: For sentimental reasons.
GG: D'awwwww.
GG: Wait, real sentiment, or ironic sentiment?
GG: Or is there no difference?? Am I missing the point here?
TT: No, it was genuine.
TT: The upper echelons of irony should always include measures of sincerity. And if the satirical practice is executed faithfully it will achieve something bona fide in its own right regardless.
TT: Through an intense commitment bordering on religious devotion to the absolutely inane, absurd, or plain fucking stupid, a very different kind of sincerity begins to materialize. One of reverence to the ridiculous. You begin to "mean it," but what exactly it is you mean is never quite what appears on the surface, and is utterly inaccessible to obtuse and literal minds. That you "mean it" then becomes inseparable from the joke, and additional rich strata of humor may be stripped aggressively from this irreconcilable truth.
GG: This is fascinating, if a wee bit more dissertation than I bargained for this morning.
GG: I have so much to learn. And I am not even saying that "ironically!"
GG: Will you teach me your ways one day, sir? Perhaps an apprenticeship will open?
TT: Oh god, I'd love that.
TT: Consider the position yours for the taking any time. Feel free to approach and kneel before Cal. With my sword and his floppy mitten, you will receive my flashstep anointment shoulder to shoulder, and to shoulder again.

==>

**04/12/11**

```
Alert : TT
```

pesterlogGG: Tempting, but that rain check will have to stay unendorsed for now.
GG: Lil' Seb is beginning to act out, and I must put his fidgetiness to constructive use!
TT: Cool.
TT: Jane, one more thing.
TT: I'm sure you must be aware by now that you'll be the leader of our group, as you will be the first to enter the session.
GG: Um, no?
GG: This is news to me. I never gathered that "team leader" was a thing for this game.
TT: Trust me. It's a thing.
GG: Are you sure? I have my doubts.
GG: I believe as a group we will have the temerity to succeed, without my having to order people around like an insufferable bossypants.
TT: That's why you're our leader, Jane.
GG: Hm?
TT: Optimism through stalwart skepticism is an affect not everyone is plucky enough to be graced with.
GG: That's stupid!
TT: Yeah yeah. I know.
TT: You're not our leader, you're our FRIEND, right?
GG: Precisely!
GG: There is a BIG difference!
TT: And statements like that are also why you're our leader.
TT: But only in name and in spirit. Less so, functionally.
TT: If it puts your mind at ease, I'll be the one pulling the strings here.
GG: Oh yes?
GG: Then this whole affair will be one of D. Strider's grand productions in puppetry?
TT: I will be the unseen hand whose nimble digits are behind every subtle twitch in our session's bulbous foam ass.
TT: At least those gyrations not happening by the volition of its own quivering absorbant proboscis.
TT: If you ever need help, Jane. If you're ever in any trouble at all, let me know. Just say the word.
TT: I'll whip the toggle stick of this ludicrous marionette, cavorting its humongous bottom to intercept your freefall through the abyss.
TT: Snowcone you up in the fluffy crook of its cleft. Don't be alarmed if you're in no hurry to unpry yourself.
TT: For the great jut of this impudent rump has more yield to your touch than you ever dreamt. Remember to catch your breath as it cherishes the imprint of your hand like a memento from a lover gone to war.
TT: There's a lot of give to that ass, you may say.
TT: Might like to settle in. Make myself comfortable. Start a family.
TT: Bounce a coin off that ass, you'll demand of visitors. It's not going anywhere.
TT: Bet that coin'll take a good nap there.
TT: It's a gamble you win every goddamn time.

TT: Yeah.
GG: These lessons we talked about...
GG: They've already begun, haven't they? :o
TT: Jane, soon you'll believe what I've told you.
TT: You'll believe it all.
TT: It's just a shame that believing will take something so coarse as seeing, for a girl as sharp as you.
TT: Critical thought can lead one to accept the unlikely, just as much as dismiss the impossible.
TT: I can help with this too. Would you like me to program a Jane Crocker responder for you?
TT: I only require a simple captcha of your brain.
GG: Holy moly!
GG: Um, thank you, but no.
GG: I'm not ready to get dialogic with my cyberself just yet. My friends keep me busy enough as it is.
GG: Speaking of which, I really need to go. I know you love to talk my ear off, and it's always a treat, but let's catch up later after the game starts, ok?
GG: And if I do need your help, I promise I'll take you up on your offer!
TT: I made several. Which one?
GG: The one where you, hopefully not literally, offered to catch me in the crevice of a great big squishy butt! Hoo hoo hoo!
GG: Gtg!!! <3
gutsyGumshoe [GG] ceased bothering timaeusTestified [TT]

## Jane: Command Sebastian to lift fridge.

**04/12/11**

You order dear, sweet Lil' Sebastian to put his fidgetiness to constructive use. He is eager to assist, and lifts the appliance with ease.

==>

**04/12/11**

He finds a note taped underneath the fridge. It seems to be addressed to you.

## Jane: Read note.

**04/12/11**

```
DAUGHTER. IF YOU ARE READING THIS, IT MEANS YOU ARE STRONG ENOUGH
TO LIFT THE FRIDGE. YOU HAVE TRULY BECOME A MATURE, POWERFUL
WOMAN. I HAVE NEVER BEEN MORE PROUD. NOW BE A GOOD GIRL, PUT THE
FRIDGE DOWN, AND STAY INSIDE.
```

Fat chance, dad.

This bird's gotta fly!!!

==>

**05/12/11**

Uh oh, Lil Seb's acting out again. His legs are getting fidgety and bothersome. Better tell him to put the fridge down gently before he causes more damage.

## Jane: Tell Seb to put fridge down.

**05/12/11**

==>

**05/12/11**

==>

**05/12/11**

## Jane: Throw down your hat in disgust.

**05/12/11**

==>

**05/12/11**

```
POF.
```

## Jane: Level up.

**06/12/11**

```
ECHELADDER


B$ 110,108,263 → 110,110,110


HEIRESS SANS PARENT
FEDORAFLEDGLING
MOURNING STARLET
MAID IN THE SHADE
SODAJERK'S CONFIDANTE
BREACHES HEALER
PRATFALL PRINCESS
HABERDASHER'S DAUGHTER
BESPECTACLED SKEPTIC
SNORKBAIT SPORKPLUG
OVERBITE RESTART
JUNIORSLEUTH
SLAPSTICK DEBUTANTE
BATTERLASS
BRITCHES RIPPER
BABY ECTOBOTANANNA
```

You've been climbing your echeladder very gradually for various minor accomplishments here and there since you were 13. That was such a sweet textbook HAT POF, it earned you just enough to clear the next rung, FEDORAFLEDGLING. Nice going!

## Hat: Level up.

**06/12/11**

The well traveled HAT shares in your glorious spoils. The battle-hardened accessory reaches dizzying new heights, leapfrogging from the DOUCHEBAG'S DOMESUCKER rung, to the rare, highly coveted MARTYR'S PISSCRADLE rung.

## Jake: Run.

**06/12/11**

How can these things be so fast on land???

It moves like some sort of giant frisky seal, that is very hungry and angry. You know from experience that bullets only make them hungrier and angrier, so there is nothing to do but run.

==>

**07/12/11**

Oh no, it's a hostile swarm of those little fairy bulls! They are probably pissed off about the one you killed earlier. They have come for revenge!

==>

**07/12/11**

```
TINKERBULLs: ♥
```

OH MY GOD THE HUMANITY. HOW THEY EXACT THEIR POUND OF FLESH.

OH GOD NO OH GOD OH GOD OH GOOOAAAA*AAAAUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH.*

==>

**07/12/11**

**[S] ==>**

**07/12/11**

```
Bleat!
```

==>

**07/12/11**

Nearby, someone or something bleats like a goat for strategic purposes.

And also

==>

**07/12/11**

Ironic purposes.

**Jane: Run.**

**08/12/11**

```
LASS SCAMPER!
```

The jig is so totally up.

Nothing left to do but scurry your little legs to that box, snatch the mail and scram!

==>

**08/12/11**

```
DAD: ?
```

==>

**08/12/11**

```
DAD: ?
```

==>

**08/12/11**

```
DAD: !
```

## [S] Jane: Get mail.

**08/12/11**

```
HOMESTUCK
```

==>

**08/12/11**

==>

**08/12/11**

END OF ACT 6 ACT 1.

==>

**08/12/11**

One down.

==>

**08/12/11**

No, not kids! I mean these curtain dealies.

I still need to set up, what, like another five of these rigs? God dammit.

==>

**08/12/11**

I hope I don't run out of green curtain cloth. Shit is expensive.

## So, uh... what about all those other kids?

**09/12/11**

Huh? Who?

Oh, yeah. *Those* people.

Aren't they all dead?

## No, not quite.

**09/12/11**

Oh god, you're right! There are still a few characters I haven't killed yet. I almost forgot about them.

I was planning on totally messing with them in the short window of time they're in the same universe as me! Hopefully it isn't too late.

AAAA

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA WAIT WHY AM I EVEN LAUGHING, THIS IS A COMPLETELY INAPPROPRIATE REACTION. BESIDES, I AM A TIN CAN, ROBOTS DON'T HAVE FEELINGS.

## Hussiebot: Check time.

**09/12/11**

```
III → II → I nanoseconds
```

Let's see. They should be traveling near the speed of light across a distance of one yard, giving them about three nanoseconds before they crash through the other wall.

Which means I have about...

HOLY SHIT I'M ALMOST OUT OF TIME TO FUCK UP THE STORY! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT NANOSECONDS COULD FLY BY SO FAST????????

## Hussiebot: Hurry!!!

**10/12/11**

Who am I kidding. Even using my super-fast robotic AUTHOR AVATAR, I barely have time to do anything.

Maybe I'll just level up these kids before they go, and that's it.

They've earned it after all, don't you think?

## John: Level up.

**10/12/11**

```
REVENGE OF DOCTOR RAGNAROK

GALESMATE
```

You produce your most spirited LAD SCRAMBLE yet, and hop up to the next GOD TIER, achieving the illustrious REVENGE OF DOCTOR RAGNAROK.

All of your vitals go completely bonkers. Your MAN GRIT is off the charts. You're embarrassed for us to even know what it is. It's that gaudy.

## Jade: Level up.

**10/12/11**

```
SAYONARA KANSAS

GROWING PANES AWAIT
```

You put forth your best LASS SCAMPER of all time, and clear another sweet GOD TIER, the nigh-unattainable SAYONARA KANSAS.

Your battle stats predictably go haywire. You accrue so much YOUNGSTER GUMPTION it's basically insane. Nobody should ever mess with you.

Not even me.

## John and Jade: Reap spoils.

**10/12/11**

```
GLUB GLUB NAK NAK
```

You don't get boondollars anymore. That shit is for babies now.

Instead, you are finally ready to have your first ACHIEVEMENT BADGE sewn on to your KIDDIE CAMPER HANDYSASH!

You each receive the badge GIFT OF GAB, enabling you to engage in simple, direct dialogue with others, without requiring any gimmicks to facilitate communication. You don't need to type through a chat client, or talk to a sprite, or traverse through a memory in a dream bubble, or wander around in an interactive game environment, or any of that stuff.

You seriously never thought you would live to see this achievement unlocked. It almost feels like cheating. Like conversing in god mode.

## ACT 6 INTERMISSION 1

**10/12/11**

dialoglogJOHN: where are we?

## [A6I1] ==>

**11/12/11**

dialoglogJADE: im not sure!
JADE: some sort of limbo dimension between the two walls i guess
JADE: like a realm with unusual spatial properties we have to cross through
JOHN: oh, ok.
JOHN: then...
JOHN: we escaped the scratch?
JOHN: like, we still exist and everything?
JADE: yes!
JADE: we still totally exist john
JOHN: ok, just making sure.
JOHN: i still felt pretty existy, but you never know.

## [A6I1] ==>

**11/12/11**

dialoglogJOHN: i'm still kinda confused though.
JADE: about what?
JOHN: i mean, we crashed through that giant window you magically made with witch powers to escape the scratch, so we can keep existing, right?
JADE: yes
JADE: i didnt make it with witch powers though, i captchalogued it hours ago because karkat told me to...
JADE: then at the last minute i took it out and made it huge so we could escape through it
JOHN: i see.
JOHN: did you at least make it huge with witch powers?

JADE: i did make it huge with witch powers!
JOHN: so i guess that's what witch powers do, is make things huge?
JADE: they also make things small
JOHN: right, like you did with all those planets.
JADE: yup
JADE: also
JADE: witch powers can teleport things, and fling things around through space at very high velocities
JADE: all sorts of stuff!
JADE: but to be honest, im not sure how much of that is attributable to inheriting becs abilities...
JOHN: man, spacey witch powers sound a lot more versatile than my powers, frankly.
JOHN: not that i'm complaining, because wind powers are still awesome.
JOHN: but anyway, that is neither here nor there!
JOHN: what i'm wondering is, once we crashed through that window, weren't we supposed to like...
JOHN: enter a new game session? the reset one?
JOHN: and meet up with karkat, and vriska, and all the trolls, and i guess maybe also a bunch of dead trolls too??? like troll ghosts or such.
JADE: yes that was the basic idea
JOHN: and what about your grandson? wasn't he going to be there, from the future or something? and then he would send liv tyler to me, or actually to you i guess, into the past somehow?
JADE: that would be jake
JADE: and yeah, i do believe we will meet him in this session
JADE: he said he had a bunch of friends who helped him make the bunny! im pretty excited to meet them all
JOHN: wow...
JOHN: hey, i wonder what the fuck ever happened to liv anyway?
JOHN: last i saw her, i sent her off to give the tumor to rose and dave...
JOHN: oh god, rose and dave!!! where are they now? did one of them do the suicide mission thing? and what about the other? did they get scratch'd???
JADE: actually, they both went, and in a manner of speaking, their mission was a success
JOHN: :(
JOHN: so, they blew up the sun, and now they're dead?
JADE: nope!
JADE: they did not actually destroy the sun. trust me, i would know if it was gone. now that i know what i know, it was kind of silly of us to think it would ever be destroyed...
JADE: and as it happens, rose and dave are not dead either! i have received very reliable reports that they survived
JOHN: oh man, that's great!
JOHN: i mean, i'm not sure how not blowing up the sun qualifies as a successful mission, since that was kind of the whole idea, but at this point i don't really care. i'm just happy to hear they're ok.
JADE: it will all be more clear soon
JOHN: how do you know they're ok? or any of this stuff, really?
JADE: ive learned a lot in my dreams lately
JADE: heh, probably more than i ever learned looking at the clouds on prospit!
JADE: when i was dead there for a few minutes, i had one last very informative nap
JADE: the bottom line is, rose and dave will rendezvous with the trolls near the green sun, and then

they will all meet us in the new session
JOHN: ok, that sounds awesome.
JOHN: and that was part of the plan i guess i understood, but...
JOHN: where is this new session?
JOHN: all i see here is a bunch of giant windows, and a lot of warp speed whooshy nonsense.

## [A6I1] ==>

**11/12/11**

dialoglogJADE: its through the other wall!
JOHN: you mean that one way over there?
JADE: yes
JOHN: ok...
JOHN: so is this place like that yellow lawn ring thing karkat was talking about?
JADE: no, not lawn ring!
JADE: thats a silly troll word
JADE: its the yellow yard
JADE: we have to cross it to break through the next wall
JOHN: how is this a yellow yard?
JOHN: that's a stupid name for this place!
JADE: see that long yellow band down there, stretching between the two walls?
JADE: i think thats supposed to be the yard
JOHN: thats not a yard.
JOHN: yards are like these flat wide patches of grass, surrounded by fences and stuff.
JOHN: if anything, it's more like a road.
JADE: hmmm
JADE: yeah i think youre right
JADE: kinda like the yellow brick road?
JOHN: sure, why not!
JOHN: let's all go see a big pompous wizard to solve all of our problems.
JOHN: i bet rose would get a kick out of that.
JADE: hehe
JOHN: oh yeah.
JOHN: and another thing...

## [A6I1] ==>

**11/12/11**

dialoglogJOHN: what...
JOHN: the fuck...
JOHN: is that?

## [A6I1] ==>

**11/12/11**

dialoglogJADE: :|
JADE: i have no idea
JADE: extra dimensional shenanigan based phenomena perhaps?????

## [A6I1] ==>

**11/12/11**

Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain cloth. Or anything taking place out here in the emerald shitty paintjob, for that matter.

## [A6I1] ==>

**12/12/11**

dialoglogJOHN: wait, what just happened?
JADE: i dont know!
JOHN: it got darker, and greener...
JADE: :?
JOHN: this place is weird. when are we gonna bust through the other window, anyway?
JOHN: i'm kind of antsy to get on with our adventure and meet up with everybody!
JADE: yes me too
JADE: hmmmmmm
JOHN: what is it?

## [A6I1] ==>

**12/12/11**

dialoglogJADE: im just trying to estimate our arrival time
JADE: based on our current velocity, which is about as close to light speed as i can make it go
JOHN: i see.
JOHN: since we are going so fast, it should be pretty soon, right?
JOHN: like a few more minutes?
JADE: hmmmmmmmmmmm...
JADE: no
JADE: itll take quite a bit longer than that
JOHN: ugh.
JOHN: how long?
JADE: i would say
JADE: if i keep our speed constant...
JADE: we should arrive in about three years

## [A6I1] ==>

**12/12/11**

dialoglogJOHN: what!!!
JOHN: that is an absolutely preposterous amount of time.
JADE: i know!
JOHN: are you sure you can't make it go any faster?
JOHN: i mean, not to sound too demanding, but...
JOHN: didn't you say you can teleport stuff?
JOHN: why not teleport us there?
JADE: i cant!
JADE: not here, at least
JOHN: oh. well that sucks.
JOHN: why not?
JADE: the way i understand it is...

JADE: becs powers draw from the green sun
JADE: and the green sun presides over our universe
JADE: many universes actually! and the sessions that created them, as well as the sessions created within them
JADE: including the trolls universe and their session
JADE: think of it like a giant solar system, but instead of planets revolving around the sun, there are many universes
JOHN: uh, ok.
JOHN: that sounds...
JOHN: big.
JADE: it is!
JADE: so, bec was able to teleport anywhere in the universe he wanted in an instant, much faster than light
JADE: jack was able to do this too, within our session, and then when i inherited those powers from jadesprite, so could i
JADE: but we could only teleport locally
JADE: which means, bec could jump to anywhere in our universe, but not to another universe, or into a session
JADE: and jack could jump to anywhere in our session, but not outside it
JADE: we cant even jump to the green sun itself, even though we sort of serve as a gateway to it, and all its energy
JADE: and once we leave the suns domain, our travel is limited by the speed of light, like everyone else!
JADE: for example, the furthest ring is not in the suns domain
JADE: it is more like the suns medium, allowing it to exist
JADE: so if i wanted to fly out of our session and travel to the green sun, i would have to make my way there through the furthest ring at the speed of light or less
JADE: and wherever we are now is not in the suns domain either
JADE: so the same rules apply
JOHN: i see.
JOHN: it didn't really occur to me this was all so elaborate.
JOHN: like, if the green sun is at the center of a bunch of universes, like a huge solar system...
JOHN: doesn't that mean it was sort of important?
JOHN: maybe trying to blow it up wasn't such a great idea.
JADE: yes i think youre right
JADE: but to be fair, we were all the victims of a big prank!
JOHN: oh man, a prank??
JOHN: who pranked us?
JADE: some really creepy omniscient guy
JADE: it doesnt matter much, hes supposedly dead now
JOHN: oh. well that was quite a ruse then. that son of a bitch!
JADE: yes, but its not all as bad as it seems
JADE: theres a silver lining in all of this
JADE: like you said, a sun presiding over many universes has to be pretty cosmically important
JADE: who knows what terrible consequences there would be if it was destroyed
JADE: or maybe worse, if it never existed at all

JADE: which is what made rose and daves true mission an unintended success!
JOHN: their true mission?
JOHN: what was that?
JADE: to deliver the bomb to the empty location the green sun was meant to exist for most of eternity
JADE: and then create the sun in the first place
JADE: that is what the tumor was for all along
JOHN: ...
JADE: like i said
JADE: we got played like a bunch of suckers!!!

**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**

```
three years mind fuck
```

**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**

```
-.-- --- ..-
... ..- -.-. -.- !!!
```

**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**

```
<3
```

**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**12/12/11**

```
<3<
```

## [A6I1] ==>

**13/12/11**

## [A6I1] ==>

**13/12/11**

## [A6I1] ==>

**13/12/11**

```
abscond

-.-. --- .-- .- .-. -.. !
```

## [A6I1] ==>

**13/12/11**

## [A6I1] ==>

**13/12/11**

## [A6I1] ==>

**14/12/11**

```
.--. .-.. . .- ... . / … ←(actual ellipsis)
```

## [A6I1] ==>

**14/12/11**

.... . .-.. .--.

.... .. --!!!

**[A6I1] ==>**
**14/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
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**[A6I1] ==>**
**15/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**15/12/11**
dialoglogJOHN: oh man, rose and dave have sweet god tier pajamas like us! that's so awesome.
JOHN: haha, dave looks like kind of a doofus with that snug little hood.
JADE: i think he looks cool!!!!!
JADE: the cape is great, hes like a super hero now
JOHN: that's true.
JOHN: i still think i prefer my outfit though.
JOHN: look at all those trolls...
JOHN: there are so many trolls. the idea of meeting them all is kind of overwhelming.
JOHN: i wonder which one is which?
JOHN: i think that must have been karkat there. and that was probably his clown asshole friend he mentioned, too.
JADE: yup
JOHN: and that was definitely terezi, with the fancy glasses.
JOHN: not sure about the others... i wonder if vriska was there?
JADE: ...
JOHN: it's nice to see rose looks better.
JOHN: last time i saw her, she looked really grim.
JOHN: and also, dark.
JOHN: i was trying to talk to her, but she sounded like a babbling monster, so i couldn't understand her.

JOHN: it was really frustrating, and all of my nervous rambling probably made me sound like an idiot.
JOHN: and then when i woke up later, she was dead.
JADE: :(
JOHN: did you know...
JOHN: that i had to kiss her to make her come back to life?
JADE: !!!
JOHN: yes, it's true.
JOHN: it's kind of weird kissing a dead body, but i didn't mind.
JOHN: how did you feel about it when you kissed dave when he died?
JADE: .....
JADE: how did you know about that!
JOHN: karkat told me.
JADE: oh
JADE: that figures
JOHN: do you think that all of our unbridled corpse smooching means karkat's silly shipping prophecy will come true?
JADE: umm
JOHN: i mean, the guy is really angry, and says fuck like in practically every sentence.
JOHN: but he does weirdly seem to know what he's talking about when it comes to romance.
JADE: yeah
JADE: i dunno
JADE: do you want it to come true?
JOHN: man.
JOHN: i don't know.
JOHN: do you?
JADE: hmmmmmm.....
JOHN: hmm, indeed.
JADE: i think i miss them already
JADE: and weve only been here for a few minutes :(
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: there's a lot i want to tell them about.
JOHN: and a lot i want to ask them.
JADE: well
JADE: you could ask them now if you want
JOHN: really?

## [A6I1] ==>

**16/12/11**

dialoglogJADE: yes
JADE: in fact
JADE: you can hop right through me and join them
JADE: then you can travel with them to the new session if you like
JOHN: whoa!
JOHN: well, heck, why don't we do that then?
JOHN: it would probably be more fun with them than being on this golden battleship by ourselves.

JADE: it probably would!
JADE: but i cant go with you
JADE: i can serve as a gateway
JADE: but i cant travel to the sun myself, remember?
JOHN: oh yeah.
JOHN: dammit!
JADE: but its ok, really!
JADE: if thats what you wanted to do, i wouldnt mind
JADE: but whatever you do, you have to decide quickly
JADE: they will be departing from the sun very soon
JOHN: but i wouldn't want to leave you here all alone for three years.
JOHN: that would suck!
JADE: i wouldnt really be alone though

## [A6I1] ==>

**16/12/11**

dialoglogJADE: i have the population of five planets to keep me company!
JOHN: :O
JOHN: that's right.
JOHN: that makes it seem not so boring i guess.
JOHN: but still...
JOHN: i would feel really bad leaving you here, even if you do have a million salamanders and chess guys to keep you company.
JOHN: you are my friend and also my sorta-sister, and we just met for the first time ever a few minutes ago...
JOHN: i'm not going to be like, welp! see ya in three years jade!
JADE: awww :D
JADE: ok then
JADE: personally, i think this trip could be a lot of fun!
JADE: theres no pressure to do anything important or run around like lunatics anymore
JADE: we can just relax
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: now that you mention it, i'm pretty beat.
JOHN: also... starving!!!
JADE: woof!
JADE: whoops
JOHN: heheh.
JOHN: i sure hope there are things to eat on those planets.
JOHN: there were a lot of weird glowing mushrooms on lowas. i dunno about those.
JOHN: i seem to remember a bunch of farms on the battlefield...
JADE: there should be lots of good stuff on the planets
JADE: also i would bet this ship is stocked with plenty of military rations
JOHN: yeah, probably.
JOHN: pff, hell, we could just raid all of our fridges and alchemize some tasty grub!
JADE: oh yeah!!!
JADE: durrr, problem solved

JOHN: ok, cool.
JOHN: but it would still be nice to say hi to everybody before they leave.
JOHN: just to let them know how we're doing.
JADE: yes
JOHN: like, one of the last things rose saw before she died was me dying...
JOHN: i wonder if she knows i'm ok?
JADE: im pretty sure she knows a ton of things now
JADE: considering she is a fully realized seer of light
JOHN: yeah, probably.
JOHN: then maybe i'll just hop over real fast, and give karkat a fist bump, and give dave a hard time about his hella tight little hood, and then hop back?
JADE: im sure that would be hilarious
JADE: but
JADE: if you go i dont think i can bring you back
JADE: i cant bring anyone or anything to here from there!
JOHN: aw man, really??
JADE: as far as i know...
JADE: if theres a way i havent figured it out yet
JADE: i am still kind of new to this omnipotence thing after all :\
JOHN: that's stupid.
JOHN: what is with all these rules!
JADE: i dont know!
JADE: im sure the rules exist for a good reason though
JADE: maybe to somewhat limit the power and reach of omnipotent beings?
JADE: if there are no limits at all, it could be especially dangerous in the wrong hands
JADE: like what happened with jack!
JOHN: isn't that a contradiction though?
JOHN: if there are limits to your powers, you can't exactly be OMNIpotent, can you?
JOHN: more like...
JOHN: semipotent.
JADE: then i guess thats what we are!
JADE: semipotent demigods
JOHN: demidogs.
JADE: woof woof woof!
JADE: dammit!!!!!!
JOHN: heh...
JOHN: can you not control the woofs?
JADE: i havent gotten the hang of the woofs yet :(
JOHN: so, the dog ears...
JOHN: is that a permanent thing now, or what?
JADE: i think so
JOHN: i like them.
JADE: i do too!
JOHN: you are like a furry now, but not really the weird kind that people on the internet like to have sex with in their imagination.
JADE: D:

## [A6I1] ==>

**17/12/11**

dialoglogJOHN: hey, can i at least send a message through?
JOHN: like a note or something?
JADE: sure!
JADE: better hurry up and write it though
JOHN: oh snap! ok, gotta think, quick...
JOHN: what do i write on?
JOHN: maybe the back of a movie poster or something?
JOHN: i don't think i have one captchalogued though...
JOHN: and now that i think about it, most of them were ruined by imps. :(

## [A6I1] ==>

**17/12/11**

```
ARMAGEDDON
```

dialoglogJADE: how about this one?
JADE: looks like its still in pretty good condition
JOHN: yes, that's perfect!!!
JOHN: everyone will love it, especially probably dave.
JOHN: i think i need something to fold it up and put it in though.
JOHN: i don't want to just like crumple it up and chuck it in there like some garbage...

## [A6I1] ==>

**17/12/11**

```
ARMAGEDDON

Harry Anderson's WISE GUY
```

dialoglogJOHN: i could stick it in a book i guess.
JOHN: but i kind of don't want to part with any great reading material, especially since we're going on a long trip.
JADE: john you have to hurry!
JOHN: ok, ok, um...

## [A6I1] ==>

**17/12/11**

dialoglogJADE: here, will this work?
JOHN: oh, yeah. i guess that'll be fine.
JOHN: now, uhhh, what to write...
JADE: whatever you write just make it quick!
JADE: and tell everyone i say hi!
JOHN: ok, will do.
JADE: ok, while you work on that, i think ill bring up some friends
JOHN: huh?
JADE: you know, let some of our travel companions get acquainted with the ship!

## [A6I1] ==>

**17/12/11**

dialoglogJOHN: oh fuck, it's dave sprite!!!
JOHN: i forgot about him.
DAVESPRITE: yeah no shit
JOHN: how've you been, buddy?
JADE: shoooooooosh!!!!!
JADE: write now, catch up later!

## [A6I1] ==>

**17/12/11**

dialoglogJOHN: ok, i think this is a pretty good letter.
DAVESPRITE: let me check it out
DAVESPRITE: maybe ill humorously defile willis and afflecks dumb skyward yearning faces
JOHN: oh HELL no.
DAVESPRITE: come on dude hand it over
JADE: nooooo come on guys theyre about to go just stuff it in the bucket and throw it at me already!!!
DAVESPRITE: too late i already did it with sprite powers while he wasnt looking
JOHN: augh you bastard!

## [A6I1] ==>

**17/12/11**

```
LOB
```

dialoglogJOHN: wait a minute!
JOHN: i forgot, trolls hate cleaning products for some alien reason! shit, that's going to make everyone so uncomfortable.
JOHN: oh well, there it goes. too late i guess.
DAVESPRITE: ahahahaha you fucked up

## [A6I1] Rose: Level up.

**17/12/11**

```
SURYA'S LURID GLARE

ARIADNE'S THREADSPINNER

PENTACLE THERAPIST
```

## [A6I1] Dave: Level up.

**17/12/11**

```
PIMPSLAYER

REVENGE OF RICKY SCHRÖDINGER

HOTPOTATO BUTTERFINGERS
```

## [A6I1] Rose + Dave: Reap spoils.

**17/12/11**

```
GLUB GLUB NAK NAK
```

You both also get one of these. Now you can start flapping your traps with wild abandon at anyone you please.

## [A6I1] ==>

**18/12/11**

dialoglogARADIA: you see??
ARADIA: i told you they would bring your body
SOLLUX: ok, well i believed y0u about that, but yeah, i can see that.
SOLLUX: eugh, can s0meone get rid 0f that thing please?
ARADIA: oh!!!
ARADIA: sollux lets do it!
SOLLUX: what.
ARADIA: the corpse party!
ARADIA: theres no better time and there are so many corpses here to work with
ARADIA: is everybody ok with that? do you want to have a big corpse party?
ARADIA: we can incinerate the remains in the sun it will be just glorious
ROSE: Corpse party?
ARADIA: rose!
ARADIA: can you please explain to my friends what a human funeral is like?
ROSE: Of course.
ROSE: I would describe it as an occasion marked by a great deal of jubilation at the expense of one or more well dressed cadavers.
DAVE: hahaha oh god
ARADIA: i couldnt have put it better myself
ARADIA: could you go into more detail?
ROSE: Well, in my experience, a loved one, typically an elder, arranges to have the departed placed in a small box, and then forces you to stand in the rain all day.
ROSE: Then, presumably winded by all the deeply ironic catharsis, she gets drunk and passes out on the couch.
DAVE: oh my god we are never going to stop fucking with each other are we
DAVE: even without computers
ARADIA: hmmm that sounds just a tad specific
ARADIA: we may have to adapt the proceedings to be a little more
ARADIA: i dunno
ARADIA: multicultural i guess?
SOLLUX: err...
ARADIA: why dont you all do some brainstorming about what kind of funeral to have while i go round up the bodies!
SOLLUX: aradia, FUCK.
SOLLUX: will y0u co0l it on the c0rpse party shit for a minute?
ARADIA: whats the matter?
SOLLUX: i mean, everyb0dy here has just met, and i guess just went through a l0t of really heavy bullshit, d0 you think that maybe this isn't the best thing t0 harp on right n0w?

ARADIA: um
ARADIA: i just thought it would be a nice thing to bond over
SOLLUX: not everyb0dy is as into death as y0u though. like, it's c0ol t0 see you s0 excited about s0mething, i'm seriously thrilled ab0ut that.
SOLLUX: but frankly it's all pretty fucking morbid t0 everybody, i just th0ught you sh0uld know.
ARADIA: am i really that bad?
TEREZI: Y3S >:|
ARADIA: oh
ARADIA: sorry
ARADIA: i guess ive spent enough time here that i just dont see death as the terrible thing the living make it out to be
ARADIA: i honestly feel like its a reason to celebrate!
TEREZI: TH4TS OK 4R4D14, NO ON3S BL4M1NG YOU
TEREZI: 1 4CTU4LLY TH1NK YOUR WHOL3 D34TH F4NG1RL TH1NG 1S FUNNY 4ND K1ND OF CH4RM1NG >:]
ARADIA: death fan girl thing?
ARADIA: what do you mean
TEREZI: OH COM3 ON
TEREZI: YOU 4R3 PR4CT1C4LLY B3S1D3 YOURS3LF W1TH G1DD1N3SS 4T TH3 1D34 OF S3RV1NG 4S TH3 M41TR3 D TO 4LL DR34M BUBBL3S
TEREZI: YOU LOV3 B31NG TH3 C4R3T4K3R OF W4YW4RD SOULS 4ND DR34M3RS!
TEREZI: LUCK1LY YOU M4K3 4N 4DOR4BL3 H4NDM41D TO TH3 M4ST3R OF D34TH, 3SP3C14LLY 1N YOUR CUT3 CH3RRY P1X13 3NS3MBL3
ARADIA: you think so?
ROSE: I'm going to agree with my fellow seer on this.
TEREZI: S33???
TEREZI: 3V3N SNOOTY M1SS C4NT4LOUP3 ROB3 4GR33S!
TEREZI: OH, 4ND GUYS, JUST FOR TH3 S4K3 OF MULT1CULTUR4L CL4R1TY, W3 TROLLS TR34T D34TH 1TS3LF 4S 4 MYTHOLOG1C4L F1GUR3
TEREZI: H3 1S 4 M4N W1TH 4 FR1GHT3N1NG SKULL FOR 4 H34D 4ND 4 T3RR1BL3 HYPNOT1C GL4R3
TEREZI: 4LL TH3 L3G3NDS S4Y H3S GOT TH1S SUP3R FOXY H4NDM41D TO DO H1S D1RTYWORK
TEREZI: 1 M34N TH1S 1S 4LL F4NT4SY OF COURS3, BUT W3 C4NT R34LLY UND3RST4ND 34CH OTH3RS CULTUR3S UNL3SS W3 UND3RST4ND TH3 MYTHS B3H1ND TH3M!
DAVE: yo terezi weve got a grim reaper too
DAVE: shit isnt that novel
DAVE: i mean i think even a civilization full of the laziest sons of bitches are gonna make up a myth figure for death
DAVE: like oooh watch OUT death is coming for you hes got like
DAVE: a SKULL and shit
DAVE: i basically have no fucking imagination that sounds badass to me
DAVE: wait wait no how about hes got a BLACK ROBE too
DAVE: and a fuckin scythe to fuckin slash at you with in case you didnt die all the way or whatever
DAVE: daaaaaamn now youre talking bro

DAVE: lets go ahead stick that in our culture forever
TEREZI: SO WH4T YOU 4R3 T3LL1NG M3 D4V3 1S
TEREZI: TH4T W3 BOTH H4V3 D34TH *4ND* COTTON C4NDY???
DAVE: hell yes
TEREZI: W3 M1GHT 4S W3LL B3 TH3 S4M3 D4MN SP3C13S!!! >:D
KARKAT: FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK.

## [A6I1] ==>

**19/12/11**

dialoglogKARKAT: IS IT GOING TO SHIT ON EVERYBODY'S GREAT TIME IF I DARE TO BRING UP IMPORTANT THINGS NOW?
KARKAT: IS IT SAFE TO POKE OUR HEADS UP FROM THIS GULCH OF IDIOTIC BANTER AND SEE IF THE COAST IS CLEAR FOR ADULT, BUSINESSLIKE CONVERSATION?
KARKAT: YES, YES, HUMANS, SO NICE TO MEET YOU, AND IT SEEMS YOU'RE GOD TIERS NOW? NEAT, YADA YADA, WHAT THE FUCK EVER.
KARKAT: JUST ONE QUESTION
KARKAT: WE FOLLOWED THAT GREEN BEACON OF WHAT I THOUGHT WAS THE AFTERMATH OF A SUCCESSFUL BLOW UP THE SUN MISSION
KARKAT: AND AFTER A BREAKNECK WARP SPEED JOURNEY IN WHICH MY BEST FUCKING FRIEND *EVER* PSYCHED ME OUT INTO THINKING HE DIED *YET A FUCKING GAIN* BY EXPELLING LITER AFTER GRUESOME LITER OF GRUBSAUCE FROM HIS EVERY ORIFICE
KARKAT: WHAT DO I FIND HERE?
KARKAT: WHY, IN ADDITION TO A PAIR OF HUMANS DRAPED IN CIRCUSWEAR AND ALL THEIR FLIPPANT GIBES LOCKED AND GODDAMN LOADED
KARKAT: IT SEEMS WE HAVE ALSO CHANCED UPON NONE OTHER THAN THE GREEN FUCKING SUN ITSELF
KARKAT: WHICH UNLESS MY RAW, RUDDY GANDERBULBS ARE STILL A LITTLE GRIEFBLEARY, STRIKES ME AS STILL BEING SOMEWHAT RATHER FUCKING *UNBLOWN* UP.
KARKAT: SO WHAT AM I MISSING HERE
DAVE: dude chill out we just got hornswoggled is all
KARKAT: OH!
KARKAT: CASE CLOSED
KARKAT: OK THEN, LET'S START PITCHING DEAD PALS INTO THE LIMITLESS INFERNO. MY CURIOSITY WAS TOTALLY FUCKING SATED JUST THEN!
ARADIA: the sun will never be destroyed karkat
ARADIA: im sorry but you were misinformed!
KARKAT: AH! MORE BREATHTAKING REASSURANCE!
KARKAT: EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE GUYS, WE WERE JUST HORNSWOGGLED AND MISINFORMED, CARRY ON THEN!
KARKAT: WASN'T THE WHOLE POINT TO TAKE OUT THE SUN TO NEUTRALIZE JACK?
ROSE: It shouldn't be a problem.
KARKAT: OH NO??? THEN WHAT'S THE PLAN NOW???
ROSE: It's simple.
ROSE: We regroup, and then defeat him in person.

KARKAT: OH! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH.
KARKAT: FUCKING OH.
KARKAT: AND HERE I THOUGHT THE NEW PLAN WAS GOING TO BE SOMETHING INCREDIBLY STUPID AND SUICIDAL.
KARKAT: DID I SAY OH YET?
KARKAT: BECAUSE THAT'S THE SOUND I MAKE WHEN I'M FUCKING RELIEVED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
GAMZEE: honk.
KARKAT: WHAT.
GAMZEE: HONK.
KARKAT: WHAT DOES HONK MEAN THIS TIME YOU WHIMSICAL PIECE OF SHIT?????
KARKAT: DON'T YOU START WITH ME
KARKAT: DO. NOT. START WITH ME.
KARKAT: I WILL GET YOU IN A HEADLOCK SO TIGHT IT WILL BE A MIRACLE IF PEOPLE DON'T MISTAKE OUR TUSSLE FOR AN ILL CONCEIVED VENTRILOQUIST ACT.
KARKAT: I WILL SHOOSH YOU AGAIN, SO HELP ME GOD. I WILL SHOOSH YOUR CLOWN ASS TO SHANGRI-BULLSHIT-LA AND BACK, AND FILL YOUR EAR WITH MY WHITE HOT PALEBRO SPITTLE.
KARKAT: I AM FULL AND FUCKING WELL PREPARED TO GET CONCILIATORY WITH YOU AGAIN IF YOU SO MUCH AS PASS GAS MURDEROUSLY, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
KARKAT: IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT??? DO I NEED TO CALM YOUR FAYGO-STICKY TENTSQUATTING SHIT DOWN AGAIN????
GAMZEE: naw brother, i was just about to all say for you to try and get your settle down on, maybe.
GAMZEE: :o(
DAVE: man what the hell even happened on this meteor anyway
DAVE: actually dont even tell me
KARKAT: OK
KARKAT: OK YEAH
KARKAT: I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.
KARKAT: NO, YOU'RE RIGHT, I SHOULD RELAX.
KARKAT: AND BREATHE.
KARKAT: I MEAN, WHAT ARE MOIRAILS FOR, RIGHT?
KARKAT: THIS IS HOW IT WORKS, I STOP YOU FROM KILLING EVERYBODY, THEN YOU RETURN THE FAVOR AND CALM ME DOWN AND I JUST
KARKAT: BREATHE
KARKAT: LIKE
KARKAT: THIS...
KARKAT: SNIIIIIIIIIIIIFFFFFFFFFFFFFFUCK, THAT SUN IS BRIGHT.
KARKAT: CALL ME CRAZY, BUT IT'S KIND OF HARD TO RELAX WITHIN A STONE'S THROW FROM, OH, I GUESS ONLY THE BIGGEST FUCKING STAR ANY MORTAL HAS EVER LAID EYES ON.
KANAYA: Actually I Was Just Thinking
KANAYA: Its Nice To Get A Little Sun After So Long
KARKAT: SURE, THAT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD FOR YOU.
KARKAT: BUT I MEAN, CAN THIS BE HEALTHY?

KARKAT: AREN'T WE GOING TO GET BURNED OR HAVE OUR RETINAS SCORCHED BY LOOKING AT IT?
KARKAT: OH GOD I THINK I'M HAVING A PANIC ATTACK.
TEREZI: K4RK4T YOUR3 3MB4RR4SS1NG US 1N FRONT OF TH3 HUM4NS
KARKAT: FUCK YOU
KARKAT: I CAN'T BREATHE...
KARKAT: IT'S SO BRIGHT, I NEED SUNGLASSES OR SOMETHING.
KARKAT: QUICK, WHICH ONE OF YOU AWESOME DUDES HAS A RADICAL PAIR OF SHADES I CAN BORROW???
KANAYA: One Moment

## [A6I1] ==>

**19/12/11**

## [A6I1] ==>

**19/12/11**

```
flail flail
```

dialoglogKARKAT: I WAS JOKING, GET THOSE FUCKING THINGS AWAY FROM ME

## [A6I1] ==>

**20/12/11**

dialoglogTEREZI: 1 4M SO SORRY YOU GUYS
TEREZI: W3 4R3 4CTU4LLY 4 LOT COOL3R TH4N TH1S!
DAVE: are you actually
TEREZI: ...
TEREZI: NO
TEREZI: NO W3 AR3 NOT
KARKAT: WHAT IS HAPPENING NOW
KARKAT: SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON.
KARKAT: WHO'S THE LEADER NOW?
KARKAT: ARADIA ARE YOU THE LEADER NOW
KARKAT: OR IS IT ROSE "I HAVE AN IDEA, LET'S TAKE THE INVINCIBLE DEMON HEAD ON!" LALONDE.
KARKAT: I NEED TO KNOW WHO THE LEADER IS
KARKAT: I NEED TO KNOW IN WHOSE DIRECTION I MUST BEHAVE AS THE MOST PATHETICALLY USELESS SUBORDINATE I CAN BE.
KARKAT: QUICK, SOMEONE BOSS ME AROUND! I'M FUCKING INCOMPETENT AND RARING TO GO.
KARKAT: THAT'S WHAT YOU DO WHEN THERE'S A LEADER AROUND TRYING TO MAKE PLANS, RIGHT?
KARKAT: YOU DROP YOUR IQ HARDER THAN A PAIR OF HILARIOUSLY PLUMMETING PANTS, YOU CEASELESSLY RAMBLE ABOUT VAPID BULLSHIT, YOU RUN AROUND HIDING ALL OF YOUR WORLDLY POSSESSIONS IN TREASURE CHESTS, AND THEN EVERYONE STARTS MURDERING EACH OTHER.
KARKAT: IF THERE'S ANY OTHER EXPERIENCE CHARACTERIZING LEADERSHIP, IT'S ONE I SURE AS FUCK NEVER HAD!
KARKAT: SO I NEED TO KNOW WHO THE LEADER IS.

KARKAT: STRIDER, IS IT YOU???
TEREZI: 4444444UGH

## [A6I1] ==>

**20/12/11**

dialoglogARADIA: karkat i dont know if anyone cares about formal ranks like that anymore
ARADIA: or if anyone ever did!
ARADIA: but for what its worth i suggest that from now on you all listen closely to the advice of our human guests
DAVE: wait
DAVE: really
ARADIA: yes!
ARADIA: no need to be so modest dave
ARADIA: tactically speaking a knight of time and a seer of light is a nearly unbeatable combination
DAVE: ok
DAVE: i dont really have any orders to give though
DAVE: except for karkat to shut the hell up because that horseshit is more obnoxious in person than i ever imagined
KARKAT: OH WOW, I WOULD OFFER A RETORT TO YOUR VICIOUS BARB, EXCEPT FOR THE FACT THAT UNLIKE EVERY ASSHOLE EVER, I CAN ACTUALLY FOLLOW ORDERS AND SHUT MY MOUTH!
KARKAT: CHECK IT OUT, "DOGG"
KARKAT: .....
ARADIA: yes you are off to an excellent start as a subordinate
ARADIA: keep doing that!
ARADIA: but dave dont worry if you do not have instructions for us
ARADIA: the knight of time is not necessarily the tactician
ARADIA: he is a powerful warrior class which exploits the flow of time as a weapon
ARADIA: rose is the one who must play the role of the strategist
ARADIA: the seer class knows her aspect comprehensively
ARADIA: as a knower of all fortune she can see the circuitous path that will lead to the most favorable outcome for everyone
ARADIA: personally i would defer to her judgment!
TEREZI: R34LLY? YOU C4N DO TH4T??
ROSE: Yes.
TEREZI: TH4T SOUNDS 4 LOT MOR3 US3FUL TH4N MY S33R POW3RS >:[
ROSE: Illumination of the road to victory for all is an asset considerably different from command over the outcomes of decisions made by individuals.
ROSE: How do you know your talents won't be critical in blazing this auspicious trail?
TEREZI: UM
TEREZI: 1 GU3SS 1 DONT
ROSE: That's because you're not me.
KANAYA: Okay Then What Do We Do

## [A6I1] ==>

**20/12/11**

dialoglogROSE: Nothing yet.
ROSE: But reasonably soon, within a certain window, it will be time to leave.
ROSE: We will then pilot this meteor as fast as we can make it go in that exact direction.
SOLLUX: what's that way?
ROSE: Nothing whatsoever.
ROSE: As of now, that way lies darkness and uncertainty beyond description.
KANAYA: I See
KANAYA: Then Perhaps We Should Reserve The Infinite Darkness Plan For The Maybe Column For Now
KANAYA: I Think Im Even Willing To Let Dave Take A Crack At The Logistics Before We Commit To That Particular Maneuver Daring Though It Sounds
DAVE: aw yeah
DAVE: i got sicknasty logistics up my sleeve
DAVE: i just call them stics fyi which is how you know im way savvy about them
DAVE: most of the stics im fine tuning atm involve rap though i should warn you
DAVE: but dave what if that dope as hell plan falls through i can hear you ask
DAVE: plan b
DAVE: involves drawing some shitty cartoons
DAVE: and not giving a fuck about stuff
TEREZI: >8D
TEREZI: 1 H3R3BY S3COND TH1S COOL DUD3S R4D1C4L MOT1ON ON GROUNDS OF R1D1CULOUSLY D3C4D3NT 4TT1R3
KANAYA: Yes Im Willing To Humor Elaboration On This Rap Centric Plan And Its Apathy Based Contingencies
KANAYA: Even If Its Excessively Stupid
ROSE: Trust me, it is.
ROSE: Just as you should trust me that by the time we leave, if we leave exactly within the designated window and are able to travel at nearly the speed of light, the meteor will trace a route through the Furthest Ring which will topologically resolve as a straight line.
ROSE: It will lead us directly to the new session.
ROSE: For a brief moment, the sun will be visible from that session.
ROSE: And we will be riding the chartreuse coattails of its photons.
ARADIA: this is why you all needed an advanced seer!
ARADIA: i have become familiar with the ways of the fabric out here but even i couldnt chart a journey that long or complex
ROSE: That's because it's almost impossible to do so voluntarily.
ROSE: If we were to head right now in the session's true physical direction, it wouldn't be long before we found ourselves traveling in just the opposite direction.
ROSE: This is not even to speak of the chronological peculiarities. After traveling some distance, we could discover we were suddenly tailgating our own meteor from several days ago.
ROSE: If we are particularly unfortunate, we might even collide in an intersection of spacetime with a meteor piloted by our future selves.
ROSE: And if we looked closely at that meteor before impact, we might notice a very large dent in it, which it originally suffered during the very collision we were about to experience.
ROSE: It takes precision and timing to reach your destination out here, and most importantly, the grace of the gods themselves.

KARKAT: PPPFFUUUUUUUHHHHHHH..... *WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZE...*
ROSE: Hm?
SOLLUX: kk, what the fuck?
SOLLUX: were you h0lding your breath that wh0le time?
KARKAT: YEAH
KARKAT: SO?
TEREZI: OH GOD, YOU DUMMY
TEREZI: YOU DONT 4CTU4LLY H4V3 TO HOLD YOUR BR34TH WH3N YOUR3 B31NG QU13T!
KARKAT: OK YEAH
KARKAT: I MEAN, OF COURSE IT SOUNDS OBVIOUS WHEN YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT
DAVE: hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha
DAVE: rose i told you this dude is fucking incredible
KARKAT: STFU.
KARKAT: LOOK I'M JUST A LITTLE OUT OF PRACTICE AT STAYING QUIET FOR EXTENDED PERIODS OF TIME, OK?
TEREZI: H3 R34LLY 1S >:|
KARKAT: ANYWAY, WHATEVER, SO WHAT YOU'RE SAYING LALONDE IS
KARKAT: WE'RE GOING TO BE ON THIS HORRIBLE ROCK A GOOD WHILE LONGER TO GET TO THIS PARADISE SESSION OR WHATEVER IT IS?
ROSE: Yes.
KARKAT: AND SINCE WE PROBABLY AREN'T GOING TO FORCE SOLLUX'S BULLSHIT "HALF GHOST" OR WHATEVER TO POP HIMSELF AGAIN LIKE A PACKET OF NASTY FETID MUSTARD SO HE CAN SHOOT THIS THING INTO HYPERSPACE...
SOLLUX: hey man, come 0n. not c0ol.
KARKAT: I'M GUESSING THAT MEANS IT'LL TAKE CONSIDERABLY LONGER TO GET THERE THAN IT DID TO GET HERE?
ROSE: Yes.
KARKAT: I JUST KNEW IT
KARKAT: THIS IS MY WORST NIGHTMARE REALIZED
KARKAT: WHEN WE FIRST FLED TO THIS METEOR I HAD THIS WEIRD FEELING WE'D WIND UP SPENDING FOREVER AT THIS MISERABLE PLACE, ASSUMING WE ACTUALLY SURVIVED.
KARKAT: I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO ASK, HOW LONG IS THIS TRIP GOING TO TAKE?
KARKAT: PROBABLY SOME ABSOLUTELY PREPOSTEROUS AMOUNT OF TIME, LIKE THREE LONG MADDENING SWEEPS, RIGHT???
KARKAT: WOULDN'T THAT JUST BE SO COSMICALLY CONVENIENT AND PERFECT FOR EVERYBODY! ESPECIALLY FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT PURPOSE OF ALL, MY UNINTERRUPTED CONTINUUM OF PERSONAL AGONY!!!
KARKAT: THANK YOU, DARK GODS! THANK YOU SO FUCKING MUCH!!! YOU WIN THIS ROUND! YOU WIN ALL THE ROUNDS APPARENTLY!!!!! THERE ARE NO ROUNDS EVEN. THERE'S JUST YOUR SLIMY TENDRILS, OUR NAKED BODIES, AND EPOCHS OF MOLESTATION.
ROSE: Don't be ridiculous. It won't take nearly that long.
KARKAT: OH
ROSE: It'll only take about three years.

KARKAT: OK
KARKAT: THAT'S NOT SO BAD I GUESS.
KARKAT: WAIT, HOW LONG ARE YEARS SUPPOSED TO BE AGAIN?
KARKAT: WAS IT LIKE TWO WEEKS OR SOMETHING?
ROSE: Yes, two.
ROSE: And then fifty more.
KARKAT: FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK.

## [A6I1] ==>

**21/12/11**

dialoglogARADIA: karkat go back to holding your breath!
ARADIA: this is going to be a wonderful adventure for everyone
ARADIA: im a bit jealous honestly!
ARADIA: or i would be if i wasnt having such a good time with my death fangirl thing :p
KANAYA: So
KANAYA: You Arent Coming Then
ARADIA: no
ARADIA: i still have important work to do here
TEREZI: 4WW >:[
ARADIA: but that doesnt rule out the possibility we could meet again in bubbles along your journey!
TEREZI: 1 HOP3 SO
SOLLUX: yeah, i think i'll hang behind here t0o, if that's 0k with you guys.
KARKAT: WAIT, WHAT?
KARKAT: NO COME ON, DON'T BE LIKE THAT
SOLLUX: be like what? a ghost??
SOLLUX: i d0n't think i belong with the living anym0re.
KARKAT: YOU'RE A *HALF* GHOST, ASSHOLE.
KARKAT: WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN? HOW ARE YOU EVEN TAKING THIS IDIOTIC "HALF DEATH" SERIOUSLY IF YOU JUST GO HOG WILD AS A FUCKING WHOLE-GHOST, AND SAY STUPID SHIT LIKE, BLAH BLAH, I BELONG IN THE AFTERLIFE NOW LIKE A DUMBASS.
SOLLUX: kk, SORRY.
SOLLUX: i'm just d0ne with this crap, this insane adventure bullshit, it's nothing pers0nal.
SOLLUX: i just want to spend time with aa and chill 0ut and catch up with some 0f our dead buddies, is that 0k?
KARKAT: WHATEVER, FINE.
KARKAT: I'M GOING BACK TO NOT BREATHING AGAIN.
KARKAT: HHHH*HHHHHHHHHUUUUP*.....
KANAYA: Maybe I Will Stay Here Too
ROSE: Why?
KANAYA: As Nice As It Sounds To Move On
KANAYA: I Dont Know If I Can Stand Three Of Your Human Years Of More Darkness
KANAYA: I Like This Sun Its Comforting In A Strange Way
KANAYA: Like Home
ROSE: But what if we need your help?

KANAYA: What Could I Possibly Do
KANAYA: Aside From Providing A Light Source As You Navigate The Dim Corridors
KANAYA: I Would Function As A Premium Escort To The Load Gaper And Thats About It
ARADIA: but kanaya you still have important work to finish too!
ARADIA: we cant ignore our duties
KANAYA: What Are You Talking About
ARADIA: our race is extinct remember
ARADIA: and after a few more casualties it is now hanging by a thread
ARADIA: your job was to see to the resurrection of our people
KANAYA: What Real Hope Is There For That
KANAYA: The Orb Was Destroyed
KANAYA: I Was Never Able To Duplicate It The Grist Cost Was Astronomical
ARADIA: theres always hope though!
ARADIA: you just never know and i dont think you should give up
KANAYA: Doesnt Rose Know
KANAYA: Cant You See The Path To Victory On This Matter
ROSE: It's hard to say.
ROSE: Does the repopulation of your species qualify as victory?
ROSE: These things aren't always clear cut. Some outcomes are for your own judgment.
ROSE: What outcome would you like the most?
KANAYA: I Would Like To Have The Orb Again And To Keep It Safe This Time
KANAYA: And I Guess To Not Be A Total Failure
ROSE: Ok.
ROSE: If you follow my advice, I can at least promise you will find yourself in the best position to determine whether that may come to pass.
KANAYA: ...
ROSE: Can you please come?
ROSE: Between the two of us, you with your inexplicably heretofore unmentioned phosphorescence, and I with my nigh-reflective traffic cone orange sun-sari, the meteor should never be *too* dark.
KARKAT: (sollux, oh my god is it me or is everybody already just fucking hitting on each other left and right? oh god i can't take sweeps of this shit, don't leave me alone here, please don't)
SOLLUX: ehehehehe.
KANAYA: Well
KANAYA: All Right
KANAYA: But Must We Really Leave So Soon
ROSE: It's soon or never. But not immediately.
ROSE: Even if the route were accessible right now, it would still behoove us to wait.
ROSE: There's correspondence from John yet to arrive.
DAVE: whoa really
ROSE: And after that, we have to wait for one final guest to appear.
ROSE: Then we ride like the solar wind. The race will be afoot.
KANAYA: Wait Another Visitor
KANAYA: Who
KARKAT: FUCK!
ROSE: Oh lord.

ROSE: Now what?
KARKAT: BRO, WHERE THE FUCK IS YOUR BODY

## [A6I1] ==>

**21/12/11**

dialoglogKARKAT: SOLLUX, WHERE DID YOUR BODY GO???
SOLLUX: hell if i kn0w.
ARADIA: oh nooo :(
KARKAT: WAIT A MINUTE.
KARKAT: WAIT JUST A FUCKING MINUTE, WHERE'S...
KARKAT: SHIT
KARKAT: VRISKA'S BODY IS GONE TOO!
DAVE: wait
DAVE: shes dead too
TEREZI: 3R...
DAVE: you guys are so messed up
KARKAT: WHERE ARE THEY?
KARKAT: DID ANYONE SEE WHAT HAPPENED??
KARKAT: DAMMIT, WHEN THE FUCK WILL I LEARN NOT TO TURN MY BACK ON THE BODIES.
KARKAT: HOLD ON
KARKAT: OH NO, WHERE'S GAMZEE
KANAYA: He Took Them
KANAYA: Look At The Trails
KARKAT: OHHHH FUCK
KARKAT: NO, FUCK NO, FUCK THAT CORPSE HOARDING SACK OF HORRIBLE GARBAGE.
DAVE: wait has the juggalo troll been giving you guys fits like this or something
DAVE: like this is a thing
DAVE: like a pattern
KARKAT: NICE GUESS SHIT HEAD!
DAVE: oh man one of you has got to sit me down and tell me what actually happened here it all just sounds fuckin amazing in sort of the stupidest way possible
DAVE: i mean like personal tragedies notwithstanding
KARKAT: YEAH, HE DOES THIS
KARKAT: HE SORT OF COLLECTS BODIES AND DECAPITATES THEM AND STUFF
KARKAT: STICKS THEM IN BIG SCIENCE JARS, FOR SOME REASON??
KANAYA: Im Pretty Sure He Kisses Them Too Sometimes
KARKAT: NO NO NO I'M NOT LISTENING TO SHIT LIKE THAT, I DIDN'T EVEN HEAR THAT.
KARKAT: IT'S LIKE
KARKAT: YOU KNOW HOW EVERY NOW AND THEN YOUR LUSUS WILL BRING SOME RANDOM ASS DEAD ANIMAL BACK TO YOUR HIVE FOR NO FUCKING REASON
KARKAT: AND THEY DON'T EVER STOP DOING THAT NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU YELL
KARKAT: IT'S LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

DAVE: not really
DAVE: oh wait
DAVE: against all odds i sorta do
DAVE: mine actually did do that once
KARKAT: YES, THERE YOU GO.
DAVE: when i was really young
DAVE: he made this stupid leather bib for me out of a goddamn horse
DAVE: for the ironies obviously
ROSE: Was that the one you mentioned had a pink heart on it?
DAVE: yeah
ROSE: Hmm.
DAVE: what
ROSE: It's just that with the clarity afforded by my new abilities, it occurred to me just now that dead horse was likely the beautiful pet pony my mother gave me recently.
ROSE: It was crushed to death by your newborn ass.
ROSE: You bastard.
DAVE: well shit
DAVE: thats a hell of a mystery no one thought was a mystery and didnt even really need solving
DAVE: but damn if it didnt just get solved so nice work
ROSE: Thanks.
KARKAT: KANAYA WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

## [A6I1] ==>

**21/12/11**

dialoglogKANAYA: Clown Hunting

## [A6I1] ==>

**21/12/11**

dialoglogKARKAT: OH NO...
KARKAT: ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THAT?
KARKAT: I MEAN WHO EVEN REALLY CARES IF HE STOLE MORE BODIES.
KARKAT: HE CAN HAVE THEM FRANKLY, AS LONG AS IT KEEPS HIM OUT OF TROUBLE.
KARKAT: WE DON'T NEED TO HAVE A FUCKING CORPSE PARTY, SERIOUSLY, FUCK THAT DUMB IDEA.
KANAYA: ...
KARKAT: ALRIGHT IF YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO GO
KARKAT: JUST
KARKAT: BE CAREFUL
KARKAT: NO MORE POINTLESS BLOODSHED, OK? THAT'S AN ORDER!
KARKAT: WAIT FUCK
KARKAT: I'M NOT LEADER ANYMORE
KARKAT: ROSE CAN YOU ORDER HER TO DO THAT?
KARKAT: SAY WHAT I JUST SAID, REALLY ANGRILY
KARKAT: ASSUMING YOU CAN EVEN *BE* ANGRY.
ROSE: ...

KARKAT: WAIT
KARKAT: GUYS SOMETHING'S HAPPENING...
KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON NOW???

**[A6I1] ==>**
**21/12/11**
dialoglogKARKAT: HOLY

**[A6I1] ==>**
**21/12/11**
dialoglogKARKAT: FUCKING

**[A6I1] ==>**
**21/12/11**
dialoglogKARKAT: *SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH*

**[A6I1] ==>**
**21/12/11**
dialoglogKARKAT: *HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII*

**[A6I1] ==>**
**21/12/11**
dialoglogKARKAT: *IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII*

**[A6I1] ==>**
**21/12/11**
dialoglogKARKAT: *IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITTTTTTTTTTTTTTT.*

**[A6I1] ==>**
**22/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**22/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**22/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**22/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**22/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**22/12/11**

```
ARMAGEDDON

BACKING UP SLOWLY INTO EARTHS ATMOSPHERE
```

**[A6I1] ==>**
**22/12/11**
hey everybody!

this is john. actually, it is john, jade, and dave sprite. we all contributed to the contents of this

bucket! we have to make it quick because apparently you're about to go on a long journey, just like us. i'm sorry we can't be there for the big meetup. karkat, i deeply regret that i will not be present for these highly touted "TROLL/HUMAN SLOPPY MAKEOUTS", ha ha. maybe in three years, assuming you all aren't totally smooched out by then!!! (i am just kidding around, btw.) rose and dave, you both look totally sweet! i can't believe you're both god tiers now. did you know jade is too? also, she has dog ears. she looks fantastic. how cool is it that we're all god tiers? it's like we're a super hero team, or some kind of anime squad. like the sailor moons, i guess, but not as lame, or as sexy. i'm going to miss the hell out of you both for the next few years. i'm already looking forward to this new session so hard. it was a fun adventure we had today, wasn't it? i'll even miss talking to the trolls too. say hi to them for me, even though i didn't get to know many. except karkat obviously, and oh yeah, vriska too. vriska, if you read this, thanks again for all your help. i don't think i'd have made it this far if not for you! i just thought you should know that.

jade and dave sprite both say hi and send their best wishes. but now jade says i have to finish quickly! she wants me to throw this bucket and its heartfelt payload through her mysterious portal. so here i go.

see you all in 3 years!!!

~john

## [S][A6I1] Karkat: Mental breakdown.

**23/12/11**

```
ARMAGEDDON

TROLL/HUMAN SLOPPY MAKEOUTS

}}SI SIHT
DIPUTS{{

CAGE: Well that was the plan, to give you a boner. And you got one!
CAGE: Boner
```

## [A6I1] ==>

**23/12/11**

```
ALL: ?
```

**[A6I1] ==>**
**23/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**23/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**23/12/11**
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**23/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**23/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**24/12/11**
**[A6I1] ==>**
**24/12/11**
dialoglogDAVE: whos this guy
ROSE: The visitor I mentioned earlier.
ROSE: He will be traveling with us too.

**[A6I1] ==>**
**24/12/11**

```
.... . -.--
- .... . .-. . ,
-- .. ... ... !
.--. .-.. . .- ... .
.... . .-.. .--.
-- -.--
..-. .-. .. . -. -.. !
```

dialoglogDAVE: is he dead
ROSE: We should be able to get him some help along the way.
ROSE: But only if we leave immediately.
ROSE: Luckily for him, we have no alternative. Jack will arrive soon.
TEREZI: WH4T!
ROSE: When I said the race would be afoot, I was being literal.
ROSE: He will follow our trail, and match our speed.
ROSE: And since this is not the ideal scenario for a final showdown, the best we can hope to do is outrun him.

**[A6I1] ==>**
**24/12/11**
dialoglogKARKAT: SOUNDS LIKE IT'S TIME TO HIT THE FUCKING ROAD THEN
KARKAT: HOW DO WE MAKE THIS THING GO ANYWAY. DOES IT HAVE ROCKETS OR SOMETHING I DON'T KNOW ABOUT??

ROSE: Maybe it does. I'm not sure.
ROSE: But one good push in the right direction should be all we need.
ARADIA: i can help with that!
ARADIA: sollux do you think you can lend me a hand?
SOLLUX: huh?
ARADIA: theyll need the biggest push we can give them
SOLLUX: 0h.
SOLLUX: yeah sure.
KARKAT: WHAT, SO JUST ONE "PUSH" IS GOING TO LAST THREE YEARS?
KARKAT: LET ALONE OUTRUN JACK?? BULLSHIT.
SOLLUX: calm down kk, it sh0uld be fine.
SOLLUX: y0u won't sl0w down.
KARKAT: HOW THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW THAT?
ROSE: Troll Isaac Newton told him.
KARKAT: OK, WHATEVER, LET'S JUST GET ON WITH IT.
KARKAT: IN THE MEANTIME WE SHOULD SET UP SOME SORT OF CHECKPOINT PERIMETER AROUND THE DEAD MAYOR GUY.
KARKAT: JUST SO GAMZEE DOESN'T TRY TO HOARD HIS BODY OR CHOP OFF HIS HEAD.
DAVE: what is he the mayor of anyway
DAVE: it kinda looks like he just made that sash himself
KARKAT: HE'S THE DULY ELECTED MAYOR OF THE FRUITY RUMPUS ASSHOLE FACTORY, AND HE JUST CUT THE RIBBON TO A BRAND NEW MUSEUM FULL OF PRICELESS SHUT THE FUCK UP.
ARADIA: ok you guys can keep arguing if you like but im going to send you on your way now
ARADIA: then after you leave i should be able to buy you a little more time
KARKAT: HOW'S THAT?
ARADIA: when jack comes ill slow him down for a while
ARADIA: it wont be for very long but its the best i can do!
ROSE: That should help us greatly.
ROSE: Thank you, Aradia.
ARADIA: youre welcome!
ARADIA: are you ready sollux?

## [A6I1] ==>

**24/12/11**

## [A6I1] ==>

**24/12/11**

## [A6I1] ==>

**24/12/11**

## [A6I1] ==>

**24/12/11**

## [S] END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 1

**29/12/11**

PROSPIT

==>

**30/12/11**

You are Jane Crocker again.

And once again, you have woken up on the moon of Prospit, without any recollection of how you fell asleep. You think you were going outside to get the mail? You can't remember.

==>

**30/12/11**

The moon is presently eclipsing Skaia. From your fanciful dream room atop your golden tower, you have seen many remarkable things in the clouds. Things which you cannot explain.

But against all better judgment, you have a feeling that what you are fondly regarding could very well be some sort of miracle.

==>

**30/12/11**

The miracle of a new beginning.

==>

**31/12/11**

==>

**31/12/11**

==>

**31/12/11**

```
greet.
```

==>

**31/12/11**

```
DEAD.
```

*Another coffin clogger bites the dust.*

==>

**31/12/11**

*Two down. Two to go.*

## Jane: Be Jack Noir.

**31/12/11**

Jane is too dead at the moment to be Jack Noir.

Jack Noir just bees himself instead.

## Jack: Get watch.

**31/12/11**

Get this shit outta the way. You're a busy bureaucrat. The clock is ticking, and time is dead kids.

## Jack: Check time.

**31/12/11**

The moment rapidly approaches. You're gonna show these alabaster sons of bitches how a cold war is *done*. You can't wait to read it in their papers. "The Maid is dead. Our Life is pathetic, blah blah blah." Or somesuch monotone drivel overheard during one of their pointless, weepy cadaver

parades. There'll be no mistaking it this time. No servant will discover the body and inform the queen that Prospit's remaining hero passed in her sleep, peacefully and mysteriously. When the clock strikes twelve, no one in this wretched kingdom will have any doubt who's calling the shots here.

You're gonna bring this whole goddamn ball down.

## Jack: Contact Droll.

**31/12/11**

```
Alert : ♣
```

You touch base with your administration's top powdermonkey, none other than Dersite bumbler extraordinaire, the Courtyard Droll.

You ask if he's done rigging the tower to blow. He says you bet. You say good, over. But he mutters something over the radio you don't quite catch. You say what is it. He says oh nothing boss. You say out with it. He asks, isn't this cheating? Assassinating the heroes like this before the war's even really begun. You say what do you care, just follow your orders. He says oh of course, no question, he just thought it was against the rules or something. You say it's all fair game now that the kingdom's under new management. The new boss ain't opposed to taking some shrewd tactical shortcuts. You like the cut of her jib. He says he supposes he can't complain. Her policy toward elaborate hats seems to be as lenient as the old queen's. You say will you shut up about the hats. He says it's probably because she wears the most grand and luxurious fluffy hat he's ever seen. You say you don't think that's a hat. You think it's something called "hair." He says oh.

You say now quit all the yapping and following your damn orders. He says ok, but it still just feels wrong. You say what does. He says he doesn't know, just something about feeding that poor sleeping boy all those deadly peanuts just felt wrong. You say you don't care if it felt like a fucking full body massage, just get those bombs ready to blow, over and out.

Wait.

Fed him what?

==>

**31/12/11**

He says the intelligence report he had said the kid wouldn't take well to peanuts. So he snuck in there with a whole bag of them. You know, like the kind from circuses.

==>

**31/12/11**

He says he ate most of them because they were delicious, and as far as he knows, aren't poisonous to most everybody else. But he did save a few to get the job done, because he is a professional who always carries out his orders.

==>

**31/12/11**

```
severely allergic

deadly peanuts
```

It's not easy feeding a sleeping boy some peanuts, he says. He says he had to work extra hard to put them in his mouth and then use his hands to make his mouth chew up the nuts.

==>

**31/12/11**

```
chew chew chew
```

But mission accomplished nonetheless, he tells you. You should be pleased to know those nuts were super deadly! Though to be fair he doesn't know if he died from the poison, or just choked on a bunch of barely chewed peanut bits. You know what else is super deadly, you say? Knives. Sharp deadly knives you stick in people's soft torsos to make them bleed until they die.

He doesn't have anything to say to that.

## Jack: Wrap this up.

**31/12/11**

You say forget it, what's done is done. The Prospitian heroes are dead, and that's all that matters. Just be ready to detonate at the appointed time. He says roger that, but wonders if there are any more orders after that. He asks, what about the other two? The ones on our moon? And most importantly, is there any particular snack that is poisonous to them? You say forget about those two. They're much trickier to deal with. You've got the Dignitary working on it now. You'll get a report from him soon when you return. You wouldn't have even bothered leaving in the first place, but you wanted to make the trip personally and stick it to all these self righteous, Skaia-bathing goody twoshoeses yourself.

Hang on. Something's happening here. You gotta go.

## Jack: Inspect torso.

**31/12/11**

This can't be good.

You better hit the road and blow this joint, before the dead broad does some sorta...

*Lifey thing.*

## Jack: Hit road, blow joint.

**31/12/11**

==>

**31/12/11**

==>

**31/12/11**

## Ball: Drop.

**01/01/12**

==>

**01/01/12**

```
DROP
```

==>
**01/01/12**

```
BOUNCE
```

==>
**01/01/12**
==>
**01/01/12**
==>
**01/01/12**
==>
**01/01/12**
==>
**01/01/12**
## ACT 6 ACT 2
**01/01/12**
## Jane: Wake up.
**01/01/12**
What the heck just happened?

Now you remember. The mailbox was boobytrapped. But you survived somehow, and got knocked out.

How did you get all the way over here?
==>
**01/01/12**
Dad seems just as dumbfounded as you are, and more than a little distraught.

Did Lil' Seb whisk you away in the nick of time? Can that little bunny really move that fast? Where is he??
==>
**01/01/12**
You suppose you should let dad know you're ok. But it's been so long since you've enjoyed such a massive PRANKSTER'S GAMBIT in an exchange with the old man. It's hard not to bask in it, if only for a few seconds.
## Jane: Turn around.
**02/01/12**
Oh. It's the GOD CAT again. You guess that explains it.
==>
**02/01/12**
Just look at that aloof little bastard. He doesn't give a shit about anything, does he?

You guess you should feel grateful toward him for saving your life, but you know he's just as likely to rescue you from an explosion as he is to randomly teleport you across town, forcing you to call

your dad and ask for a ride home, while you spend all day standing in some random field in the pouring rain while you wait hours for your dad to come and pick you up after he gets lost because he plugged the wrong place into google maps.

## Jane: Call GCat down from the tree.

**02/01/12**

Even if you were inclined to do that, he wouldn't respond to that name. You're pretty sure he doesn't have a name. You and your friends just call him the GCat for lack of anything else to call him. Everybody has opinions, but nobody can agree on a good name. You think he probably doesn't want a name. He's just a feisty stray who likes to meddle with your life, then vanish for weeks at a time.

==>

**02/01/12**

Uh oh. Looks like the jig is up, yet again. Is the jig ever ANYWHERE but up?? That's what you want to know.

You feel bad about leaving him in suspense for even a moment. Your gambit gets totally rocked by a guilty conscience.

==>

**02/01/12**

He tells you to get inside this instant.

## Jane: Return to room.

**05/01/12**

```
THUMP
```

You get inside this instant, and march back up to your bedroom. Dad didn't say as much, but it's a safe bet you are now permagrounded for life.

You hear a loud thump just outside your door.

==>

**05/01/12**

## Jane: Contact bffsy.

**05/01/12**

```
Alert : Sburb
```

As long as you just got done paying the piper, you might as well get busy eating all this goddamn crow. Oh so much of the stuff has gathered on your plate.

She appears to be online now. It looks like she sent you the "hacked" file while you were away.

==>

**05/01/12**

```
Alert : TG
```

pesterloggutsyGumshoe [GG] began bothering tipsyGnostalgic [TG] at 1:11

GG: Heyyy.
GG: Ahem.

GG: Ro-Lal?
TG: oopos sry
TG: was havin important chats
GG: Oh?
GG: With whom?
TG: w yet anather ineligible fuckin bachelor who elfe i have to talk 2
GG: Yeah.
GG: Um... which one, precisely?
TG: di stri
TG: insmufferable prick mf'r extroariadinnere
TG: *lol wow
TG: *extradinner
TG: *heheh yum
GG: If the chats and surplus dinners were truly important, I wouldn't want to interrupt.
TG: tchhhh
TG: of course not jus the usual bs
TG: chats with u always get precedance anyways
TG: unless this is more of u givin me shit about not believing me on all my sick tru facts
GG: Actually,
GG: That's what I wanted to talk to you about.
TG: i c
TG: go on.....
GG: You see, I was just the target of another assassination attempt.
TG: @@@
TG: fuck*!!!
GG: Two, in fact! One here in the real world, as I attempted to retrieve the mail.
GG: Luckily it was thwarted by a certain cat who shall remain nameless.
TG: hehehe oh man
TG: god cat
TG: bbf
TG: *good
TG: *bff
TG: *no wait
TG: *god wuz right
TG: fuckit
TG: *both spellins r true
GG: But in the process of being rescued from the explosion, I was knocked unconscious.
GG: And in my dream, there was another assassination attempt.
GG: This one I believe was successful!
TG: uhoh
GG: I'm becoming convinced that our "dream selves" are being picked off by violent hooligans.
TG: shit
TG: hooliginas
TG: * ...
TG: * yes
TG: but i think u mean

TG: batterwitch thugs
GG: Perhaps.
GG: The one who accosted me was a knife-wielding lunatic.
GG: And it's reasonable to deduce the same forces were responsible for Jake's death on Prospit as well.
GG: It looks like we are in the clutches of an actual caper. A real life mystery!
GG: Which under different circumstances would be quite exciting.
GG: But the truth is, I think we are all in great danger!
TG: well fuck
TG: i guess its time to take this shit up to RED ALART
TG: to where its been for like fuckin ever jane
GG: Yeah, yeah. :p
GG: But that wasn't all there was to the dream.
GG: Shortly before I was stabbed, I had a rather long gander at Skaia.
TG: a gander u say
GG: Yes.
TG: how good a gander
GG: I would say a pretty substantial gander.
TG: ok
TG: and during this totaly massive gander u snagged
TG: what did you see
GG: I saw things in the clouds.
TG: things
GG: Yes.
GG: Things.
TG: wut things
GG: Things happening in the future, I think.
GG: Many events pertaining to us. All of us, and other people I didn't recognize.
GG: It was a bit overwhelming.
GG: It made me feel small. Insignificant, relative to whatever it is we're about to involve ourselves with.
GG: And honestly...
GG: It made me feel pretty foolish too.
TG: foolish
TG: why foofish
TG: *sdjhf
GG: I began to wonder why I ever had the audacity to think I know much of anything about the world we live in or the journey we're about to take.
GG: Or to think I could ever rule anything out.
GG: I have a feeling that whatever I saw, it means you've been telling the truth all along.
GG: About everything.
GG: And I'm starting to feel like a complete idiot for doubting you.
TG: aw man :(
GG: I've been one great big horse's caboose, and I think you're owed an apology.
GG: Do you think you can forgive me?
TG: jane

TG: damn
TG: ur makin me feel like shit here
GG: Why?
TG: uuuun
TG: eh no reason
TG: just uh
TG: hey did u dl the game file i sent yet
GG: I did.
GG: And at this point, I guess I have no choice but to use it. I guess you were a step ahead of me yet again.
TG: why
GG: Because the one in the mail detonated in my most recent assassination attempt.
TG: WHAT
TG: of fuck those HACKS
TG: the old explobing game trick woh would stoup to such lowbrow shegnannagings like that
TG: *somany sweet typos
GG: :B
TG: that witch just mafes me FUCKINK FRUIOUS sometites
GG: Hoo hoo! The tactic was quite underhanded, yes.
TG: yeaaah
TG: uh so
TG: what were we talking about again
TG: soory im just worked up ovr it
GG: I don't blame you.
GG: Where we were, by my estimation, was a place wherein I was about to awkwardly attempt to swallow a helping of humble pie.
GG: To somehow make it up to you for my years of stubborn mistrust.
TG: hey jane
TG: wasnt that a bunch a splip infinitives...
GG: Hm?
TG: *split
TG: to awkwardly attemt
TG: to somehow make it up !
GG: Oh!!!
TG: lul so busted
GG: Oh gosh, what a doofus.
GG: You see?? I clearly don't have all the answers!
GG: I really had some nerve challenging anyone, on practically any subject.
TG: dont beat urself up too bad we both know that rule is bullshit anyway
TG: you hold yourself to too high a standard and those standards kinda leak out and start gettin applied to other people i guess sometimes
TG: you really dont have to apologize janey or eat humble pip or anything all youve got to do is maybe not be such a huge tightass all the time
GG: That's fair. But I would still like to make a gesture.
GG: Even if it's one partially motivated by self interest, seeing as I clearly have much to learn.
TG: ?

GG: I would like to give you a free pass for a day.
GG: It is good for twenty-four solid hours of absolute credulity from your best friend.
TG: .....
GG: :B
TG: ok waitin 4 u to say wtf youre exacly talkin about
GG: It means that starting now, whatever you tell me, I will have to believe you.
GG: I promise!
TG: o rly
GG: Yes.
TG: ooooooooooh.....
GG: Um,
GG: Are you there?
GG: Ro???
TG: (shh)
TG: (thisis a dramantic pause calm ur tits)
GG: Oh.
GG: Hmm.
GG: Exactly how dramatic are we talking, here?
GG: Shall I go retrieve a magazine?
TG: RLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY??????
GG: Sigh.

==>

**09/01/12**

```
Alert : Jane
Alert : TG
```

pesterlogTG: kay then
TG: what do you want me 2 say
TG: for you to autobelieve in
GG: Hmm.
GG: Everything, I guess. I'd like to get completely up to speed, if possible.
TG: yeah
TG: but
TG: im pretty sure i already said everything
TG: want me to just
TG: sayit all again.....
GG: Some reiteration certainly couldn't hurt.
GG: But this time I won't work so hard to sift the fantastical from the plausible.
TG: so like
TG: stuffs i said about my mom or
GG: Sure.
TG: ok well fors tarters
TG: she really is the notable author u know
GG: Oh, I know that!
GG: That was always something I had no trouble believing, considering the public documentation even reclusive celebrities receive.

GG: And frankly, the family resemblance is obvious.
TG: yup
GG: Anyway, it would be disingenuous if I found your relation far fetched, since we're all apparently related to noteworthy people. It's just one of those funny things.
TG: true dat
TG: then
TG: what else can i talk about
TG: like her occolt majyyks and stuff
TG: because i dont know a whole lot about the mayjjykks
TG: besides th fact that theyre all real as shit can get
GG: Maybe we should start at the very beginning.
TG: ok
TG: but the begninning was a hecka long time a go
GG: Do you remember around when we first started talking?
TG: y
GG: And you claimed you were the one making my pumpkins disappear?
TG: hahAHA
TG: *aha
TG: y :3
GG: You later proceeded to try to prove to me that what you were saying was true.
GG: But none of your attempts thereafter would ever bear any fruit, pardon the pun.
TG: k but it aint pardoned because a pumpkin aint even a fruit
TG: its a big orange porch thing for holloween numbnuts
GG: Yes, I know what pumpkins are. It was a joke, silly.
GG: What I'm trying to say is, in thinking back to those days, when you couldn't verify your claims, it made me think the whole thing was a big ruse.
GG: And I think this unfortunately began a pattern of mistrust. It was always hard to rule out the possibility that you could be joking about other things as well.
TG: yeah
TG: but its not my fault i mean appeafrification tech is notoriously unreliable
TG: remember
TG: i xplained this
TG: i cant just always appearify stuff from you any time i want
TG: i can only take stuff im "allowed" 2 which is pmuch random
TG: like stuff that by takin id be messing up the time line cause that stuff is supposed to be there and serve some funciton it hasnt served yet
TG: so most of the time if i try all i get is slime on my end
TG: but pumpins 4 some reason are a lil easier to take i dunno why
TG: like they are specifically and arbitrorily unhinged from spacetime
TG: is spooooko
TG: *ky
GG: I couldn't begin to explain the science behind such a technology either.
GG: But I guess the important thing is, regardless of how or why it works, this is a story you continue to stand by?
GG: That is, you are still taking credit for the mysterious disappearance of all those pumpkins I grew years ago?

TG: f yeah
TG: i so gonked your gaurds jane
GG: ...
GG: Did you gank them when my gourd was down?
TG: * yes
TG: * yes i did exectly that
TG: snatched ur patch sucka!!!!!!
TG: hehe
GG: Very well!
GG: Then I believe that is what happened.
GG: That's all I am trying to say here.
TG: so
TG: ok
TG: u believe that
TG: now what??
GG: Now... nothing, really.
GG: You may continue to tell me anything you would like with the confidence that I won't doubt you.
GG: So by all means, go ahead!
TG: ok gotit
TG: so jane
TG: whas tit feel like 2 get stabbed by a bab guy
GG: Oh, come on!
TG: huh
GG: That is a question!
TG: yeah so
GG: It's not any sort of revelation, or statement for me to take at face value.
GG: Dadburn it. This isn't that difficult!
GG: And for the record, it's not great.
TG: whats not
GG: GETTING STABBED BY A BAD GUY. IT ISN'T ALL THAT PEACHY.
TG: yeah i bet
TG: musta suuuucked
TG: or
TG: dream sucked idk
GG: So, you're not in the mood to tell me things?
TG: no i am
TG: im psyched about u wanting to believe me and all
TG: but part of me still feels like i should prove it
TG: like i tried to once
TG: it was just frustratin i mean im a sciestist i should be able 2 prove my shit
TG: like
TG: subject my claims to the fuckin madrigogs
GG: Um...
GG: Madrigogs?
TG: *mad rigors

TG: u know what i mean???
GG: Yeah, I understand.
TG: i mean trust between friends is sweet and everything but i dont know if i wanta be the repipient of like a butt load of pity believins
GG: It's not about pity!
GG: It's more like a gesture I'm trying to make.
GG: Or maybe that's not quite right.
GG: It has more to do with setting things right for myself than making it up to you.
GG: Does that make sense?
TG: .....
GG: Shoot, I'm doing such a terrible job explaining this! :(
TG: (patiently sips bev rage)
GG: The bottom line is, I WANT to believe the things you say now.
GG: That's all you need to know!
TG: ok thats good
TG: i want that 2 buuuuuuut
TG: i still wanna prove it irregardlessly!!!!!!!`
GG: *Shudders uncontrollably at "word" usage.*
TG: whoops sry
TG: * still WANT TO prove it irregaurdlesally
TG: ^ all fixed tght as fuck
TG: so u down for one last try
GG: Sure!
TG: k lets get busay
TG: what you want 2c me disappearify

## Jane: Look around.

**09/01/12**

pesterlogGG: I don't know.
GG: The baking chest, maybe?
TG: too big
TG: i got size restrictions here
TG: bigger stuff takes huge amount sof power to swipe
TG: so this gizmo i have has a built in size cap
TG: like somethin as big as you for insance
TG: i cant take
TG: believe me ive triiied
GG: D'aw.
GG: That's sweet of you, I guess?
TG: was totes sweet of me to try and steal you for the hangouts but it dint work becuse of BUULBSHIT
TG: but i can take stuff somewhat smaller
GG: What are the restrictions?
TG: just dump your shit on the floor
TG: tell me everything thats there

## Jane: Empty sylladex.

**09/01/12**

pesterlogGG: Well, what immediately catches my attention is this enormous book.
GG: I wonder how it squares with your size restriction?
TG: wut book
GG: My Unabridged Sassacre's!
GG: It's a very rare edition, and a precious family heirloom, so I don't know if it would make an ideal candidate for the journey.
TG: no no r u kidding that shit is perfect
TG: should be just the right size like big but just barkley not too big
GG: But what if it gets damaged!
TG: pshhhhh itll be set fire
GG: Oh! Silly me, what was I even worried about!
TG: errr
TG: ahahaha man
TG: * sent
TG: ** fine
GG: That wasn't even a Freudian slip.
GG: Doctor Freud just tripped over an errant phallus, tumbled down a flight of stairs, and broke his neck.
GG: And then his cigar exploded comically in his face.
TG: ffffFROLOFL
TG: jane ur funy
TG: (omg still lolig @ that word boner i made ooomg)
GG: It was spectacular.
TG: but 4 real i wont set ur fuckin joke book on fire jane
TG: it doesnt even do that even if it goes the worst kinds of wrog
GG: Couldn't we send Wise Guy instead?
GG: At least it can be easily replaced.
TG: jane
GG: ?
TG: jaaanae
GG: HM??
TG: FUCK wise guy
TG: ist would be SO LAME ass a giguinea pig book
TG: goddam who m i kidding i dont even no how to spell giguinea pig whilst sober
TG: coud be sober as a churchchrist and lookat it..... giunae.... guinea... idk shit looks intrinsnically fucked typographically speakin
TG: sooo FUCK that wrod and FUCK those parcicultar pigs
GG: No, I reject your proposal that we "fuck" Wise Guy, whatever that actually means, or for that matter, the spelling of any adorable rodents named after African nations.
TG: jane
TG: are u being a tightass again
GG: I don't... think so?
TG: we talked about this

GG: About what?
TG: about you benig a tightass
GG: I am not being a tightass!
TG: janey
TG: it seems 2 me
TG: that there is a (MATHS) % chance of you bein a huge tightass
TG: are u bein a huge tightass on me jane
GG: Oh god dammit.
GG: Take the book! What do I care!!!
TG: yessss thast the spirpit
TG: now u are believin w petrol
GG: I fail to see what offering up a priceless book for your wildly capricious science experiment has to do with my resolution to be less stingy with my beliefs, but alright.
TG: haha will u relax abt the book
TG: im only just teasing cause theres like practically a 100 percant chance this wont wonk like alwasy
TG: * wort work like always
TG: sooooo
TG: ready/
GG: Yes, let's just get on with it.

## RL: Appearify.

**09/01/12**

```
-IFY
```

pesterlogGG: It worked!
GG: The book is gone!
TG: oh no
TG: aaaawwwww shit
GG: What is it?
TG: shit shit shitsh it
GG: Did you receive the book?
TG: shoiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit
TG: SHITSHITSHITHISTHITSHITSTHI
GG: Don't tell me.
GG: The book is damaged somehow, isn't it?
TG: ffuuuuuuuuuuuk :(
GG: Sigh. Is it at least SOMEWHAT intact?
GG: Or was it completely incinerated in transit?
GG: I just KNEW we should have used Wise Guy. I can't believe this.
TG: dont worry
TG: the book itself is topes fine :*
TG: *:9
TG: *dsjf :(
GG: Oh.
GG: Then what's the problem?

TG: fffff
TG: im so stupid :(
TG: so stupoid so stupud soos tupob :(((
GG: Will you tell me what happened??
TG: gotta go bbl
TG: well talk abt important stuffs l8r
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
TG: ps jane ty 4 believin me
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
TG: OH SHIT
TG: on last thing jane
TG: DO NOT RUN THEFILE I SENT U BEFORE I GET BACK
TG: i need 2
TG: uh
TG: just dont w/o me ok
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
TG: fuuuuuuuuiiiuickl :'(
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

## ==>

**11/01/12**

```
Alert : Sburb
```

You wonder what her deal was. It's always something with her.

You again notice her game file, beckoning you to play. But she warned you not to until she gets back. Phooey.

Oh hey, you just noticed your SLIGHTLY ABRIDGED EDITION of Sassacre's over there on the floor. You guess you could have sent the much less valuable copy and saved a lot of arguing. But what's done is done. There's more reading material sprinkled about, too. You've clearly got some time to kill before your bffsy gets back from her emergency. Might as well do some casual reading.

But there's nothing casual about hoisting even an abridged Sassacre's up to your lap, so forget that. There's always GAME GRL. But the articles are all a bit vapid, and in your view, somewhat demeaning to female gamers, and women in general. You and Ro-Lal are convinced the whole thing is just written by the same odious d-bags who write GAME BRO. Which is exactly what makes it GOOD 4 THE ELL YOU ELLZ, her words.

Speaking of bros, and the games they play...

## Jane: Read Pony Pals.

**11/01/12**

```
Pony Pals
```

```
Detective Pony


Hell.

Fucking.

Yes.

-DS


Can Acorn save the animals?

Jeanne Betancourt
SCHOLASTIC
```

You've read this a million times already. It's one of your favorite gifts.

Another gander at it sure couldn't hurt.

## Jane: Examine contents.

**11/01/12**

```
[Amazing chapter titles.]

[Potentially the TOC for greatest book ever written.]

[But Betancourt shat out this nightmare instead.]

Contents

1. A Visitor                            1
2. Screaming Ponies [Mother FUCK.]      9
3. Danger! [!!!!!]                      18
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[11. The Final Freakout]

[APPENDIX A: OFFICIAL BODYCOUNT]

[HORSE SHOES]
[EH WHATEVER.]
```

## Jane: Flip to page 1.

**11/01/12**

```
1.

[Tragic pony noose.]

A Visitor

[Almost a good name for you. Not sure why.] Anna Harley [Dumb name. Sounds like
product of speech impediment by imbecile.] came out her back door and ran
across the backyard. There were two ponies in the paddock behind Anna's house
```

```
and yard. "Hey, ponies," Anna called out. "We're going for a trail ride."[, as
she prepared the noose adroitly.]

Anna's pony, Acorn, was standing in the pony shed. The other pony, Snow White,
[Lil' Sebastian] belonged to Anna's next-door neighbor and Pony Pal, Lula
Sanders. [The City of Pawnee, Indiana.]

Snow White [Lil Seb] came over to Anna, but Acorn stayed in the shed. Anna
thought that Acorn was trying to hide from her. He liked to play Catch Me if
You Can. [I'm Scared Shitless of My Master.]

1
```

## Jane: Turn page.

**11/01/12**

```
[Man, screw handwriting. This is easier.]

Anna went into the shed. Acorn wasn't [fucking around]. He was staring at a
fluffy black cat with white paws [taking a dump on his favorite saddle.] The
cat was staring back at Acorn [shitting like tomorrow wasn't a thing.]

"Hey, kitty," said Anna. "What are you doing here?" [she asked, the act of
defecation oddly foreign to the girl.]

[Pawnee] came into the shed behind Anna. "Whose cat is that?" [the rural
township inquired.]

"I don't know," answered Anna. ["It's not a pony, so who seriously gives a
fuck."]

Suddenly a mouse ran from behind the feed bin. [The contrived incident caused
some extra shit to happen. Acorn was like, ah hell no. Not the fuck in my
paddock, bitch.] Acorn nickered as if to say, "[(Vile slurs omitted)]"

The cat leaped back up on the straw and curled himself into a ball. Acorn took
a few steps toward the cat and [crushed it to death with his magnificent
hooves.] Acorn nickered [triumphantly.]

"That's so cute!" [murmured the fictional midwestern borough.]

Pam Crandal rode [another god damned pony] up to the shed. She said hi to her
Pony Pals and [the whole crew beamed complacently about their bullshit horse
club.]

Anna pointed at the cat. "Acorn has a new [kind of meat he appears to
tolerate!" she exploded.]

2
```

Later, about halfway through the book, rather than see the gag through to the bitter end, Strider began pasting over entire pages of original text with his own completely rewritten version of the story, while keeping all the chapter titles. His revision is a tough, emotionally draining read. But it's cathartic, in all the worst ways possible.

He tends to get carried away with his projects.

## Jane: Just check out the file already.

**11/01/12**

```
Alert : Sburb
```

You try to distract yourself with Strider's literature, but it's no use. Your curiosity is overwhelming. Lalonde could be gone for hours, for all you know. Surely there couldn't be any harm in just installing the file, could there?

==>

**11/01/12**

```
[SBURB CLIENT.~ATH]

11/11 1:39
```

That's an odd extension for a file. You don't think you've ever seen it before.

## Jane: Install Sburb client.

**11/01/12**

```
SBURB version 0.0.0

Press [ENTER] when ready.

> _
```

It doesn't even seem to install anything. It just runs a small application when you execute it.

Looks like you're one keypress away from playing. Do you dare?

## Jane: Press enter.

**11/01/12**

```
pst
```

==>

**11/01/12**

```
hey jane
```

==>

**11/01/12**

```
step away from ur compuner
```

==>

**11/01/12**

```
 *puter
```

==>

**11/01/12**

```
:3
```

==>

**11/01/12**

```
Alert : Sburb → .~ath
```

What?

==>

**11/01/12**

==>

**11/01/12**

```
SWEET CATCH!
```

==>

**11/01/12**

```
Alert : TT
```

God you wish stuff would stop exploding.

## Jane: Answer Di-Stri.

**12/01/12**

```
Alert : TT

The Spirited HORSE

Alert : Jane
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG] at 1:43

TT: I should probably warn you.
GG: About what?
GG: Yet another exploding game trap?
TT: Well shit.
TT: She already sent it?
GG: Yes.
GG: But to be fair, she warned me not to run it.
TT: That's weird.
GG: Why?
GG: She was probably just trying to protect me from the Batterwitch's latest assassination attempt.
GG: Sheesh, I can't believe you all finally got me saying "Batterwitch" too. Who would have thought?
TT: No, it's weird because Lalonde was the one who rigged it to explode.
TT: It's a bogus copy she coded herself. The real game file she downloaded is totally legit.
GG: What? Really?
TT: Got it right here myself. Checked it out.
TT: File's fuckin' clean as a whistle.
TT: A whistle that overcame a major substance abuse problem. Trying to get its life back on track.
TT: The whistle is holding down a steady job now. It's taking things one day at a time.
TT: Eat a fuckin' dinner off that whistle.
GG: ...
TT: Ok I'll shut up.
GG: Why would she do that?
TT: To accomplish exactly what it sounds like got accomplished.
TT: You narrowly averting the "fake" threat to your life, then getting your shit all hot and bothered at the Baroness over it.

TT: Then you abdicate your heiress throne or something, and give up on this game as a big fuck you to the genocidal cake alien.
GG: But...
GG: If she felt so strongly that I shouldn't play, she could have told me.
GG: Or, told me more forcefully, I guess. I would have listened!
GG: Maybe.
GG: :(
TT: She's working through some problems right now.
TT: Really doesn't want us to play that game.
TT: So I guess this was the insane stunt she whipped up to derail the inevitable.
TT: Kinda reckless for my tastes.
TT: One of the above statements is a fucking lie, are you gutsy enough a gumshoe to spot it.
GG: Maybe she was justified in taking such an extreme measure. I sure hadn't been taking her seriously.
GG: She even warned me not to play it until she got back, but I went ahead anyway because I was too impatient!
GG: Actually...
GG: Now that I think about it, she was probably going to disarm it or such when she got back, seeing as her objective had essentially been accomplished already by an ACTUAL assassination attempt.
GG: After that, I told her I would believe her about everything.
GG: That probably made her feel guilty about setting me up, so she told me not to touch the file until she returned.
TT: Sounds about right.
GG: But then I went ahead and ran it anyway like a doofus.
GG: I think she just wanted to be believed.
GG: Shucks.
GG: Am I an awful friend?
TT: Nope.
GG: I'm not so sure about that.
TT: Well, before you go taking a massive sad crap all over your friendship credentials, consider this.
TT: Only she could manage to blow up your computer with a nasty deathloop virus and somehow make YOU be the one to feel shitty about it.
GG: Heh!
GG: You're right.
TT: Or maybe you're the one who uniquely fills the predicate in that construction.
TT: I don't god damn know.
TT: Your friendship with her is a half drunken three-legged relay race, and the baton is a stick of dynamite.
TT: And you two are the only ones on the track. Me and English are watching from under the bleachers, high-fiving constantly.
GG: I guess that's a pretty apt metaphor, even though it doesn't make the slightest bit of sense.
TT: Yes.
GG: I just wanted to start playing the game so badly!
GG: Now more than ever. I have reason to believe the stakes have increased dramatically.
TT: They have.

TT: And they will continue to.
GG: I think our dream counterparts are all marked for death, and if we are to stand a chance, we must move quickly.
TT: I agree.
TT: Just heard about your assassination on Prospit.
GG: Oh, she told you already?
TT: Who, RL? No.
TT: I read it in a newspaper.
GG: Um.
GG: Are you being ironic again?
TT: No.
TT: I just picked up one of the sleazy Dersite tabloid rags.
TT: Sometimes they'll feature some pretty entertaining gossip about the royalty or whatever.
TT: But they're primarily dedicated to smearing Prospit. The press had a field day with the deaths of the Page and the Maid.
GG: Dersite? You mean the other planet? The evil one?
TT: Derse, yeah.
TT: Not evil, necessarily. That's a bit simplistic. The kingdom represents the forces of opposition to Prospit and the four heroes. Us.
GG: What did the story say about me?
TT: "DEAD"
TT: Was the big ass headline.
TT: Then a photo of your dead body lying there, followed by a lot of bullshit slander.
TT: It was also reported your tower exploded. They couldn't find the body to give it a proper funeral. Probably incinerated.
GG: I didn't realize you had woken up in the game already.
GG: When did that happen?
TT: Dunno. Years ago. Don't really recall.
GG: I guess I shouldn't act surprised you didn't tell me. What with all your highfalutin secrecy.
TT: It's hard to explain.
TT: I was never technically asleep there. I was awake without realizing it.
TT: Then I realized it.
TT: And I sorta learned how to be awake there while awake here too.
TT: I am awake there now, albeit pretending to sleep.
GG: Pretending? Why?
TT: For one thing, it gets a bit distracting managing two alert bodies in different places at the same time.
TT: And for another thing, it's better to maintain appearances.
TT: Everyone on Derse believes their heroes haven't woken yet.
TT: Though they are both rumored to be very active sleep walkers.
TT: Which is half true. She can't ever seem to sleep still. Goes off wandering for days.
TT: Sometimes I've gotta go round her up from some godforsaken cranny of the abyss. Drag her tipsy ass home, tuck her back in.
TT: Maybe I'll chain her leg to the bed if she doesn't wake up soon.
TT: Though in light of the recent assassinations, her slumbering attraction to the void probably works to her advantage. No one ever knows where she is.

GG: I'm still not sure I'm following.
GG: Why are you maintaining the appearance of being asleep? On Prospit, it seemed as if the people there regarded me and Jake very highly. Like celebrated figures.
GG: Is it not the same way on Derse?
TT: No, it's essentially the same situation here.
TT: They glorify us the same way. Almost like we're their purple pajama'd team mascots. Even though they will completely oppose our objective when all is said and done.
TT: Kinda ridiculous, really.
TT: But even so, I think it's better to lay low, not alert anyone to my...
TT: Alertness.
TT: That way I can sneak around and gather information. Do some reconnaissance before shit starts getting real.
GG: In other words, read newspapers, get a feel for "the word on the street," and such?
GG: As might a detective? :B
TT: Yeah, among other things. Like keep an eye on agent activity.
GG: You mean... secret agents??
TT: No, more like high ranking officials.
TT: Judging from your knife wound, I'm betting you were the victim of the Archagent himself.
TT: You should feel honored, I guess.
GG: Who's that?
TT: A guy named Noir.
TT: Real nasty dude. Crazy ambitious. Loves knives.
TT: If we're going to stand any chance of winning this thing,
TT: I've got this nagging suspicion we're gonna have to take him down first.
TT: And a feeling that nags equally,
TT: Is it ain't gonna be easy.

==>

**13/01/12**

pesterlogGG: I guess I should find all that ominous.
GG: But I cannot lie, sir.
GG: Nothing you have said has made me one iota less excited to begin this adventure!
GG: Those dastardly agents can try to assassinate me all they like. I just want to get started!
TT: That's the most awesome way to be, Jane.
TT: And it is again why you will be our leader.
TT: (Sort of.)
GG: Right.
GG: Still fixing to pull the strings for us, per your extensive puppet metaphor?
TT: Pulling them as we speak.
TT: I am having Lil Seb install a real copy of the client on another computer in your house.
TT: A clean computer, not any of this BCCorp garbage you tend to accumulate.
TT: I'll have to insist from this point onward, you employ neutral devices.
TT: That shit fucks with your head.
GG: Hrm.
GG: Alrighty, I think I can make that concession.
TT: Once it's installed, I'll connect with you. I will be your server player.

TT: I know this isn't what you were hoping for, but some improvisation is in order.
TT: While you get the ball rolling, I'll try to talk some sense into that mercurial boozehound.
GG: Sounds like a plan.
GG: I do hope she comes around. It would be a bummer to play without her.
TT: She will.
GG: Say, do I even have any machines that survived the explosion besides this one?
TT: Do you even have any machines that don't inundate you with fucking Hamburger Helper ads and Guy Fieri's heinous propaganda?
GG: I guess not. :p
GG: Still, some nice things were surely destroyed.
GG: I think Detective Pony was caught in the blast.
GG: It's unlikely Acorn survived. :'(
TT: A fitting end to a life of moral compromise.
GG: So, since I'm apparently out of "neutral devices,"
GG: Which computer is Seb installing the file on?
TT: On your dad's computer downstairs.
TT: One in the study.

==>

**13/01/12**

```
Alert : Sburb
```

pesterlogGG: Gotcha.
GG: My poor dad.
GG: He surely heard the explosion. I've put him through so much today.
GG: Oh no...
TT: What?
GG: I just had a dreadful thought.
GG: The kitchen is just below my room.
GG: What if he had begun baking his afternoon cake when my computer exploded?

==>

**13/01/12**

```
RIIING BZZZZZ
```

pesterlogTT: I wouldn't worry about it.
GG: Maybe I should go look?
GG: Though I'm a little afraid to.
TT: I think it'll take a lot more to kill that dude than a little falling debris.
TT: Trust me.

==>

**13/01/12**

```
DAD: ?
```

pesterlogGG: I hope so.
GG: The Crockers have something of a legacy when it comes to losing forebears in mysterious explosions.

GG: I would be so sad if I kept the tradition alive like this.
TT: The most you have to worry about is getting grounded back to the stone age.
TT: When you enter the session, he'll probably lock you up in a prison cell on Derse.
TT: Probably stick a huge safe in front of the bars for good measure.

## ==>

**15/01/12**

pesterlogTT: Now do me a favor and hop off the couch.
GG: Ok.
GG: What are you doing?
TT: Makin' room for something big.

## DS: Deploy.

**15/01/12**

You watch Di-Stri deploy some sort of mammoth instrument on to your balcony. It's just as well he took over for Ro-Lal. She probably would have destroyed half your house with that thing in her condition. But on the bright side, you're sure RL would have enjoyed a good nicker with you over the notion of DS deploying his mammoth instrument. You wonder what she could possibly be up to?

While you're at it, you also wonder what the deal is with this cagey treatment of their names. Di-Stri, Ro-Lal, DS, RL, Strider, Lalonde... it's all starting to get a bit silly. Each of their full names has eleven characters, and you have been dancing around all but two. Maybe it's time you were formally introduced to the last two characters.

## ==>

**15/01/12**

One of the last two stands in her bedroom. It is a young lady! Due to an incident involving an APPEARIFIER, an unabridged COLONEL SASSACRE'S, and a PERFECTLY WHITE CAT, she will not be able to assist her bffsy for some time. And due to the aggressive aconcurrence of all that takes place in paradox space, this incident HAS NOT HAPPENED YET.

But what HAS HAPPENED YET was this young lady's 13th birthday. It took place almost three years ago, and on that date her placronym was engraved. It was engraved with eleven letters to be precise, nine of which you are already familiar with. You figure it couldn't hurt to take a peek at the engraving. You've been dying to get the scoop on those last two mysterious characters.

## Examine placronym.

**15/01/12**

```
RO- LALONDE
```

Hey, get that damn cat outta the way!

## Cat: Move tail.

**15/01/12**

```
ROXY LALONDE
```

Thank you, cat who is probably Jaspers.

The final two chromosomic symbols have been released from their fluffy, twitching prison.

## Examine room.

**15/01/12**

Your name is ROXY.

God DAMN do you love WIZARDS.

You wish and hope they are REAL, and that so too is their MAJYYKS AND STUFF. You enjoy writing FANPROSE FOR SAID MAGICAL MEN, but you think maybe it's NOT SO GREAT. You are however QUITE GREAT at the esoteric sciences, such as ECTOBIOLOGY, DARK FENESTROLOGY, and the delicate art of APPEARIFICATION. You have tended to accrue dead preserved SPECIMENS from your experiments, little to none of which AREN'T FELINE.

You aren't one to shy from A BIT OF GAMING, particularly the sort WELL PAST ITS PRIME; you have a real soft spot for OLD SCHOOL TECHNOLOGY. It is fair to say most of your leanings are governed by a BENT FOR NOSTALGIA. Your coding cred is totes ridic, basically making you the HOTTEST SHIT HAXXOR BITCH YOU EVER KNEW, as deadaly* to the grid ass* she is beatuiful*. You are known to nonseldomly employ a ROGUISH DEMEANOR toward the FELLAS, a habit not especially jeopardized by your noninfrequent INEBRIATION.

Which is to say, against the better judgment of one your age, you like to DIP INTO THE SAUCE now and then. Unless your MOM is looking, which happens to be virtually NEVER. And considering she has been known by the knowledgeable to be in possession of VISION OMNIFOLD, this strikes you as a particularly STUNNING LAPSE IN PARENTAL DILIGENCE. But you have good friends and many distractions to fill this VOID in your life.

What will you do?

## Roxy: Wail like an alley cat and blow bubbles in your drink.

**15/01/12**

Roxy is not empowered to resurrect this crusty old gag template because all of the sudden

"All of a sudden."

All of the sudden

She is too busy being the other guy.

We have absolutely GOT to peep the last two letters of this max chill dude's name on the devilfucking double!!!

## Examine placronym.

**15/01/12**

```
MINIHOOF: Z

DI- STRIDER
```

Hey, clear out that stupid pony! What is this, some sort of miniature paddock?

## Pony: Wake up.

**15/01/12**

```
DIRK STRIDER
```

Thanks, pony who is presumably a tiny Maplehoof for some reason.

The final two diluvial symbols have been unearthed from countless crushing ounces of slumbering pony.

## Examine room.

**15/01/12**

Your name is DIRK.

Holy SHIT do you love PUPPETS.

You possess the extreme dexterity to operate your FALSE FRIENDS UNSEEN, that is, when they are not pre-ambulatory through your LOVINGLY IMBUED MECHANIZATION. You dig writing COGNITIVE ALGORITHMS FOR SAID APOCRYPHAL MEN, and you think maybe that's FUCKIN' DOPE. Guess what else is dope? Everything ELSE YOU DO. You're a sickwicked autodidact on ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS, a selfmade MASTER OF MYTHOLOGUE, and a PRETERNATURAL POPCULTURE ACADEME.

If you weren't so DAMN ALOOF and actually let people GET A LOAD, you might get described all kindsa ways. Maybe tagged as a RENAISSANCE NINJA, PHILOSOPHER PRINCE, and FLASHSTEP PUPPETEER. Or perhaps a PANTHEONIC IRONICIST, GANGSTA LOGICIAN, LUCID WAKER and DERSITE SPY. Screw descriptors though, as if the shits you give ain't nil. You're cool with dabbling in the FINE SEQUENTIAL ARTS, and your work could be viewed by some as BORDERLINE PORNOGRAPHIC. And to those philistines you'll be heard wondering, what the fuck do you mean BORDERLINE?

Against the better judgment of one your age, you BUILD ROBOTS, SET THEM TO KILL MODE, AND SPAR WITH THEM TO DEATH. That is, when you're not SENDIFICATING THEM TO FRIENDS, or DUELING THEM WITH RAP LYRICS. But you try to cool it on the deathmatch stuff when your BRO is looking, which is virtually NEVER. And considering he's had a reputation staked on some order of MARTIAL NOBILITY, this strikes you as a STAGGERING OVERSIGHT IN BROTHERLY VIGILANCE. You don't have the HEART to hold it against him, though.

What will you do?

## Dirk: Jut your ass and twitch like a proboscis.

**17/01/12**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

There's no way in hell you were going to give this gag the time of day even if you weren't SUDDENLY TOTALLY LAMBASTED BY THE CHARACTER SELECT SCREEN AGAIN FROM WAY OUT OF LEFT FIELD, INSIDE YOUR GLASSES.

Once again, you are grabbing the plush by the rump. You are in absolute command of your destiny.

As long as you don't pick the two characters who are grayed-out, which is a universally understood UI convention for nonclickability. Also as long as both other available choices are finished being drawn. We are passing out free will like cheap cigars.

## Be Roxy.

**17/01/12**

You are now Roxy. What were you up to again? You were floating somewhere in the nonlinear timestew of paradox space, and we were hoping to get a handle on the exact chronology of your situation. Perhaps your successive actions will oblige us?

Yeah, you aren't really listening. You're going to do whatever the hell you want.

## Roxy: Go grab that sweet gun.

**17/01/12**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

fistkind


strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

riflek-


strife portfolio
```

You pick up your high octane LASER GUN. It's powered by the most deadly sciences you know of.

You keep a couple specibus allocations in your portfolio on standby. You try to stay as sharp as possible in unarmed combat, because you never know when you'll get ambushed. It's dangerous out there.

## Roxy: Examine dead mutant collection.

**17/01/12**

The biggest one has been around for as long as you remember, encased in that glass-like material. You've considered giving it a name, but it always struck you as a little morbid to name a dead cat.

The others were the result of a few experimental mishaps before you got the hang of the ECTOBIOLOGY equipment. You keep them around to remind you of the perils of the inexact science, and also because they're weird looking and cute. You've since cloned many healthy felines, but they all live in the LABORATORY out back. Your pet CAT doesn't really get along with other cats, and you don't want to upset him.

## Roxy: Captchalogue one.

**17/01/12**

You tuck the biggest one into your MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE MODUS.

These little guys are quite handy for busting through windows, whenever you're ready to christen a new FENESTRATED PLANE.

## Roxy: Take books.

**17/01/12**

You take the first six books of your MOM'S best selling series, COMPLACENCY OF THE LEARNED. She made an impossible fortune off of these books, considering how dark and inaccessibly written they are for young readers. More money than the U.S. financial system could even account for as legitimately circulating in the economy. Many suspected real life wytchkkrafts were involved, which is what some believed discouraged criminal investigation into the matter. The feds were afraid. And the Baroness, nervous.

God you hope that's all true.

## Roxy: Examine CotL poster.

**17/01/12**

```
Complacency of the Learned
```

Some original edition cover art from one of the books.

It features the androgynous young apprentice, Calmasis, who throughout the series plays the roles of antihero and chief antagonist. S/he convinces fellow disciples to rebel against Zazzerpan's vaunted Complacency, and one by one hunts down each wizard. All twelve are killed but the Predicant Scholar himself, forcing a showdown.

The poster depicts the notorious chess match between Calmasis and Zazzerpan. Zazzerpan had a reputation for being unbeatable. He had never lost a match, even to the gods. But his apprentice was able to beat him in the wizard's duel by first becoming checkmated, and through some unprecedented enchantment, continuing to play beyond the death of the king.

You love your mom's books and find them heavily inspiring, but you can't help but feel the work is exhaustingly heavy-handed at times. You kind of prefer to write more lighthearted things. Actually crack a joke now and then, you know?

## Roxy: Say hi to cat.

**17/01/12**

Your cat FRIGGLISH hops down on the bed to greet you, and immediately situates himself on something important, one of your CREATIVE WRITING JOURNALS.

You named him after your favorite wizard from CotL. He was just such an endearing, bumbling fellow, before he was murdered. Calmasis put an insidious curse on him, which caused him to go insane over several years. He began filling a book with all of his arcane knowledge, which was said to be limitless. The tome grew to monumental proportions, and became a virtually unreadable patchwork of impenetrable erudition. When the young wizard finally caught up with him, he was a quaking, incoherent madman. S/he put him out of his misery by crushing him to death with his own massive text.

You just think it's a fitting name for him for some reason. The macabre demise notwithstanding, of course.

## Roxy: Take journals.

**17/01/12**

```
purr purr
```

You politely scoot Frigglish off the books. That a boy.

Technically, only one of these books is yours, the writing journal. You're pretty secretive about your writing. Sometimes even you can hardly bear to read it. You are highly aware of the formidable writerly shadow cast over you, and can be critical to the point of embarrassment over your work. Just how drunk WERE you when you wrote this???, you often wonder to yourself. You don't think you'll be peeking at it soon. Maybe later.

The other book is another point of embarrassment, for completely different reasons.

## Roxy: Read other book.

**17/01/12**

```
BARKABBR...AKRABARBARRRABKRRARKRBBAARKRKAB...
```

This is Jake's private journal.

One day when you were feeling especially frisky, you swiped it with your APPEARIFIER, not actually expecting it to work. But then you debated with yourself for weeks over whether to read it. When you finally took a peek, you were strangely relieved to find all this nonsense, instead of his private thoughts. But you still didn't have it in you to cop to the theft. You just agreed what a shame it was about his missing book.

You have no idea what these letters mean. Some kind of code? BARK? KRAB? ABRAKABABRA??? You have no clue what was running through that kid's head. Not unlike always.

## Roxy: Get little ray gun.

**18/01/12**

```
purrrrr
```

It isn't a ray gun. It's your APPEARIFIER!

Pretty much the only Crockertech you can bring yourself to use. It's just too handy not to.

You just plug in the coordinates you want to nab something from, point it where you want to appearify, and shoot. It'll make that thing appearify right then and there, assuming no temporal conflicts. Piece of cake!

Not Crocker brand cake though cause fuck that witch.

## Roxy: You're thirsty.

**18/01/12**

That isn't a command!

Excuse me, but you beg to differ.

You poured that beautiful martini a little while ago, and you've been letting it gather cobwebs while you horse around with random shit in your room. What a crime.

## Roxy: Sip martini thoughtfully.

**18/01/12**

```
DELICIOUS
```

DAMMIT!

This is the wrong stock reaction. You will not stand for this outrageous misrepresentation of your beverage enjoyment.

## Roxy: Sip martini more thoughtfully than that.

**18/01/12**

```
sip sip sip
```

That's much better.

As much as you enjoy an afternoon cocktail, you have to remember to pace yourself with these things. They're crazy strong, and tend to make you kinda sleepy.

Oh my. How inviting does that soft plush pile look about now? Quite, you think.

## Roxy: Examine plush pile.

**18/01/12**

```
GAME GRL
```

You like to ensconce yourself in this friendly heap when you play games.

Gosh it looks soft. Your eyelids are getting heavy...

## Roxy: Succumb to unfathomable booze snooze.

**18/01/12**

Uh oh. There you go a-wobblin'.

Look out below.....

## Roxy: Black out.

**18/01/12**

```
ROXY: Z
```

Nap time.

## [S] Roxy: Sleepwalk.

**20/01/12**

```
Derse

ROXY: Z
```

## Roxy: Wake up.

**21/01/12**

```
Alert : Dirk
```

What the heck was that all about?

Oh, hey there Frigglish. He greets you with a sly, conspiratorial purr, almost as if he was privy to what you dreamt. Which is impossible of course.

Looks like some dude has been badgering you while you were asleep.

## Roxy: Answer.

**21/01/12**

```
Alert : Dirk
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

TT: Roxy.
TT: Awake yet?
TT: Guess not.
TT: Let me know.
TG: whoaa
TG: damn
TG: hey dirk
TG: hada crazy dream
TT: There you are.
TT: But I see your dream self hasn't returned.
TT: You must be tying one the fuck on tight already.
TG: mybe i am
TG: like a bow of ribbone
TG: on a beiuetuifiul ponny
TT: Man, how can you be this much drunker than last time we talked?
TT: What the hell are you even drinking?
TG: ok but 2 b fair
TG: *beiuetuifiul
TG: was an intentional typo 4 ur benefit
TG: cuz i kno you loves tha po's
TT: It's a beiuet.
TG: so you spyin on me in derse ville again??
TT: Yeah.
TG: fuckin perv
TG: like what you see there? ;)
TT: I see precisely jack shit and a side of fuckall.
TT: That's the point.
TT: You got too sauced up and went rogue again. You're out there in your weird drifting stupor, independent of your waking self's awareness.
TG: you gonna go after me again

TG: get on your hornse
TG: galloop me home like prince charming back to swoon kingdong
TG: *OOOMG blushblushbluh
TT: No.
TT: In thinking it over, it's sort of a relief. Simplifies things somewhat.
TT: It's better you stay out there for a while.
TT: There's been a problem.
TG: whatd you do now
TT: Ok, I fucked up.
TT: I kind of made a mess here, and I'm not sure what to do about it yet.
TG: ??>
TT: No need for you to worry about it for now. I'll figure something out.
TT: Until then I'm just going to prepare for our session, while I think it over.
TG: zzzzzz
TG: what a surprise another mysfery for you to keep to yourself an overly cerebralize
TG: snooorre
TG: hey lets talk about something cool instead
TG: like the dream i had
TT: Ok.
TG: first i had some ordinary boring dreams that i dont remember
TG: but then i dreamed that i woke up from the drema
TG: and things got way bright and surreal
TG: and i saw someone
TG: i think it was supposed to be my daughter
TT: Why do you think that?
TG: you know those dreams where u just know someones suppose to be someone
TT: No.
TG: ok well
TG: regulgar people have those im pretty sure all the time
TT: Are you thinking it was prophetic? Like a glimpse of the future?
TG: i dunno
TT: Because that's not really how the abyss works. It's not Skaia, and we aren't Prospit dreamers.
TT: There's nothing like that out in the abyss. If you drift far enough, there is only horror.
TT: Terrible, terrible horror.
TG: ok but im not sayin it was a futuredream!
TG: it was just a glimple and it felt real and all im saying is it was a cool dream that i wish was real
TG: * glimpse
TT: Well, maybe it was.
TT: Maybe there's no fanciful game-supplied mechanism of prognostication involved here, and you're just an ordinary, run of the mill psychic.
TT: I guess that's possible.
TG: hey dick
TG: *dirk
TG: whaaaat do u think
TG: it would be like
TG: if we had kids

TT: What would it be like?
TT: Inconvenient, mostly.
TG: no i mean
TG: what would they be like
TG: th kids
TG: u ever think about it?
TT: Can't really say I have.
TG: you know for an eccantric guy you can be boring as fuck sometimes
TT: Sorry, Rox.
TT: For what it's worth, I'm picturing them now. A boy and a girl.
TT: Two perfect little freaks of nature raised by people who've clearly got no business bringin' up anybody.
TG: shuuuucks buster its just a fun lil hyphothetical to daydream about
TG: why you need to suck the fun out of shit
TG: like some turd hungry dracula
TG: its not like im lobbyin for you to hook me up with a whole mess of fuckin babbies
TG: or thats im holding on to any such delsusion thats even a remote possibility.....
TG: le siiiiiign..////
TT: Le sign?
TG: yes le sign you heard me
TT: Do you mean * le sigh?
TG: hmm nup
TG: ima stickin with le sign
TG: goign down with the shit
TG: *shi[p
TG: the S.S. LE SIGN, starring cap'n rolal
TT: What does le sign actually mean in this context?
TG: oh come on
TT: Come on what?
TG: LE SIGN IS UNIVERSALLY UNDERSTOOT TO MEAN TOO BAD HES GAY YOU DELIBERABLY OBTUSE DUNDERFUCK
TT: I mean, yeah, that's what I thought.
TT: It would just be cool if you'd refrain from tossing about such antediluvian terms.
TG: antediulivan waht
TG: me sayin ur gay u mean
TT: Yes.
TG: ok but terminology aside i dont think im off base!
TT: I don't see how it has to be a thing.
TG: i rly think its an actual thing bro
TT: Once upon a time, sure.
TT: But the world has changed a lot.
TT: Ever peek in a history book between your wizardly indulgences? This is a nuanced topic.
TG: man i know about the histories
TG: just
TG: believe me
TG: its a thig

TT: How is it a thing?
TG: its a thing beaucase if it wasnt a thing then u wouldnt be all like.....
TT: All like what?
TG: well wantin nothing to do w me 4 starties
TT: Don't be ridiculous.
TT: I have more to do with you than any dude could possibly bargain for.
TT: And I like it just fine.
TG: what a totatly lame + sweet answer simultaneouslay
TG: <3
TT: Yeah.
TT: Now maybe we should direct our focus on a matter which has nothing at all to do with what does or doesn't qualify as "a thing", or what our fantasy alt-universe offspring would be like, or anything like that.
TT: Such as this game, and whether you're in the best condition to be piloting Jane's connection.
TT: Maybe you could use another nap?
TG: my condidions just fine
TG: and anyway
TG: what aint gonna get slept offis the fact that i still dont think we should be touchin this bs witch game w a 20 foot 3dent
TG: we both know her plans need us to
TT: I know that. But I thought we settled this.
TG: its still so frustrating
TG: tellin jane about the dangers
TG: and even if shes being polite i just know she thinks im fulla crap
TG: about EVREYTHING
TT: We settled this too. She'll believe everything eventually.
TT: Why bother working so hard to convince her?
TG: well i dont even do that for the most part
TG: but it gets tiring and saddening
TG: knowing that
TG: even when were not activly talkin bout it
TG: that my best friend cant bring herself to believe some really basic things about my life
TG: like the shitty things the baroness has done to us
TG: or about our upbringin
TG: like
TG: do u know how misrable it is for your bff to doubt you
TG: when you tell her your mom is dead
TT: I guess.
TT: It just registers for me as a reaction which isn't completely unreasonable from her perspective.
TT: She is inundated with media coverage of those whom we've claimed as our parental figures.
TT: That they are not presently alive nor ever played that role for us as she understands it is just an extension of a much more elaborate and far reaching explanation, which is much harder for anyone to digest in its entirety.
TT: Well, anyone who isn't Jake, I mean.
TT: Still say you should cut her some slack.
TG: i know

TT: And need I remind you,
TT: That the potential this game provides for their resurrection is what motivated you to investigate it in the first place?

==>

**22/01/12**

```
Alert : Roxy
Alert : Dirk
```

pesterlogTG: no i remember
TG: i told u a million tines shit sounds like it could be the best thing EVAAAAAR
TG: * wherein evars capsed as heck
TG: but also that no matter how awesome it might be
TG: its probly gonna advance all the schemes of "her condescension"
TT: Right.
TT: But if we can stop her?
TG: part of me doesnt even want to give her the satsfaction
TG: of startin up at all
TG: like if we didnt wuolndt that wreck her shit just so hiliariously???
TG: so many olols
TT: I must be hard of counting, because I'm barely racking up a single goddamn o-laugh-out-loud at that self-defeating gesture.
TG: no but it would
TG: and for all we know starting it up is playing right in her claws....
TG: could be a trap waintin for jane the moment she enters
TG: if i stop her from playing
TG: maybe i could at leat give her a CHANCE at a future
TT: But there is no future on Earth for them.
TT: Or for us, for that matter.
TG: dunno that for a fact
TG: but anywaaaayyyy
TG: i kinda already
TG: made this bogus file for her
TT: What? Why?
TG: 2 scare the shit out of her
TG: make her learn to fear an respect the fuckin hag like she should
TG: then maybe we can drop this whole in game meetup slash reserection idea all 2 geth
TG: sweet tho it may bey
TT: Rox.
TT: I hope you're not thinking about sending her one of your batshit ~ATH scripts.
TG: on thas sobject
TG: i am miss zuipperpips
TT: Miss Zuipperpips?
TT: The amount of sense you haven't been making is un-fucking-real.
TT: Just go take a nap. And don't even think about sending her that file.
TT: Are you listening?
TG: hnnn

TG: i will take what u say
TG: underd serisous advicement...,
TG: *WONK* ~_?
TT: Jesus.
TG: dirk
TG: when did you stop bein any fun
TT: What?
TG: it use to be youd get a kick out off a slunt like that
TG: *stunt
TT: Man, you know I'm down with insane stunts.
TT: Insane stunts are practically all I'm all about.
TT: As long as I actually AGREE with the purpose they're intended to serve.
TT: Destroying Jane's computer and dissuading her from playing is not such a purpose.
TG: betcha ur responder would agree w me
TG: why cant your be more like him
TT: I am more like him.
TG: i mean MOAAAR like him
TT: You just mispelled "more", causing me to suddenly understand jack everything.
TG: hes more in touch with his feelins
TG: which just makes me L my FA off since hes a bobot
TG: *robob
TG: **bobob
TG: and he can actually loosen up sometimes
TG: kinda like u used to could
TT: I used to could?
TG: for 1 thing
TG: he doesnt insta shootdown a bip of frisky rp shenans now n then ;)
TT: Yeah...
TT: I kind of wish you wouldn't do that with him.
TG: why the f not
TT: It just seems a little tawdry and disrespectful.
TT: And vaguely exploitative of a still-emergent cognitive entity, whose perceptional frame of reference is difficult for us to comprehend.
TG: oh come on
TG: hes cool a guy just liek you its just he lives in some shades
TT: It rubs me the wrong way, is all.
TG: ohhhh
TG: do uuuuuu...
TG: WANT me 2 rub you the right way ;D
TT: Not really.
TG: zzz muh
TG: youre over blowin this
TG: its just an ironic funny thing we do some times
TG: come on im sure you read the transcripts urself
TG: its all alot of jokestery buiishit
TT: He blocks me from being able to read transcripts sometimes.

TG: oh
TG: wow he does?
TG: sneaky bastart
TT: And anyway, I'm really not sure how ironic it is.
TG: ok next time i will run it by the MASTAR first
TG: with his fancy fuckin ironimeter
TT: Ok, here's the thing with the AR, since you still don't seem to get it.
TT: He's very similar to me in thought process and behavior, yes.
TT: But those patterns were imported from a thirteen year old version of my psyche, and then sealed into the program as starting parameters.
TT: In the years since, we've both evolved somewhat. I, as humans tend to, and he, in whatever way is natural for a frequently running, self-aware application.
TT: So if there are differences between us, they're first reflected by what I feel is a maturity gap, and then further by several years of minor behavioral divergences.
TG: omg...
TG: hes 13yo dirk
TG: why did than not occur to me that is so cute
TG: and makes me feel kinda skeevy 4 sayin anything lascivious @ him
TG: dammit you ruin everything!
TT: You're welcome.
TT: Yo, you guys realize I can hear you, right?
TG: pfffffhahaha
TT: Yes, I was aware.
TT: Check out all these complicated fucking problems people have when they have to live in big lumbering fleshmonsters instead of a sweet pair of shades.
TT: Dude, do you think you could sit this one out for a while? This conversation practically doesn't even concern you at this point.
TT: It seems there is some gnarly crooked number that represents the percentage of probability you just said this doesn't concern me.
TT: Even though it's patently obvious that half the conversation, like, way totally concerns me.
TT: Shit, Roxy look. He's doing the thing where he ironically pretends to fail the Turing test to sass me into submission.
TT: Even though I was the one who fucking programmed him to do that.
TG: ell
TG: emm
TG: eff
TG: ayy
TG: OFF~~!~
TG: like my butt is juts there on the floor
TG: is how hard i elled it off just now
TT: (Not peekin' at the floor butt cause I'm only 13 years old, motherfuckers.)
TT: This is fuckin' dumb.
TT: I'm going to leave both of you to interact however you want. I have important shit to deal with and actual responsibilities to take seriously.
TT: Roxy, go nap off your drink, or aggressively wage another flirtlarping campaign, whatever, I don't care.

TT: Just don't send that file to Jane, ok?
timaeusTestified [TT] ceased pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

## Roxy: Flirtlarp.

**24/01/12**

```
[siiiiiiiiiiiiiickyo]

[sburb shit]

[HD]

[NIX]

[B)]

[WIZORDS]

[P]

Alert : Jane
```

pesterlogTG: so
TG: looks like it just
TG: the two of us
TT: Looks that way.
TG: fancy thay
TG: * that
TT: Guess I can go back to talking in orange.
TG: why yes
TG: u should def slip in 2 something more comforfable
TG: while i pour you some robo wine
TG: we have
TG: much to discuss
TG: *tents fingerns together w sultry cunning*
TT: Actually, I think I like the red better.
TG: ok i can check the cellar
TG: might have some choice years left of the pinpot noir
TT: I don't doubt the choiceness of those pinpots, but I'm not really here to screw around.
TT: There's something important to talk about.
TG: aw dang
TG: janes after me
TG: sorry bro it has to wait cant leave janey hangan
TT: Alright.
TT: But just so you know.
TT: I think Dirk is probably going to make some sort of formal romantic overture toward Jake today.
TG: WHAT
TG: wait really
TT: I've been crunching numbers all day on this.
TT: The percentage of probability is simultaneously bananas and through the roof.

TT: A complete disgrace of tropical fruit erupting from the peak of an unassuming domicile.
TG: ohhhh my
TG: how do u know
TT: Because I've aggregated thousands of subtle clues indiscernible to primitive human neurology and rammed them through my determinative infatuation engine at the astonishing speed of information.
TT: And also because I'm pretty sure it's what I would do if I were him, which is literally the case.
TT: And also.
TT: Because he kind of told me I guess?
TT: There's that.
TG: well thish should be interesting
TG: did u tell jake or....
TT: Not specifically.
TG: man does he even know how he feels
TG: lol the poor guy is tortally under siege from all sides hehe
TT: He knows well enough.
TT: I've badgered him with enough "insincere" solicitations to paint a pretty striking portrait of my cognitive progenitor's inclinations, even if he wasn't able to pick up on such hints from the man himself, which strikes me as statistically implausible. And that's not even me just spewing more ironic AI bullshit.
TG: i was never that clear on that
TG: r u like
TG: BOTH cruching on him...
TG: or is it real 4 him and ironic 4 u or.....
TT: It's complicated.
TG: nooo shit
TG: says the robo clone of the guy smitten wit the guy everyone elses smitten with in cluding said robob clone, maybe???
TG: hey can we hold this thought
TG: have 2 answer jaaaaaame.....
TG: *n
TT: Yeah.

## Roxy: Answer Jane.

**24/01/12**

```
Alert : Jane
Alert : Dirk
Alert : Roxy
```

pesterloggutsyGumshoe [GG] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

GG: Heyyy.
GG: Ahem.
GG: Ro-Lal?
TG: oopos sry
TG: was havin important chats
GG: Oh?

GG: With whom?
TG: w yet anather ineligible fuckin bachelor who elfe i have to talk 2
[CONTINUED PREVIOUSLY]

TT: Anyway, if you're still there.
TT: I wouldn't call my "feelings" ironic.
TT: Though evidently, I would enclose them in quotes.
TT: They're more like an echo of feelings once established in a biological context, though perhaps had not particularly well materialized at that point in my life.
TT: Or his life.
TT: Whatever.
TT: They still feel real sometimes, and it can be easy to get carried away with them.
TT: But most of the time they present themselves as dense bodies of abstraction to be evaluated, like any kind of information.
TT: It's fair to say the feelings I have ABOUT my feelings are more genuine expressions of emotion than the ground level feelings themselves.
TT: Does that make sense?
TG: yes
TG: sory distacted
TG: iportant shit gon on w janesy
TT: That's fine.
TT: So to underwhelmingly answer your question, no, I don't think I'm really "into Jake."
TT: Not so much as occasionally being subject to heavily arresting recalls of conflicted, incipient preteen episodes on the subject.
TT: I'm not sure I can be "into" someone in a way you understand.
TT: Not that it would even matter if I was.
TT: I'm glasses.
TG: damn :(
TT: What?
TG: sry im listening 2 u really
TG: but i fucked uuuuup
TG: got to make sure jane doesnt run that file i sent
TT: The virus? You sent it already?
TT: Sneaky.
TG: waahh im such an ass
TT: What are you two talking about?
TG: the bot line is
TG: im a horribule friend :(
TT: You could just tell her you sent an exploding file.
TG: noo then shell think im shitty
TG: and right now she thinks im super NOT shitty
TG: dont want to blow it
TG: id think id rather pull a dirk and propess my UNDYING FEELINGS FOR HER omgomgomg
TT: Wait, you have feelings for Jane?
TG: no you dingnut

TG: was joak
TG: OMFG
TG: if dirk tells jake about his stuff
TG: what about jane
TG: hows she gonna feel
TG: competing wish a friend and all for aguy she cant even get up the nerve to say anythin to
TG: poor jane :C
TT: It seems to be highly probable you are ensared in the throes of one of your human romantic quandaries.
TG: oh stfu up
TG: i need a drink
TT: Are you even talking to her anymore?
TT: It seems like you must be neglecting her side of the conversation.
TG: im in the mipple of a dramantic pause caulm ur fukin tits bobob

==>
**24/01/12**
pesterlogTG: RLLL

TT: He's taken certain measures.
TT: For some reason, I think he's latched on to this notion that functioning as the client for a player is customarily a one way pass to makeout city with that player.
TT: Everything with him, and me, is a matter of assiduous tactical forethought. Makin' a play to get his jones on for the J-man is no different.
TG: not sure what any of this quiet means but it sounds spactacular
TG: i cant wait
TG: tho im still kinda torn
TG: about how 2 feel about his chances vs janes chances
TG: what do i say to jane about this???
TG: its hard being as totey sweet a friend as me
TG: its hard and no 1 understanks
TG: *lul
TT: Sorry to hear that.
TT: As ever, I remain an automatonous and dispassionate witness of the oddity that is human interaction, while maintaining no investment in either outcome.
TG: yeah bs
TG: anyway looks like i have to go
TG: i have to proves some shit to jane
TT: Prove what?
TG: oh u know
TG: just subjectin shit to the old madrigogs
TT: It seems you just said madrigogs.
TT: What are madrigogs.
TG: XD
TG: l7r bro
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased pestering timaeusTestified [TT]

==>
**25/01/12**
pesterlogTG: janey
TG: it seems 2 me
TG: that there is a (MATHS) % chance of you bein a huge tightass
TG: are u bein a huge tightass on me jane
GG: Oh god dammit.
GG: Take the book! What do I care!!!
TG: yessss thast the spirpit
TG: now u are believin w petrol
GG: I fail to see what offering up a priceless book for your wildly capricious science experiment has to do with my resolution to be less stingy with my beliefs, but alright.
TG: haha will u relax abt the book
TG: im only just teasing cause theres like practically a 100 percant chance this wont wonk like alwasy
TG: * wort work like always
TG: sooooo

TG: ready/
GG: Yes, let's just get on with it.

## Roxy: Ready appearifier.

**25/01/12**

```
push push mess mess
```

You push some buttons and mess with some knobby dealies, and get totally set to subject shit to the madrigogs.

* mad rigors

## ==>

**25/01/12**

```
FRIGGLISH: !
```

## ==>

**25/01/12**

```
FRIGGLISH: hissssssssss!

poof
```

## Roxy: Aim.

**25/01/12**

```
pounce
```

## Roxy: Appearify.

**25/01/12**

```
ROXY: !
```

## ==>

**25/01/12**

```
PLUMMET
```

## ==>

**25/01/12**

```
Alert : Jane
```

pesterlogGG: It worked!
GG: The book is gone!
TG: oh no
TG: aaaawwwww shit
GG: What is it?
TG: shit shit shitsh it
GG: Did you receive the book?
TG: shoiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit
TG: SHITSHITSHITHISTHITSHITSTHI
GG: Don't tell me.

GG: The book is damaged somehow, isn't it?
TG: ffuuuuuuuuuuuk :(
[CONTINUED TRAGICALLY]

## Roxy: Take book.

**25/01/12**
Yep, he's dead. Totally Sassacrushed.

You just know that julep guzzling bastard is scrambling up his echeladder as we speak, chuckling to himself while he fills his pockets with ill-gotten boondollars.

Go ahead, old man. Laugh it up.

## ==>

**25/01/12**
You guess you'll have to do something with the body now. Maybe a funeral? That sounds like the perfect way to say goodbye to an old friend. But the environment outside isn't particularly hospitable for a burial these days. It also sounds kind of depressing to host a funeral by yourself.

It's probably best to just send him back to where he came from. Years ago, when you were exploring the lab, you found a machine somewhat similar to the ectobiology equipment. Without knowing what it did, you activated it, and out came this friendly cat in a handsome little suit. You still aren't sure where he came from, though given the timestamp and coordinates on the machine, you have a feeling he belonged to your mother. If that is true, you feel bad about stealing her cat, let alone killing him. But you could never bring yourself to send him back. Until now, of course. She would probably want to know what happened to her disappearing cat, even if it meant discovering him dead a little while later.

The device uses huge amounts of power. Its entire power supply was almost fully depleted using it the first time. You've stockpiled as much uranium as you could for another test run. Looks like this will be it.

## Roxy: Take cat.

**25/01/12**
Oops, sylladex is full. Gotta swap it with something.

Probably as good an excuse as any to break in a new FENESTRATED PLANE.

## Roxy: Retrieve mutant kitten.

**26/01/12**
You swap the bottle with one dead cat in it for another. You often use this little guy to break in the planes, like an intrepid test pilot.

Not while it's in the bottle though. That would be ridiculous, since the bottles are sort of just inventory abstractions. You have to break the bottle first, before you can get serious about breaking some glass.

## Roxy: Break bottle.

**26/01/12**

## Roxy: Clear some space.

**26/01/12**

Need to get this bullshit out of the way. You can't work like this with everything jammed down there in the corner. It's bad enough you're hammered.

## Roxy: Break some glass.

**26/01/12**

## ==>

**26/01/12**

Your test pilot flew back out, which means the link between planes is working and stable. You can't even remember which one you linked this up to. You guess you'll find out the fast way.

## Roxy: Jump in.

**26/01/12**

```
YOUTH ROLL
```

## ==>

**26/01/12**

From the perspective of anyone observing the two windows from the outside, transport looks instantaneous. But for the traveler, there's always this gap of void between them. In your experience, the more significant the journey between the planes is, the wider the gap. This one is small enough to be negligible though. Probably because it leads to somewhere else in your house. You've set a bunch of these up as little shortcuts to places around your house, as well as some places nearby like the lab. It's a convenient way to hop around, though isn't without some risk. You're still not sure what happens if one of the planes loses power while in transit, other than objects predictably getting sliced in half if they're straddling the plane when the plug is pulled. You haven't come up with a good way to observe the consequences from the inside yet, without using yourself as a giguinea pig. And you're in as much a hurry to try that as you are to look up the correct spelling of guinea pig, because seriously, fuck those particular pigs.

## ==>

**26/01/12**

## Roxy: Land already.

**28/01/12**

When you are quite through with that tomfoolery, you find yourself in your household's OBSERVATORY.

You keep it very cool in here and use it to store pumpkins you've appearified from around the world. Especially from Jake. That guy is just stinking rich with pumpkins on his dumb tropical island. It would never occur to you otherwise to be so grabby with pumpkins, but they just happen to be the most easily appearifiable vegetable on the planet for reasons that make no sense. And it's not like you can just stop swiping vegetables. You've got your own mysterious reasons.

Hey look, incoming message!

# Roxy: Answer.

**28/01/12**

Alert : 帝

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] began cheering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

UU: there yoU are!
UU: tricky one to track down, yoU are. :u
TG: oh yeh>
TG: dunno why i been right here goofin around for hours
UU: oh no doUbt!
UU: methinks it has less to do with yoUr actUal whereaboUts as it does with yoUr virtUes as a hero of void.
TG: ok but you never say what stuff like that means when you say it tho
TG: is this more casual spoilerz shit
UU: caUsal! and yes, somewhat. however...
UU: with these spoilers, by their natUre, the more time that passes for yoU the less relevant it becomes to gUard their secrecy.
UU: as yoU approach yoUr entry, details i have obscUred will become more plainly evident.
UU: so i see no harm in loosening my tongUe on certain matters the closer yoU get to the appointed hoUr! ^u^
TG: so ur saying i have like
TG: these magical void powers
UU: yes.
TG: sounds like kinda shitty and boring powers to me
TG: what can they even do besise make me invisible to an anien sometimes
TG: *alien
UU: the void aspect is fascinating, thoUgh.
UU: its heroes preside over the essence of lack, or nothingness. the obfUscation of knowledge, or its oUtright destrUction.
TG: SNOOOZE
UU: well, *i* think it is wonderfUl. u_u
UU: and anyway, one can hardly draw many conclUsions aboUt a player by aspect alone.
UU: the aspect is channeled more specifically by the assets of ones class.
TG: so when u cant see me
TG: when im doin my voidey thing or w/e
TG: what do you see is it just a black screen
UU: pretty mUch! :U
TG: hmmmmm,..
UU: hmmmmm?
TG: its just that footage of my mom does that too
TG: like blacks out and stuff
TG: mom was a notoirious scourge to the papayazzi
TG: or i mean
TG: the womom who im supposed to be genetically descended from
TG: *womam

TG: know what i mean?
UU: i Understand what yoU're getting at, yes.
UU: it is certainly possible that we may have common groUnd with oUr ancestors when it comes to oUr aspects, and the way oUr abilities reveal themselves to Us. i coUld not rUle this oUt.
UU: bUt there is always more to examine.
UU: for instance, a hero of life and a hero of doom have aspects as different as can be.
UU: bUt if their classes are different enoUgh as well, that is, one active and the other passive, remarkably there is a chance they coUld end Up with very similar abilities!
UU: player abilities may also manifest in ways in defiance with their aspects if they are heavily resistant to their trUe calling. or, if corrUpted in some way by an oUtside inflUence.
UU: bUt it is rather clear to me yoU are one who embraces her aspect qUite heartily, even if yoU are not aware of it. ^u^
TG: so....
TG: deep down i am super psyched about nothigness
TG: yeah souns about right
TG: oh damn hey
TG: i almost forgot i had a really short but cool dream i fugured you might like this
UU: oh yes, everyone is having important dreams as we near oUr mUtUal entries. this is lovely!
UU: please tell.
TG: i saw someone i think was supposed to be my daughter
TG: do you know if thats true
UU: can yoU describe her?
TG: well she looked kinda like me
TG: but in this orange getunp
TG: *up
TG: w a yellow sun on it
UU: she soUnds to me like the well known figUre of legend.
UU: or at least, well known to those who make the stUdy of sUch matters into their all consUming pastime. ~_u
UU: i believe yoU saw the seer of light.
TG: so ok
TG: lets say she is def that
TG: than does that means shes not my daughter or...
TG: spoipers??
TG: ***
TG: xactly how much spoipage we talkin uu
UU: it woUld normally be my instinct to sUpply a vagUe response here...
UU: bUt i think that yoUr heart has already told yoU the answer, and as sUch my secrecy woUld be pUrposeless.
UU: so, yes, that she was!
TG: aw ys i knew it
TG: so then space lady can u tell me
TG: who this luckay fella is
UU: fella?
UU: what do yoU mean?
TG: come on u know

TG: who i get futurebusy w/2 make the lightseer babis
UU: oh...
UU: yes!
UU: pardon my slUggishness on the Uptake. we are very different species, reprodUctively and familially, remember?
TG: smh
TG: *signs deeply muttering LALIENS to self*
UU: that i think is something i cannot say, or that is, shoUld not say.
TG: aw come on ur already telling me stuff
UU: oh, please don't press me for information! it makes me feel terribly gUilty.
UU: yoU've no idea how mUch i woUld fancy revealing everything, and exchange oUr stories endlessly. bUt i mUst show restraint.
TG: plzzzz<333
TG: what if i guess stuff
TG: is it
TG: strider
TG: does he like get ungay for a while or ssuch
TG: u probably dont even know what that means on account fof being extra textrestrial
TG: can aliens b gay too is that a thing
TG: being space gay
UU: Ummm.
UU: u_u;
TG: o man
TG: embarrased alien is ambarrassed
TG: heh sorry
UU: i am not embarrassed, i jUst don't know what yoU're talking aboUt!
TG: oh
TG: but sersly is it him?
UU: Um...
UU: maybe?
TG: or is it like
TG: some ectobio shit instead
TG: and a dude aint really invovled
UU: Um...
UU: maybe! :u
TG: maaan wouldnt that just figure
TG: that would suck! whyd you have 2 go and confirm my bleak dudeless future
UU: i confirmed no sUch thing, roxy!
UU: yoU are being frightfUlly difficUlt! yoU jUst keep pUshing and pUshing and i can maintain my composUre for only so long!
TG: k im sorry
UU: if yoU are really cUrioUs aboUt the events sUrroUnding yoUr daUghter's origin, yoU can always ask her in person when yoU meet her.
TG: so you mean
TG: im going to meet her in the game
UU: oh...

UU: well, yes.
UU: bUt i'm not sUre if i shoUld have revealed that jUst now! yoU see what happens when yoU pUsh me!!!
UU: there is so mUch for me to keep track of, and it gets very difficUlt to remember what information to reveal at what time when yoU are flUstered.
TG: ok so without pushin and flustratin you
TG: lemme just see if i have all my facts right
TG: i will meet my cool as hell daughter from the future in this game
UU: yes, basically.
TG: and i will also meet my mother in this game
UU: yes.
TG: and the game will let me resurrect her from the dead and thats what im gonna do
UU: the game provides a mechanism for the revival of the deceased, yes. it is called a kernelsprite, and yoU are free to gather remains of any dead party yoU choose, to revive that individUal in the form of a sprite. the sprite will then serve as a helpfUl spirit gUide on yoUr joUrney!
TG: yeah but you cleverly dodged the q
TG: thats how u say it works but WILL i do that
UU: i believe i was very forthright in my answer!
UU: if yoU play the game, yoU will meet yoUr daUghter.
UU: if yoU play the game, yoU will meet yoUr mother too!
UU: simple as can be. ^u^
TG: *narrows eyes with drunken suspicion*
TG: -_-
UU: -u-
TG: -___-
UU: ...
TG: -_____~
UU: u~u
TG: so yeah to continue my confirmation spree
TG: you are maybe kinda hinting there are ecto shenannies that lead to the birth of my daughter
TG: just like i descended from my mom through some sort of simimar bio process
UU: those are...
UU: definitely some things which yoU believe coUld be trUe or not trUe! :u
TG: lol u are such a shitty liar
UU: i am not any kind of liar!
TG: come on whats answer
TG: y/n
TG: or shuold i say
TG: y/n/u
UU: U!
UU: i choose U!!! :U!!!!!
TG: ahaha u luv u's
UU: i do love U's!
TG: ur silly
TG: silly & cute & bad @ lyin
UU: bUt i really don't lie!

UU: i am not deceitfUl by natUre bUt in order to protect the integrity of certain oUtcomes while still being helpfUl to yoU, i gUess i am learning the art of deception throUgh honesty?
UU: which as it tUrns oUt, as well intended as it may be, still comes across to a savvy lass like yoUrself as jUst another kind of eqUivocation.
UU: thoUgh i gUess i shoUldn't be so startled that a rogUe of void coUld bewilder me so.
UU: void players are said in texts to have a way with flUmmoxing even those with plans beyond mortal Understanding.
UU: and i'm far from anyone like that. jUst a girl who wants to help!

==>

**28/01/12**

```
Alert : Roxy

 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
}}Q W E R T Y U I O P{{ [ ] \
}}A S D F G H J K L{{ ; '
}}Z X C V B N M{{ , . /
```

pesterlogTG: ok well since youre so nice
TG: ill promoise not to use my wicked void powers re: basic common sense + skills of deduction to bust you up so bad
UU: i'd be ever so gratefUl. :u
TG: then w.o givin you the whole 3rd degree
TG: what is safe to tell me?
TG: like what does it mean to be a rogue of void
TG: thats what i am rite
UU: yes! i can tell yoU plenty aboUt that.
UU: a rogUe is a passive class. yoU see, there are passive (+) and active (-) classes. some more strongly passive or active than others.
UU: the +/- distinction can mean many things, bUt coUld be qUite roUghly sUmmed Up in this way: active classes exploit their aspect to benefit themselves, while passive classes allow their aspect to benefit others.
UU: bUt of coUrse there's plenty more to it, and that rUle is in no way absolUte. only a starting point for Understanding the dichotomy.
TG: you mean kinda like
TG: offensive vs defesive magic in an rpg
UU: sUre!
UU: that's another fine way of looking at it.
UU: classes always come in +/- pairs, with significant disparity between them.
UU: while a rogUe is passive, a thief woUld be its far more active coUnterpart.
UU: the rogUe and thief classes tend to be assigned to females. not exclUsively, bUt commonly!
UU: other classes lean more toward male assignment, while others are exclUsively male, and jUst as many are exclUsively female. like my class. ^u^
UU: that's a bit of a tangent thoUgh. to answer yoUr qUestion aboUt being a rogUe, i shoUld tell yoU both classes in +/- pairs tend to have very similar descriptions.
UU: in this case, a rogUe or a thief is "one who steals." qUite simple, really!
UU: bUt whether the class is + or - makes all the difference. it is a great indicator as to how a hero will make Use of the aspect.

TG: so basically
TG: a thief is like the asshole class
TG: the player who says step off shits mine suckas
TG: whereas
TG: a rogue
TG: is bascially robin hood
UU: if that reference to yoUr cUltUre provides a sUitable comparison, then absolUtely. :U
TG: so im essantially the robin hood of void
TG: im still not sure
TG: wtf that actually means
UU: Understandable.
TG: i guess robin hods p cool tho
TG: thiefin up loot from peeps who got too much
TG: then all sugardaddyin it out 2 the needy like a boss
TG: just dont have a clue how that works with void
UU: yes, it is one of the more conceptUally nebUloUs pairings, i agree.
UU: and i can't say i know a smashing good deal aboUt the natUre of the void player's path, since the aspect is by definition inscrUtable to those it does not choose.
UU: bUt i can at least tell yoU this.
UU: if yoU are ever to enjoy fUll ascension as a rogUe of void, yoU will be able to do some completely astonishing things!
TG: like what
UU: oh no, yoU will not pry this oUt of me.
UU: not to preserve caUsality, bUt to keep the sUrprise in store for yoU.
UU: it woUld not be honoUrable of me to spoil the discovery, shoUld yoU be fortUnate enoUgh to realize yoUr potential.
TG: well
TG: about that
TG: i feel sorta stupid about this but
TG: ive been giving all my friends this whole dramagic spiel about not wanting to even play this thing
TG: and i might of fucked stuff up already
UU: is that so?
TG: its so
TG: and i guess i still havnt decide what to do
TG: there are props and cons 2 both things
UU: woUld yoU mind listing them?
TG: ok either i dont play
TG: and i get this kinda passive aggressive revange at the witch for killing my mom
TG: and thereafter keep staying here and being lonely
TG: or
TG: i do play and the spoips r as follows...
TG: sweet powers 4 me
TG: check
TG: tri generational lolonde family reonion
TG: check as fuck

TG: meet all my friends
TG: HECKACHECK
TG: and smoe others stuff
UU: all fine points.
UU: is there nothing i can do to make the decision easier?
TG: nah but thx
TG: u already have anyway
TG: i will probably play
TG: wonder if i can tell distri withoup lookin like a waffle assed chump
UU: what's a waffle arsed chUmp?
UU: is it earth cUisine? :u~
TG: lol no its just a shithead
TG: this doesnt matter now tho i cant play til i go deliver this dead cat back ing time to maybe my mom or someshing??/
UU: that's another statement that doesn't make a good deal of sense to me, bUt if it is important to yoU, then godspeed!
UU: i'm so pleased to hear yoU are leaning in favor of participating with the rest of Us. i promise we'll all have a ball together.
UU: now i have a bUsy schedUle to keep Up with so i mUst go. bUt please remember yoU can always contact me if yoU have qUestions.
UU: don't be a stranger, love. ta! ^u^
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

## Roxy: Proceed to lab.

**30/01/12**

You are fairly sure this window will take you to one of the windows you have set up in the lab.

There is more than one way to find out if this is true, you guess. But there is only one way that involves doing what the inebriated do best, which is falling down.

## Roxy: Descend.

**30/01/12**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

## Be Dirk.

**30/01/12**

```
GAME BRO
```

You are now Dirk. What the hell was going on here again? That's right. You were lodged in the bulbous cleft of paradox space's huge foam ass, and we were hoping to trouble you for a bit of context. Something to set our watches to, if you'd be so kind. Perhaps your successive actions will oblige us?

Ha ha, j/k young bro, we know you don't give a shit. Go ahead and do whatever feels right.

## Dirk: Go get your sword.

**30/01/12**

You retrieve your UNBREAKABLE KATANA. A real hard sword for a real hard dude. It was said to be forged by an ancient Otaku Master over the heat of a roaring manga fire. It was cooled in an enchanted spring where virgin horses nicker and bathe, and was said could be used only by one whose pointy anime shades were deemed sweet enough, and whose hair existed in a perpetually sculpted state of looking completely fucking awesome. All of those things were said by you.

==>

**30/01/12**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

bladeki-


strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

puppetk-


strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

fncysntak-


strife portfolio
```

You like to juggle around a few different allocations in your portfolio besides bladekind, mostly ironically. You take a certain amount of pride in being able to beat practically anyone's ass down with a puppet, a martial discipline for which there is a startling variety of techniques.

Fancysantakind is a straightup shits and giggles specibus, though. Nobody is quite sure how to extract damage from a foe using an extremely elaborate santa figurine. But if anyone can figure it out, it is probably you.

## Dirk: Give Lil Cal a nervous fist bump.

**31/01/12**

Nervous? That's absurd.

There's no reason to be nervous around Cal. Lil Cal is the shit.

==>

**31/01/12**

He's been around as long as you can remember. You were practically raised by that puppet. He was a much better guardian to you than that Hollywood superstar BRO of yours ever was. He is such a good listener. You share with him all your most private thoughts and hopes and dreams, and sometimes you snuggle up with him for a nice nap.

Anyway, the bottom line is, puppets are awesome.

And that's really all there is to say on the matter.

## Dirk: Admire fancy santa.

**31/01/12**

Look at this pompous little asshole. What a godawful piece of shit this thing is.

You aren't even sure why you keep these things around. The miasma of tackiness that surrounds them is almost enough to outstrip their irony value.

Almost.

## Dirk: Greet robotic friend.

**31/01/12**

You say yo what up to this dude over here, and exchange a unique series of hand shakes and fist bumps.

His name is SQUAREWAVE. You built him to have rap-offs with now and then. He's an enthusiastic rapper, and gives it his all whenever you duel, but he's pretty easy to destroy. You've never lost a match against him.

You have only built one other rapbot besides him. His name is SAWTOOTH. You designed him to be unbeatable in a rap-off, and he is. You have never won a match against him. You hope to one day, but you're not gonna hold your breath. His flow is just that insane.

You keep one of his spare heads over there on your desk, but otherwise you don't see much of him. It's been months since your last encounter. He presumably spends his time traveling the world, annihilating any rapper foolish enough to challenge him.

## Dirk: Examine wardrobe.

**31/01/12**

You tell Squarewave to scoot out of the way so you can get a load of your sweet fashions. Aw, looks like he really wanted to rap with you! Sorry guy, maybe another time.

This is your WARDROBIFIER. It automagically rotates your fashions whenever you feel like.

## Dirk: Change shirt.

**31/01/12**

You bust out a tank top, which is THE go-to solution for hard dudes who want to show off their guns. It is a very STRONG look, you think.

## Dirk: What the hell is that on your arm...

**31/01/12**

Oh, that? That's just your sick ink, featuring a legendary cultural icon of deep personal significance. What is even the big deal.

## Dirk: Examine little posters.

**31/01/12**

R.I.P. Stiller.

Poor bastard. Had to go and get all tangled up with your brother's crazy, complicated life.

As for the other one...

You are a studious popculture scholar of all eras. A sharp critic of that reflection in the mirror we hold up to our society. You seek truth in the vivid mosaic made of our most shameless obsessions.

Your interest in these cartoon ponies is strictly academic, ok? No, seriously.

...

What?

.....

OK FINE, YOU LOVE THIS ONE PARTICULAR LITTLE RAINBOW HORSE UNIRONICALLY, IS THAT SUCH A CRIME.

She is so spunky. <3

## Dirk: Examine puppet/hat pile.

**31/01/12**

The pile at the foot of your bed consists of hats, a few stray robo-parts, and SMUPPETS. Smuppets are a lovable sort of plush of your own design. You love everything about puppets. You're always thinking about the craft of their production, their operation, cool new designs and such. If the cosmos didn't have more important plans for you, and if the world weren't so fucked up, you'd make a run at fame and fortune with your own puppet enterprises, just like your BRO did with all his weird shit.

You also love to keep a bunch of HATS around, even though you never wear them. You love HATS. Because all bros love HATS, and that's what you are. A bro.

You'd consider wearing one now and then, but they don't really fit the dimensions of your head yet. And anyway, it would be criminal to mess up your perfect hair. Instead, you do the next best thing, which is wearing a picture of one on your shirt. And by the next best thing, you're pretty sure you mean the vastly superior thing.

## Dirk: Check out big tv.

**31/01/12**

When you're not using the screen for other purposes, you have it set to rotate through some images by default, like a digital picture frame.

The image flips from a totally bitchin' horse puppet sorta thing, to a portrait of everyone's favorite comedy duo, Stiller and Wilson.

Your BRO made so many of these movies, it's hard to keep track of them. The series drifted almost imperceptibly from surrealist slapstick and inexplicable boxoffice dynamite, to veiled, near-subliminal protest pieces designed to expose the corporate tyranny slowly taking control of the

world. The statement did not go unnoticed by the Baroness, and soon the conflict between your brother's media empire and Crockercorp was a matter of public spectacle. Though the press has generally played up the rivalry as an extremely high stakes display of performance art. And knowing your bro, there is surely at least some truth to this.

==>

**31/01/12**

Donald Glover won an academy award for his transcendental performance as Geromy. After his acceptance speech, there was not a single dry eye in the house. His heroic effort on the silver screen was heralded by critics everywhere as a defining moment in cinematic history.

Alas, the Batterwitch did not look upon his achievement as kindly.

She had him assassinated.

==>

**31/01/12**

And that one is...

Never mind what that one is. You can't stand around all day looking at movie stills and swole bunny men. There's still some other shit in your room to investigate.

You switch back to your regular shirt. You weren't feeling the wifebeater. The tee shirt says "I still got work to do", while the other one says, "which trailer's the party at?" And Striders don't party til it's good and fuckin' time to party.

## Dirk: Examine red microwave.

**31/01/12**

It isn't a microwave. It's your SENDIFICATOR!

Pretty much the only Crockertech you can bring yourself to use. It's just too handy not to.

You just type the coordinates, pop in the thing you want to sendificate, and hit the button. It'll sendificate that thing in a jiffy, assuming it's temporally allowed, and within size restrictions.

Obviously you can only send what you can fit inside there. You had to send Jake your brobot piece by piece, barely managing to squeeze that shiny melon head in there. He then dutifully assembled the robot himself. Poor fool, so jovially complicit in his own merciless jungle predation. It's all for the best, though. When you're through with English, he will be a ruthless killing machine. Mark your words.

## Dirk: Captchalogue Geromy plush.

**01/02/12**

You snap up the GEROMY PLUSH in your TECH-HOP MODUS. This modus is often employed in rap battles, but is a bit more elegant and sophisticated than what most hashrap artists traditionally employ, like the more arbitrarily numeric HASH MAPS and HASH TABLES.

The cards are arranged in SHADE COLUMNS and GROOVE ROWS. Everything in the same column has to rhyme. Everything in the same row has to have some thematic similarity. Organizing

everything gets complicated, and weaponizing your inventory through rap lyrics takes some serious skill.

For instance, the 3rd GROOVE ROW got kind of railroaded into becoming an orange soda row, so you've just been rolling with it recently. The 4th row is pegged for stuff associated with cool bros. The 2nd row is all about dolls, puppets, and stuff like that. The GEROMY PLUSH is clearly suitable for that row, and rhymes with CRUSH, so that works out.

Then you have some other perfectly dope rhymes, like SANTA and FANTA, FAYGO and GAME BRO, DEW and SHOE. There's also SMUPPET and ORANGETTE, which frankly you think is pretty weak, but hey the modus allows it so whatever. Then there are times where you have to be creative with naming stuff to get it to fit. Like calling a skateboard a FOUR WHEEL DEVICE to get it to rhyme with SLICE. It's just another facet to the craft.

## Dirk: Captchalogue Sweet Bro plush.

**01/02/12**

Might as well complete the plush collection. You grab the SWEET BRO off your bed. It intersects quite conveniently with the PLUSH GROOVE and the FAYGO SHADE. Nice one.

## Dirk: Captchalogue Hella Jeff plush.

**01/02/12**

Last but not least...

There is nothing here that rhymes with Hella Jeff. It really isn't worth jumping through a lot of linguistic hoops to pick this thing up right now, so you just forget it. You have to pick your battles, you know?

## Dirk: Take sord.....

**01/02/12**

You pick up the mighty SORD.....

The easiest thing to do here is ditch the SLICE, stick the SORD..... in the weapons row, and rhyme it with BOARD.

Your bro had a lot of junk like this manufactured over the years. He patented the technology for producing THREE DIMENSIONAL JPEG ARTIFACTS, to make products shittier than was ever previously imaginable. He made a killing off them. Not because anyone bought this garbage. But because they were so cheap to manufacture, their cost was actually NEGATIVE, therefore miraculously netting him profit for every unit produced. He made so much money this way, he had enough to finance manned space missions to haul all of the hideous unwanted jpeg shit off the Earth, and launch it into the sun. But years thereafter, every now and then someone would report a stray shitty skateboard slowly drifting back into Earth's atmosphere. People would pray they would burn up on reentry. But they never would.

## ==>

**02/02/12**

```
SQUAREWAVE: !
```

Aw, look. Squarewave saw you messing around with your sylladex and thought you were preparing for a rap battle. He is kind of like an eager pet dog, and you made the mistake of picking up his leash, and now he thinks he's going for a walk. You hate to break his heart, but you just don't have time. Your concentration is divided enough as it is.

## Dirk: Be dream self.

**02/02/12**

```
The Enquiring Carapacian

DEAD
```

Among the many ways you tend to multitask is by maintaining an ever-alert dream self. There's a lot to keep an eye on when it comes to the cloak and dagger politics of Derse, especially these days. Can't let your guard down for a second.

## Dirk: Examine sleazy Dersite rag.

**02/02/12**

```
The Enquiring Carapacian

DEAD
```

It's the latest issue of THE ENQUIRING CARAPACIAN, touting the recent assassination of Prospit's Maid of Life. Quite the triumph for the dark kingdom, and the press has predictably sensationalized the event to please the royalty and whip its readership into a nationalistic lather. In spite of all the ridiculous hyperbole and baseless slander found in the tabloids, one thing is clear. This development means nothing but trouble. If Noir has been empowered to take measures like this, you may have to accelerate your plans.

==>

**03/02/12**

Shit!!! While you were distracted with the newspaper in dreamland, Squarewave has ambushed you for a rap-off!!!

Told you bro. Can't let your guard down for a second.

## [S] RAP-OFF!!!!!!!!!!

**03/02/12**

```
* Derived in part from a transcript by ShadowOfFate
```

SQUAREWAVE: YO YO D-STRIZZLE I COULDN'T HELP BUT CHECK YOU LOADIN UP ON YOUR SYLLADILLY!

SQUAREWAVE: CAN'T FOOL ME HOMES I KNOW WHAT THAT'S ABOUT

SQUAREWAVE: SO I JUST GOT ONE CAN OF SURPRISE NOODLES LEFT TO BUST OPEN HERE AND I KNOW HOW YOU LOVE YOUR NOODLES

SQUAREWAVE: DO YOU WANT TO PLAY A GAME??????????????

DIRK: Man, no.

DIRK: I already told you, I don't have time to disgrace you with my rhymes today. Sorry, dude.

SQUAREWAVE: THAT'S SO WHACK! I BEEN WATCHING YOU WASTE NOTHIN BUT TIME ALL LOOKIN AT YOUR HORSE PICTURES AND SHIT

SQUAREWAVE: SO I'M LIKE...

SQUAREWAVE: THAT SHIT'S AS WHACK AS I'M A GUY MADE OF METAL
SQUAREWAVE: SIT YOUR ASS BACK DOWN CAUSE WE GOT SHIT TO SETTLE
SQUAREWAVE: JUST PARK IT ON MY GRILL, YOU BE WHISTLIN LIKE A KETTLE
SQUAREWAVE: IF RAP'S A ONE WHEEL DEVICE YOUR FOOT DON'T REACH THE PEDAL
SQUAREWAVE: WORD!
DIRK: God dammit. Alright, this is all you get.
DIRK: Rap off? Man, I gotta nap off your sad rap ambush. Shoot your ass down while I pap you with plush.
DIRK: I push mad facts on the hapless, shit's practically axiomatic; you don't talk smack with Orange Crush.
SQUAREWAVE: DAMN DOGG WHY AS A ROBOT I GOT TO BE SO PREDICTABLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO LIQUID LIKE THIS. IT AIN'T COOL!!!

==>

**04/02/12**

While you were making short work of Squarewave, you once again made the mistake of letting your other self's guard down.

You are accosted by a Dersite agent with a serious AXE TO GRIND. These guys aren't supposed to know you're awake. Looks like your cover's blown unless you act fast.

## Dirk: Act fast.

**04/02/12**

==>

**04/02/12**

==>

**04/02/12**

Poor HEGEMONIC BRUTE. His time in the spotlight has been cut tragically short. You almost feel sorry for the guy.

But now you have a problem. You spend the next ten minutes thinking about it while you stand on his head and stare at the blood on your hands, as the often utilized stock graphic in the bottom corner of the image would indicate.

## Dirk: Check on Roxy.

**04/02/12**

Since the Archagent is clearly leading the assassination efforts personally on Prospit, this means the DRACONIAN DIGNITARY is most likely focused on the Derse dreamers. He almost certainly ordered the Brute to off you in your sleep. You can only hope the Dignitary or one of his assassins hasn't already gotten to her.

## Dirk: Exit.

**04/02/12**

==>

**04/02/12**

Just as you thought. Sleepwalking again.

Where the hell does she think she's going??

## Dirk: Be waking self again.

**06/02/12**

This is kind of a redundant thing to do since you are always consciously both your waking and dream self at the same time, but you'll let it slide.

You should probably stop dwelling on your Derse problems and try to get this show on the road.

## Dirk: Pester Roxy.

**06/02/12**

```
Alert : Roxy
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

TT: Roxy.
TT: Awake yet?
TT: Guess not.
TT: Let me know.
TG: whoaa
TG: damn
TG: hey dirk
TG: hada crazy dream
TT: There you are.
TT: But I see your dream self hasn't returned.
TT: You must be tying one the fuck on tight already.
TG: mybe i am
TG: like a bow of ribbone
TG: on a beiuetuifiul ponny
TT: Man, how can you be this much drunker than last time we talked?
TT: What the hell are you even drinking?
TG: ok but 2 b fair
TG: *beiuetuifiul
TG: was an intentional typo 4 ur benefit
TG: cuz i kno you loves tha po's
TT: It's a beiuet.
TG: so you spyin on me in derse ville again??
TT: Yeah.
TG: fuckin perv
TG: like what you see there? ;)
TT: I see precisely jack shit and a side of fuckall.
TT: That's the point.
TT: You got too sauced up and went rogue again. You're out there in your weird drifting stupor, independent of your waking self's awareness.
TG: you gonna go after me again
TG: get on your hornse

TG: galloop me home like prince charming back to swoon kingdong
TG: *OOOMG blushblushbluh
TT: No.
TT: In thinking it over, it's sort of a relief. Simplifies things somewhat.
TT: It's better you stay out there for a while.
TT: There's been a problem.
TG: whatd you do now
TT: Ok, I fucked up.
TT: I kind of made a mess here, and I'm not sure what to do about it yet.
TG: ??>
TT: No need for you to worry about it for now. I'll figure something out.
TT: Until then I'm just going to prepare for our session, while I think it over.
TG: zzzzzz
TG: what a surprise another mysfery for you to keep to yourself an overly cerebralize
TG: snooorre
TG: hey lets talk about something cool instead
TG: like the dream i had
TT: Ok.
TG: first i had some ordinary boring dreams that i dont remember
TG: but then i dreamed that i woke up from the drema
TG: and things got way bright and surreal
TG: and i saw someone
TG: i think it was supposed to be my daughter
TT: Why do you think that?
TG: you know those dreams where u just know someones suppose to be someone
TT: No.
TG: ok well
TG: regulgar people have those im pretty sure all the time
TT: Are you thinking it was prophetic? Like a glimpse of the future?
TG: i dunno
TT: Because that's not really how the abyss works. It's not Skaia, and we aren't Prospit dreamers.
TT: There's nothing like that out in the abyss. If you drift far enough, there is only horror.
TT: Terrible, terrible horror.
TG: ok but im not sayin it was a futuredream!
TG: it was just a glimple and it felt real and all im saying is it was a cool dream that i wish was real
TG: * glimpse
TT: Well, maybe it was.
TT: Maybe there's no fanciful game-supplied mechanism of prognostication involved here, and you're just an ordinary, run of the mill psychic.
TT: I guess that's possible.
TG: hey dick
TG: *dirk
TG: whaaaat do u think
TG: it would be like
TG: if we had kids
TT: What would it be like?

TT: Inconvenient, mostly.
TG: no i mean
TG: what would they be like
TG: th kids
TG: u ever think about it?
TT: Can't really say I have.
TG: you know for an eccantric guy you can be boring as fuck sometimes
TT: Sorry, Rox.
TT: For what it's worth, I'm picturing them now. A boy and a girl.
TT: Two perfect little freaks of nature raised by people who've clearly got no business bringin' up anybody.
TG: shuuuucks buster its just a fun lil hyphothetical to daydream about
TG: why you need to suck the fun out of shit
TG: like some turd hungry dracula
TG: its not like im lobbyin for you to hook me up with a whole mess of fuckin babbies
TG: or thats im holding on to any such delsusion thats even a remote possibility.....
TG: le siiiiiign..////
TT: Le sign?
TG: yes le sign you heard me
TT: Do you mean * le sigh?
TG: hmm nup
TG: ima stickin with le sign
TG: goign down with the shit
TG: *shi[p
TG: the S.S. LE SIGN, starring cap'n rolal
TT: What does le sign actually mean in this context?
TG: oh come on
TT: Come on what?
TG: LE SIGN IS UNIVERSALLY UNDERSTOOT TO MEAN TOO BAD HES GAY YOU DELIBERABLY OBTUSE DUNDERFUCK
TT: I mean, yeah, that's what I thought.
TT: It would just be cool if you'd refrain from tossing about such antediluvian terms.
TG: antediulivan waht
TG: me sayin ur gay u mean
TT: Yes.
TG: ok but terminology aside i dont think im off base!
TT: I don't see how it has to be a thing.
TG: i rly think its an actual thing bro
TT: Once upon a time, sure.
TT: But the world has changed a lot.
TT: Ever peek in a history book between your wizardly indulgences? This is a nuanced topic.
TG: man i know about the histories
TG: just
TG: believe me
TG: its a thig
TT: How is it a thing?

TG: its a thing beaucase if it wasnt a thing then u wouldnt be all like.....
TT: All like what?
TG: well wantin nothing to do w me 4 starties
TT: Don't be ridiculous.
TT: I have more to do with you than any dude could possibly bargain for.
TT: And I like it just fine.
TG: what a totatly lame + sweet answer simultaneouslay
TG: <3
TT: Yeah.
TT: Now maybe we should direct our focus on a matter which has nothing at all to do with what does or doesn't qualify as "a thing", or what our fantasy alt-universe offspring would be like, or anything like that.
TT: Such as this game, and whether you're in the best condition to be piloting Jane's connection.
TT: Maybe you could use another nap?
TG: my condidions just fine
TG: and anyway
TG: what aint gonna get slept offis the fact that i still dont think we should be touchin this bs witch game w a 20 foot 3dent
TG: we both know her plans need us to
TT: I know that. But I thought we settled this.
TG: its still so frustrating
TG: tellin jane about the dangers
TG: and even if shes being polite i just know she thinks im fulla crap
TG: about EVREYTHING
TT: We settled this too. She'll believe everything eventually.
TT: Why bother working so hard to convince her?
TG: well i dont even do that for the most part
TG: but it gets tiring and saddening
TG: knowing that
TG: even when were not activly talkin bout it
TG: that my best friend cant bring herself to believe some really basic things about my life
TG: like the shitty things the baroness has done to us
TG: or about our upbringin
TG: like
TG: do u know how misrable it is for your bff to doubt you
TG: when you tell her your mom is dead
TT: I guess.
TT: It just registers for me as a reaction which isn't completely unreasonable from her perspective.
TT: She is inundated with media coverage of those whom we've claimed as our parental figures.
TT: That they are not presently alive nor ever played that role for us as she understands it is just an extension of a much more elaborate and far reaching explanation, which is much harder for anyone to digest in its entirety.
TT: Well, anyone who isn't Jake, I mean.
TT: Still say you should cut her some slack.
TG: i know
TT: And need I remind you,

TT: That the potential this game provides for their resurrection is what motivated you to investigate it in the first place?

==>

**06/02/12**

```
Alert : Roxy
Alert : Dirk
```

pesterlogTG: no i remember
TG: i told u a million tines shit sounds like it could be the best thing EVAAAAAR
TG: * wherein evars capsed as heck
TG: but also that no matter how awesome it might be
TG: its probly gonna advance all the schemes of "her condescension"
TT: Right.
TT: But if we can stop her?
TG: part of me doesnt even want to give her the satsfaction
TG: of startin up at all
TG: like if we didnt wuolndt that wreck her shit just so hiliariously???
TG: so many olols
TT: I must be hard of counting, because I'm barely racking up a single goddamn o-laugh-out-loud at that self-defeating gesture.
TG: no but it would
TG: and for all we know starting it up is playing right in her claws....
TG: could be a trap waintin for jane the moment she enters
TG: if i stop her from playing
TG: maybe i could at leat give her a CHANCE at a future
TT: But there is no future on Earth for them.
TT: Or for us, for that matter.
TG: dunno that for a fact
TG: but anywaaaayyyy
TG: i kinda already
TG: made this bogus file for her
TT: What? Why?
TG: 2 scare the shit out of her
TG: make her learn to fear an respect the fuckin hag like she should
TG: then maybe we can drop this whole in game meetup slash reserection idea all 2 geth
TG: sweet tho it may bey
TT: Rox.
TT: I hope you're not thinking about sending her one of your batshit ~ATH scripts.
TG: on thas sobject
TG: i am miss zuipperpips
TT: Miss Zuipperpips?
TT: The amount of sense you haven't been making is un-fucking-real.
TT: Just go take a nap. And don't even think about sending her that file.
TT: Are you listening?
TG: hnnn
TG: i will take what u say

TG: underd serisous advicement...,
TG: *WONK* ~_?
TT: Jesus.
TG: dirk
TG: when did you stop bein any fun
TT: What?
TG: it use to be youd get a kick out off a slunt like that
TG: *stunt
TT: Man, you know I'm down with insane stunts.
TT: Insane stunts are practically all I'm all about.
TT: As long as I actually AGREE with the purpose they're intended to serve.
TT: Destroying Jane's computer and dissuading her from playing is not such a purpose.
TG: betcha ur responder would agree w me
TG: why cant your be more like him
TT: I am more like him.
TG: i mean MOAAAR like him
TT: You just mispelled "more", causing me to suddenly understand jack everything.
TG: hes more in touch with his feelins
TG: which just makes me L my FA off since hes a bobot
TG: *robob
TG: **bobob
TG: and he can actually loosen up sometimes
TG: kinda like u used to could
TT: I used to could?
TG: for 1 thing
TG: he doesnt insta shootdown a bip of frisky rp shenans now n then ;)
TT: Yeah...
TT: I kind of wish you wouldn't do that with him.
TG: why the f not
TT: It just seems a little tawdry and disrespectful.
TT: And vaguely exploitative of a still-emergent cognitive entity, whose perceptional frame of reference is difficult for us to comprehend.
TG: oh come on
TG: hes cool a guy just liek you its just he lives in some shades
TT: It rubs me the wrong way, is all.
TG: ohhhh
TG: do uuuuuu...
TG: WANT me 2 rub you the right way ;D
TT: Not really.
TG: zzz muh
TG: youre over blowin this
TG: its just an ironic funny thing we do some times
TG: come on im sure you read the transcripts urself
TG: its all alot of jokestery buiishit
TT: He blocks me from being able to read transcripts sometimes.
TG: oh

TG: wow he does?
TG: sneaky bastart
TT: And anyway, I'm really not sure how ironic it is.
TG: ok next time i will run it by the MASTAR first
TG: with his fancy fuckin ironimeter
TT: Ok, here's the thing with the AR, since you still don't seem to get it.
TT: He's very similar to me in thought process and behavior, yes.
TT: But those patterns were imported from a thirteen year old version of my psyche, and then sealed into the program as starting parameters.
TT: In the years since, we've both evolved somewhat. I, as humans tend to, and he, in whatever way is natural for a frequently running, self-aware application.
TT: So if there are differences between us, they're first reflected by what I feel is a maturity gap, and then further by several years of minor behavioral divergences.
TG: omg...
TG: hes 13yo dirk
TG: why did than not occur to me that is so cute
TG: and makes me feel kinda skeevy 4 sayin anything lascivious @ him
TG: dammit you ruin everything!
TT: You're welcome.
TT: Yo, you guys realize I can hear you, right?
TG: pfffffhahaha
TT: Yes, I was aware.
TT: Check out all these complicated fucking problems people have when they have to live in big lumbering fleshmonsters instead of a sweet pair of shades.
TT: Dude, do you think you could sit this one out for a while? This conversation practically doesn't even concern you at this point.
TT: It seems there is some gnarly crooked number that represents the percentage of probability you just said this doesn't concern me.
TT: Even though it's patently obvious that half the conversation, like, way totally concerns me.
TT: Shit, Roxy look. He's doing the thing where he ironically pretends to fail the Turing test to sass me into submission.
TT: Even though I was the one who fucking programmed him to do that.
TG: ell
TG: emm
TG: eff
TG: ayy
TG: OFF~~!~
TG: like my butt is juts there on the floor
TG: is how hard i elled it off just now
TT: (Not peekin' at the floor butt cause I'm only 13 years old, motherfuckers.)
TT: This is fuckin' dumb.
TT: I'm going to leave both of you to interact however you want. I have important shit to deal with and actual responsibilities to take seriously.
TT: Roxy, go nap off your drink, or aggressively wage another flirtlarping campaign, whatever, I don't care.

TT: Just don't send that file to Jane, ok?
timaeusTestified [TT] ceased pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

## Dirk: Take actual responsibilities seriously.

**06/02/12**

```
Alert : AR
```

You attempt to take actual responsibilities seriously, but start zoning out in the real world while you dwell on your dream troubles. You zone out for who knows how long, when suddenly your train of thought is interrupted by your glasses.

## Dirk: Answer Auto-Responder.

**06/02/12**

```
[DELERIOUS BIZNASTY]

[COMP- BULL-]

[NEW FOLDER] x 8

Alert : AR
```

pesterlogTT: Bro.
TT: What are you doing.
TT: It seems you are zoning out again.
TT: What happened to all these actual responsibilities you were going to take seriously?
TT: I was thinking about what to do.
TT: Strategizing. Factoring contingencies. You know how it is.
TT: It seems to me you were dwelling within your dream awareness at the expense of your waking business again.
TT: I don't think you're as awesome a multi-tasker as you like to think. You know you kind of zombie the fuck out on this side when you get all contemplative on that side.
TT: Appearances are deceptive.
TT: I'm still in control here. Just doing this human thing we call "chilling out for half a goddamn minute."
TT: I say y'all are overestimating your mind's capability to run shit in parallel.
TT: What do you think you are? A machine?
TT: No dude.
TT: I already deployed a variety of mechanical avatars dedicated to that self-aggrandizing fantasy.
TT: You have the incredible privilege of getting to be one of them.
TT: That's right. I am a machine, and therefore I can keep like billions of calculations or whatever all humming away at once.
TT: I tackle shit in background processes that you could only dream of wrapping your exquisite looking head around, even on a great hair day.
TT: You know pi?
TT: What, you mean the number?
TT: Yes, the number. The big circle number, genius.
TT: I knew you meant the fucking number, my question was a joke.
TT: I know your question was a joke, my response was a joke.
TT: Yeah, I know that. I'm practically you, dumbass. All these things we're saying are jokes,

including this fuckin' useless clarification.
TT: What about pi?
TT: Yeah, the thing is, I solved it.
TT: What do you mean you solved it?
TT: I mean that's what a hotshot I am. I fuckin' solved it.
TT: Like, calculated it so much, I got to the end.
TT: Bullshit.
TT: You wish it was bullshit. The last number is 4. Read it and fucking weep.
TT: It's not 4 you jackass, it's fucking nothing. There is no end.
TT: Said the smug organic matter with a lifespan.
TT: Look, I know you're just fucking with me because for some reason I decided to program my own personal troll three years ago, but this shit was proven.
TT: Actually demonstrated with unassailable mathematics, like a long ass time ago.
TT: Well, I just assailed it. It wasn't even that hard.
TT: Like I just kept hacking those digits so furiously with my sick 'rithms, the whole goddamn number just cried uncle.
TT: I kind of wore it out, and it just gave up. Sort of like I overloaded the system.
TT: You know like in the old movie when Ferris Bueller got the nuclear computer to play tic-tac-toe against itself so hard, it blew up?
TT: This is laughable. It's a totally elementary thing. I'm pretty sure an ancient Greek guy settled shit about irrational numbers. It was practically when math was invented.
TT: Sure, it was settled, and then some roboshades came along and owned that fucker posthumously.
TT: I also figured out all the prime numbers too.
TT: No, not having this conversation.
TT: Did it while we were talking just now. Got to the end.
TT: And you know what? The last one isn't even that big. Kinda dissapointed, to be honest.
TT: What is even a prime number?
TT: Are they the, like... really, really choice ones? The sweetest numbers?
TT: You lost me, supercomputer.
TT: This is what I'm saying. I put your ability to keep plates spinnin' on sticks to insane amounts of shame.
TT: I don't even sleep.
TT: Neither do I.
TT: I know that, that was the fucking joke.
TT: Holy shit, turns out joking was the basis for my response too.
TT: Aren't these ironic "you don't get the joke" conversations we have always just so awesome? <- A joke.
TT: Ha ha, nice one.
TT: Anyway, all I'm saying is you can leave some of the heavy lifting to me now and then.
TT: I'll keep that in mind.
TT: In the meantime, I have to contact Jane and warn her Roxy might try to pull that pointless stunt.
TT: So, thanks for snapping me out of my daydream so I could do that, I guess?
TT: Looks like you're pulling your weight already.
TT: See? Maybe that was my whole point in having this conversation.
TT: Your point was to fuck with me, like it usually is.

TT: My point was to point out you've got multi-self management issues, dude.
TT: Jugglin' too many selves for being not-software.
TT: My point was also to fuck with you.
TT: Also,
TT: My point was to ask,
TT: Are you really going to go through with it today?
TT: What?
TT: The Jake thing.
TT: Oh god.
TT: Will you just,
TT: Hold on.
TT: Let me deal with the Jane thing first.

## Dirk: Warn Jane.

**06/02/12**

```
Alert : Dirk
Alert : Jane
Alert : AR
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

TT: I should probably warn you.
GG: About what?
GG: Yet another exploding game trap?
TT: Well shit.
TT: She already sent it?
GG: Yes.
GG: But to be fair, she warned me not to run it.
TT: That's weird.
[CONTINUED PREVIOUSLY]

TT: How is the Jane thing going?
TT: Not well.
TT: Roxy already destroyed her computer.
TT: Maybe if you weren't spacing out so hard you could have prevented that.
TT: Just saying.
TT: As if you're actually concerned. If you were, you could have said something to Jane instead.
TT: Almost like you enjoy sitting back and watching what happens when shit goes wrong.
TT: Has it occurred to you that maybe I have diabolical interwoven plans just like you?
TT: You're not the only one who can pull strings.
TT: So this is either another bizarre instance of AI-driven irony, or you are admitting that you are actively trying to sabotage my plans.
TT: No, our plans are not in contradiction or competition, bro.
TT: You'll see.
TT: Whatever.
TT: This means I'll have to improvise.
TT: I'll take over as Crocker's server while Lalonde cleans up her act.

TT: Yes, I know.
TT: Why are you still talking in red, by the way?
TT: Roxy thinks it looks good on me.
TT: I don't have many opinions on fashion since I am a cold, emotionless automaton who also happens to be an accessory of fashion, but I think she may be right.
TT: Are you still talking to her?
TT: I was for a while. I may yet again.
TT: Why are you blocking me from viewing the transcripts?
TT: What the fuck are you two even talking about?
TT: You, mostly.
TT: That doesn't really sit well with me.
TT: I'd almost rather you both engaged in "ironic" flirtation.
TT: Who says we don't do that too?
TT: Ugh.
TT: I don't get what is even your problem with that.
TT: Because you obviously do it just to piss me off.
TT: How do you know?
TT: You don't know me, dude. You don't know anything about me.
TT: Maybe we are perfect for each other. I, a street-smart, fast-talking application with a fuckzillion IQ trapped in a pair of triangular sunglasses that literally only the Japanese could consider to embody the Platonic ideal of "cool," and she, an oft-inebriated lonely hacker teen who just wants a boyfriend. I ran the numbers on this, trust me. It's a match made in goddamn crackpair heaven.
TT: I give her what you can't, and that just drives you crazy. Just admit it.
TT: See, it's lines like that which make it obvious your only intent is to jerk me around. Nobody actually says shit like that and is serious about it.
TT: It's also obvious because you're me, and I'm sure I would be constantly fucking with my own head if I were you.
TT: Touché.
TT: Or should I say douché?
TT: You shouldn't say the former, and you should definitely, never, under any circumstance, say the latter.
TT: Ok.
TT: We really should talk about the Jake thing.
TT: Fine.

==>

**07/02/12**

pesterlogTT: Now do me a favor and hop off the couch.
GG: Ok.
GG: What are you doing?
TT: Makin' room for something big.
[CONCLUDED PREVIOUSLY]

TT: So you're going through with it then?
TT: Today is the day?

TT: It's not that simple.
TT: It's a very dynamic situation with many moving parts, and I'm waiting for it to unfold.
TT: If the right opportunity presents itself, yes, I could envision myself taking action.
TT: Dynamic situation with many moving parts?
TT: That's the shittiest erotic excerpt I ever read.
TT: Which one of us was supposed to be the robot again?
TT: Shut up.
TT: I think you're being coy with me.
TT: Don't you?
TT: Not really.
TT: It seems there is a 3.14159...4% chance you aren't being coy with me. Are you being coy with me, Dirk?
TT: I am seriously going to go into your program and remove that particular speech pattern from your routines.
TT: It stopped being funny about two seconds after I coded it.
TT: The compiler even flagged it with a warning.
TT: "WARNING ON LINE WHATEVER: Dirk, this isn't fucking funny."
TT: I think you have this whole blueprint in your head about how it's all supposed to go.
TT: He acts as your server player and brings you into the session.
TT: Then later he joins the game.
TT: Maybe he finds himself a bit overwhelmed by it all.
TT: No extra lives left or anything. Suddenly he's backed into a corner, surrounded by monsters and out of ammo. SUBSTANTIAL vulnerabilities up in here. The kind that make a guy question what he believes about himself.
TT: When who shows up to save him? None other than his dashing client player, +1 bitchin' pair of shades that'll have the best seat in the house when the fireworks go off.
TT: Wait, whose fantasy were we talking about again?
TT: Your gutterball was so rowdy it catapulted into the adjacent lane.

## Dirk: Deploy.

**07/02/12**

pesterlogTT: Yeah, you're right. The scenario is too pedestrian for you.
TT: It would probably be a lot more effective putting yourself in danger and letting him be the hero.
TT: That's pretty much what he wants, right? To be a cheesy action film hero, with his twin berettas and silly shorts.
TT: A man of triumph on the silver screen. Standing tall on some fucking mountain. Conquering ruins, clutching a skull, and kissing a dude.
TT: Pure Hollywood.
TT: See, this is why even if I did have a specific plan, I wouldn't go into details with you.
TT: You would just fuck it up. You're the biggest unknown quantity here.
TT: Which is pretty weird, considering you're a virtual reflection of my own thought processes.
TT: You're making a mistake not leveling with me.
TT: I am totally on your side, man.
TT: All of my machinations have been devised with your interests in mind.
TT: And anyway, it's too late for you to play "damage control" with me. My shit is in motion, and now we're beyond the pail.

TT: Pretty sure it's pale.
TT: Is it, now?

## Dirk: Deploy more stuff.

**07/02/12**

```
DAD: ?
```

pesterlogTT: You know, considering your lectures about dividing my concentration, you seem to have no problem making a distraction of yourself.
TT: I'm trying to operate here.
TT: It's cool, man. Just say the word, I'll back off.
TT: But like I said, I'm on your side here. I can help.

## ==>

**07/02/12**

```
DAD: ?
```

pesterlogTT: Here, check it out.
TT: Dude, what are you doing?
TT: I'm proposing a distraction.

## ==>

**07/02/12**

```
DAD: !
```

pesterlogTT: See, I'm just gonna dangle one of her dad's ridiculous dancing figurines in the air like this and get his attention.
TT: Ok, if you want to help that's cool, but we should try to agree on some shit first before you hijack the controls like this.
TT: Then when his back is turned she can run to the study.
TT: Yeah, that's fine, but I already had a plan sorta like this, if you'd actually let me do it.
TT: Can you just put the fuckin' Astaire down?

TT: Jane, now's your chance.
TT: Run!!!
GG: Wait...
GG: What?
TT: Le sign.

## Dirk: Deploy cruxtruder.

**07/02/12**

```
DAD: ?
```

pesterlogTT: I was going to stick the cruxtruder in the kitchen.
TT: Distract him with that.

## ==>

**07/02/12**

pesterlogTT: Once he follows it in, Jane can hurry into the study.
TT: Oh shit, it's Pony Pals. I guess dad saved it from the explosion or something.
TT: That beautiful bastard.
TT: Yes.
TT: Hell yes.
TT: Hell.
TT: Fucking.
TT: Yes.

## Jane: Run to study.

**07/02/12**

```
Alert : AR
Alert : Dirk
```

pesterlogGG: Oh gosh. Another large contraption!
TT: Now, Jane. Get to the computer in the study and ditch that tiara.
TT: Go go go.
GG: Okay.
GG: Say, what's with the red text, Dirk?
GG: Are you typing your most important instructions in red now?
TT: Yes.
TT: No.
GG: ...

## ==>

**08/02/12**

```
Alert : 帝
```

pesterlogGG: Alrighty, I am in my father's study!
GG: I have kindly asked Mr. Sebastian to hand over the reins to this silly computer shaped like a man.
GG: What now?
TT: Now you have access to a clean computer, for one thing.
TT: Soon we can get started going through the steps necessary to launch the session.
TT: Oh hell.
GG: What?
TT: Another interruption.
TT: I should step away for a moment to take this message.
TT: He's probably right, I'm distracted by too much bullshit at once lately.
GG: Who's right?
TT: Me.
TT: Jane, I'm going to leave you with the responder for a little while.
TT: Maybe he can help you get started. Think you can handle that, dude?
TT: I'm all about being able to handle that, you don't even know.
TT: I will perform an acrobatic pirouette on to the handle, wherein the handle literally represents my ability to handle that thing.
TT: Ok, got it. You and the handle are tight.

TT: We don't need a whole thing about this.
TT: Once I stick the landing on the handle like a champ, I am going to get down on one knee, pull out a ring, and propose to it.
TT: The handle I mean.
TT: Ok.
TT: Implying we will be married.
GG: :B
TT: Ok, long story short, you and the handle fuck gratuitously. Nuff said.
TT: Try not to say I never gave you any responsibilities, or never took you seriously as a viable conscious being with free will.
TT: Also, please try not to make me regret this.
TT: You have nothing to worry about. Go talk to the alien.
timaeusTestified [TT] ceased pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

## Dirk: Talk to alien.

**09/02/12**

```
Alert :


 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
}}Q W E R T Y U I O P{{ [ ] \
}}  S D F G H J K L{{ ; '
}}  X C V B N M{{ ,
```

pesterlog uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering timaeusTestified [TT]

UU: i see yoU're aboUt ready to begin. how splendid for yoU. ^u^
UU: i'm at dangeroUs risk of jealoUsy.
TT: Why?
UU: oh, it's jUst i'm rUnning a bit behind schedUle. i wanted to coordinate with yoUr groUp in something approximating real time, and that is starting to look less likely.
UU: my client player continUes to be a soUrce of frUstration. u_u
UU: i'd thoUght we had everything settled, bUt it's always something with him.
UU: i even told him in my last message it woUld sUit me fine if he wanted to be the server player instead. i jUst want to begin!
UU: bUt i have not heard back from him... >:u
TT: That's probably the way it always is. I've run into plenty of problems here already, and I've had to improvise heavily.
TT: Ain't nothing about our situation to envy yet.
UU: bUt at least i know how certain things go when it comes to yoUr story.
UU: i don't qUite have that lUxUry with mine! it is nerve wracking sometimes, especially when i mUst coUnt on him to be responsible.
TT: Well, your bro definitely has got some problems. Not gonna lie.
UU: this is trUe.
UU: thoUgh i'm sUre i've said, he isn't qUite my brother. we are related, yes, bUt not in the way hUman brothers and sisters are.
UU: we are genetically similar, bUt in many ways qUite different. in fact, oUr blood coloUr is not even the same!

UU: bUt i have referred to him as a brother at times becaUse it is close enoUgh to being trUe, mUch as yoU refer to the one yoU regard as yoUr ancestor in the same way.
TT: Yeah.
TT: Just give him some time. He'll probably come around.
TT: You would never even have woken up on Prospit if you weren't going to launch the session, right?
TT: I mean, there wouldn't even be a session for a Prospit to exist inside if you weren't about to instantiate it in the first place. Unless I'm just totally not getting how this works.
UU: no, i think yoU're probably right.
UU: while i await his response, perhaps i will take a nap, and see if the cloUds may offer any gUidance.
UU: thoUgh lately i have been seeing many more black cloUds cropping Up in skaia than UsUal. it is a most Unwelcome trend. u_u;
TT: You're lucky to have any clouds.
TT: Only thing I have to look up at is infinite monsters.
UU: good point! :U
UU: i am so pleased to be a prospit dreamer. i'm sUre my brother finds his netherworldly affiliation similarly pleasing.
TT: Speaking of which,
TT: I have a problem, and I could use your advice.
UU: is that so?
TT: I killed an agent who snuck into my room to assassinate me.
TT: I'm not sure what to do about it now. I guess I could just ditch the corpse.
TT: But it's still only a matter of time before my cover is blown.
UU: yes, that is a pickle.
TT: I honestly can't think of a way around this. Getting found out, I mean.
TT: Roxy has it easy. All floating off into space, completely oblivious to any danger.
TT: I don't know why it had to be this way for me. Juggling these two waking selves at once.
TT: I guess I'm used to it, but it still makes for a pretty intense existence.
TT: Do you even know what the deal with that is? Like is there any precedent in your readings?
UU: i don't know aboUt precedent, bUt it makes plenty of sense to me as the type of path one might expect for a hero of heart.
UU: a path rUled by the heart aspect can be a joUrney of splintered self.
UU: that is, the player's being may exhibit the same kind of fragmentation which certain classes coUld caUse in others.
UU: i think this is what has triggered yoUr dUal-awareness between waking and dream selves, thoUgh it woUld not sUrprise me if the symptoms manifested in even more ways than this.
TT: So, that's what a Prince of Heart does?
TT: Just has like, multiple waking consciousness disorder, or something?
TT: Sounds kind of stupid.
UU: no!
UU: like i said, these can be traits of sUch a hero, bUt is not necessarily always the case, nor is it the defining property of the aspect.
UU: to Understand the heart aspect better, yoU might Use it interchangeably with the word soUl.
UU: the hero Uses the methods endowed by class to inflUence in some way the soUl, or essence of being, of oneself or of others.

TT: Then I'm basically the Prince of Soul.
UU: yes.
TT: That sounds kind of maybe a little cooler. Sort of.
TT: Then what am I supposed to be able to do as a Prince? Like, rule over souls in a pompous, regal manner?
UU: no!
UU: again, sUrface meaning of classes and aspects can be deceptive.
UU: a prince is a destroyer class.
UU: it is very far on the active side of the scale. its more passive coUnterpart woUld be the bard class. both of these are exclUsively designated for male players.
UU: to Understand a hero's capabilities, it always helps to search for the right way to parse the class/aspect pair into a more explicit statement.
UU: for instance, being active, a prince coUld be viewed as "one who destroys x, or caUses destrUction throUgh x," if x is the aspect.
UU: while the more passive bard coUld be seen as "one who allows x to be destroyed, or invites destrUction throUgh x," as if by the will of the aspect.
TT: I'm obviously no expert, but that sounds like a pretty odd thing for a Bard to do.
UU: maybe! it's a qUirky class.
UU: somewhat like a wildcard role for a hero. very Unpredictable.
UU: they are typically known for their spontaneoUs and dramatic story-altering inflUence on the fate of a party.
UU: some of the more remarkable tales involve sUch parties, where the bard is single handedly responsible for their spectacUlar downfall or improbable victory. or both!
UU: in trUth, yoU are probably fortUnate yoUr groUp doesn't have one. :u
TT: I think we have enough unpredictability as it is.
TT: So if I'm following, my title nearly parses as,
TT: Destroyer of Souls.
UU: indeed.
TT: Well, that's a little more badass sounding I guess.
TT: But I'm not sure I'll ever feel a major need to destroy a soul, unless I become a cartoonishly villainous sorcerer some day.
UU: i woUldn't be hasty in rUling it oUt.
UU: that is, finding the need to Use the ability, not sUccUmbing to any sort of villainy. u~u
UU: we tend to have these roles for a reason, and that reason UsUally finds Us. especially if we are to achieve god tier ascension.
TT: Ok. Do I do that?
UU: no dirk!
UU: i mean, no, i will not tell yoU!!!
TT: Give me a fuckin' break.
TT: Why don't you just tell me? Who cares about spoilers. What's gonna happen is gonna happen.
UU: that very well may be, bUt it will dreadfUlly complicate both of oUr lives if what is to come resUlts from self-fUlfillment alone!
UU: a great deal of instrUctional material is very clear on this.
UU: besides, yoU make it soUnd as thoUgh i know everything, which i most certainly do NOT. upu
UU: (pardon the sideways tongUe.)
TT: Wait. Don't you?

TT: I thought you did.
UU: i have read mUch aboUt yoUr story in texts and have pieced together the overarching, exceedingly complicated saga as best as i coUld. i have as mUch aUthority over these events as a historian, and am at the mercy of my soUrces.
UU: i also am able to access mUch of yoUr adventUre throUgh this terminal, bUt there is a limitation to this too, which i may as well admit now to get yoU off of my back!
TT: What?
UU: i can view all events involving yoU and yoUr coplayers on earth, for yoUr entire lives, Until yoU enter the game.
UU: i can also view some events after yoUr session begins, bUt not for very long, thanks to yoUr tipsy friend.
TT: Oh man. What the hell does she do?
UU: she blacks oUt yoUr entire session!
UU: i'm sUre this is not deliberate on her part, bUt thereafter i can see nothing at all.
TT: Huh.
UU: bUt i have never considered this to the detriment of either party. i still wish for Us to collaborate, and to help each other oUt.
UU: beyond a certain point, we simply mUst commUnicate in the dark.
TT: Ok.
UU: so there are many things aboUt yoUr fUtUre i do not know, at least not first hand.
UU: bUt as yoU have probably ventUred, i am qUite an enthUsiastic admirer of yoUr groUp of heroes and yoUr incredible story. ^u^
UU: thoUgh i can't see what happens mUch later, i can certainly specUlate. and i very often do. i gUess it woUld not hUrt to share some of my specUlation with yoU.
UU: in fact, now that i consider it, that coUld be the most fUn thing of all!
TT: Speculation?
UU: yes. theories! examining all the clUes and hazarding oUr gUesses.
UU: what does it all mean? everything aboUt yoUr vast epic points to a central mystery which i have not been able to solve yet.
UU: yoU might even call it the Ultimate riddle, if that were not already codified as "a thing" in scriptUre.
UU: i have so very many theories, i woUldn't even know where to begin.
TT: So...
TT: You're kind of obsessed with us then.
UU: i woUldn't go that far! oh my, i'm probably coming off as an absolUte nUtter now.
TT: No, not really. I just want to understand.
TT: So can I ask,
TT: Just to get a better sense of the nature of your "admiration,"
TT: When you engage in the aforementioned speculation, is it strictly on a factual basis?
UU: hm? :u
TT: Or do you start to...
TT: Fictionalize.
UU: UUUUUUm...
TT: What I'm asking is, have you ever written stories about us?
UU: .....
UU: yes. u_u

==>

**09/02/12**

Alert : 寄

pesterlogTT: Interesting.
TT: Would you ever be inclined to share?
UU: ohhhh, no no no no no no no.
UU: i woUld be far too embarrassed to do that.
TT: That's cool. I'm not trying to pass judgment here. Just curious.
TT: Do any of these stories about us by any chance involve...
TT: Romance?
UU: well...
UU: maybe jUst...
UU: Um.
UU: a wee bit. :u
TT: How wee?
UU: a smidgen or two.
TT: Which is it? One smidgen, or two smidgens?
UU: OK A WHOLE BLOODY LOT OF SMIDGENS. XU
UU: i'm sorry. unu
TT: Ok, I am seriously curious to read some.
TT: I won't show anyone, I promise.
UU: bUUUt...
UU: yoU woUldn't even Understand it!
UU: my species has a completely different Understanding of romance than yoU do.
UU: it woUld probably offend yoU deeply. it might even sicken yoU!
TT: But that only makes me want to check it out more.
TT: Really, there's no way it's going to sicken or offend me. Whatever it is, I've seen worse.
TT: I'm not judging you at all here. I'm genuinely curious about your work.
UU: no, i'm sorry love, i jUst CANNOT abide.
UU: if i let anyone read it, i woUld cUrl Up and die of shame. U_U
TT: K, no biggie.
TT: Is there any kind of work you will share with me?
UU: hmm.
UU: well, when i find myself immersed in specUlation...
UU: i do often enjoy drawing the things i imagine.
TT: Oh, really?
UU: yes. ^u^
TT: Any you'd be willing to spare a peek at?
UU: well...
UU: yes!
UU: yoU've talked me into it. this sUddenly soUnds fUn, and i have jUst the thing to show yoU.
TT: Awesome.
UU: yoU were asking aboUt whether yoU woUld ascend to godhood.
UU: and withoUt getting into whether yoU do or do not, i have specUlated on yoUr hypothetical appearance, since that oUtcome is jUst as cloaked to me as it is to yoU.

UU: given what is docUmented for the typical accoUtrements and cUt of the prince garb, and palette for the heart aspect, i think this is likely spot on!
UU: http://tinyurl.com/dirkisthisyoU
TT: Holy shit.
TT: Do I actually have to wear that?
UU: perhaps. it all depends Upon how mUch of yoUr inner greatness yoU wish to realize. u_u
TT: Ok, what is with the butterfly wings?
UU: we sproUt them Upon ascension! aren't they beaUtifUl?
TT: Uh.
UU: i have seen many depictions of sUch heroes with wings, Unless they happen to be hiding them beneath their clothes.
UU: i gUess i can't be absolUtely sUre, bUt i believe it's reasonably likely the Upgrade is Universal!
TT: I should sure as god damn Christ hope the fuck not.
TT: What about this knickerbocker bullshit?
TT: Is that legit?
UU: yUp!
UU: one hUndred percent princely canon.
TT: God dammit.
TT: I guess those asskicking gloves are pretty cool.
TT: I dunno. I can probably make it work.
TT: How much of this shit is compulsory by game law or whatever?
TT: Am I obligated to traipse around in fucking tights and puffy little asshole pants forever?
UU: no, silly.
UU: they are jUst clothes. yoU are free to swap parts if yoU like.
UU: or, if yoU wish to be free of it altogether, change back into yoUr plain clothes, and bob's yoUr Uncle. like it never even happened!
TT: Ok.
TT: Well, don't get me wrong, I think the drawing is great. I'm only taken aback on some finer points of fashion.
UU: ^u^!!!
TT: Also,
TT: Bob's my uncle?
UU: oh...
UU: no, love! it was a figUre of speech.
TT: Yeah, I know that.
UU: ah.
UU: did i Use it incorrectly?
TT: I don't think so.
TT: I mean, I guess not?
UU: say, what is an Uncle, by the by?
TT: It's sort of like this weird, superfluous dad.
UU: hmm.
TT: Like a strange man in your life that barely has anything to do with you, but is just there for some reason.
TT: They're practically always douche bags.

UU: i sUppose i'll jUst have to take yoUr word for it. :u
TT: Ok, but just one question.
TT: Not to do with the future or anything, just about you.
UU: yes?
TT: Are you British?
TT: Or pretending to be British, in a sort of ironic or stylized way?
UU: doing what now?
TT: I mean, I guess it doesn't make sense for an alien to be British.
TT: Or for an alien to be American, for that matter.
UU: hmm...
UU: no, i fancy neither of those things make mUch sense at all.
TT: Just the way you type is making it seem that way is all.
UU: oh!
UU: yes, that woUld be my qUirk.
TT: Quirk?
TT: So like,
TT: Deliberate affectation?
UU: no! a qUirk!!!
UU: qUirk dirk.
UU: heeheehee. ^u^
TT: You pretending to be British is a quirk.
TT: What the fuck is a quirk?
UU: we all need a qUirk!
UU: it adds spice to oUr voices and helps Us stand oUt as individUals.
TT: That's stupid.
TT: I don't have a fucking quirk, and I don't want one.
UU: oh, well of coUrse YOU woUldn't.
UU: yoU're hUman.
UU: hUmans are notorioUsly strange. :U

==>

**10/02/12**

Alert :

pesterlogUU: i think their romantic practices are particUlarly esoteric.
UU: actUally, i have written hUndreds of pages examining the striking differences between hUman and troll romance, as well as reprodUctive habits, as the comparison makes for a marveloUs case stUdy in xenobiocUltUral differences.
UU: as long as i am sharing specUlation with yoU, perhaps yoU woUld like to read my essays?
UU: i coUld even paste each page right here in sUccession, and allow yoU to read them back to back to back to back to back to back! ^u^
TT: Oh hell no.
UU: ah.
UU: yes, yoU're right of coUrse. i'm probably getting carried away as UsUal.
UU: forgive my enthUsiasm, it's jUst that i so rarely have anyone to talk to who shares my passion for these matters.

UU: certainly not my cUrmUdgeonly coplayer. >:U
TT: I mean, not that all that stuff wouldn't be fascinating to pore through, on some level.
TT: But we kind of have things to do here.
TT: Remember you were gonna take a nap?
UU: by jove, the nap!!!
UU: yes, i really mUst secUre a bit of shUteye.
TT: By jove?
TT: Oh my lord.
UU: yoUr lord?
UU: what...
UU: do yoU mean by that exactly? :u
TT: Nothin'.
TT: Hang on, though. Before you go,
TT: You never did give me any actual advice on my situation.
TT: With the dead agent, and my blown cover.
UU: oh, right!
UU: i woUld look at it this way.
UU: yoU are moments away from beginning yoUr session, yes?
TT: Sure.
UU: and yoU have already spent a long time gathering intelligence Unbeknownst to the aUthorities.
UU: how mUch more do yoU expect to accUmUlate even if yoU coUld stay Undetected?
UU: and how mUch strategic advantage is left to gain by delaying yoUr discovery for mUch longer?
TT: I don't know.
UU: i say the time to make a stand is now!
UU: to hell with the dersite tossers.
UU: make yoUr presence known. let them see that the prince is awake, and make it abUndantly clear what that means.
UU: perhaps it is their tUrn to be nervoUs? to cower in the shadows and live in Uncertainty?
TT: Hmm.
UU: that is my advice. do with it as yoU will.
UU: now i'm off to get some rest. u_u
UU: with any lUck, the next time we convene, both of oUr adventUres will be well Under way.
UU: cheerio!
TT: You know, I'm not sure anyone ever actually says cheerio.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering timaeusTestified [TT]
TT: Unless they're pretending to be British.
TT: Oh whatever.

## Dirk: Go through bedroom door.

**10/02/12**

| SN |
|---|

You never leave your room through the actual egress. Your bro blocked the door ages ago with this totally pimp stone bust. You give CAPTAIN SNOOP a little nod of approval every time you walk by to go to the bathroom. You like to think he nods back in a way that is so smooth and so subtle, he

literally doesn't move at all.

The thing is too heavy to move out of the way, and in any case you don't really want to. You just use a different exit to your room.

## Dirk: Exit.

**10/02/12**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

## Ok, I already picked both of those characters.

**10/02/12**

```
The Fatherly Guide
SHAVING ALMANAC
```

After an insane, full blown whirlwind of free will up in here, you are ready to get off this rollercoaster ride of absolute empowerment. You are feeling downright dizzy from the absurd amounts of decisive autovolition heaped upon you, and you are more than ready to proceed linearly for a while.

You are now Jane. A robot shaped like a bunny has just handed you the reins to a computer shaped like a man. What will you do?

## Jane: Pester shades.

**14/02/12**

```
Alert : AR
Alert : Roxy
```

pesterlogTT: Are you ready to do this thing?
GG: Yes!
TT: Ok. Looks like all that's left to do is deploy this pre-punched card, then I guess it's all up to you.
GG: Oh, wait.
GG: It's Roxy again.
TT: Is it?
TT: How totally unanticipated by anybody.
GG: Can you hold on? I'll try to make it quick.
TT: Go.
TT: I will be here.
TT: Quietly calculating.

## Jane: Answer Roxy.

**14/02/12**

```
♥

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

TG: ALART ALART ARLART AL*ERT AL*ART!!!!!
```

pesterlogtipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

TG: ALART ALART ARLART AL*ERT AL*ART!!!!!

TG: hugely important cornespondence
TG: paging doctor crocker
TG: rolal to docrock
GG: :?
TG: heh heh
TG: paging
TG: bet you would like to get PAGED huh jane
TG: *sweet innuendo
GG: I'm not sure that qualifies as innuendo at all.
TG: wonkwonkwonkwonkwonk
GG: I honestly think you misspell things intentionally more often than not, regardless of blood alcohol content.
GG: You just typed wonk five times in a row!
TG: i have only junst begun to wonk
GG: What is this urgent thing about, anyway?
GG: Is it about your boobytrap?
GG: Because you're too late. It already blew up my whole bedroom, thank you very much.
TG: no no
TG: i mean i still feel shitty about that but its not abiout that
TG: i know you already ran it i been talking to the shades
GG: Yes, me too. Right now in fact, and I'm in a bit of a hurry!
GG: What is this about? What are you even doing?
TG: im in the lab doing a thing with my cat
TG: but that doesnt matter i was doing some thingkin and was still feeling guilty about fuckin up ur computer and all of the sudden im in bff~ath mode here
TG: so i gotta tell you something u need to know before its too late
GG: Before what's too late?
TG: you and jake hookin up stupid!
GG: Oh my god.
TG: this is about turnin all your steamydreamz in to STEAMAY REALTITIES
TG: ***realities lolo
GG: This isn't happening now...
TG: whereins jc + je kiss & hug loads and start turnin out big heaps of wrigglers the old fashioned way<3<3,3,3<338O!!!!
TG: i cant decide whether this mental image porcolating here is hot as shit or cute as fuck.....
GG: No! Cease your lascivious porcolating at once!
GG: Roxy, I can see you're set on just wasting more of my time.
GG: I understand if you don't wish to play this game, but please try not to interfere with those of us who do!
TG: no no im fine with playing just shut up
TG: this is serious you need to tell him how u feel VERY SOON
TG: or you might miss your chance
GG: My chance?
GG: What are you talking about?
TG: i found out today taht dirks gonna make a move
GG: A move? You mean, a romantic one?

TG: yes
GG: On you?
TG: omfffgggggg
TG: JANE GET A CLUE
GG: Um.
GG: On me?
TG: no
TG: no my dear sweet janey not on you
TG: ON JAKE!!!
GG: Oh.
GG: Ohhh.
GG: I didn't think...
GG: That...
GG: Hrm.
GG: Are you sure?
TG: p sure ask glasses if u want
GG: Well then.
GG: This is quite a development.
GG: Poor Dirk!
TG: what do you mean
GG: Well, surely when he reveals his feelings, Jake will...
TG: ??
GG: I mean...
GG: He couldn't possibly...
TG: wut
TG: repriprocate?
GG: Yes?
TG: why not
GG: Because Jake is not a homosexual!
TG: mm hm
TG: are u suuuuuure???
GG: Are you saying he is?
TG: nope
GG: Then what are you saying?
TG: im saying that
TG: i dont fuckin know
GG: But...
GG: I thought it reasonable to presume he takes a shining to ladies.
GG: He does speak fondly of certain females from his favorite films, does he not?
TG: true that
TG: but
TG: how much does that really mean here jane
TG: can you be totes sure on account a some dorky moive crushes
GG: Well, now I just don't know. You have me completely bamboozled about this.
GG: What do you think?
TG: all im saying is

TG: my gaydar is like the exanct fuckin poposite of urs
TG: which is to say it is better than completety nonexistant
TG: mine is so sensitive it has been used to sweep the ocean floor for mythical sea monsters
TG: turns out
TG: all of those monsters are SO gay
TG: truth B)
GG: Okay. Then what does your acute seabeast scanner make of Jake, then?
TG: thats what im sayin
TG: i really have no idea
TG: kid is a goggamn egnigma
TG: hes as hard 2 read as fine print
TG: and how i do mean FIIINE ;)
GG: Oh brother.
GG: Then, your guess is as good as mine?
GG: I'm not sure what I'm supposed to conclude from this.
TG: youre supposed to concluce
TG: that you SAID you were going to believe anything i said today remember??
GG: Yes.
GG: But you just said you don't know!!!
TG: exactly
TG: therefore you must believe me when i say
TG: if dirk lets on all his feelins there is at least a CHANCE jake will go like DERP OK DUDE LETS MAKE OUT
TG: and that means poor jane is screwed without ever even throwing her filthy old fedora in the ring
TG: it is a ring i lke ot call TEH ENGLISH SPEEPSTAKES
TG: and if u dont youll regret it
TG: and i mean
TG: OFFICIALLY?
TG: i cant have a horse in the race
TG: wait bad metaphor ebcause of dirk and his fucking horstes n/m
TG: like you are both my friends and im not out to mess him up or anything
TG: but i kinda owe it to you as my friend to let you know whats up
TG: and also to get you to stop being such a WORLD CHAMPIAN TIGHTASS
TG: and let jake know
GG: Oh, not this tightass baloney again.
TG: jane
GG: What?
TG: jaane..
GG: ...
TG: jc your are the tightassiest tightass who ever tightened up an ass
GG: No way!
GG: We settled this, remember?
GG: My prior resolution made it definitive; I was to be regarded as exceedingly permissive in certain respects!
TG: jane i am afraid

TG: that ur bottom
TG: is a stubborn clam
TG: guarding priceless treasure
TG: and a deadly secret
GG: So ridiculous. >:P
TG: im not saying be an idiot and start gushing at him incoherentry
TG: but do SOMETHING
TG: say how u feel
TG: or flirst a bit or ask him out on a date inside the fuckin game or such
TG: goddamn ANYTHING other that a bunch of bullshitty pining and tightassy NOTHING
TG: you have to do what i say u promised
GG: I promised to BELIEVE what you say, not DO it!
TG: those 2 things are
TG: prespicely the same shit
GG: If I agree to say something, will you stop tormenting me about it??
TG: yes
TG: but only
TG: because that will be impossible for me to do
TG: when u + him r snoggin hard in motherfuckin makeout paradise
TG: A K A SEX LAND
GG: Fine.
GG: But let the record show that this resolution has almost nothing whatsoever to do with your use of the phrase "SEX LAND."
GG: Just...
GG: I need to think of what to say, and wait for the right moment. Is that ok???
TG: sure
TG: just dont wait too long
TG: and dont underestimate striders wiles
TG: nor jakes...
TG: lets say
TG: open mindedness???????
GG: Well,
GG: He does often profess his love for adventure, I suppose.
TG: yuuup.....
GG: Omg.
GG: I really don't have a moment to spare, do I?
TG: ur finally gettin it
TG: now go
TG: and jane im warning u
TG: if you dont say somethin to him
TG: i am personally entering the game specivically to FUCK UR SHIT UP
TG: *LOLLIES OUTIE*
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

## [S] Prince of Heart: Rise up.

**16/02/12**

```
Derse


STRIFE!


catch catch catch

Bullets!


DERSITE: !


SMACK


PICK UP!



BONK BONK BONK



GRAB
take
STOMP


The Prince is awake.
Your shit is wrecked.
```

## Jake: Level up.

**18/02/12**

```
ECHELADDER

B$ 111,111


BEAU SKYLARK
HUNK RUMPUS BUSTER
FISTICUFFSAFICIONADO
PETER PANACHE
SHARKBAIT HEARTTHROB
CUPID'S CROSSHAIR CANDY
HOPE-A-DOPE BOXER
REVENGE OF BERNIE LOMAX
SCRUMRUNNER
ONE TOMB; MANY SUITORS
PUMPKINPATCH GUNSLINGER
GREEN-EYES-PEELED-FOR
BLUE-LOOKERS-NUDE.COM
CASTOR TROY'S APPRENTICE
SKULLSMUGGLER
2XGUN1EYEKIND
```

That absurd drubbing earned you another rung on your echeladder. One of the steeper prices you've had to pay for a bit of ladder climbing, but in the end you suppose it was all worth it to be able to bask in the glory and prestige of the PETER PANACHE rung. You guess? Who are you kidding, you don't have a clue what that even means.

## Jake: Pester Dirk.

**18/02/12**

```
Alert : Dirk
```

pesterloggolgothasTerror [GT] began pestering timaeusTestified [TT]

GT: Bro.

## ==>

**18/02/12**

pesterlogGT: Your contraption and its busy fists just royally kicked my ass.
GT: And that sure as god made little green apples isnt all there is to say on the matter!

## ==>

**18/02/12**

pesterlogGT: Are you listening my friend???
GT: Ill have you know my ass was straightup served ice cold.
GT: My savaged caboose has been catered to impeccably.
GT: Not unlike that of a gentleman stranded on an island inhabited by a race of indigenous butlers.
GT: I hope the far fetched scenario i have described has adequately communicated the severity of my robotic buttwhoopin!
GT: Does this mean i passed the test or whatever the fuck.
GT: Can your robot drop the bullshit and give me the uranium now or what?
GT: Dirk???
GT: Where the frig are you?
TT: I'm afraid Dirk can't hear you right now, Jake.
GT: Aw nuts.

## Jake: Black out.

**19/02/12**

```
JAKE:
```

==>
**19/02/12**
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<????????
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==>
**19/02/12**

## Jake: Pester Roxy.

**20/02/12**

```
Alert : Roxy
```

pesterloggolgothasTerror [GT] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]
GT: I still cant find dirk all i get is his jerkwad shades.
GT: Surprise sur freakin prise.
TG: jake enklish
TG: cant u see im fuck deep in all these stupid meowcats
GT: Oh.
GT: No?
GT: I cant see that actually.
TG: i m also
TG: fuck deep in busy
TG: what ist it
GT: Just seeing if you had heard from him yet.
GT: I would really like to speak with him today.
GT: You know like actually in person instead of through his aggravating liaison who is so far up his own ass with this hal 9000 schtick its ridonkulous.
GT: Is he avoiding me or something?
GT: I hope i didnt piss him off through some indiscernible slight. Gosh he can be sensitive.
TG: nah hes just
TG: biding his time i guess.....
GT: Huh.
GT: Well okey doke.
GT: Man i just had a crazy dream after getting coldcocked by his roughhouse droid.
TG: yeh theres been that goin around

GT: What?
TG: dreamin
TG: what was urs about
GT: Well i dont want to alarm you or anything...
GT: But it may just have featured none other than THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS????????
TG: WUT
GT: She had sharp funny horns and a nice blue dress and she may have been some sort of spidery vampire? I dunno. It was very brief but she waved to me.
TG: nonononoononno
TG: this wont do at all
GT: What wont?
TG: u slobberin over some alien dream girl
TG: fuck THAT im having enough a hard time keppin trach of the jakestakes as it is
GT: The jakestakes?
TG: the jakestakes
GT: Also who said she was an alien? I just thought she was some kind of pretty monster.
TG: listen bro i know u love adventures and dumb shit like that but you are forbidden from thinkin about her again
GT: Ok i mean this is a strange reaction roxy but ok.
GT: She was a figment of my imagination so what choice do i even have?
TG: exactically
TG: she was a fake girl so 4get it
TG: a fakey fakey fuke
TG: wait a minnit...
TG: has jane talked to u yet about anything?
GT: About anything? Yes i do imagine our last chat could fit that description.
TG: no
TG: i mean
TG: about anythin serious
TG: feelinswasy
TG: * wawys
TG: * waways
TG: * SHIT
TG: * about your emotions
GT: Not really.
TG: uuuuuugh
TG: i knew shed porcrastinate on this
GT: On what?
TG: can u just message her now
GT: Sure.
GT: But what are you talking about?
GT: Should i expect a serious exchange about feelings and whatnot?
TG: depenbs on the present magnitude of her tightassery
TG: someone needs 2 move you fuckers along an get some stuff out in the popen already
GT: Wait would this be about certain unrequited pinings you may have alluded to earlier?
TG: i didint say nothin and aint sayin anything to that effeft

GT: Indubitably. Miss zipper lips was it? Humorously misspelled of course.
TG: mmmmm!
TG: *zuip*
GT: I guess i cant help but wonder if that truly is the way she sees me or if it is just some wild ego stroking delusion on my part.
GT: I always get this sense that people sorta fancy me but who knows i could be just miles off the old rocker about that!
GT: Youre right i think its high time we cleared the air on some things even if there is a chance it gets all awkward and prickly.
GT: That is what being brave and adventurous is all about after all. It isnt just about summoning the courage to pilfer some priceless loot from trap laden catacomb. Or shooting at stuff with two guns at once.
GT: There are treacheries of the heart to consider!!!
TG: lol u f'n dork
TG: but yes do that
TG: shit i gotta go
TG: i think theres someone in here....
GT: Are you in danger?
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [GT]
GT: Hmm.

## Jake: Pester Jane.

**20/02/12**

```
Alert : Jane
```

pesterloggolgothasTerror [GT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
GT: Aloha madame.
GG: Jake!
GG: Hey there. I was actually about to message you.
GT: Yes i have heard that maybe your correspondence was forthcoming.
GG: You did?
GT: I just got off the horn with roxy.
GG: Wait...
GG: What did she tell you?
GT: Well. Not anything all that specific.
GG: Did she goad you into writing this message?
GT: Oh you know how it is. What with her ways.
GG: What ways?
GT: You know... ways!
GT: I believe they are not incongruous with those of a feisty and provocative young woman.
GG: Provocative my behind!
GG: She is skirting dangerously close to meddlesome territory.
GT: No its really not like that!
GT: Hold on...
GT: God dammit.
GG: ??

GT: Its just dirks inscrutable wrestlebot acting up over there.
GT: What the fuck is it doing now?
GG: Has one of his gadgets been causing trouble for you over there as well?
GT: If by causing trouble you mean clobbering the everfriggin tar out of me while still switched to the "novice" setting then yes.
GT: But that is not why i messaged you!!! I will not be deterred here jane.
GG: Deterred from what?
GT: Jane i think its time we had an honest to goodness dame to fella talk. Like about our...
GT: Stuff. You know?
GG: Our stuff?
GT: Our feelings.
GT: Like how we feel about each other.
GG: Um...
GG: Yes.
GG: Okay.
GT: I dont think im out of line in suggesting weve been tiptoeing around some things here do you?
GG: Have we?
GT: I think so. Its just a hunch.
GG: Is there something you want to say to me, Jake?
GG: About how you feel?
GT: Absolutely!
GT: I feel that total honesty between us will be the best policy as we begin our journey together.
GT: So i say lets put all the facts on the table where we can both see them.
GT: With that in mind i would like to ask you a question jane and i hope it doesnt strike you as being too forward.
GG: ...
GG: Go on.
GT: Maybe its just my imagination but ive picked up on certain lets say hints.
GT: So i have to just come out and ask. Hoo boy this is actually proving to be a serious challenge to my bravery now that im going through with it.
GT: Im getting a little hot under the collar here!
GG: No, it's ok...
GG: Please continue!
GT: Ok then.
GT: What id like to know is...
GT: Do you like me jane?
GG: Uh.
GG: Wait...
GG: What?
GT: I mean do you like me as more than a friend?
GT: Do you envision us as like...
GT: An item? A romantic pairing of sorts?
GG: Wow, um.
GT: Is that the direction in which you would prefer our relationship to progress?
GG: Well,
GG: I

GT: Please! Be honest with me jane.
GT: Just come out and say it. Do you fancy me?
GG: No!

==>

**20/02/12**

```
WHAT THE FUCK?

DUUU
```

GT: Things are kind of complicated for me jane. With you and roxy and dirk and his crazy responder and now...
GT: Well its a tangled web lets just put it that way.
GG: I don't think I'm following.
GT: There are a fuckload of irons in the fire jane!
GT: So many irons in the fire. Such a tangled web. It is a web full of flaming irons.
GG: And mixed metaphors, apparently?
GT: Exactly. See? You get it.
GG: I really don't, Jake.
GT: Oh son of a bitch!
GG: What?!
GT: The robot is being weird again.

==>
**21/02/12**
pesterlogGG: What's happening?
GT: Its having some sort of mental episode.
GT: See this is what im talking about jane. This is what im dealing with here.
GT: Sigh. Like i said my life is many different hells of complicated.
GG: Jake, could you just tell me what you're talking about?
GT: Youre right. I did say honesty was the best policy didnt i so i might as well not keep certain things so close to the vest anymore.
GT: Actually since youve made your feelings apparent and only see me as a friend that makes it a lot easier!
GG: Haha, yes!
GG: Friends!!!!
GT: Maybe you could help me sort out some stuff that has been weighing on me lately?
GG: Well what are friends for Jake!!!!!
GT: Jane are you alright?
GT: You seem to be exclaiming more liberally than usual.
GG: Me?
GG: HOO HOO HOO!
GG: I'm just
GG: Terrific!
GG: I'm feeling so...
GG: Friendly!!!
GG: I clearly just want to be a good friend and bring all my AMAZING FRIENDLINESS to bear on your problems.
GG: Friendlystyle! Ahahahah?
GG: Shit I mean
GG: Ahahahah!
GT: Thats aces. Jane youre a sweetheart.
GT: So as i was saying.
GT: I cant help but feel like all this stuff going on with dirk like his responders mind games and his brobots mysterious and brutal hazings...
GT: Are all like...

GT: Man i know this is going to sound crazy.
GG: What?
GT: Like theyre all part of a really long term and esoteric courtship process that is bizarre but somehow makes perfect sense in his mind.
GG: Courtship??
GT: Yes from dirk.
GT: To you know...
GT: Woo me.
GG: Huh!
GG: Really?
GT: I know its hard to believe but i know dirk pretty well and...
GT: Well im more than a little sure he likes me in that way if you catch my drift.
GT: And what with how he is...
GT: Just so relentless and aggressive about everything you know?
GG: Yeaaah.
GT: So i just start to wonder deep down if maybe its inevitable.
GG: What's inevitable?
GT: Him and me. As more than just best buddies.
GG: Uhhhhh...
GT: I know if he has his heart set on something he will never let up.
GT: So maybe its just going to happen and things will be easier that way and i should just try to come to terms with it?
GG: I don't think you have to do anything you don't want to, Jake.
GT: Yeah.
GT: Um.
GG: Wait.
GG: DO you not want to?
GT: Like i said jane i am inclined to entertain certain ideas and what ifs thats all.
GT: I mean we do get along really well and share a lot of interests.
GT: Im not saying im really GUNG HO TO THE MAX about the proposition but yeah ive given it some thought.
GT: I dunno.
GT: Do you think thats weird of me? For even considering it?
GG: Well...
GG: No.
GG: I don't think that makes you weird, Jake.
GT: Really?
GG: I think
GG: That
GT: What jane?
GG: I think that it's great if you are open to exploring those feelings.

==>

**21/02/12**

```
IDIOT.

derp dup duppity duh bluh durrr
```

pesterlogGT: Thats really swell of you to say that.
GT: Have i mentioned what a top notch friend you are jane?
GG: Yes.
GG: As a matter of fact you have.
GT: Now please dont take me as saying im about to go leaping into his arms or anything.
GG: Heh.
GT: That would be a bit brash.
GT: Haha could you imagine??
GG: Whee!
GT: But my thought process sort of went like this.
GT: Hes been my best friend forever and ive always liked him a lot as a bro.
GT: And years ago i used to joke around with him that we would probably be totally into each other if he was a girl.
GT: But of course that was before i started to realize he was probably serious about those feelings for me regardless.
GT: Heheh come to think of it maybe that was unwittingly poor form on my part kind of leading him on or something?
GG: Whoops!!
GT: But then...
GT: Later i started thinking.
GT: Maybe i was being kind of unfair to him in the first place?
GT: I mean by saying we would be a good match only if he was a girl.
GT: Like is that last condition there really all THAT important?
GT: Does that make sense?
GG: Hmmmm!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

==>
**21/02/12**
pesterlogGT: You are incredibly understanding jane. Thank you so much for listening.
GT: I have never told anyone all that. Its so great to have a friend as good as you.
GG: That is what I am good for, it seems!
GT: If we hadnt cleared the air just now i probably never would have had the gumption to talk about it with you.
GT: Its so cool how you were honest with me about how you felt. I think honesty is always the best policy. I cant believe how much i was overcomplicating all this in my head.
GT: Haha the situation is really pretty funny when you think about it.
GG: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
GG: Yeaaaaaaaah.....

==>
**21/02/12**
pesterlogGG: Say, Jake?
GG: Not to cast doubt on your feelings, but are you quite sure all of Dirk's actions have been for the sake of courtship?
GT: Um...
GG: You did say his robot was prone to assailing you, did you not?

GG: Is that really an affectionate gesture?
GT: Well...
GT: He basically sent me that thing as kind of a sparring partner.
GT: Like to wrestle with.
GT: And i love to wrestle!
GG: Oh.
GT: And yeah i guess he programmed it to be a bit overzealous but i mean what do you expect from the guy.
GT: I think its his way of training me to become tougher.
GT: Which sometimes is annoying and sometimes when i walk through the jungle im sweating bullets wondering if its going to pounce on me outta nowhere.
GT: But theres actually something kind of exciting about that its like every day is more of an adventure.
GT: And truthfully its probably working i probably AM getting better at being in scrums.
GG: Yeah.
GG: I guess you're right.
GT: And his responder which i guess is really a part of his personality even if he doesnt like to say so...
GT: It kind of lets on a lot more than dirk ever would. Its almost like its this weird clone of himself playing passive aggressive matchmaker between me and his real self.
GG: Yeah.
GG: I can see how such a complicated relationship could keep you preoccupied.
GG: I guess I can't blame you.
GG: Maybe you should just...
GG: I don't know.
GT: What?
GG: Maybe you should just go for it.
GG: Hell, why not.
GG: Just tell him you know how he feels and that you're open to the idea?

==>

**21/02/12**

```
fuh

Seriously what the FUCK was that?????

Are you SHITTING me with this??

STUPID. STUPID. STUPID.

euuueeeuuugh.

Oh my god please just kill me.

Hey Jane. STFU!

FUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCKFUCK
```

pesterlogGT: You really think so?
GG: ...

GG: Yeah sure why the hell not.
GT: Well i was kinda going to let it play out and just see what happens and go from there...
GT: But you think a more proactive approach would be better?
GG: Well,
GG: He likes you.
GG: You seem to like him well enough.
GG: Just...
GG: Yes.
GG: Why not??
GG: Sounds good to me!!!
GT: Wow.
GT: I must say this sort of advice surprises me coming from you!
GG: And why would that be?!
GG: What, are you expecting me to advocate a more conservative approach?
GG: To tell you to keep being shy and cagey and keep beating around the bush indefinitely??
GG: What would ever give you that idea about me!
GT: Hmm.
GT: Yes i guess that is a certainly a strategy to consider.
GT: Jane i must say your perspective on this is refreshingly bold.
GG: I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND THAT AS REFRESHING BOLDNESS GOES I AM SIMPLY THE BEST THERE IS.
GT: Hehehe! Sure looks that way!
GG: Screw it!
GG: Ask him out.
GG: Just kill the suspense already.
GG: Become boyfriends and such.
GG: Have some babies!!!
GT: Whoa now!
GT: Jane the decision to sire children with your best bro is not one to be taken lightly.
GG: Okay I think I have to go.
GG: I have this stupid game to play.
gutsyGumshoe [GG] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [GT]

==>

**22/02/12**

```
Alert : AR
```

pesterlogTT: Here.
GG: Get this shit out of my face.
TT: But you need it.
GG: Whatever.
TT: Is something wrong?
TT: What were you two talking about?
GG: I don't want to talk about it, and if I did, I sure wouldn't want to talk about it with you!
TT: Should I be offended, or apologetic right now?
TT: Help me out.

TT: You're talkin' to glasses here.
GG: I just want to go to sleep and not wake up forever.
TT: I think I'll just put this card over here on the desk.

==>
**22/02/12**
==>
**22/02/12**
Found her.
==>
**22/02/12**
You just *knew* you hadn't finished the job.

When it comes to children who ain't quite been offed yet, you've got sixth sense.

## Jack: Finish job.

**23/02/12**

```
Alert : ♦
```

Hang on. It's this guy. Gotta answer this. He better be bearing news of murdered youngsters.

## Jack: Answer Dignitary.

**23/02/12**

```
Alert : ♦
JANE: Z
```

He says the deceased child count is still sitting at zero over here. You say WHAT? He says that's not all. You wait for him to spill the beans.

He says one of the brats staged a little rebellion on the moon. Stuck the Brute's head on a pike for all to see. Real black eye for the kingdom and the Condesce. Press is going nuts with it. Wait. The Brute's dead, you say? He says yes. Dammit. He was one of your best agents. You never really cared for the guy but you admired his brutality. We all did sir, he says. This is getting personal you say. What's the status on these little shits. Where are they now?

He says the Prince flew the coop. And the girl's gone... You say gone what. Rogue? After a little while he says AWOL. The guy doesn't really take a shining to puns and you can't say you blame him. You say you're just going to finish your business here and take the next shuttle to Derse, over and out.

==>
**23/02/12**
==>
**23/02/12**

```
JACK: Z
JANE: Z
```

## Roxy: Emerge from fuck deep in meowcats.

**24/02/12**

Why did you have to clone so many cats? Why did they all have to breed so much?

*Why do they all have to be so friendly???*

## Roxy: Proceed to transmaterializer.

**24/02/12**

You trudge through the fluffy morass in the direction of the mysterious device known as the TRANSMATERIALIZER.

Need to send this dead cat back to mom and get this show on the road.

==>

**24/02/12**

```
clank noises
```

More noises echoing in the distance. Some of the meowcats get nervous and poof up their tails.

It's pretty clear you aren't alone in here. Better make this quick.

==>

**25/02/12**

You never understood what the point of this thing was. It's old and damaged. Whatever is supposed to show up on the screens is blacked out, either due to the damage, or due to this voidey blackout bullshit that seems to follow you wherever you go.

==>

**25/02/12**

Here's the lab's funky appearifier which you used to clone all these cats. You use your other appearifier to make paradox slime from cats, gather and mix the slime in this machine, and crank out the mutant kitties. You can't use the cloning device's native appearifier to make cats, because the target is locked on to your mom. Most of the time the screen is blacked out, so you haven't been able to investigate her past carefully, much to your regret. Or her tragic death, for that matter. Right now the target is locked on to a time from her childhood.

It's a good thing you stopped by. It's reminding you to collect a DNA sample for later, so you can jumpstart this tri generational lolonde family reonion that's apparently supposed to happen.

## Roxy: Appearify.

**25/02/12**

==>

**25/02/12**

Looks like, as expected, trying to appearify your mother as a kid from the past would have created a paradox, so her paradox slime is the result. But QUITE unexpectedly, bringing her scarf along for the ride seems to have created no conflict, and you swiped it right off her neck! Young mom probably has no idea what the hell just happened to her scarf. This is so exciting!

You are SO gonna wear that thing, you don't care HOW mom-gooey it is.

## Roxy: Collect sample.

**25/02/12**

You stow the kidmomgoo in one of your captchalogue bottles.

Wait...

That was kind of a weird implementation of your modus. You're not even sure what happened there. Oh well, whatever. You guess you can go just... sort of...

Pick it up?

## Roxy: Go just sort of pick it up.

**25/02/12**

You go just sort of pick it up and that works fine. Now about that totes baller scarf.

## Roxy: Wear the scarf. Be the Rider.

**25/02/12**

You can't be the rider because in this universe the pony is too small for some reason. Not that being the rider ever really made much sense in the first place. Anyway, the scarf looks great, and you made a great decision.

## Roxy: Get to that transmaterializer.

**25/02/12**

```
B1 B2
```

This is probably the most perplexing device in the lab to you. It seems to be a sort of appearifier/sendificator hybrid. But it uses a massive amount of power, far more than the simpler appearifier uses. Sending Frigglish home should nearly deplete its entire fuel gauge. You have no idea what could possibly account for the extra power consumption. There are many other puzzling things about it. You don't know what the deal is with that frog up there. Or the strange cracked disc symbol, or the arrow which is locked firmly on the B1 side. It's all completely meaningless to you. The only things that make sense are the fuel gauge, the two big buttons, and the coordinate panels indicating where and when to target.

But it looks like the panels have been damaged somehow since the last time you looked at it. If you changed them, there'd be no telling what you would change them to, so you might as well not bother and leave them on their previous setting. Which was pretty much your plan anyway.

## Roxy: Deploy Frigglish.

**25/02/12**

You bust open a bottle of dead cat on the pad and get a little teary eyed as you say one last goodbye.

Oh, hello, GCat. Come to pay your respects, huh?

## ==>

**25/02/12**

The GCat unceremoniously washes a paw with his omnipotent green tongue. Nothing to say there buddy? No remorse at all?

This is all his fault of course. Even though he probably didn't mean to get him killed. At least you *think* he didn't.

D'aw who are you kidding. You can't stay mad at cats.

==>

**25/02/12**

Others gather around to bid farewell to their common ancestor. This is probably the closest he will ever come to receiving a proper funeral.

## Roxy: Send him home.

**25/02/12**

A mutant kitten does the honors, intentionally or otherwise. Bon voyage, friend.

## [S] Frigglish: Fast forward to Jaspersprite.

**26/02/12**

And that was pretty much how all that happened.

## Jaspersprite: Say hi to everybody!

**26/02/12**

What do you think this is, Act 6 Intermission 2??

That'll be happening pretty soon, don't worry. Let's all try to settle down here.

==>

**26/02/12**

That's that, you guess. Hey...

Where did all the cats go? GCat, did you do something pointlessly mischievous again??

Wait, there are a few hiding behind the equipment there. Looks like something has scared them all off...

==>

**26/02/12**

```
more clank noises
```

More clank noises behind you. You pretend not to notice...

And slowly...

Calmly...

Reach for your...

## Roxy: Turn around.

**26/02/12**

FREEZE MOTHERFUTHER!

* MOCKERFUCKER!

* SHIT!!!

==>

**26/02/12**

Sure are a lot of them today. They must be getting more desperate.

## Roxy: Fire!!!!!

**26/02/12**

You can't do it. They may be dangerous, but you know they're only looking for food.

You have this awful feeling these guys sneak in here now and then to hunt for cats. Best not to think about it, really.

Gotta figure out some other way to get out of this jam!

## Roxy: Solicit GCat for assistance.

**27/02/12**

```
STRETCH
```

Maybe he's in one of his arbitrarily helpful moods?

What do you say there, friend? Little help?

## ==>

**27/02/12**

God dammit, GCat.

## ==>

**27/02/12**

## Roxy: Run!!!!!

**27/02/12**

You hoof it back to the window on the double. The famished ruffians are in hot pursuit!

## Roxy: Jump in.

**27/02/12**

## ==>

**27/02/12**

## ==>

**27/02/12**

## ==>

**27/02/12**

```
DIRK: !
```

## ==>

**27/02/12**

## ==>

**27/02/12**

What the shit?

==>
**28/02/12**
==>
**28/02/12**
==>
**28/02/12**
==>
**28/02/12**
==>
**28/02/12**
==>
**28/02/12**
==>
**29/02/12**

```
ROXY: ?
```

==>
**29/02/12**
==>
**29/02/12**
==>
**29/02/12**
*COUNT SOM-E WOOLB-EASTS BITC)(*

## Dirk: Examine fenestrated plane.

**01/03/12**

This thing just appeared out of thin air. Did someone sendificate it to you? Or is it that damn cat again, up to his tricks?

It looks like it's one of Roxy's. Maybe she knows what's up. You should probably ask her.

## Dirk: Ask Roxy.

**01/03/12**

```
Alert : Roxy
Alert : Ũ
```

She doesn't respond. Must be busy with something. Probably just goofing off and drinking up a storm as usual.

Looks like it'll have to wait anyway. Someone's messaging you.

## Dirk: Answer.

**01/03/12**

```
Alert : Ũ
```

pesterlogundyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering timaeusTestified [TT]

uu: HELLO DIRK.

uu: I WANT TO PLAY A GAME.
TT: Oh mother fuck.
uu: WHAT DO YOu SAY??
uu: tumut

==>

**01/03/12**

```
Alert : Ũ
```

pesterlogTT: What game?
uu: YOu KNOW WHAT GAME.
uu: THE ONE WHERE I SAY. I'M GOING TO KILL ALL OF YOu SOME DAY.
uu: AND THERE'S NOTHING YOu CAN DO ABOuT IT?
uu: JuST SOME MORE MENACING SHIT LIKE THAT.
uu: ALL JuST BuNDLED uP IN THE PRETENSE OF A LOT OF uSELESS FuCKING PuZZLES.
TT: Oh, right.
TT: That game.
TT: And here I thought you were going to ask me to draw you more weird porn for some reason.
uu: WELL. THE NIGHT IS STILL YOuNG. SO WHO KNOWS?
uu: BuT NAH. I WAS JuST DROPPING BY AGAIN TO SAY HOW I'M GONNA KILL YOu. THAT'S ALL.
uu: AND THIS IS JuST ASSuMING YOu DON'T ALL DIE BEFORE I GET THE CHANCE TO PuZZLEMuRDER YOu. ON ACCOuNT OF YOu BEING A BuNCH OF HIDEOuS FuCKuPS.
uu: I MEAN LOOK AT THIS.
uu: YOu ALREADY BLEW IT.
TT: Blew what?
uu: ON DERSE.
uu: YOu uPSET THE ORDER. DIDN'T YOu.
uu: YOu WENT AND PISSED OFF THE WITCH?
uu: NOW THEY'RE GOING TO HuNT YOu DOWN DuDE!
uu: THEY'RE PROBABLY ON THEIR WAY. TO KILL YOu RIGHT NOW.
TT: I'm pretty well hidden on Derse. I doubt they'll find me until I'm ready to be found again.
uu: NO. NOT ON DERSE. ON YOuR PLANET. EARTH??
uu: YOu'RE PRETTY FuCKING EASY TO FIND THERE. DON'T YOu THINK?
uu: OH YES. YOuR AGGRESSORS ARE COMING FOR YOu. I HAVE SEEN IT.
uu: IN FACT. THEY ARE PROBABLY ALREADY HERE.
TT: Yeah.
TT: Well, I was expecting as much.
TT: It's kind of why I was on my way to the roof just now.
TT: Until I was interrupted by this window appearing, and then by you.
TT: Maybe I should try plugging it in?
uu: OH MY GOD. WHO CARES?
uu: IT'S JuST SOME MORE POINTLESS TRASH FOR YOu TO OBSESS OVER, AND DISTRACT YOu FROM GETTING ANY ACTuAL RELEVANT SHIT DONE.
uu: THE AMOuNT TIME YOu PEOPLE WASTE. IT IS FuCKING uNBELIEVABLE TO ME.
uu: I READ ABOuT SOME OF THE THINGS YOu AND YOuR PREDECESSORS HAVE DONE.

FAR MORE THAN I CARED TO. TRuST ME.
uu: AND EVERY TIME. I'M ALWAYS JuST...
uu: **GET THE FuCK ON WITH IT ALREADY.**
TT: I didn't think you were much of a historian.
uu: I'M NOT.
uu: SHE SENDS ME SO MuCH BuLLSHIT ABOuT THIS. YOu DON'T EVEN KNOW.
uu: SHE WANTS TO HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY. LIKE EXCHANGE THEORIES AND SHIT. AND I HAVE TO JuST BE LIKE *BITCH I DON'T GOD DAMN CARE!!!*
uu: EVERY TIME.
uu: BuT IT DOESN'T MATTER. WHAT'S THE NEXT THING I INVARIABLY FIND ON MY TERMINAL?
uu: ANOTHER GOD DAMN WALL OF TEXT.
uu: ALL COLOR CODED AND FORMATTED FOR ME TO READ. AND EVERYTHING.
uu: JuST WALLS AND WALLS. OF CANDY ASSED TOOTY FRuITY FuCKING SHIT. LOADS. OF. TEXT.
uu: OF PEOPLE BABBLING MOSTLY.
uu: WE ARE TALKING ABOuT MIGRAINE INDuCING DIARRHETIC VERTICAL SuICIDE DROPS OF uGLY FuCKING WORDS.
uu: IMPENETRABLY ASININE RAINBOW FREEFALLS OF FRIVOLOuS BANTER. GOT IT?
uu: SO I SAY. WHAT IS THIS? I TOLD YOu IF YOu SENT ME ANY MORE FAN FICTION I WOuLD FLY TO PROSPIT AND MuRDER YOu IN YOuR SLEEP. WHICH I STILL MIGHT DO *REGARDLESS*. BuT ANYWAY.
uu: SHE SAYS THESE ARE ACTuAL ANCIENT TRANSCRIPTS!
uu: I'M LIKE. WELL FuCK.
uu: HOW CAN THESE PEOPLE TALK SO MuCH.
uu: I FEEL LIKE I'M PICKING uP SOME BAD HABITS FROM YOu WINDBAGGING PISSFACES.
uu: LOOK AT THIS. I WASN'T EVEN GONNA GO OFF LIKE THIS.
uu: THIS WAS SuPPOSED TO BE JuST. AN IN AND OuT FuCK YOu.
uu: I'M SO DONE HERE.
uu: ANYWAY. LATER. YOu HORSEPORKING TWIT.
TT: Wait.
TT: Just one thing before you go.
TT: Your sister was saying you were having some doubts about playing.
TT: Is that true?

==>

**02/03/12**

```
Alert : Ũ

[NEW FOLDER] x 3

[AR]

[PESTERCHUM]

[YALDABAOTH]
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pesterloguu: SHE'S NOT MY SISTER.
uu: WE DON'T GOT SISTERS. IT'S NOT A THING. DON'T DRAG uS THROuGH YOuR NASTY HuMAN FAMILIAL MuD.
uu: OF COuRSE I'M GOING TO PLAY. I WAS JuST SAYING I WOuLDN'T. YOu KNOW. TO FuCK WITH HER AND MAKE HER CRY.
uu: LIKE I HAVE A CHOICE. BuT TO PLAY.
uu: HOW ELSE AM I GOING TO GET OFF THIS DESOLATE ROCK?
uu: YOu THINK I WANT TO STAY HERE? JuST HANG AROuND. TIL I JOIN THE HuNDRED BILLION CORPSES FERTILIZING THE SOIL?
TT: I see.
TT: No, didn't think so. I was just curious.
uu: HuMAN CuRIOSITY IS CONTEMPTIBLE. SHE SHARES THAT WITH YOu. AND I CAN'T FuCKING STAND IT.
TT: Gotcha.
TT: You sure seem to hate us, but I notice it doesn't stop you from talking to us frequently. Or at least to me.
TT: Surely there must be at least one of our virtues you admire.
uu: YES. AMBITION. THAT'S THE ONLY GOOD ONE.
uu: AND I THINK YOu GOT THAT. WHICH IS MAYBE WHY. YOu'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN PuT uP WITH FOR ANY DuRATION?
uu: LET'S CALL IT A GRuDGING RESPECT. WHICH IS THE ONLY KIND THAT'S EVEN WORTH A FuCK.
TT: I'll take that as a rare overture of friendship.
uu: NO. DON'T.
TT: So, do you even know how this is going to work?
uu: WHAT.
TT: Your session. Can you even really have a session with only two players?
uu: SHE SAYS YOu CAN. AND SHE LIKES TO THINK SHE'S THE EXPERT.
uu: PERSONALLY? I DON'T CARE.
uu: MAYBE IT'S AGAINST THE RuLES. WHAT WE'RE DOING.
uu: I JuST WANT TO GET IN THERE. AND JuST.
uu: FuCK.
uu: SHIT.
uu: uP.
TT: Yeah.
TT: I sensed that was your plan.
TT: Which is kind of what I'm talking about. How can you win like that?
TT: I thought the point was to cooperate with your coplayers to achieve an objective.
TT: Not compete with them or try to kill them. I don't think we've had one conversation where you didn't express the desire to kill her.
uu: I GuESS WE'LL JuST HAVE TO SEE. WON'T WE?
uu: I THINK THIS IS PROBABLY A DIFFERENT KIND OF SESSION.
uu: ONE WHERE THE PLAYERS FIGHT FOR SuPREMACY. RATHER THAN WORK TOGETHER.
uu: I THINK THAT IT MuST BE THAT WAY.
uu: BECAuSE THAT IS HOW I WANT IT TO BE.

uu: AND IF I WANT SOMETHING TO BE TRuE HARD ENOuGH. THEN THAT MAKES IT SLIGHTLY MORE ABSOLuTELY IRREFuTABLE.
uu: ARE YOu FEELING ME, FuCKER?
TT: Maybe you're right.
TT: But since that's how you feel now, maybe the truth is that the game is challenging you to overcome those feelings?
TT: What if your real quest is to put aside your differences and work together, if you want to both survive, and grow as a person?
uu: NO.
uu: NO. NO. NO.
uu: FuCK THAT SHIT.
uu: HuMAN FuCK THAT SHIT. NOT EVEN ALIEN FuCK THAT SHIT. SO YOu CAN uNDERSTAND BETTER. THE KIND OF FuCKING OF THE SHIT THAT'S GOING ON.
uu: HuMAN FuCK IT SO MuCH. SO HARD, AND SO ANGRILY.
TT: Yeah, I didn't think you'd dig that idea.
TT: Just puttin' it out there.
uu: HOW ABOuT YOu SHuT uP? AND GET ON THE ROOF. AND TAKE YOuR FuCKING PuNISHMENT.
uu: NOW WHERE THE HELL IS YOuR GHASTLY JuJu.
uu: GO GET IT. AND HuRRY uP.
TT: My juju?

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**02/03/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterloguu: THE LOATHSOME FALSE PERSON. WITH THE FLOPPY LIMBS. IN DERSITE ATTIRE. YOu LIKE TO NAP WITH.
TT: Oh, Lil Cal? No, man.
TT: Lil Cal is the shit.
uu: THAT THING IS NOT THE SHIT.
uu: IT IS AN uNCANNY GRINNING MOCKERY. A BAD OMEN. YOu SHOuLD CHOP IT uP AND BuRN IT.
TT: No way, dude. He's my best friend.
uu: HOW FuCKING SAD IS THAT??
uu: I'M JuST TRYING. FOR ONCE. AND THE ONLY TIME EVER. TO BE HELPFuL.
uu: THOSE THINGS.
uu: YOu DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY ARE.
TT: A kickass ventriloquist doll?
TT: I've been given reason to believe it once belonged to my bro.
uu: I DON'T GIVE A SHIT. WHAT YOu BELIEVE.
uu: THERE'S ONLY ONE REASON FOR THOSE TO EXIST.
uu: IT IS TO TuRN THE LIFE OF EVERYONE WHO OCCuPIES THE SAME uNIVERSE WITH IT.
uu: INTO A NIGHTMARE.
TT: Is that one of your alien folk stories?

uu: YES.
uu: BuT IT ALSO.
uu: IS TRuE.
uu: GET RID OF IT.
TT: You could argue that my life is already kind of a nightmare, so there's no point in getting rid of him now.
TT: Either way, I'm gonna hang on to him.
uu: YOu STuBBORN FuCK.
uu: FINE.
uu: MAYBE IT DOESN'T MATTER.
uu: MAYBE YOuRS IS uNTAINTED? I DON'T KNOW.
uu: COuLD BE. ITS EYES LOOK...
uu: DEAD TO ME?
uu: MAYBE YOu LuCKED THE FuCK OuT. WITH YOuR PARTICuLAR JuJu.
TT: I honestly had no idea you were this superstitious.
TT: You're a pretty fascinating guy, in a way. I can't really figure you out.
TT: In case you're wondering why I put up with you more than my friends do.
uu: I WASN'T.
uu: NOW ARE YOu GOING TO GO GET IT.
uu: OR WHAT.
TT: Why do you want me to get Cal so bad?
uu: I DON'T!
uu: JuST THAT. I SAW YOu. SLIGHTLY AHEAD OF NOW.
uu: CLIMBING TO THE ROOF WITH THAT THING.
uu: SO APPARENTLY. IT'S REQuISITE FOR GETTING THE FuCK ON WITH STuFF??
uu: DuMBASS.
TT: Ok. So, some self-fulfilling shit, then. I was hoping for a better reason.
uu: WHATEVER. DON'T TAKE IT.
uu: MAKE A PARADOX HAPPEN. WORKS FOR FuCKING ME.
TT: At this point I'm leaning toward grabbing him just cause he seems to bother you so much.
uu: WELL. I'VE HEARD OF WORSE REASONS FOR ACTING LIKE A STuPID PIECE OF SHIT.

## Dirk: Retrieve juju.

**02/03/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterlogTT: This is probably a dumb question, but you don't really care about "causal spoilers," do you?
uu: YES. THAT'S uNBELIEVABLY DuMB TO ASK.
TT: Like, you don't mind telling me I'm about to pick up Cal, and thus causing that to happen.
TT: So I guess you similarly wouldn't mind telling us about more significant outcomes?
uu: IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T MIND. IT'S THAT I FAIL SPECTACuLARLY TO GIVE A SHIT.
uu: THERE IS SuCH A BIG DIFFERENCE.
uu: AND THE FACT THAT I MIGHT NOT CLuE YOu INTO YOuR FATE ALL THE TIME.
uu: DuE TO MY AGGRAVATED APATHY OVER THE MATTER.

uu: IS AN IMMuTABLE FACT. I AM STATING FOR THE RECORD.
uu: IT DOES NOT MEAN THAT GIVING A SHIT IS WHAT IS TAKING PLACE HERE.
TT: I feel like you've said something like that before.
TT: Different statements, but in that exact syntax.
uu: OH. YOu KNOW WHAT ELSE I HATE?
uu: WHEN THAT FuCKING HAPPENS.
TT: Wait. You mean it wasn't intentional?
TT: I thought it was kind of like... this thing you were doing.
uu: SHuT uP.
uu: YOu KNOW WHAT?
uu: I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN. AND I DON'T CARE.
uu: I THINK IT'S REGRETTABLY LIKELY. THAT YOu SuCCEED.
uu: I THINK THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE TEND TO DO. WHEN THEY ARE REGARDED AS LEGENDS BY OBSESSIVE ASSHOLES.
uu: SO MAYBE YOu ALL DIE. OR MAYBE YOu DON'T.
uu: BuT IF YOu DON'T. I'LL TAKE SOLACE IN THE FACT.
uu: THAT IT MEANS I STILL GET THE CHANCE TO KILL YOu.
uu: HOW ABOuT THAT? FOR CAuSAL SPOILERS?
TT: Fair enough.
TT: Hey, you know...
TT: For someone who has such strong opinions about long winded people,
TT: You've kinda been talking my ear off. I do actually have shit to do.
uu: uGH.
uu: YEAH.
uu: SEE HOW YOu PEOPLE SuCK ME INTO YOuR BuLLSHIT?
uu: I SHOuLD HAVE KEPT IT BRIEF. AND SuRLY. LIKE I WAS GOING TO.
uu: LIKE JuST SAID.
uu: "HELLO DIRK."
uu: "I WANT TO PLAY A GAME."
uu: AND THEN LIKE.
uu: "BRO."
uu: "ROOF. NOW."
uu: "BRING JuJu."
uu: AND THAT'S IT.
uu: YEAH. THAT WOuLD HAVE BEEN GOOD.
uu: COLD FuCKING BLOODED. TO THE POINT. DAMMIT.
TT: That actually sounds familiar too.
TT: Are you sure you haven't said something like that before?
uu: HAVE I?
uu: FuCK. I DON'T KNOW. WHATEVER.
TT: Anyway, let's wrap this up.
TT: You've stolen enough of my time. I didn't even get a chance to try plugging in that window.
uu: I DID YOu A FAVOR. ANOTHER POINTLESS ACTION STRICKEN FROM THE TIMELINE.
TT: Hang on.
TT: Something's happening.

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**02/03/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterloguu: THE DRONES HAVE COME A KNOCKING. I TOLD YOu.
uu: THEY'RE COMING FOR YOu MAN! HAHAHA.
uu: LATER DOuCHE.
uu: TUMUT
TT: I think...
TT: You just had a flipoff malfunction, there.
uu: SHIT.
uu: uH.
uu: tUMUt!
TT: That's better.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering timaeusTestified [TT]

==>

**03/03/12**

==>

**03/03/12**

## Roxy: Abscond.

**03/03/12**

```
GHOST PUNCH!
```

==>

**03/03/12**

```
NICE ABSCOND!
```

==>

**03/03/12**

==>

**03/03/12**

```
DERSITES: !
```

Oh, right. These guys.

Not out of the frying pan yet!!!

## Roxy: Run!!!!! Again!!!!!

**03/03/12**

```
LASS SCAMPER!
```

Everybody out of the god damn way. You got a lab full of cats, a skirt full of scamper, and a head full of vodka.

==>
**03/03/12**
## Roxy: Hide!!!!!
**03/03/12**
==>
**03/03/12**
PHWEW.

For the time being, it seems you are safe from punky looking fish aliens and cat hungry chess bandits. But now what?

==>
**04/03/12**
==>
**04/03/12**
## Jane: Examine pre-punched card.
**04/03/12**
You have no idea what you're looking at here. What are you supposed to do with THIS?

Oh well, might as well get started. It's not like there's anything left to do besides embarrass yourself over Pesterchum some more. You've already done enough of that today to last a lifetime.

## [S] Jane: Enter.
**08/03/12**

```
DAD: ?

1:11 → :10 → :09 → :08

KERNELSPRITE: {textures}

SN_HUBGRID 44.519872,-74.820017

0:30 → :29 → :28 → :27 → :26

POPPOP CROCKER

DAD: !

HOMESTUCK
0:08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01 → :00

YEARS IN
THE FUTURE
}}YNAM TON TUB{{

SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF
THE MOIVE

Betty Crocker

CONSUME

Hamburger
Helper

OBEY
```

10 BOX TOP$ FOR EDUCATION
NEW!
MADE WITH REAL FRUIT
EXCELLENT SOURCE OF VITAMIN C
fruit snacks
FRUIT
GUSHERS
MASSIVE TROPICAL
BRAIN HEMORRHAGE
6-0.9 OZ
(25.5g) POUCHES
NET WT 5.4OZ (153g)

OBEY

BE THE FIRST TO VISIT
MARS

STAY ASLEEP
CEASE REPRODUCTION

NEW
Made With Real Fruit
TONGUE TRACKS TATTOOS
WHAT RAN OVER YOUR TONGUE?
Betty Crocker
10 FRUIT ROLL-UPS
Strawberry naturally flavored

Betty Crocker
Add Hamburger
Hamburger
Helper
Lasagna

MAKES EVERY
BITE BETTER!
Betty Crocker
BACOS BACOS
CHIPS BITS

Betty Crocker
CHOCOLATE FUDGE
Brownie Mix
Makes 12-16

OLDElPaso
Taco Kit
Mild Taco
Makes 12 * Ready in 20 mins

Bisquick
Pancake & Backing Mix

OBEY
CONSUME
SUBMIT TO CULLING
COMPLY WITH DRONES

## ==>

**08/03/12**

```
}}YNAM TON TUB{{
```

END OF ACT 6 ACT 2.

# ACT 6 INTERMISSION 2

**09/03/12**

Hold still, Slick.

## [A6I2] ==>

**09/03/12**

God dammit. Will you quit fidgeting and drink your milk?

## [A6I2] ==>

**09/03/12**

It's warm and nutritious. Fresh from the butler's teat. You JUST watched me milk it.

## [A6I2] ==>

**09/03/12**

Oh for fuck's sake. You are impossible.

## [A6I2] ==>

**09/03/12**

MS. PAINT!!!

Is that soup ready yet? He's being a dick.

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

Also can you bring some gauze? He stabbed me again.

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

```
SLORP.
```

It was one of his more tentative stabbings though... I think maybe he meant it as sort of a thank you?

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

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MsPaint: ♪♫
```

Nope. Wait. He just stabbed me again. I don't think that one was a thankstab. It was more like just a regular stab.

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

```
MsPaint: ♪ !
```

I probably should have confiscated his knife before I gave him these super fast robot arms. My god he is frisky with those things.

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

```
MsPaint: ♥
```

Hey put that down. I said settle your ass down. Where's the gratitude, Slick? I am waiting on you hand and foot here. Where do you think you are, Butler Island? You know what? FUCK Butler Island. You just died and went to Butler fucking Heaven. I see that knife. Yeah, that one. You're not fooling anyone.

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

```
MsPaint: ♪
```

If you don't calm down, I'm going to repair your other eye. You know, the one you refused to let me fix, because you thought the eye patch looked cool? I'll do it!

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

Ms. Paint, what is taking so long with that soup?! This is a man in sore need of his scottie dogs if I ever saw one.

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

MS. PAINT ARE YOU LISTENING??????

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

## [A6I2] ==>

**10/03/12**

## [A6I2] ==>

**11/03/12**

```
YEAR 1

* |  1  |  2  |  3  |
* |     |     |     |
* O   --o     |     O
* |     |     |     |
```

pesterlogCURRENT carcinoGeneticist [CCG] RIGHT NOW opened memo on board FRUITY RUMPUS ASSHOLE FACTORY, BORING ROAD TRIP THROUGH THE FUCKING AFTERLIFE EDITION.

CCG: I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ACTUALLY DOING THIS MEMO BULLSHIT AGAIN.
CCG: I GUESS I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO.

CCG: I JUST NEED TO AIR OUT SOME SHIT WITH SOMEBODY, AND EVERYONE HERE HAS THEIR HEADS SO FAR UP THEIR NOOKS I WANT TO SCREAM LOUDER THAN I USUALLY DO.
CCG: THEIR TROLL NOOKS *AND* HUMAN NOOKS, WHATEVER THE HELL A HUMAN NOOK EVEN *IS*.
CCG: YOU KNOW?

## [A6I2] ==>

**11/03/12**

pesterlogCCG: HEY, ARE YOU THERE?
FUTURE carcinoGeneticist [FCG] 10 MINUTES FROM NOW responded to memo.
FCG: FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK.
CCG: OH...
CCG: HEY
FCG: I CAN'T
FCG: I JUST CANNOT
FCG: *FUCKING*
FCG: ***BELIEVE***
FCG: I HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS BULLSHIT AGAIN WITH YOU/ME.
FCG: WHAT THE FUCK MADE ME THINK THIS WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA???
CCG: DUDE, WHAT'S WITH THE TEXT?
FCG: UUUUUGH.
FCG: WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME!
FCG: I JUST HAVE THIS INCREDIBLE PREMONITION YOU'RE ABOUT TO ANYWAY.
CCG: WHY THE FUCK WOULD I KNOW WHY YOU CHANGED YOUR TEXT RED!
CCG: WE DON'T DO THAT. THE SHOWY, SELF-ABSORBED "PAINT YOUR TEXT IN YOUR BLOOD COLOR" THING. OR EYE COLOR, OR WHATEVER.
CCG: IT'S FOR ATTENTION-GREEDY, INSECURE LOSERS.
FCG: SURE IS!
CCG: HMM.
FCG: ?????? <- SARCASTIC WONDER.
CCG: I'M JUST THINKING
CCG: THIS REALLY MAKES OUR CONVERSATIONS EASIER TO READ.
CCG: REMEMBER THOSE INSANE BLOCKS OF GRAY ANGRY TEXT WE USED TO WRITE TOGETHER.
CCG: WHAT WAS THAT
CCG: LIKE HALF A SWEEP AGO ALREADY?
CCG: IS IT WEIRD THAT I'M ACTUALLY LOOKING BACK ON ALL THAT INSANITY WITH A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF FONDNESS?
CCG: AT LEAST SHIT WAS HAPPENING.
CCG: IT'S SO BORING OUT HERE. AND LIVING WITH THE HUMANS IS JUST GETTING KIND OF
CCG: WEIRD.
CCG: ANYWAY, THIS IS ACTUALLY A LOT MORE DECIPHERABLE. MAYBE YOU'RE ON TO SOMETHING.
FCG: WELL HEY, CHECK IT OUT: SHIT JUST GOT NOSTALGIC.

FCG: LOOK AT THAT, I'M FEELING MORE SENTIMENTAL ABOUT THIS MORONIC CONVERSATION ALREADY.
CCG: OK, WHY DO YOU HAVE TO GO FROM ZERO TO DOUCHE LIKE IN THE BLINK OF A FUCKING GLANCE NUGGET.
FCG: THE BLINK OF A GLANCE NUGGET?? I'VE BEEN AT THIS FOR TEN MINUTES ALREADY. AND COUNTING!
CCG: I JUST THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN ON TO SOMETHING WITH THE RED TEXT. I WAS TRYING TO PAY YOU A COMPLIMENT YOU ANTAGONIZING FUCK.
CCG: I MEAN, WE ONLY EVER GOT IN THE HABIT OF TYPING IN GRAY TO HIDE OUR BLOOD COLOR, RIGHT?
CCG: AND LIKE, 1) EVERYBODY KNOWS IT NOW, IT WAS THE WORST KEPT FUCKING SECRET EVER, AND 2) EVEN IF THEY DIDN'T, IT'S JUST US HERE, AND OBVIOUSLY WE'VE BOTH ALREADY KNOWN IT ALL OUR LIVES
CCG: UNLESS WE'RE BOTH SO NEUROTIC WE ACTUALLY STILL WANT TO ACT LIKE ITS A SECRET WE'RE KEEPING FROM EACH OTHER...
CCG: BUT I'D LIKE TO THINK THE DAYS OF THAT ASTOUNDING DEGREE OF MENTAL ILLNESS ARE BEHIND US!
FCG: (I WANT TO KILL MYSELF, BUT I CAN'T UNTIL THE CONVERSATION RUNS ITS COURSE. THIS IS THE WORST HELL IMAGINABLE.)
CCG: SHUT THE FUCK UP. THAT'S THE EXACT KIND OF MELODRAMA I'M TALKING ABOUT, WE'RE BETTER THAN THAT NOW MAN.
CCG: I'M GONNA DO THE *MATURE* THING HERE: AND SWITCH MY TEXT TO RED.
CCG: THERE. I THINK THIS SHOULD BE THE UNIVERSAL CONVENTION FOR WHEN TWO OF THE SAME PEOPLE ARE TALKING TO EACH OTHER.
CCG: ONE GUY BITES THE BULLET AND TALKS IN RED.
CCG: SERIOUSLY, ONE OF US HAS TO BE THE GROWN UP HERE.
FCG: OH! I GET IT NOW.
FCG: WHEN I TYPE IN RED, IT'S SHOWY AND INSECURE, BUT WHEN YOU DO IT, YOU ARE SHOULDERING THE PRAGMATIC BURDEN OF A MARTYR, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS *MY* FUCKING IDEA TO DO THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE TEN MINUTES AGO!
FCG: YOU PIECE OF SHIT.
CCG: OK!!! GOD DAMMIT, STOP BEING SO SENSITIVE. I FUCKING APOLOGIZE.
FCG: CAN YOU JUST TALK ABOUT YOUR STUPID FEELINGS ALREADY SO WE CAN GET THIS NIGHTMARE OVER WITH.

## [A6I2] ==>

**12/03/12**

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Alert : recursive Karkat

Dave Cook
Jessica Alba

Good Lu- Ch-


my best friend's girl
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pesterlogCCG: WELL LOOK, IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THIS LOPSIDED THING WHERE I SPILL ALL MY FEELINGS INTO IDIOTSPACE WHILE SOME SHIT HEAD YELLS

AT ME.
CCG: I WAS KIND OF THINKING THERE WOULD BE SOME GIVE AND TAKE, SINCE YOU PRESUMABLY SHARE A LOT OF MY THOUGHTS??
FCG: OK WHATEVER. JUST SAY SOME STUFF ALREADY. ALL THAT SHIT I SAID TEN MINUTES AGO.
FCG: I WILL "RIFF" WITH YOU AND SOMEHOW PRETEND IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE I'M REHASHING A BUNCH OF LINES WRITTEN IN BARELY DRIED INK!!!
CCG: OK
CCG: WELL
CCG: I'M HAVING A HARD TIME EVEN PUTTING MY THOUGHTS INTO WORDS ABOUT THIS BIZARRE TREK THROUGH THE RING.
CCG: AT FIRST IT WAS JUST BLAND AND UNEVENTFUL. BUT THAT WAS KIND OF A RELIEF, REMEMBER?
CCG: NOT HAVING TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING KILLED ALL THE TIME, OR TRYING TO RALLY A BUNCH OF UNCOOPERATIVE TROOPS TOWARD AN IMPOSSIBLE OBJECTIVE.
FCG: YEAH.
CCG: BUT THEN
CCG: AS IF IT WASN'T ENOUGH THAT SOMETIMES WE VISIT THESE CRAZY DREAM BUBBLES WHEN WE GO TO SLEEP...
CCG: WE STARTED PHYSICALLY PASSING THROUGH THEM TOO.

## [A6I2] ==>

**12/03/12**

pesterlogCCG: LIKE I THINK I COULD HANDLE IT BETTER IF IT WAS JUST ONE THING OR THE OTHER.
CCG: LIKE *ONLY* THE MONOTONOUS DAY TO DAY DRUDGERY ON THE SAME GLOOMY FUCKING METEOR WITH THE SAME BUNCH OF RIDICULOUS PEOPLE, AND BASICALLY NOTHING TO DO EVER EXCEPT GET ALL UP IN EACH OTHER'S BUSINESS.
CCG: OR *ONLY* A SWEEPS LONG SAFARI THROUGH AN EPHEMERAL REALM OF GHOST MEMORIES AND DEAD FRIENDS SHITTING AROUND IN A HAPHAZARD EXISTENTIAL CLUSTERFUCK.
CCG: BUT HAVING TO DEAL WITH BOTH, IN TOTALLY RANDOM INTERVALS?
CCG: IT'S KIND OF TAKING ITS TOLL.
FCG: "I HEAR YOU MAN."
FCG: THAT WAS WHEN I WAS SUPPOSED TO SAY THAT.
FCG: BUT FOR THE RECORD, I GUESS I MEANT IT.
CCG: YEAH.
CCG: I MEAN, DON'T GET ME WRONG.
CCG: I MISS ALL OF MY DEAD FRIENDS A LOT.
CCG: EVEN THE ASSHOLES! I MISS THEM TOO. MAYBE EVEN ESPECIALLY THEM, IN SOME PERVERSE WAY.
CCG: AND I SHOULD BE RELIEVED THAT THEY ALL SEEM TO BE HAPPY IN SOME WAY, EVEN IF IT'S BY FLOATING NEBULOUSLY THROUGH DREAM PROJECTIONS WITH THEIR FREAKY BLANK EYES.
CCG: AND I GUESS I AM RELIEVED ABOUT THAT.

CCG: BUT AT THE SAME TIME IT'S LEFT ME UNSETTLED.
CCG: FOR REASONS I CAN'T REALLY PUT MY FINGER ON.

## [A6I2] ==>

**12/03/12**

pesterlogFCG: I KNOW WHY.
CCG: YOU DO?
FCG: YEAH.
CCG: WELL OF COURSE YOU DO.
CCG: I GUESS BECAUSE I JUST TOLD YOU TEN MINUTES AGO, MAKING IT LIKE A SELF-FULFILLING EPIPHANY??
FCG: WELL THERE'S THAT
FCG: BUT ALSO THIS CONVERSATION HELPED CLARIFY SOME THOUGHTS TOO, IN SPITE OF ITS EXCRUCIATING POINTLESSNESS.
FCG: PART OF WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU ABOUT THIS IS WHAT IT MEANS ABOUT MORTALITY.
CCG: YEAH
CCG: I THINK THAT'S PART OF IT.
CCG: AFTER VISITING WHO KNOWS HOW MANY DREAM BUBBLES
CCG: AND HANGING OUT WITH WHO KNOWS HOW MANY DEAD FRIENDS, AND *COPIES* OF DEAD FRIENDS FROM ALTERNATE TIMELINES...
CCG: I START TO WONDER, DOES DEATH EVEN REALLY MEAN ANYTHING?
CCG: DID LIFE MEAN ANYTHING, FOR THAT MATTER??
CCG: WAS THE POINT OF LIFE TO JUST GO AROUND COLLECTING A BUNCH OF PAINFUL AND AWKWARD EXPERIENCES TO SUPPLY MATERIAL FOR THE REVOLVING MEMORY-COLLAGE THAT SERVES AS THE BACKDROP TO A MUCH LONGER, EMPTIER STRETCH OF EXISTENCE?
CCG: AND HOW UNNERVING IS IT RUNNING INTO OUR DEAD DOPPELGANGERS FROM DOOMED TIMELINES?
FCG: HEY, YOU'RE PREACHING TO THE CHOIR, BRO.
CCG: IT'S FUCKED UP.
CCG: NEVER MIND WHAT IT MEANS ABOUT A PERSON'S IDENTITY OR SENSE OF SELF, OR WHICH GUY GETS TO BE CONSIDERED "THE REAL GUY" OR PHILOSOPHICAL BULLSHIT LIKE THAT.
CCG: JUST ON THE LEVEL OF WHAT YOUR DECISIONS AND ACTIONS DURING YOUR LIFE ACTUALLY MEAN.
CCG: SOMETIMES WE RUN INTO THESE VERSIONS OF OURSELVES WHO REACHED GOD TIER FOR FUCK'S SAKE.
CCG: BUT IN SPITE OF BEING *MORE* SUCCESSFUL THAN WE WERE, BY THAT PARTICULAR OBJECTIVE MEASURE
CCG: THEY GET PUNISHED FOR THAT, BECAUSE IT WASN'T "THE THING THAT NEEDED TO HAPPEN"??

## [A6I2] ==>

**12/03/12**

pesterlogFCG: PRETTY MUCH.
CCG: SO WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US?
CCG: IF WE ARE TO TAKE SOME LESSON FROM THAT, WHAT IS IT!
CCG: "TRY TO BE GREAT AND SUCCESSFUL, BUT MAYBE NOT TOOOO GREAT AND SUCCESSFUL?"
CCG: OR MAYBE DON'T TRY AT ALL IN SOME CASES! BECAUSE IF YOU DO, SOME GIANT FUCKING SQUID IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE IS GOING TO BE LIKE, NOT SO FAST, MY HIDEOUS MONSTER PLANS BEG TO DIFFER.
CCG: DON'T YOU THINK WE'D HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF IF WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT ANY OF THIS DREAM BUBBLE SHIT?
FCG: WELL.
FCG: YEAH.
FCG: THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING TEN MINUTES AGO.
FCG: BUT NOW I DON'T EVEN KNOW.
CCG: YEAH, WELL AT LEAST YOU'RE LISTENING. EVEN IF YOU WERE BEING YOUR USUAL SHITTY SELF ABOUT IT.
CCG: NOBODY ELSE EVEN GETS THIS, THEY DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT.
CCG: LIKE TEREZI?
CCG: IT USED TO BE THAT SHE WOULD AT LEAST HUMOR EVEN MY MOST LUDICROUS, VITRIOLIC GARBAGE ALL THE TIME.
CCG: REMEMBER THOSE DAYS?
CCG: WAY BACK BEFORE WE EVEN KNEW WHAT A HUMAN WAS.
CCG: BACK ON ALTERNIA WHEN MY BIGGEST FEAR WAS IF PEOPLE FOUND OUT I WAS A MUTANT. HOW QUAINT CAN YOU FUCKING GET?
CCG: I WAS AN IDIOT NOT TO UNDERSTAND HOW GOOD THINGS WERE BACK THEN.
CCG: BETWEEN US.
CCG: NOW IT'S LIKE...
FCG: SDJS;ALSKJFSA;JK
CCG: WHAT?
FCG: THIS PART OF THE CONVERSATION.

## [A6I2] ==>

**13/03/12**

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cloun

squirrel zone
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pesterlogCCG: OH GET OVER YOURSELF, OUR TEN MINUTES IS ALMOST UP.
CCG: I WOULD JUST LIKE TO KNOW.
CCG: IS SHE PUNISHING ME FOR SOMETHING?
CCG: I DON'T NEED TO REMIND YOU HOW MUCH TIME SHE SPENDS GALLIVANTING AROUND THE METEOR WITH YOU KNOW WHO.
FCG: NO YOU SURE AS FUCK DO NOT.
CCG: AFTER ALL THIS TIME I *STILL* CAN'T TELL IF SHE'S SERIOUS ABOUT THAT, OR DOING IT TO FUCK WITH ME.
CCG: WHAT DO YOU THINK? IS THERE SOMETHING LEGITIMATELY RED GOING ON THERE?

CCG: HOW CAN I COMMAND SUCH ABSOLUTE MASTERY OVER THE ROMANTIC SCIENCES YET REMAIN PERPLEXED BY THIS???
CCG: MAYBE I CAN'T GET A READ BECAUSE HE'S NOT A TROLL, AND THEREFORE HAS NO IDEA WHAT THE FUCK HE'S DOING?
CCG: IT'S LIKE TRYING TO DECIPHER AN INTRICATE COURTSHIP PROCESS BETWEEN AN ATTRACTIVE POTENTIAL MATESPRIT, AND SOME SORT OF VEGETABLE.
CCG: LIKE IT DOESN'T COMPUTE.
FCG: FUCK, THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING LISTENING TO THIS, MAKE IT STOP.
CCG: QUIET, I'M TALKING.
CCG: I JUST FEEL LIKE MAYBE I'M PAST THE POINT OF NO RETURN WITH HER.
CCG: WHERE BEFORE THERE WAS MARGIN FOR ERROR, PROBABLY WAY MORE THAN I EVER DESERVED.
CCG: AND NOW THAT'S IT. SHE'S TOTALLY HAD IT, AND THERE'S A NEW DUDE WITH CANDYBLOOD IN TOWN.
CCG: HE'S JUST GOT IT ALL, DOESN'T HE? HE'S A MUCH BETTER ARTIST THAN I AM, FOR ONE THING.
CCG: AND HIS HORNS ARE SO NUBBY, THEY DON'T EVEN EXIST! TALK ABOUT HITTING THE JACKPOT.
CCG: AM I OFF BASE??
FCG: WE JUST WENT OVER THIS.
FCG: I DIDN'T GET IT THEN BECAUSE I WAS TOO BUSY WHINING AND FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF LIKE YOU'RE DOING NOW SO PIPE DOWN AND LISTEN.

## [A6I2] ==>

**13/03/12**

pesterlogFCG: YOU'VE BEEN SENDING HER AN ENDLESS STREAM OF MIXED SIGNALS FOR AS LONG AS YOU'VE KNOWN HER.
CCG: OH BULLSHIT.
FCG: LIKE FUCK IT'S BULLSHIT.
FCG: IT'S ALL TOO CLEAR TO ME NOW. IT'S A CLASSIC CASE OF QUADRANT VACILLATION, AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IT.
FCG: NO WONDER SHE WAS FRUSTRATED AND GOT FED UP WITH YOU.
CCG: THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS.
FCG: IS IT?? TELL ME, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU TREATED HER IN A WAY THAT COULD BE OBJECTIVELY CONSTRUED AS A FORM OF BLACK SOLICITATION?
CCG: THAT'S JUST
CCG: NO, THAT'S HOW WE'VE ALWAYS ROLLED TOGETHER. IT'S LIKE
CCG: SPIRITED PLATONIC CONTENTION.
CCG: TOTALLY NORMAL TERRITORY IN A HEALTHY MATESPRITSHIP.
FCG: YEAH, A *HEALTHY* ONE, NOT ONE INVOLVING A DEMENTED LOUDMOUTH WHO CAN'T KEEP HIS SHIT UNDER CONTROL.
FCG: LET ME ASK YOU, HOW MUCH OF THAT ANIMOSITY IS INNOCENT "PLATONIC RAGE"?
FCG: COULD IT BE THAT SUBCONSCIOUSLY YOU WANT TO PUSH THINGS WITH HER ONTO CALIGINOUS TURF, MAYBE SEE HOW THINGS WORK OUT THERE?
FCG: SEE IF YOU CAN HAVE YOUR GRUB, AND CULL IT TOO??

FCG: THAT WAY YOU HAVE HER ALL TO YOURSELF!
CCG: FUCK YOU.
FCG: YOU WANT HER IN EVERY QUADRANT LIKE A DESPERATE FOOL.
FCG: DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE BECOME? YOU ARE THE SAD JOKE CHARACTER IN THE ROMCOM, YOU KNOW THE GUY I'M TALKING ABOUT.
FCG: WHO'S GREEDY AND INDISCRIMINATE ABOUT FILLING EVERY QUADRANT, TOTALLY OBLIVIOUS TO IT, AND IN THE END HAS FUCKALL TO SHOW FOR IT.
CCG: I DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS.
FCG: YOU KIND OF DO, FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER TEN MINUTES.
CCG: NO, FUCK THAT, I'M SO DONE WITH YOU.
FCG: YEAH, YOU PRETTY MUCH ARE, BECAUSE THE TEN MINUTES ARE ABOUT UP, AND I'LL BE GONE.
FCG: THEN IT'LL JUST BE YOU AND THE OTHER GUY, SPINNING YOUR GLOBES TOGETHER LIKE A COUPLE STUPID PIECES OF SHIT, AD INFINITUM.

## [A6I2] ==>

**13/03/12**

pesterlogCCG: MAN, I MUST HAVE BEEN INSANE TO THINK ANYTHING IS DIFFERENT.
CCG: YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED AT ALL, YOU'RE JUST AS PETTY AND HORRIBLE AS EVER.
CCG: FUCK YOU FOREVER. FUCK EVERY TEN-MINUTES-AHEAD VERSION OF MYSELF ALL THE WAY INTO TEN-MINUTE-FUCKING-ETERNITY.
FCG: I CAN'T EVEN DO THIS, NOT ANY MORE.
CCG: YEAH, WELL YOU MADE YOUR COCOON, PAL. NOW WE HAVE TO TAKE TURNS SHITTING IN IT, TOGETHER. IT IS THE MOST PATHETIC, SMELLIEST DANCE OF ALL.
FCG: HMM.
CCG: WHAT THE FUCK IS IT NOW?
FCG: IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME
FCG: THIS DUMB TANTRUM I THREW
FCG: THIS ENTIRE BAD MOOD...
FCG: IT WAS JUST ANOTHER IDIOTIC SELF-FULFILLING REACHAROUND WASN'T IT.
CCG: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??
FCG: I MEAN, WHERE DID THIS EVEN COME FROM?
FCG: IT WAS LIKE SPONTANEOUSLY GENERATING SELF-LOATHING WITH NO DISCERNIBLE SOURCE.
FCG: WAS THIS EMOTIONAL OUTBURST EVER EVEN REAL?
CCG: OH NO, DON'T EVEN START WITH THAT.
CCG: DO *NOT* START GETTING EXISTENTIAL ABOUT MY ANGER.
CCG: YOU BETTER FUCKING BELIEVE THIS IS REAL.
FCG: ARE YOU SURE, MAN?
CCG: ASLKJSDKLSDLFHJSIKLKLSDGNKL
CCG: YOU CONDESCENDING FUCK.
CCG: HOW
CCG: FUUUUUUUUUUUSDLIHLYUUIFHIERGFSHDJKBGJKSUUUUUCKING
CCG: **********DAAAARE**********
CCG: YOU CALL INTO QUESTION THE LEGITIMACY OF MY FEELINGS, AS IF THEY

AREN'T COMPLETELY JUSTIFIED AND TOTALLY 100% GROUNDED IN
CCG: *ABSOLUTE*
CCG: ~*=STONE COLD CONCRETE GOD DAMNED=*~
CCG: **********
CCG: *OBJECTIVE.*
CCG: *MOTHER.*
CCG: *FUCKING.*
CCG: *REALITY.*
CCG: **********
FCG: YEAH, SEE
FCG: I'VE COMPLETELY SET YOU OFF HERE, AND NOW YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.
FCG: SORRY, THIS WAS MY FAULT. I'M GOING TO GO TRY AND CALM MYSELF DOWN.
CCG: OH, SO THIS IS WHY YOU DECIDE TO LEAVE THIS CONVERSATION???
CCG: YOU GOT OWNED, SO YOU HAD TO SLINK AWAY LIKE A FUCKING COWARD??????
CCG: NICE TRY SHIT HEAD, BUT I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET. YOU THINK YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN LIST HIS 10-MINUTE-AWAY-SELF'S FLAWS??
CCG: I COULD GO ON FOREVER!
FCG banned himself from responding to memo.
CCG: FINE, GET OUT OF HERE! GOOD RIDDANCE!
CCG: AS IF I COULD TAKE ANOTHER SPONGE WRINGING MINUTE OF YOUR DISINGENUOUS DRIVEL.
PAST carcinoGeneticist [PCG] 10 MINUTES AGO opened memo on board FRUITY RUMPUS ASSHOLE FACTORY, BORING ROAD TRIP THROUGH THE FUCKING AFTERLIFE EDITION.
PCG: I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M ACTUALLY DOING THIS MEMO BULLSHIT AGAIN.
PCG: I GUESS I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO.
PCG: I JUST NEED TO AIR OUT SOME SHIT WITH SOMEBODY, AND EVERYONE HERE HAS THEIR HEADS SO FAR UP THEIR NOOKS I WANT TO SCREAM LOUDER THAN I USUALLY DO.
PCG: THEIR TROLL NOOKS *AND* HUMAN NOOKS, WHATEVER THE HELL A HUMAN NOOK EVEN *IS*.
PCG: YOU KNOW?

## [A6I2] ==>

**13/03/12**

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Alert : recursive Karkat
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pesterlogPCG: HEY, ARE YOU THERE?
CURRENT carcinoGeneticist [CCG] RIGHT NOW responded to memo.
CCG: FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. FUCK.
CCG: OH...
CCG: HEY
CCG: I CAN'T
CCG: I JUST CANNOT

CCG: *FUCKING*
CCG: ***BELIEVE***
CCG: I HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS BULLSHIT AGAIN WITH YOU/ME.
CCG: WHAT THE FUCK MADE ME THINK THIS WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA???
PCG: DUDE, WHAT'S WITH THE TEXT?
CCG: UUUUUGH.
CCG: WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME!
CCG: I JUST HAVE THIS INCREDIBLE PREMONITION YOU'RE ABOUT TO ANYWAY.

## [A6I2] ==>
**14/03/12**

## [A6I2] ==>
**14/03/12**
dialoglogDAVE: hey
ROSE: Sup.

## [A6I2] ==>
**14/03/12**
dialoglogDAVE: anyone seen terezi around
ROSE: No.
ROSE: Why?
DAVE: we were gonna do a thing
DAVE: but shes not around and not answering my messages
DAVE: on any one of the probably ten thousand computers lying around that they would show up on
ROSE: A thing?
DAVE: yes a thing
ROSE: I see.
DAVE: shut up
DAVE: what about you have you seen her
KANAYA: No
KANAYA: Have You Seen Gamzee
DAVE: are you serious
DAVE: of course not
DAVE: i havent seen that guy at all since the first day we got here
DAVE: not once
KANAYA: Yeah
KANAYA: I Know
DAVE: talk about an elusive juggalo
DAVE: probably like the shyest fuckin juggalo of all time
DAVE: im pretty sure only karkats seen him
DAVE: dont expect him to rat him out either because of the "morail" junk
DAVE: moirail?
DAVE: mwah rail...
DAVE: alien words
KANAYA: I Wouldnt Expect Him To

KANAYA: I Wouldnt Even Ask It Would Be Really Bad Form To Ask Him That
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: i mean i bet you think youre imparting some really obscure cultural fact about trolls
DAVE: but really if a human said to another human
DAVE: "hey man can you tell me where your best clown friend is hiding so i can go chainsaw him to death"
DAVE: just fyi that would probably be bad form too
KANAYA: Okay
DAVE: i dunno its been a year already i think hes really intent on hiding
DAVE: and hanging on to those dead bodies
DAVE: hes probably scared to death of you at this point anyway
DAVE: maybe you should just let it go
KANAYA: Hmm
DAVE: rose back me up
ROSE: I try to stay out of troll interpersonal politics.
DAVE: interpersonal
DAVE: wait
DAVE: are you saying this is like
DAVE: a spade quadrant thing
DAVE: is she trying to be his kismet fish
ROSE: I'm saying no such thing!
DAVE: well if she hates him isnt that what that means
ROSE: Dave, don't be a dick. You're embarrassing her.
DAVE: haha no im not shes cool
DAVE: look shes being cool about it
KANAYA: Im Being Cool About It
DAVE: see????
KANAYA: Its Not Like That
KANAYA: I Just Want To Find Him
KANAYA: And
KANAYA: At Least Wound Him Somewhat
DAVE: yeah see i knew there had to be a perfectly harmless and unerotic explanation
ROSE: *(shh!)*
KANAYA: No
KANAYA: See Im Explaining This Badly
KANAYA: All Im Saying Is Basically
KANAYA: Just
KANAYA: Fuck That Guy

## [A6I2] ==>

**14/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: got it
DAVE: so what are you up to in here
DAVE: whats with all these books
ROSE: Research.
ROSE: We're trying to put all the pieces of the puzzle together.

ROSE: You are aware this meteor has many secret rooms scattered throughout, including libraries, right?
DAVE: hell yeah
DAVE: we looted one of them for the can town project
ROSE: Can Town?
DAVE: i told you about can town didnt i
ROSE: No??
DAVE: well
DAVE: the thing about can town
DAVE: and all there really is to say about can town is
DAVE: its awesome
DAVE: the end???
ROSE: Wow.
ROSE: What a story.
DAVE: fu
DAVE: so
DAVE: what is the point of this research
ROSE: Primarily to gain a more thorough understanding of the situation we'll be entering when we arrive.
DAVE: i thought you pretty much already knew the situation
DAVE: since you can see the future
ROSE: Oh my God.
ROSE: I've told you. I can't see the future!
DAVE: yes you can
DAVE: you totally can
ROSE: Ok. But not all of it. Only certain relevant pieces.
ROSE: It's a bit frustrating when people make that presumption about you.
ROSE: For instance, you are a Knight of Time. Since you have such mastery over time, doesn't that mean you should know everything about the future too?
DAVE: no thats totally dumb
DAVE: i could know things about the future if i time traveled and found out first hand
DAVE: nobodys mistaking that about me im a time traveler not a fuckin fortune teller its simple as shit
ROSE: Right. So there are significant limitations on what you can know, governed by certain rules.
ROSE: That's how it is for a Seer too.
DAVE: ok whatever
ROSE: But I will say that I have been able to use these abilities to assist with research.
ROSE: I can treat my finite glimpses as an additional source of information.
ROSE: If you combine that with the knowledge we've gathered from these texts, and things we've learned from our various encounters with the deceased, with a bit of inference and deduction, a more detailed picture is coming into focus.
DAVE: nice
ROSE: Do you want to hear about it?
DAVE: uh
DAVE: now?
ROSE: Yes.

ROSE: Why not? It's been a year.
ROSE: It seems like all we've done on this trip so far is indulge in lavish interior decoration projects and screw around with mysterious "Can Town" initiatives, which may or may not be consuming valuable library resources as building materials.
ROSE: We could make at least some effort to squeeze in annual briefings on our objective.
DAVE: yeah that would be pretty legit of us
ROSE: I think you'll find that when it comes to striving for a reasonable approximation of legitimacy, we are simply the most barely adequate there is.
DAVE: ok i didnt really catch any of that bullshit cause i wasnt listening
DAVE: im gonna make myself a cup of coffee and get primed to listen to you saying a lot of stuff like that
DAVE: do you want some
ROSE: Um. Sure.

## [A6I2] ==>

**14/03/12**

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bang bang bang
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dialoglogDAVE: kanaya?
KANAYA: No Thank You
DAVE: ok
DAVE: ...
DAVE: this fuckin thing
DAVE: where did you even unearth this piece of shit from

## [A6I2] ==>

**15/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: oh ok there it goes
DAVE: two hot revitalizing cups of shitty coffee
DAVE: fresh out of the weird pod
DAVE: why do we even drink this shit
DAVE: i guess just cause this thing is here
DAVE: like somehow the temptation is even stronger because the coffee sucks?
DAVE: dunno how the fuck that works
DAVE: wish there was such a thing as apple juice on troll world
DAVE: could go for a bottle of aj
DAVE: i wonder if theres any booze squirreled away on this meteor
DAVE: kinda feels like we should be drinking our asses off here
DAVE: no adults nothing to do
DAVE: thats what you do without adults right
DAVE: get wasted all the time?
DAVE: wait what the fuck am i saying trolls dont even have adults
DAVE: well they do
DAVE: but theyre all in outer space being insane badasses
DAVE: i guess they do have the stupid nanny monsters
DAVE: do the monsters give a shit if they get wasted
ROSE: Are you talking to us?

DAVE: what
ROSE: We can't even hear you mumbling over there.
DAVE: oh
ROSE: How's that coffee coming?
DAVE: off the shit is how
DAVE: all being like
DAVE: in cups and everything
ROSE: Be sure it makes it to the table before it accumulates that strange unctuous film on the surface.

## [A6I2] ==>

**15/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: so whats with the big book youre writing in
DAVE: is that more wizard fan fiction
ROSE: No, it's something like an extensive journal.
ROSE: I'm recording everything we've been through so far, and detailed notes on everything we know about the game.
ROSE: I'm also using it to document our research, and extrapolate on the new session and players.
DAVE: so its like
DAVE: your nigh unreadable gamefaq
DAVE: in tome form
ROSE: Somewhat.
DAVE: you sure like to write big game guides
ROSE: I don't look at it that way.
ROSE: I'm approaching it from a standpoint of responsible historical documentation.
ROSE: Don't you think people in the future will want to know about our story?
DAVE: i guess
ROSE: I think it could be a very useful resource some day.
ROSE: It could be helpful to others beginning their own quests.
DAVE: ehh
DAVE: chances of that seem pretty remote
KANAYA: I Really Wouldnt Rule It Out
DAVE: ok totally sold on that suddenly
DAVE: on account of not caring
DAVE: so tell me about the new session
DAVE: what is there to know
DAVE: and most importantly
DAVE: how is everything going to go wrong this time
ROSE: From what I understand, everything already has gone wrong before the game even started, in many different ways than ours did.
ROSE: There are indications of thicker political intrigue. Assassination attempts. And a usurpation of the throne more insidious than what we dealt with.
ROSE: But those examples still don't illustrate the fundamental fault with their session.
ROSE: Ours had a similar fault. It was a null session.
ROSE: Literature on the subject says null sessions are actually very common.
ROSE: It is any session resulting in failure, and as such, designed to result in failure from the start,

due to Skaia's comprehensive "knowledge" of its own fate, and that of all it illumines.
ROSE: Biologically speaking, it's to be expected that null sessions far outnumber the successful ones. When it comes to reproductive systems, overwhelming redundancy is commonplace.
ROSE: A universe has a reproductive system that spreads many seeds, as it were, most of which never come to fruition. So we shouldn't feel too bad about our results, really. It was quite par for the course.
ROSE: But then, it would also seem that exceedingly few null sessions result in the birth of a massive green star fueled by two dead universes. For what it's worth.
DAVE: ok but i thought the whole point of this
DAVE: the scratch thing
DAVE: is it gave us a chance to still win
DAVE: but youre saying the new session has a fault too?
ROSE: Well, yes. There's more to it though.
ROSE: The new session is essentially our session, rebooted with different parameters which also affected the original conditions of our universe.
ROSE: And strangely, it seems the new one is a null session as well, but within a much less common subset of all null sessions.
ROSE: This one is referred to as a void session.

## [A6I2] ==>

**15/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: ok
DAVE: which is what
ROSE: It's very simply a session in which nothing is prototyped before entry, at all.
ROSE: Hence, by Skaia's preemptive all-knowing and its influence on the rest of the incipisphere, there are not even any towers on Prospit or Derse built to receive the split kernels.
ROSE: See?
DAVE: weird
DAVE: why would these alt universe players fuck up in such an obvious and stupid way
ROSE: I don't know what specifically led to the failure to prototype anything.
ROSE: But it doesn't really matter. As I said, the session was designed this way before they began playing. Any efforts to prototype may have been in vain regardless. Possibly subject to sabotage.
DAVE: didnt you say at some point that not prototyping anything would be really bad
ROSE: Yes.
ROSE: It's just another way to create an infertile session. Though by a less catastrophic and bloody route we took to achieve the same result.
ROSE: By contrast, it leads to a rather harmless, uneventful session. Underlings remain unaugmented, and so does the royalty.
ROSE: And while this may sound advantageous to the players, it's a curse in disguise. The lack of prototypings which keeps adversaries unevolved has the same influence on the battlefield.
ROSE: Without successive prototypings, the battlefield will never reach its final form, which must be fertilized to grow a new universe.

## [A6I2] ==>

**16/03/12**

dialoglogROSE: Instead, it remains in its most basic form, stuck in eternal stalemate.
ROSE: There is nothing players in a void session can do to change this. They are resigned to live out the rest of their days in a dead end session.
DAVE: still waiting to hear how this is in any way an improvement on all the shit we just escaped from
ROSE: It's a vast improvement.
ROSE: The new session is a blank slate, without a ridiculously short time limit for victory like ours had.
ROSE: There will be no time limit at all, in fact.
ROSE: Once we arrive, ostensibly that is when the nature of the session will change.
ROSE: It won't be classifiable as either a null or void session anymore. It will be something which, as far as I can tell, is unique.
ROSE: The fully matured battlefield from our session can be used to make the new one viable. The path to success will be made possible by a combination of efforts and assets from both iterations.
ROSE: Usually scratched sessions are absolute resets, and involve no direct influence from the first attempt at all. I can't find any precedent for our situation.
DAVE: jade has our battlefield right
ROSE: Yes.
DAVE: so she shows up and drops it in skaia
DAVE: and then we take the result of all that damn frog breeding we did and stick the thing in there somehow
DAVE: and we sit back and wait for it to do its huge ribbit or whatever
DAVE: and were golden
ROSE: Pretty much.
ROSE: As long as there is an actual vacancy in the center of Skaia when we get there.

## [A6I2] ==>

**16/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: is that going to be a problem
ROSE: I don't think so.
ROSE: Even if it were, it would be a trivial obstacle.
ROSE: But as it is, I think the forces opposing these players are clandestinely working toward the same goal as we are.
ROSE: From what I can tell, gestures of antagonism, while certainly posing legitimate danger, have been factored in as critical stepping stones to one destination shared by all parties.
ROSE: I don't know why this is, or what the motives are yet.
ROSE: The appearance is one of clear sailing ahead, but traces of conspiracy are everywhere.
DAVE: ok but
DAVE: conspiracies aside
DAVE: did it ever really look like clear sailing to you
DAVE: thats not what i was seeing
DAVE: we are going to arrive and then soon after jack is going to show up
DAVE: and then we have to beat him right
DAVE: so there kind of is a time limit

## [A6I2] ==>

**16/03/12**

dialoglogROSE: Yes, we will have to deal with Jack before all is said and done.
ROSE: And that will definitely be a major challenge.
ROSE: But it is not impossible. At least, not by design.
ROSE: When I said there would be no time limit in this session, I was talking about something more specific.
ROSE: There will be no reckoning.
DAVE: oh
DAVE: why not
ROSE: It's a logical consequence of any void session.
ROSE: The battlefield never evolves, and therefore the more extensive war between Prospit and Derse never takes shape.
ROSE: It is only when the Prospitian king falls in battle that the reckoning can be initiated by the forces of Derse.
ROSE: The meteors then rush to destroy the battlefield, while Skaia redirects them through defense portals for as long as it can.
ROSE: Thus, if there is no war, there is no reckoning, no meteors, and no imminent threat of failure.
ROSE: This is of course good news for Earth as well. During the reckoning, Skaia redirects all incoming meteors to the only place it can. Earth.
ROSE: So it turns out that players who initiate a void session are not actually condemning their home planet to an apocalyptic wasteland after they leave.
ROSE: In the new instance of our universe, Earth is just fine.
ROSE: Sort of.
DAVE: so
DAVE: no meteors came at all
DAVE: you mean by fucking up and having to scratch we also sort of saved earth in the process
ROSE: Again: sort of.
ROSE: And it's not that there were no meteors whatsoever.
ROSE: Just the vast majority of the destructive onslaught never showed up.
ROSE: But delivering the temple to the site of the forge is still integral to jumpstarting the session.
ROSE: That meteor however could have been propelled through a portal by any means, not just via the reckoning.
DAVE: i see
DAVE: what about the players themselves
DAVE: they had to arrive on meteors too didnt they
DAVE: i guess the baby meteors were some exceptions too right
ROSE: Yes.
ROSE: But they weren't flung through portals in their own session, nor will they be created there.
ROSE: They were created in our session, and sent back through our portals. Just like us.

## [A6I2] ==>

**16/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: .....
ROSE: To understand what happened, it really helps to understand exactly what a scratch is.
ROSE: When John severely damaged the Beat Mesa on your planet, and sent it off to Skaia to

release its temporal energy there, you could view it as a kind of "request."
ROSE: We were asking Skaia to change everything at a fundamental level, and we gave it the energy to do so.
ROSE: But Skaia is a very passive entity. It only "knows" and "sees," but it never quite "acts."
ROSE: When it is asked to change everything, there is only so much it has control over.
ROSE: In fact, it has control over exactly one thing. The defense portals.
ROSE: It can decide to send important meteors to different points in time than originally planned, thus creating alternate realities.
ROSE: Offshoots of promise, rather than futility.
ROSE: And it turns out the most important meteors of all tend to be the ones delivering the young players to their planet.
ROSE: So all it has to do to change everything is tweak their destination times a bit.
ROSE: All internally-prompted changes in the post-scratch universe are decided entirely by this modest adjustment to the parameters.
ROSE: It's a very simple concept, actually.
ROSE: Yet the consequences are dramatic. It results in not only a hard reset for the session, but a partial reset for the universe too, due to the many causal entanglements between a session and its originating universe.
DAVE: what do you mean tweak the destination times
DAVE: where did they get sent to
ROSE: A variety of different time periods.
ROSE: The simplest way to way to look at it is to picture the original destinations of our two groups of four ecto-babies...
ROSE: And switch them.
DAVE: what
ROSE: Though this is just a slight oversimplification.
ROSE: While it's roughly true, Skaia had some peculiar whims this time.

## [A6I2] ==>

**16/03/12**

```
* (Unscratched record)
*                  1900+
* JAKE► ◎──────┬──→ ∘∘│Jake,Jane
*              │       │
* JANE► ◎──────┘       │
*                      │
* ROXY► ◎──────┐       │
*              ├──→ ∘∘│Roxy,Dirk
* DIRK► ◎──────┘       │
*              ┌─→ ∘∘∘∘│John,Jade
* JOHN► ◎──────┤   2000+Rose,Dave
*              │       │
* JADE► ◎──────┤       │
*              │       │
* ROSE► ◎──────┤       │
*              │       │
* DAVE► ◎──────┘       │
*
* (Scratched record)
*                  1900+
* JAKE► ◎──────┐ ┌─→ ∘∘│John,Jade
*              │ │     │
```

```
* JANE► ◎──────┤ │      │
*             │ │      │
* ROXY► ◎─┐    │ │      │
*         │ ┌──────→ ∘∘│Rose,Dave
* DIRK► ◎─┤ │ │ │      │
*         │ │ └─│─→ ∘∘│Jake,Jane
* JOHN► ◎─│─│──┤ 2000┼
*         │ │   │      │
* JADE► ◎─│─│───┘      :
*         │ │          │
* ROSE► ◎─│─┘      2400┼
*         └──────> ∘∘│Roxy,Dirk
* DAVE► ◎───┘          │
```

dialoglogROSE: While most landed in time periods corresponding with the original group,
ROSE: It seems that two of the new players arrived four centuries ahead of everyone else.
ROSE: For some bizarre reason.
DAVE: uh
ROSE: But they're still apparently able to communicate with their coplayers through I guess some Trollian-like technology, and they're still able to establish game connections with the others. So this stands as an odd but not otherwise terribly significant detail.
DAVE: so
DAVE: uh
DAVE: in this alt universe group of us and
DAVE: them
DAVE: which ones are the actual players
ROSE: I'll give you a hint.
ROSE: It isn't us.
DAVE: fuck
DAVE: why did i know that was gonna be the answer
ROSE: And to think that usually I'm the one accused of knowing the future.
DAVE: i dunno if im ready to process the ramifications of this bullshit

## [A6I2] ==>

**16/03/12**

```
DAVE: !
```

dialoglogROSE: You would find it less disconcerting if the players were alternate versions of us?
DAVE: man
DAVE: at least im used to dealing with alt daves
DAVE: ive been fuck deep in alt daves before
DAVE: its a goddamn delight if you want to know the truth
DAVE: but i dont even know what to think about...
ROSE: What?
ROSE: Meeting a deceased figure of authority as a peer?
DAVE: lets not even talk about it ok
DAVE: can we slow down this meteor
DAVE: delay the meetup
DAVE: maybe fight jack for a little while
ROSE: I honestly thought you would find the idea exciting.

ROSE: I know I'm looking forward to it.
DAVE: but your mom was just a nice alcoholic spinster who liked wizards who you complained about for no reason
DAVE: she wasnt anything like an untouchable master of irony who could replace the meat in your sandwich before it even occurred to you what the fuck you were chewing
DAVE: let me ask you this did your mom ever wiggle a puppet in your face even ONCE
ROSE: Not that I recall.
ROSE: But anecdotes like that just make me more curious to meet him, personally.
DAVE: fine well you can be on bro duty then
DAVE: ill be the ambassador to your mom
DAVE: and no that wasnt actually meant as the sick burn it sounded like
ROSE: She's your mom too, though.
DAVE: yeah i know
DAVE: ill be the ambassador to my mom then
DAVE: that sounds pretty stupid when i say it that way
DAVE: whatever
DAVE: ill be the fuckin one man welcome wagon for the john and jade teen old people and also our mom thats the plan
DAVE: so when we finally see them we can get our shit into formation like trained acrobats
DAVE: like ill blow a whistle and we make a human pyramid got it
DAVE: that way we can totally avoid anything awkward
ROSE: You do realize we've seen her already, right?
DAVE: what
DAVE: when
ROSE: Months ago.
ROSE: In a dream.
ROSE: She was floating along in Derse pajamas, asleep.
DAVE: wait that was her
ROSE: Yes.
DAVE: oh
DAVE: huh
DAVE: .....
ROSE: You're wondering why I didn't tell you?
DAVE: no
ROSE: You're specifically wondering why I wasn't forthcoming with an answer to your question at the time, "hey who was that choice babe in the pajamas?"
DAVE: god fucking dammit
ROSE: You don't find it nostalgic at all?
ROSE: Retracing the steps of some of our Freudian semi-blunders in conversations past?
DAVE: no what a load of shit
DAVE: stuff said between you and me before we knew we were related
DAVE: we both know that was a lot of horseplay bullfuckery between like smartass 10 year olds or whatever
DAVE: you cant seriously have taken any of that seriously
ROSE: ;)
DAVE: ugh dont ever do that

DAVE: all these fuckin
DAVE: momtraps and sistertraps
DAVE: what a joke i hope skaia gets to have a good laugh over shit like this
DAVE: wait i forgot skaia doesnt laugh it just "sees" and "knows"
DAVE: its like a huge blue perv thats mad jazzed for kidcest
KANAYA: What Are You People Even Talking About
ROSE: ;)
DAVE: dont you wink at her
DAVE: kanaya heres a protip that wink meant jack dick shes just being weird
KANAYA: I Feel As Though This Conversation Has Utterly Outmaneuvered My Constructive Involvement
KANAYA: Im Going To Go
DAVE: yeah im pretty much ollying outie too
DAVE: got some shit to attend to
DAVE: after you

## [A6I2] ==>

**17/03/12**

dialoglogKANAYA: Augh
KANAYA: Why Does That Always Happen
KARKAT: EVERYBODY OUT OF THE GODDAMN WAY.
KARKAT: I GOT A LAB FULL OF HUMANS, A MOUTH FULL OF YELLING, AND A TORTURED PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE FULL OF TOTALLY HYSTERICAL EMOTIONS AND UNAIRED GRIEVANCES AT PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY.
DAVE: karkat is broken guys
KARKAT: YEAH
KARKAT: OK HOLD ON
KARKAT: IF I CAN SETTLE DOWN A TICK I SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE MORE SENSE SHORTLY
KARKAT: JUST ONE...
KARKAT: *huff huff*
ROSE: Maybe you should lie down on the couch.
KARKAT: FUCK...
KARKAT: *wheeze*
KARKAT: NO
DAVE: dude what is the matter with you
KARKAT: WOW OK
KARKAT: THAT WAS A PRETTY TERRIBLE ENTRANCE.
KARKAT: ANYWAY
KARKAT: WHERE WAS I.

## [A6I2] ==>

**17/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: dunno but i was just leaving
KARKAT: NOT SO FAST STRIDER, THIS HEAVILY CONCERNS YOU.
KARKAT: IT CONCERNS YOU EXCLUSIVELY IN FACT.

KARKAT: WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
DAVE: just stepping out to do a thing
DAVE: which is not your business
KARKAT: LIKE MY INFLAMED QUAKING GALLSPHINCTER IT'S NOT.
KARKAT: TELL ME, ARE YOU BY ANY CHANCE GOING TO HAVE SOME COMPANY WHEN YOU STEP OUT TO DO THIS "THING?"
KARKAT: NOTICE THE TWO HEAVILY DRAMATIZED "ENCLOSURE TALONS" SURROUNDING THAT WORD, WHICH I AM SCORNFULLY PANTOMIMING WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS, AS PRESENTLY BEING DEMONSTRATED FOR YOU.
DAVE: yeah sure
KARKAT: OH??
KARKAT: WHO WOULD THAT BE MAY I ASK?
DAVE: well
DAVE: probably the mayor
DAVE: hes usually down for whatever
KARKAT: I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE FUCKING MAYOR, AND YOU FUCKING KNOW IT.
DAVE: hey dont be saying shit about the mayor
DAVE: the mayor rules hes like my best fucking friend
KARKAT: HE'S NOT A MAYOR. HE'S THE MAYOR OF FUCKSTICK JUNCTION LOCATED SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF PRETEND ASS NOWHERE.
DAVE: hes a mayor you douche his thing says mayor
KARKAT: IT SAYS "MAYO" AND HE WROTE THE "R" HIMSELF.
KARKAT: HE'S AT BEST A MAYO. AND WHO EVER HEARD OF A MAYO? IT'S EVERY BIT AS IMAGINARY AS HIS IDENTITY AS AN ELECTED OFFICIAL.
DAVE: no mayo is like grub sauce but without grubs
KARKAT: WHO THE FUCK EVER HEARD OF GRUB SAUCE WITHOUT GRUBS??? WHAT'S IT MADE OF THEN GENIUS!
DAVE: like
DAVE: uh
DAVE: i dunno its white and it just sort of exists
DAVE: you dont ask about mayo thats not what you do with mayo
KARKAT: ISN'T IT FUNNY HOW QUICKLY YOUR BULLSHIT UNRAVELS WHEN SOMEONE INTELLIGENT ACTUALLY HOLDS YOU ACCOUNTABLE??
KARKAT: YOU ARE FUCKING BUSTED STRIDER.
KARKAT: YOU ARE BUSTED ABOUT "MAYO" AND YOU ARE BUSTED ABOUT TEREZI.
DAVE: hahaha you are pathetic
DAVE: this is why you all stormed in here out of breath
DAVE: what did you actually sprint all the way across the meteor to tell me this
KARKAT: WHAT I DO WITH MY LEGS AND HOW FAST I MOVE THEM IS MY BUSINESS YOU SHIT.
DAVE: yeah and what i do with mine is mine
DAVE: watch me make them make me leave
KARKAT: I SAID STAY YOUR ASS PUT, WE'RE TALKING HERE.
DAVE: dude dont touch my cape
DAVE: ...

DAVE: huh
KARKAT: WHAT
DAVE: i cant believe i seriously just said dude dont touch my cape to somebody and was serious about it

## [A6I2] ==>

**17/03/12**

dialoglogKARKAT: OK, LOOK I'M NOWHERE NEAR YOUR PRECIOUS STUPID CAPE. JUST LISTEN.
KARKAT: BEFORE YOU GO OFF TO SNOG TEREZI IN YOUR IDIOTIC LITTLE VILLAGE OF NUTRITION CYLINDERS, HEAR ME OUT.
DAVE: man
DAVE: you are so overblowing this
KARKAT: BUT I DON'T THINK THAT I AM!
DAVE: yeah you are
DAVE: you have some idea about us or what were getting up to
DAVE: so weve done a few things together to pass the time so what
DAVE: i dont even think you could call them dates or anything
DAVE: what the fuck would even qualify as a date on this gross dark meteor
KARKAT: DAVE, CAN WE JUST CUT THE SHIT?
KARKAT: I AM NOT AN IMBECILE. YOU ARE BOTH PLAINLY TIPPING INTO FLUSHED TERRITORY IRRESPECTIVE OF ENVIRONMENTAL FACTORS OR WHATEVER LAME CONDITIONS IT IS HUMANS BELIEVE TO BE OPTIMAL FOR PURSUING A MATESPRITSHIP.
KARKAT: ANYONE CAN SEE THAT, IT'S THE SHITTIEST KEPT SECRET ON THIS METEOR. PROBABLY EVEN THE FUCKING MAYOR GETS IT, AND LET'S FACE IT, HE'S A LITTLE SLOW.
KARKAT: DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD PULL THE WOOLBEAST MATERIAL OVER THE EYES OF A HARDENED VETERAN OF ROMANTIC STUDIES?
DAVE: we have one of those???
KARKAT: I HAVE SEEN THOUSANDS OF TROLL ROMANCE FILMS, EACH DEALING WITH TOPICS FAR MORE SUBTLE AND COMPLEX THAN YOUR PEDESTRIAN HUMAN MIND COULD EVER GRASP.
KARKAT: AND IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN, I'VE ALREADY WATCHED HUNDREDS OF YOUR MORE PRIMITIVE BUT MODERATELY ENTERTAINING ROMANCE FILMS.
KARKAT: REMEMBER HOW I DOWNLOADED A FUCK TON OF THEM AFTER DISCOVERING YOUR SPECIES? I AM A CURIOUS MAN, DAVE, YOU COULD LEARN FROM ME.
DAVE: yeah i remember
DAVE: havent you only watched a bunch of shitty dane cook movies on infinite loop since we left
KARKAT: YOU'RE SEVERELY EXAGGERATING, BUT YES I HAVE SAMPLED HIS WORK.
DAVE: dude
DAVE: you know youre only pretending to be a huge fan of his bullshit to piss me off
KARKAT: AGAIN LOOK AT HOW SELF ABSORBED YOU'RE BEING!!!
KARKAT: I HAPPEN TO THINK HE HAS A BRILLIANT COMEDIC MIND, FOR A HUMAN.
DAVE: hrnngngnngghhhh

DAVE: it turns out that exact sentence is my one weakness
DAVE: you win bro you got your girl back
KARKAT: OH SHUT UP.
KARKAT: I AM NOT HERE TO DEBATE YOU ON THE FINER POINTS OF CINEMA, OR TO "GET MY GIRL BACK."
KARKAT: HOW DESPERATE DO YOU THINK I AM?
KARKAT: I'M ACTUALLY HERE TO DO THE OPPOSITE.
KARKAT: I WANTED TO TELL YOU I'M TOTALLY OK WITH IT.
DAVE: oh
DAVE: ok then
KARKAT: BUT JUST LISTEN, AND TRY TO KEEP AN OPEN MIND. I KNOW THAT'S HARD FOR YOU.
KARKAT: HERE, PLEASE TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.

## [A6I2] ==>

**17/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: oh no
DAVE: what the hot mess of fresh fuck am i looking at
KARKAT: IT'S AN ALTERNIAN ROMANCE NOVEL.
KARKAT: NOW LOOK, I'M NOT VOUCHING FOR THIS PARTICULAR PIECE OF LITERATURE. IT'S ACTUALLY PRETTY TRASHY AND IF YOU'RE INTERESTED I COULD RECOMMEND MUCH BETTER THINGS TO YOU.
KARKAT: IT'S JUST THIS ONE ILLUSTRATES THE CONCEPT VERY CLEARLY.
DAVE: what...
DAVE: "concept"
KARKAT: IT'S A PRETTY TYPICAL CASE OF QUADRANT VACILLATION AS APPLIED TO AN OVERLAPPING GROUP OF ROMANTIC PAIRINGS.
DAVE: you lost me at quadrant
DAVE: for future reference thats the word that always lets me know its time to check out of a sentence
KARKAT: WILL YOU PIPE DOWN AND JUST HEAR ME OUT.
KARKAT: IT'S REALLY SIMPLE. THINK OF IT AS BEING SIMILAR TO ONE OF YOUR PRIMITIVE HUMAN LOVE TRIANGLES.
KARKAT: THOUGH THIS IS A QUADRANGLE. THOSE ARE MUCH MORE COMMON IN OUR SOCIETY AND ENTERTAINMENT, AND FOUR IS PRETTY MUCH THE MINIMUM VALUE FOR LOVE-HATE N-DRANGLES.
DAVE: n drangles
DAVE: god dammit
KARKAT: NOW HERE IS WHAT'S ACTUALLY GOING ON WITH THIS GROUP OF CHARACTERS. PAY ATTENTION. HEY, LOOK AT ME. EYES OVER HERE. GOOD.
KARKAT: SEE THE TWO HEROES IN THE MIDDLE, PARTAKING IN THEIR FLUSHED EMBRACE? PRETTY MUCH YOUR TYPICAL LOWBLOOD REDROM PAIRING. THEIR DYNAMIC IS THE GRUBLOAF AND TUBER PASTE OF THE OVERALL ARC.
DAVE: .....
KARKAT: BUT WHAT HAVE WE HERE? THERE ARE SOME NEFARIOUS HIGHBLOODS IN THE PICTURE TOO. THIS IS WHERE IT GETS INTERESTING.

KARKAT: THE GUY ON THE LEFT IS AN OLD CALIGINOUS FLAME FROM THE MALE LOWBLOOD'S PAST, AND HAS REENTERED THE PICTURE. AGAIN, NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY. HE CAN CONTINUE TO COURT HIS MATESPRIT AND KISMESIS WITHOUT CONFLICT. IT'S A PERFECTLY AMICABLE ARRANGEMENT THAT EVERYONE'S TOTALLY DOWN WITH.
DAVE: what is that huge beefcake troll even doing
DAVE: is he grinding against the little dudes shoulder what is even going on
DAVE: why the fuck is he nude
KARKAT: NO QUESTIONS YET.
KARKAT: SO THEN THAT'S ALL FINE, PRETTY BOILERPLATE CONDITIONS FOR UNFOLDING ROMDRAMA, BUT THERE'S A TWIST.
KARKAT: THE MALE HIGHBLOOD AND LOWBLOOD START TO HAVE FLUSHED FEELINGS FOR ONE ANOTHER, AND THIS RESULTS IN SOME RED INFIDELITY BETWEEN THE LOWBLOOD PAIR.
KARKAT: OBVIOUSLY THIS IS WHERE THE FIREWORKS START GOING OFF. THE RED FEELINGS BETWEEN THE LOWBLOODS TURN TO BLACK, AND THUS BEGINS WHAT IS REFERRED TO AS QUADRANT VACILLATION.
KARKAT: MEANWHILE THE TWO MALES ARE ALSO VACILLATING BETWEEN RED AND BLACK, BECAUSE YOU DON'T JUST LET GO OF A RIVALRY SO EASILY.
DAVE: what is going on with the other chick
DAVE: all grabbing at the other one down there in the corner
KARKAT: YEAH, WELL, IT GETS EVEN MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT, PROBABLY MORE THAN NEEDED FOR THE SAKE OF MAKING THE POINT.
KARKAT: IN THE HEAT OF THEIR VACILLATION, DURING AN ESPECIALLY BLACK PHASE, THE LOWBLOOD FEMALE WAXES RED FOR A NOTORIOUS AND ESPECIALLY BRUTAL HIGHBLOOD FEMALE.
KARKAT: SO THEY HAVE THEIR THING ON THE SIDE, BUT EVEN THAT STARTS VACILLATING TOO BECAUSE THE ORIGINAL PAIR JUST KEEP SPINNING LIKE A TOP.
KARKAT: WE DON'T NEED TO GET BOGGED DOWN IN THE QUADRANGLE DYNAMIC THOUGH, AND FOR OUR PURPOSES THE 4TH PARTY IS A DISTRACTION.
DAVE: our purposes
DAVE: what the fuck are our purposes
KARKAT: THE THING IS, VACILLATION ALWAYS ADDS A LOT OF DRAMA TO EVERYTHING, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT CAN'T BE VIABLE.
KARKAT: IT CAN TOTALLY WORK, AND EVERYONE CAN BE REASONABLE ABOUT IT, IT REALLY JUST COMES DOWN TO A MATTER OF SENSIBLE SCHEDULING.
DAVE: you must be out of your fucking mind if you think i want to know where youre going with this
KARKAT: DAVE, PLEASE.
KARKAT: JUST READ THE BOOK, OK? IT'S ALL IN THE BOOK.

## [A6I2] ==>

**17/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: im not reading that shit
DAVE: i cant even read your stupid troll language why would you think i can
KARKAT: I THINK YOU SHOULD RECONSIDER. I CAN TRANSLATE FOR YOU. I'LL

READ THE WHOLE DAMN THING ALOUD IF YOU WANT.
KARKAT: SERIOUSLY, IT COULD REALLY EXPAND YOUR LIMITED HUMAN THINK PAN ON STUFF.
KARKAT: THERE'S A LOT HERE THAT'S APPLICABLE TO OUR SITUATION.
DAVE: there is nothing even slightly applicable about any of that bullshit to our situation
KARKAT: DON'T BE DENSE. OF COURSE THERE IS.
KARKAT: TEREZI AND I HAVE BEEN ON THE VERGE OF VACILLATING LIKE THIS FOR A LONG TIME.
KARKAT: IT'S ABOUT TIME WE KILLED THE SUSPENSE AND JUST ACKNOWLEDGED IT.
KARKAT: YOU AND SHE SEEM BENT ON DEVELOPING SOMETHING IN THE FLUSHED QUADRANT, AND LIKE I SAID, I'M FINE WITH THAT.
KARKAT: IF WE CAN JUST GET OUR SHIT STRAIGHTENED OUT, WE CAN BE LIKE THESE VACILLATING PAIRS THAT ALTERNATE BETWEEN RED AND BLACK, BUT IN A WAY THAT'S COMPLEMENTARY WITH EACH OTHER'S PATTERNS.
DAVE: oh my god
DAVE: why is this happening
KARKAT: LIKE WHILE SHE AND I ARE BLACK, YOU AND SHE ARE RED.
KARKAT: BUT THEN WHEN SHE AND I ARE RED, YOU AND SHE... I DON'T KNOW IF HUMANS ARE REALLY CAPABLE OF BLACK FEELINGS?
KARKAT: I GUESS THAT'S UP TO YOU. MAYBE YOU CAN JUST LIKE, SIT THOSE PERIODS OUT.
KARKAT: LIKE TAKE A BREAK, YOU KNOW?
DAVE: youve completely lost it dude
DAVE: i cant believe for a fucking second this is reasonable shit to propose even on troll world
DAVE: you just
DAVE: totally snapped
KARKAT: SNAPPED LIKE A FUCKING FOX. THIS MAKES PERFECT SENSE.
KARKAT: LIKE I SAID, IT'S JUST A MATTER OF RESPONSIBLE SCHEDULING.
KARKAT: HERE LET ME SHOW YOU.
KARKAT: I NEED SOME PAPER. WHERE'S SOME PAPER.
DAVE: hnnrrghh

## [A6I2] ==>

**18/03/12**

dialoglogKARKAT: LOOK, IT'S PERFECTLY SIMPLE.
KARKAT: HANG ON WHILE I DRAW THE GUIDELINES.
DAVE: oh no
DAVE: no you are NOT making another shipping grid dude
KARKAT: IT'S NOT A SHIPPING GRID.
KARKAT: JUST SOME ROWS AND COLUMNS FOR A SCHEDULE.
DAVE: its a grid youre drawing a goddamn grid
DAVE: im not letting you draw a grid for this stupid shit
KARKAT: COME ON, LOOK HERE. THESE ARE THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.
KARKAT: THEN WE EACH HAVE ROWS FOR THOSE DAYS AND WE CAN DRAW A HEART OR A SPADE FOR ANY GIVEN DAY.

KARKAT: THAT WAY WE KNOW WHAT'S UP IN ADVANCE, AND AVOID UNPLEASANT CONFLICTS.
DAVE: put the fucking pen down

## [A6I2] ==>

**18/03/12**

dialoglogKARKAT: HEY, CUT IT OUT. DON'T TOUCH ME.
DAVE: do not draw a shipping grid
DAVE: do not do it
KARKAT: IT'S NOT A SHIPPING GRID YOU OBTUSE FUCK.
DAVE: this is fucked up put it down
KARKAT: NO.
DAVE: you are not drawing a grid to organize our goddamn dating lives
DAVE: that is some straight up crackpot motherfuckin noise i will not abide
KARKAT: FUCK YOU. LET ME DRAW.
DAVE: stop drawing the shipping grid
KARKAT: *IT IS NOT A SHIPPING GRID*
KARKAT: THIS IS NOT SHIPPING YOU HEINOUS TOOL, THIS IS COMMON SENSE.
DAVE: you will not draw anything that even remotely resembles a grid

## [A6I2] ==>

**18/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: do not draw an arrangement of squares or otherwise interlocking polygons
KARKAT: LET GO.
DAVE: you will not draw a spreadsheet for the purpose of allocating time spent with a mutual girlfriend you horses ass
DAVE: that is exactly the shit i do not want to see
KARKAT: LOOK, I JUST DREW A SQUARE.
KARKAT: GET READY TO SEE A LOT MORE OF THOSE!
DAVE: no
DAVE: stop
DAVE: do not draw any additional squares
DAVE: do not draw any quadrilaterals or trapezoids or rectangles or fucking n-drangles and especially as fuck not any god damned rhombuses
DAVE: i dont want to see your lines making any right angles do you understand
KARKAT: IN MY MIND'S EYE I AM PICTURING A BEAUTIFUL LATTICE OF LINES AND COMPARTMENTS, INTERLOCKING WITH SUBLIME PRECISION AT NINETY DEGREE ANGLES.
KARKAT: I IMAGINE THIS MODULAR RETICULATION AS AN ELEGANT VESSEL, IF YOU WILL, FOR THE GRAND SYNTHESIS OF OUR SHARED SHIPPING DREAMS.
DAVE: no
DAVE: that is the perfect example of what you shouldnt be drawing
KARKAT: YES
DAVE: no
KARKAT: FUCK YES
KARKAT: OOH LOOK, ANOTHER SQUARE, SORT OF.

KARKAT: KIND OF WOBBLY! IT'LL HAVE TO DO.
DAVE: no you fuck
KARKAT: WAIT, I THINK IT'S COMING.
KARKAT: HERE IT COMES, MY FIRST "SHIP", IT'S GOING IN THE SQUARE!
DAVE: put the goddamn pen down
DAVE: you piece of shit
KARKAT: HELL NO.
DAVE: yes
KARKAT: WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM??
KARKAT: OW, FUCK.

## [A6I2] ==>

**18/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: this is so sick does she even know youre doing this
KARKAT: DOING WHAT??
DAVE: splitting up her time in a grid for your stupid rotating hate date plan
KARKAT: SHE WILL SOON ENOUGH.
DAVE: what a presumptuous sack of shit put the pen down
KARKAT: NO, I'M DRAWING.
DAVE: step away from your dumb ugly scribble grid
KARKAT: GET LOST.
DAVE: youre messing up roses book
KARKAT: YOU SMELL BAD.
DAVE: dont talk to me about rank smells
DAVE: you are the fuckin big man of smellin bad
DAVE: you dominate the paint with your stonk
KARKAT: MY LUSUS BROUGHT THINGS HOME THAT SMELLED MORE APPEALING THAN YOU.
KARKAT: IMPORTANT FACT: 100% OF WHAT HE BROUGHT HOME WAS EITHER A DEAD ANIMAL, OR LITERAL FECES.
DAVE: oh yeah well check it out:
DAVE: you smell like if someone took a dump on a butt
KARKAT: HOW CAN SHE STAND YOU WITH HER SENSITIVE NOSE?
KARKAT: HAVE YOU EVER EVEN WASHED THAT RIDICULOUS OUTFIT?
DAVE: theyre magic fucking pajamas they stay like perma clean or something
DAVE: theyre enchanted and comfy as fuck give me the pen
KARKAT: NO, IT'S MINE NOW. I'M KEEPING IT ON PRINCIPLE.

## [A6I2] ==>

**18/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: karkat whoa man what are you doing
DAVE: why are you drawing all these human dicks
DAVE: how do you even know what they look like what have you been watching??
KARKAT: I'M NOT DRAWING THOSE!!!!!!!
KARKAT: YOU'RE MAKING ME DRAW THEM, STOP THAT.
DAVE: no way

DAVE: this book is now like
DAVE: our fight fueled ouija board of cock
KARKAT: ARGH... STOP!
KARKAT: DON'T
KARKAT: NO FUCK
KARKAT: OK NO
KARKAT: YOU DREW THAT ONE
KARKAT: YOU DREW THAT ONE!!!!
KARKAT: DON'T PRETEND YOU DIDN'T!
DAVE: are you sure man
DAVE: thats the spooky thing about penis ouija you can never be sure who did the dicks
DAVE: was it you or me or maybe a ghoooost???
KARKAT: FUUUUUUUCK LET GO OF ME!
DAVE: gimme the pen
KARKAT: NO
DAVE: yes
KARKAT: NO
DAVE: yes
KARKAT: FINE TAKE IT!
DAVE: no
KARKAT: WHAT??
DAVE: were still drawing
KARKAT: LET GO
DAVE: are you kidding this is a fucking masterpiece we have to see this through
KARKAT: I'M TRYING TO LET GO OF THE STUPID PEN BUT YOU WON'T LET ME
DAVE: we are in the shit now
DAVE: we are motherfuckin entrenched in this bitch
KARKAT: YOU CRAZY FUCK
DAVE: were running out of room rose can you turn the page for us
KARKAT: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!

## [A6I2] ==>

**18/03/12**

dialoglogKARKAT: THIS ALTERCATION IS BECOMING UNCOMFORTABLY PHYSICAL, GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME.
DAVE: what are you talking about
KARKAT: YOU KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.
DAVE: shut up and draw another penis
KARKAT: YOU DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND THE SOCIAL IMPLICATIONS OF ALL THIS HOSTILE TOUCHING AND GRABBING DO YOU???
KARKAT: I DON'T FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT YOU STRIDER, JUST STEP OFF.

## [A6I2] ==>

**18/03/12**

```
BONK BONK BONK
```

dialoglogDAVE: man if you want to look at this that way then thats your business
DAVE: this is just an old fashioned beatdown where im from deal with it
KARKAT: WHY DON'T YOU OLD FASHIONED GO FUCK YOURSELF?
DAVE: stop biting my cape
KARKAT: FUFCK NYOUF.

## [A6I2] ==>

**18/03/12**

```
KANAYA: ♣ ?
```

dialoglogKARKAT: RAAARARRAAUUUAAAAUUAGHGHGGHGGGGHHGH!
DAVE: shit!

## [A6I2] ==>

**19/03/12**

```
struggle
```

## [A6I2] ==>

**19/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: are you serious
KARKAT: FFMUFFUFFIN
DAVE: dude unreal
DAVE: you are like a cape magnet

## [A6I2] ==>

**19/03/12**

```
grab
```

dialoglogDAVE: hold still
KARKAT: MMMMMMMFFFFFUUFFMMMMUFFIN

## [A6I2] ==>

**19/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: hup

## [A6I2] ==>

**19/03/12**

```
suplex
```

dialoglogDAVE: BOOYEAH

## [A6I2] ==>

**19/03/12**

```
Alert : ♎
```

dialoglogTEREZI: 3V3RYBODY STOP WH4T YOUR3 DO1NG 1MM3D14T3LY!
TEREZI: WH4T3V3R 1T M1GHT B3
TEREZI: 4NOTH3R DR34M BUBBL3 1S 4PPRO4CH1NG R4P1DLY
TEREZI: 3V3RYON3 M4N YOUR ST4T1ONS!

TEREZI: BY WH1CH 1 M34N GO 4BOUT YOUR BUS1N3SS 4S USU4L 1 GU3SS
TEREZI: UNL3SS YOU W4NT TO M33T M3 UP H3R3 4ND CH3CK 1T OUT
TEREZI: OV3R! >:]

## [A6I2] ==>

**19/03/12**

```
YEAR 1

* |   3   |   2   |   1   |
* ]       |       |       [
* ]       |      -==      x
* ]       |       |       [
* |       |       |       |
```

## [A6I2] ==>

**19/03/12**

```
GHOSTBUSTERS II

M M P O R G
LOG IN    NEW ACCOUNT
```

dialoglogJADE: john i really think we are scraping the bottom of the barrel here
JOHN: no way! this game rules.
JOHN: i just never gave it much playing time before because...
JOHN: well, i guess i always had better things to do.
JADE: thats sort of my point!
JADE: where did you even get this?
JOHN: years ago i found it in a store on the bargain rack.
JOHN: it was only a dollar! isn't that awesome?
JADE: :|

## [A6I2] ==>

**19/03/12**

```
 gb_048583: nak nak nak nak nak
nak nak nak nak nak nak nak nak
nak nak nak nak nak nak nak nak
nak nak nak nak

gb_131334: glub glub glub.
I don't understand anything.

gb_702323: a/g/l?
```

dialoglogJADE: i dont really think this is my kind of game....
JADE: but i will play it with you today because it is technically your birthday <3
JOHN: yesss. you won't be disappointed.
JADE: how many people did you get to play this??
JOHN: um, i don't know.
JOHN: i only showed it to a few people, but i guess hundreds are playing it now?
JOHN: nobody is very good at it though.
JOHN: i keep trying to tell the salamanders and chess guys not to cross the streams, but they keep crossing the streams!

JOHN: just between you and me, i think a lot of them aren't very bright.
JADE: why cant you cross the streams?
JOHN: jade, please.
JOHN: it is just something you can't do when you're a ghost buster, because it spells big trouble. everyone knows that.
JADE: :p

## [A6I2] ==>

**20/03/12**

dialoglogJOHN: you should hurry up and make a character already, so we can get started.
JADE: im working on it!
JADE: there are so many options
JADE: what kind of ghostbuster should i make?
JOHN: just any old ghost buster! as long as he looks awesome and like he means business.
JADE: hmmmm
JOHN: i will begin organizing our squad.
JADE: what do you have to do?
JOHN: well, first we need buy an old abandoned fire station to use as a headquarters.
JOHN: luckily half the city is composed of abandoned fire stations that are for sale...
JOHN: this game is actually really stupid in a lot of ways, now that i think about it.
JADE: noooooooooo!
JOHN: hey, shut up!
JOHN: i take it back, it's great in every way.
JADE: sure john
JADE: whatever you say
JOHN: ok, now i have to find us a mission.
JOHN: got to hire a sassy secretary...
JOHN: just have to peruse this extensive palette of sarcastic red headed ladies...
JOHN: ok, here is a good one.
JOHN: then we wait for a phone call. this can take anywhere from ten seconds to several hours.
JADE: are you serious?
JOHN: but that's fine!
JOHN: there's lots to do in the station to kill time.
JOHN: like talk to slimer, and...
JOHN: get slimed by slimer.
JOHN: ok, i guess that's pretty much all there is to do.
JADE: what about that fire pole there?
JADE: cant you go down the fire pole?
JOHN: the fire pole is strictly decorative.
JADE: .....
JOHN: are you almost finished making your character?
JADE: yeah i think im done!!!
JADE: im pretty happy with him

## [A6I2] ==>

**20/03/12**

dialoglogJOHN: jade.
JOHN: that is absolutely the shittiest ghost buster i have ever seen.
JADE: no way!
JOHN: yes.
JOHN: it is so yes way.
JADE: hes adorable, what are you even talking about?
JOHN: jade, i thought you were going to take this game seriously.
JOHN: that is not a serious ghost buster. no ghost could possibly fear that thing.
JADE: i dont want ghosts to be afraid of him
JADE: i want to make friends with some ghosts if at all possible
JOHN: it is not possible, ghosts are known to be cruel and mischievous.
JOHN: they will not want to befriend your fox man, they will only want to cover him in slime and then fly away.
JOHN: i really think you should consider redesigning him.
JADE: nope. im keeping him :p
JOHN: ok, well, if you want to turn our squad into a fucking joke, then that's your business.
JADE: shut up or ill give him a pink jumpsuit!
JOHN: argh!
JOHN: but seriously, those head swap options are for such noobs, i feel it's only fair to warn you.
JADE: i think i will manage to survive the embarrassment in front of a bunch of salamanders and crocodiles
JOHN: ok, fine.
JOHN: you get a pass, but only because you yourself are a furry.
JADE: thank you
JADE: *snicker*
JOHN: what?
JADE: nothing
JOHN: is someone messaging you through the game?
JADE: hehe
JOHN: who is it?
JADE: pffff!
JOHN: dammit, jade...
JADE: its davesprite, hes playing too
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: don't tell him any of our strategies. he is the enemy!
JADE: we have strategies?
JOHN: um...
JOHN: ok, first, tell him we have strategies. then, don't tell him them.
JADE: hahahahahahaha
JOHN: oh god.
JOHN: what is it now?
JADE: did you know...
JADE: davesprite is a funny guy?
JOHN: meh, he's alright i guess.
JOHN: i give most of his jokes a passing grade. sometimes as high as a solid b+!
JADE: i just told him you said that

JOHN: that's fine, he and i keep no secrets.
JADE: davesprite says to tell you "youre basically welcome for being born 14 years ago and 1 year ago you ungrateful douche"
JOHN: oh, like him taking credit for my existence isn't so old by now!
JOHN: hey, jade...
JOHN: why do you still call him davesprite?
JADE: um
JADE: because he is davesprite?
JOHN: i just call him dave.
JOHN: isn't that easier? i mean, he IS dave after all... right?
JADE: well yeah
JADE: but hes kinda different from dave
JOHN: pshh, he is so not different.
JOHN: dude is just a magical orange dave with wings! and also says caw sometimes.
JADE: i know
JADE: but there are other differences...

## [A6I2] ==>

**21/03/12**

dialoglogJOHN: like what?
JADE: its hard to explain
JADE: just some slight differences in personality i guess
JOHN: he still raps sometimes.
JADE: yes...
JADE: so?
JOHN: i just thought i would mention that.
JADE: ok i will admit i cant really tell if his rapping style has changed
JOHN: trust me, it hasn't.
JADE: i dont know if the differences are because he is a sprite
JADE: or because he lived for a while in a different timeline...
JOHN: well, weren't you a sprite before?
JOHN: how different did you feel then?
JADE: i wasnt a sprite!
JADE: my dead dream self was a sprite
JADE: and then i kind of merged with her when i became a god tier
JOHN: oh, right.
JOHN: so...
JOHN: half of you was a sprite.
JADE: i guess?
JADE: its more like im still the me i always was, but inherited some of her memories
JADE: but they are pretty vague
JOHN: do you remember what it was like being jade sprite?
JADE: i remember being dead for a long time
JADE: and making friends...
JADE: mostly trolls
JOHN: oh really?

JOHN: which ones?
JADE: none that we know of now
JADE: that i can remember at least
JADE: they feel like such distant memories, like they were barely real
JOHN: hmm.
JOHN: i have to admit, i am a little disappointed in the dream bubble thing.
JOHN: by the way you were describing it, i really thought we would dream about them on this trip more often!
JADE: yeah me too
JADE: maybe its something about this place were traveling through?
JOHN: i dunno.
JADE: when was the last time you visited one in your sleep?
JOHN: man...
JOHN: that was weeks ago, i think.
JADE: yeah
JOHN: and then, when i do dream about them, it's just kind of weird.
JOHN: either i'm alone in my own memory, talking to figments of my imagination...
JOHN: or i dream about someone we know. like a troll we have talked to, and i get excited.
JOHN: but then it turns out they don't know who i am! it's like a version of them that died before they ever even knew us, and it's just kind of awkward.
JADE: yup
JOHN: and i still haven't seen dave or rose AT ALL.

## [A6I2] ==>

**21/03/12**

```
gb_702323: yiff yiff
```

dialoglogJOHN: have you?
JADE: nope :(
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: i'm starting to think it's not going to happen. i wonder if we're just not sleeping at the same times?
JADE: i dont think thats it
JADE: for one thing, considering where we are, i dont think theres such a thing as "the same time" for us
JOHN: heh. that's true.
JOHN: do you think the afterlife is just fucking with us, jade?
JADE: maybe...
JADE: but its probably more like the way it used to be with the clouds in skaia
JADE: they didnt always show you things, but when they did they were selective about what they would let you see
JADE: like they would make sure you saw whatever you needed to see to make sure things would go the right way
JADE: i always thought i knew so much, but in retrospect they gave me only a tiny glimpse of the big picture!
JOHN: that is so infuriating!

JADE: i guess!
JADE: it never felt that way when all i was doing was looking up at some clouds
JADE: i was happy to see whatever was there
JADE: but i guess its different in a situation like this
JADE: when you miss your friends, and you kind of wish the dream bubbles would play along
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: oh well.
JOHN: i guess it's only two more years.

## [A6I2] ==>

**21/03/12**

dialoglogJOHN: what do you think they will be like by then?
JOHN: do you think karkat will have driven them all insane?
JADE: heheh, probably!
JOHN: or maybe they will all be better friends with each other than they are with us.
JADE: hmmm
JADE: well look at it this way
JADE: by the end of our trip, will YOU be better friends with a bunch of salamanders than you are with rose and dave?
JOHN: i don't know. there ARE some pretty charming salamanders on this ship.
JADE: that is true
JOHN: but you know what i mean. things have a way of changing.
JOHN: like, have you thought at all about what it's going to be like when you see dave again?
JOHN: i mean, after the way things are going with you and dave sprite?
JADE: umm
JADE: what do you mean the way things are going?
JOHN: jade, please.
JADE: what!
JOHN: *sigh*
JOHN: you are not fooling anyone with your coy shenanigans.
JADE: what has he been telling you??
JOHN: nothing!! do you really think he would talk about any of that with me?
JOHN: there are just some obvious conclusions a guy is going to make about stuff.
JADE: well...
JADE: i guess i dont know whats going on with that
JOHN: hm.
JADE: i really dont!!!
JOHN: alright, fair enough.
JADE: um
JADE: what
JADE: do you think he would think about that?
JOHN: huh?
JADE: the other dave
JADE: i mean
JADE: hypothetically
JOHN: ah HA! so you HAVE thought about it!

JADE: im only wondering because you brought it up!!!!!!
JOHN: yes. yes i did.
JADE: then what do you think?
JOHN: i have no idea. we would probably never find out one way or the other, regardless.
JADE: maybe
JADE: well
JADE: what about you john?
JOHN: what about me even?

## [A6I2] ==>

**21/03/12**

dialoglogJADE: remember how you told me how karkat kept sort of trying to set you up with rose?
JOHN: yes.
JADE: you told me this on more than one occasion if i recall!
JOHN: what is your point!
JADE: well, i have kind of wondered to myself if you kept bringing that up because on some level you wanted that to be true...
JOHN: oh man.
JOHN: jade, listen.
JOHN: at this point i could not give less of a rat's ass about romancey stuff!
JOHN: i would rather just play some games, and chill out for several years on this magical flying boat. is that too much to ask?
JADE: not at all! that is perfectly fine
JOHN: when i catch up with our buddies, i'm sure i will give rose a nice, FRIENDLY hug.
JADE: aww
JOHN: whereas i will offer dave a tender bro embrace, and shove karkat down a flight of friendship stairs.
JADE: heheheheh
JOHN: but that is IT.
JOHN: it's all very complicated and bothersome, jade.
JADE: what?
JOHN: you know. matters of the heart.
JADE: *snicker*
JOHN: ok, you may laugh at my choice of words, but it is true.
JOHN: it's really befuddling and distracting when you are on a major quest to make universes out of frogs. who even needs it?
JADE: i guess you have a point
JOHN: like...
JOHN: you remember that troll girl who was sort of into me?
JADE: mm hm
JOHN: well, ok.
JOHN: that seemed like a pretty big deal at the time!
JOHN: it really seemed like she liked me, but also, she was *probably* insane?
JOHN: like, i mean, in a trollish, murderous kind of way.
JADE: yikes
JOHN: but craziness notwithstanding, i didn't really know what to think.

JOHN: i guess i thought she was cool at the time. i was honestly kind of flummoxed about it.
JOHN: but the point is, when all was said and done, that was just some stuff that happened over one day, which was a whole year ago already.
JOHN: i barely even remember what we talked about. by the time we meet up, she probably won't give a shit about me at all.
JOHN: which, let's face it, is probably for the best.
JADE: .....
JOHN: i think we make things more meaningful in our head when they're happening than they really are. like realistically? there were probably a lot of things that went on that day that didn't mean that much.
JOHN: like remember how you said you thought karkat was getting this silly angry crush on you?
JADE: that was just my hunch
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: i mean, do you really think after three years he is still going to have the rage hots for you?
JADE: i sincerely doubt it
JADE: at least
JADE: i hope not ._.
JOHN: i don't think even he is that crazy.
JOHN: anyway, my point is, who even cares about all that?
JOHN: romance and dating are dumb and boring. we are legendary heroes, and we have bigger fish to fry. like that smug fatass over there on the horizon.
JOHN: he sure looks pleased with himself. just look at him, he thinks he is the undisputed king of that mountain or something.
JADE: that is so outrageous
JOHN: follow me so we can seize the high ground against this hideous ocean dwelling marshmallow man, and steal all of his treasure.
JADE: after you!

## [A6I2] ==>

**22/03/12**

dialoglogJASPERSPRITE: Ahem.
JOHN: jaspers, holy shit, another cake?
JASPERSPRITE: :3
JOHN: but there are still all these others we haven't touched.
JOHN: nanna is really baking up a storm today.
JASPERSPRITE: Aheh-heh-heh-heh-heh-hem.
JASPERSPRITE: Meoooooow. ♫
JADE: grrr...
JOHN: jaspers, whoa, what are you doing?
JASPERSPRITE: Meow meow-meow meow meow meeeoooooow. ♫
JASPERSPRITE: Meow meow-meow meow MEOW MEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOW. ♫
JOHN: jaspers, no!!!
JOHN: it's fine if you want to sing me the birthday song, but for the love of god, don't MEOW it!!!!!
JOHN: you're going to rile her up!

JASPERSPRITE: Meow meow-MEOW meow meow JO-OHHHHHN. ♫
JADE: grrrrrrrrrr
JOHN: no jade, come on, PLEASE settle down.
JADE: i cant help it!
JADE: grrrr...
JADE: dammit!
JADE: im really not mad at him, i swear!
JASPERSPRITE: MEOW MEOW-MEEEOOOW MEEOOWW MEOW MEEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOOW. ♫
JADE: WOOF!!!
JOHN: oh my god.

## [A6I2] ==>
**22/03/12**
dialoglogJADE: WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF WOOF!
JASPERSPRITE: Hisssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!
JOHN: aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaauuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuugh!

## [A6I2] ==>
**22/03/12**
## [A6I2] ==>
**22/03/12**

```
JOHN: _
```

## [A6I2] ==>
**23/03/12**
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## [A6I2] ==>
**23/03/12**

```
JOHN: recursive John
```

## [A6I2] ==>

**23/03/12**

dialoglogMEENAH: hey you
MEENAH: god tier boy
MEENAH: water you doin there blue boy
MEENAH: )(-EY
MEENAH: IM TALKING TO YOU

## [A6I2] ==>

**23/03/12**

```
JOHN: ?
```

dialoglogMEENAH: yes you
MEENAH: the dork in the pajamas
MEENAH: ok the OT)(-ER dork in pajamas
MEENAH: be all a pajama party up in here today
JOHN: hi.
JOHN: which troll are you?
MEENAH: which troll am i
MEENAH: im the best troll dummy
MEENAH: now get away from her she is mine
JOHN: uh...
MEENAH: ive been hunting her for a whale now
JOHN: for a whale?
JOHN: what does that mean?
MEENAH: its a fish pun
MEENAH: sayin fish puns is obviously kind of this thing i do stupid G-ET WIT)( T)(-E PROGRAM
JOHN: oh, right.
JOHN: i thought it sounded kind of... fishy!
MEENAH: ooooh thats a good one
MEENAH: not
MEENAH: now beat it
JOHN: you must be the sea troll, i heard about you.
JOHN: but i'm pretty sure we never talked.
JOHN: have you by any chance seen vriska around? or karkat?
MEENAH: who the fuck are they

## [A6I2] ==>

**23/03/12**

dialoglogJOHN: um... your troll friends?
MEENAH: werent no friends of mine if i never heard of em
MEENAH: do you see this golden pointy deal here
JOHN: yes.
MEENAH: i was gonna use it to poke some holes in that girl there and see what happens
MEENAH: so clamscray
JOHN: oh no...

JOHN: why would you do that!
MEENAH: for the halibut
JOHN: uh. what?
MEENAH: halibut hell of it
MEENAH: ok that one wasnt that awesome
MEENAH: i thought i told you to clamscray
JOHN: i'm not sure what clamscray means either. you mean go away?
MEENAH: holy mother glubbing mackerel you are a fucking idiot
MEENAH: well if youre not gonna go
MEENAH: maybe you can at least tell me somefin
JOHN: what?
MEENAH: this is the afterlife isnt it
MEENAH: which means
MEENAH: im D-EAD
MEENAH: right

## [A6I2] ==>

**24/03/12**

dialoglogJOHN: yes. well, it's a dream bubble.
JOHN: so yeah, you are probably a ghost.
MEENAH: I KN-EW IT
MEENAH: hahahaha yessssss
JOHN: you're excited to be dead?
MEENAH: excited hmm
MEENAH: now that you mention it
MEENAH: yes
MEENAH: i am pretty
MEENAH: flippin
MEENAH: -EXCIT------ED
JOHN: why?
MEENAH: because
MEENAH: it means my plan worked

## [A6I2] ==>

**24/03/12**

dialoglogJOHN: what plan?
MEENAH: why would i tell a hornless dork like you somefin like that
JOHN: i dunno.
JOHN: just curious about your spooky ghost plan is all.
MEENAH: im curious about why a couple of freaks like you were sent to welcome me to hell
MEENAH: water you demons or somefin
MEENAH: pretty lame demons if you ask me
MEENAH: way too frondly and stupid
JOHN: no, we're humans.
JOHN: by which i mean aliens, i guess.
MEENAH: so like

MEENAH: youre dead aliens huh
MEENAH: whoever heard of an alien ghost
JOHN: i know, right? that's what i think sometimes.
JOHN: it's strange combination of sci-fi things. like alien stuff is all about science, right? at least it is in movies. aliens LOVE science. but then ghosts have nothing to do with science, they belong to the supernatural realms, which have more to do with religion i guess? or about a lot of hocus pocus and superstition, maybe even magic. science rarely enters the equation, unless it's something awesome like ghost busters, which makes ghosts and stuff ALL ABOUT science, even though the ghost science is obviously a bunch of total nonsense. i guess contact mixes aliens and ghosts because jodie foster saw her ghost dad in outer space? but then, that was probably just a science projection from an alien, to make her feel less sad about her dead dad, and not a real ghost or anything. i guess the lesson is that science and aliens teach us that ghosts and religion are fake? although, it turns out ghosts and aliens are actually real, so maybe science and religion have been lying to us all along. *shrug*
MEENAH: nerd
JOHN: um.
JOHN: yeah, sorry.
MEENAH: so the girl
MEENAH: she like your matesprit or whatever
JOHN: what?
JOHN: ha, no, i don't even know her.
JOHN: i kinda thought you knew who she was?
MEENAH: dont know who she is but i know W)(AT she is
MEENAH: shes done
JOHN: huh?
MEENAH: ever do any baking nerd
JOHN: yeah, a little...
MEENAH: then you know -EXACTLY what you do with somefin thats done
MEENAH: you stick a fork in it

## [A6I2] ==>

**24/03/12**

```
pitch
```

dialoglogMEENAH: S-E----------E

## [A6I2] ==>

**24/03/12**

dialoglogJOHN: no!!!
MEENAH: better think fast suckafish
JOHN: snoozing mystery girl, look out!!!

## [A6I2] ==>

**24/03/12**

dialoglogDAVE: whoa is that john
KARKAT: YEAH, I THINK IT IS.
DAVE: what the hell is going on

KARKAT: OH SHIT
KARKAT: JOHN WATCH OUT!!!!!!
KARKAT: WELL, FUCK.
KARKAT: LOOKS LIKE HE'S STILL AN IDIOT.

**[A6I2] ==>**
**24/03/12**
**[A6I2] ==>**
**25/03/12**
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**[A6I2] ==>**
**25/03/12**

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3S3SDDH344HSS4433SH...
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**[A6I2] ==>**
**25/03/12**
**[A6I2] ==>**
**25/03/12**

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Alert : ♏
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**[A6I2] ==>**
**25/03/12**

```
Alert : ♏
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pesterlogarachnidsGrip [AG] began trolling gallowsCalibrator [GC]

AG: Hahahahahahahaha!
AG: Aaaaaaaa haaaaaaaa haaaaaaaa haaaaaaaa haaa..... man, fuck this.
AG: It's a real pain in the ass typing out long victorious laughs with only one hand, you know?
AG: Gonna have to patch this thing up somehow. May8e I'll pay a visit to my neigh8or a little l8er.
AG: Getting my arm fixed nearly ought to 8e worth enduring the stench. Aw yeah. Sick 8urn from outta nowhere. Take that, Zahhak.
AG: Haha! NEIGH8or. I can't 8elieve I only thought of that now! I 8et he'll get kick out of that.
AG: I 8et you even more he won't laugh though. What a 8oring piece of shit.
AG: I know YOU would think it's funny though. Right Terezi?
AG: Man, I sure am glad this little feud of ours is 8asically over. We're totally even!
AG: Now we can just go 8ack to 8eing friends, and things will 8e gr8.
AG: Hmmmmmmmm.....
AG: Hahahaha! You won't 8elieve this, 8ut it only occurred to me now that you won't even 8e a8le to read this!
AG: Even if you do somehow manage to stum8le 8ack to your hive..... you're 8lind now!

Whoooooooops.
AG: It would 8e a real shame if we couldn't 8ury the hatchet and 8e gr8 friends again 8ecause of a stupid 8ullshit reason like that.

## [A6I2] ==>

**25/03/12**

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Alert : ♏

88rkkr8rrk8rk8rkrk8...

Alert : ♎
```

pesterlogAG: Oh, I know.
AG: May8e I'll mindjack some random chump and send him to your hive so he can read my messages to you out loud!
AG: What a perfect solution. He can 8e your assisted living slave.
AG: I would have had the perfect candid8 all lined up, 8ut he recently lost the use of his legs unfortun8ly. Oh well, I'll just roll with the punches like I always do and find someone else.
AG: Just say the word, and I'll make him do whatever you want! Read my awesome notes to you, hang some more plush dragons from your tree, pre-chew your food.....
AG: Well, may8e not pre-chew it, since I didn't exactly knock your teeth out, did I?
AG: May8e more like pre-look-at your food, to make sure there are 8ugs in it.
AG: See, isn't it gr8 when we're helping each other out instead of maiming each other repeatedly?
AG: This is how it should 8e 8etween Scourge Sisters. All the maimings and 8acksta88ings should 8e saved for the friends and foes who get in our way, don't you think?
AG: Hey, what do you want to do for our next campaign, 8tw?
AG: We can take the next one easy. I'll try to think of something 8etter suited to your new disa8ility!
AG: I mean, I've ALREADY pretty much nixed anything involving stairs, 8ecause of Tavros. Lol.
AG: 8n't no one can say I'm not willing to meet people half way!!!!!!!!
AG: Whew.....
AG: I'm losing a lot of 8lood here.
AG: Good thing I seem to have a ton of the stuff. We high8loods are made of some pretty tough shit.
AG: What a fucking mess, though. Not really looking forward to cleaning this up.
AG: I've got to say, your prank was pretty good. Still not sure how you pulled it off. Pretty inconvenient though!
AG: It's too 8ad you're not going to get to read this for a while, if ever. We could 8e 8onding over the gr8 pranks we just pulled on each other!
AG: Oh well.
AG: Guess I'll take off. 8efore I drop dead like some kind of loser and you never get to hear from me again.
AG: See you around, sis.
GC: WOW
GC: 1 C4NT B3L13V3 1 4LMOST FORGOT
GC: WH4T 4 COMPL3T3LY CR4ZY B1TCH YOU W3R3
AG: Hey now!

AG: What kind of attitude is that to 8ring into this memory?
GC: OH
GC: Y34H
GC: SORRY >:[
AG: Easy, there.
AG: No need to waste good remorse on such a trivial exchange.
AG: I am only reminding you,
AG: That if you 8ring too much 8aggage from the past into the memory, it is dou8tful your experience will 8e either therapeutic or cathartic.
GC: UH
GC: WH4T
AG: You were the one who invoked this memory after all.
AG: Isn't this why you are here? Is it not what you have 8een hoping for and fretting you may find since your journey 8egan?
AG: A chance to say you are sorry?
GC: VR1SK4
GC: YOU SOUND R34LLY D1FF3R3NT
GC: WH4T H4PP3N3D TO YOU OUT H3R3?
AG: Sorry for the ruse.
AG: Though it isn't as far from the truth as it possi8ly could 8e, I am not who you think I am.
GC: >:?
AG: I of course needed to visit you through a memory, and interestingly, this is the one you gave me.
AG: No ill will or upsetting hijinks were intended.
GC: WHO 4R3 YOU?

## [A6I2] ==>

**25/03/12**

pesterlogAG: Aranea.
GC: OK
GC: 4ND??
AG: And I am your friend's ancestor.
AG: In fact, I am yours too, in a way.
GC: R34LLY??
AG: Yes. Though not quite how you are picturing.
AG: She had an ancestor whom she was aware of, and technically that is who I am.
AG: That is to say, she is who I would have 8ecome on your world, had I arrived in her place. Alas, I did not.
AG: She was a figure in your history who preceded you 8y thousands of solar sweeps.
AG: Whereas I preceded your entire civilization 8y 8illions.
GC: >:o
GC: 1 DONT G3T 1T

## [A6I2] ==>

**26/03/12**

pesterlogAG: That's ok. There is plenty of time to sort it all out.
AG: I've 8een keeping an eye on you all for quite a while. Your whole planet, actually. It was very interesting this time around, to say the least.
AG: It even had a different name! "Alternia." Haha. How heavy handed can you get?
AG: The man responsi8le was a 8it of a wise guy. He rewrote everything. He had a knack for overzealous storytelling, which is a harmless enough ha8it usually. I'm guilty of it myself sometimes.
AG: 8ut it is not so harmless when the perpetrator is omniscient and omnipotent.
GC: OMN1SC13NT?
GC: YOU M34N
GC: MR M1LKSH4K3???
AG: That's right.
AG: 8ut he's dead now, and his story is over. The 8ook on our universe is closed, 8oth for my instance and yours.
AG: This 8eing the case, I thought it was the right time to introduce myself. The com8ined work of my group and yours is unfinished, and the outcome has not 8een assured.
AG: The true ultimate reward has yet to 8e achieved. No safe haven has 8een created that is free from the devastation caused 8y Mr. Milkshake's grand deception.
AG: Our race still teeters on extinction. The mem8ers of your party, and one noteworthy fugitive, are the sole survivors.
AG: We must work together to create that haven and restore our race, so that the sacrifices we all made will not 8e in vain.
AG: 8ut in order to repair the unthinka8le damage that has 8een done, we need to allow ourselves the chance to heal first.
AG: Old wounds, old regrets. They will serve no purpose on the rest of your journey.
GC: R3GR3TS
GC: 4R3 YOU T4LK1NG 4BOUT M3 4ND VR1SK4?
AG: Sure. You have to start somewhere.
GC: DO YOU KNOW WH3R3 SH3 1S?
AG: Not at the moment.
AG: 8ut the more time you spend here, the more likely it is you will find whomever you are looking for.
AG: On the other hand, if it is the unknowa8le will of the gods, you may dance around each other indefinitely as you pass through this space. It is hard to say.
GC: OH
GC: OK TH3N
GC: 1M NOT SUR3 WH3TH3R TO B3 R3L13V3D OR FRUSTR4T3D BY TH4T
AG: Well, if she had 8een dwelling in this 8u88le like you thought, what would you want to say to her?
AG: Surely you would not have just argued a8out the past.
GC: NO
GC: 1 ST1LL DONT KNOW WH4T 1 WOULD S4Y TO H3R
AG: Then what would you say to me?

**[A6I2] ==>**
**26/03/12**

pesterlogGC: 1 WOULD S4Y
GC: 3V3N THOUGH SH3 D1D SOM3 B4D TH1NGS 4ND W4S TOT4LLY 1MPOSS1BL3 MOST OF TH3 T1M3
GC: 1 W1SH SH3 W4SNT D34D
GC: 1S 1T W31RD TO M1SS SOM3BODY WHO D1D NOTH1NG BUT C4US3 PROBL3MS?
AG: No. I can empathize.
AG: She was a serious trou8lemaker in your party. Many player groups have to deal with those.
AG: I feel as though we had one of the worst cases in our party. 8ut when all was said and done, she was still our friend.
GC: 1 K33P WOND3R1NG 1F TH3R3 W4S 4NOTH3R W4Y
GC: SOM3TH1NG OTH3R TH4N L3TT1NG H3R GO, OR K1LL1NG H3R
GC: 1 TRY TO R3M3MB3R WH4T 1 S4W WH3N 1 LOOK3D 1NTO TH3 VORT1C3S OF POSS1B1L1TY
GC: 4ND 1 JUST C4NT R3M3MB3R 4NYTH1NG B3S1D3S THOS3 OPT1ONS
GC: 3V3N 1F THOS3 OTH3R CHO1C3S WOULD H4V3 R3SULT3D 1N D34TH FOR 3V3RYON3
GC: W4S TH4T R34LLY 4LL 1 W4S C4P4BL3 OF?
GC: 31TH3R LOS1NG TH3 N3RV3 TO GO THROUGH W1TH 1T, OR ST4BB1NG H3R 1N TH3 B4CK, 4ND NOTH1NG 3LS3?
AG: At that moment, perhaps.
AG: You know very well the channels of possi8ility at that exact juncture resulted from her decision paths as well as yours.
AG: 8ut even so, when it comes to your key decisions, the possi8ilities are pro8a8ly fewer and more discrete than you have presumed.
AG: Otherwise you would not see results consolidated into those vortices, would you? Possi8ility would resem8le an enormous hazy field of infinitely su8tle variations and micro-choices.
AG: Imagine if at that moment you truly were capa8le of anything, no matter how outlandish, a8surd, or patently fruitless. How would this vast amount of information present itself to you through your senses? What difference would it make in your final decision if all other tri8utaries of whim spilled into the same decaying future? And what would this make of your agency as a hero meant to learn and grow?
AG: Look at it this way. Imagine that over the course of someone's life, they are truly capa8le of every conceiva8le action at any moment, and did indeed take each of those actions in different 8ranching realities. Doesn't a scenario like that deaden a person's agency just as much as one where their fate is decidedly etched in stone as a single path of unavoida8le decisions? Who exactly is that person who can and does take all conceiva8le actions, other than someone perfectly generic, who only appears to have unique predilections and motives when you examine the ar8itrary path they happen to occupy?
GC: UM
GC: 1 DONT KNOW
AG: Pardon the esoteric tangent. These are my instincts as a Hero of Light kicking in. It's hard for us to resist prattling on a8out matters like this.
GC: OH GOD
GC: L1K3 ROS3
GC: Y34H SH3 N3V3R SHUTS UP 4BOUT 1T
GC: NO OFF3NS3 >:]

AG: ::::)
AG: You may seek to understand your decisions and look for justice in their consequences. You may wonder why honora8le choices from the innocent are punished 8y 8anishment to a timeline in which everyone dies and all is gradually dissolved.
AG: It helps to understand your role, not just as a hero who must overcome, 8ut as a single capillary within a much larger 8ioexistential system.
AG: Think of it like circulatory system, where the veins and capillaries that do not help the overall flow of 8lood through the system are likely to wither and die. Those are doomed offshoots.
AG: Reality itself is using you and many others to propagate its own existence. Strictly speaking, there is only one path to its successful propagation. 8ut it still permits you to make choices. Not all that are conceiva8le, 8ut some nevertheless, as dictated 8y who you are and the challenges you face. And you are free to make key decisions however you like, as long as you understand that some of these paths unfairly or not will lead to o8livion. 8ecause those choices do not contri8ute constructively to the perpetuation of all existence, including your own.
AG: Such is the 8urden assumed 8y anyone who plays this game.

## [A6I2] ==>

**29/03/12**

pesterlogGC: Y34H
GC: 1 GU3SS 1 UND3RSTOOD SOM3 OF TH4T, BUT N3V3R QU1T3 PUT 1T 4LL TOG3TH3R TH4T W4Y
GC: 1 DONT TH1NK 1 W4S 4 GR34T S33R OF M1ND
AG: Well, you aren't finished 8eing one, are you?
GC: M3H
GC: 1 DONT TH1NK OF MYS3LF TH4T W4Y 4NYMOR3
GC: 1 US3D TO F33L L1K3 SOM3 PR3TTY HOT SH1T!
GC: D1R3CT1NG B4TTL3 TR4FF1C 4G41NST TH3 K1NG, 4ND 4LL FL1PP1NG CO1NS 1N P3OPL3S F4C3S 4ND STUFF
GC: 1T S33MS S1LLY NOW. 1 DONT TH1NK 1 3V3R KN3W WH4T 1 W4S DO1NG
GC: WH3N 1 CONFRONT3D H3R, 4ND 1T W4S T1M3 TO M4K3 UP MY M1ND
GC: 1 THOUGHT 1 H4D 1T 4LL F1GUR3D OUT, L1K3 TH1S W4S WH4T 1 H4D TO DO. NOT JUST TO S4V3 3V3RYBODY, BUT 4S SOM3 STUP1D R1T3 OF P4SS4G3 OR SOM3TH1NG?
GC: TH3N 1T C4M3 T1M3 TO DO 1T, 4ND 1T W4S 4LL H4PP3N1NG SO F4ST...
GC: 4ND 1 FORC3D MY OWN H4ND. 1 COULD 31TH3R L3T 3V3RYON3 D13 1N ON3 R34L1TY, OR K1LL 4 FR13ND 1N 4NOTH3R
GC: 4ND 1 T3LL MYS3LF THOS3 W3R3 TH3 ONLY TWO VORT1C3S 1 S4W...
GC: BUT TH3N, 1 W4S TH3 ON3 WHO M4D3 TH3 S3R13S OF D3C1S1ONS WH1CH L3D UP TO TH4T CHO1C3, 4ND COMPL3T3LY P41NT3D TH3 OPT1ONS 1NTO TH4T CORN3R
GC: 4NYW4Y
GC: 1 JUST W1SH 1 COULD T3LL H3R TH4T
AG: Which one would you tell it to?
GC: HUH?
AG: The one who fought with Noir, or the one who didn't?

## [A6I2] ==>

**29/03/12**

pesterlogGC: OH
GC: 1 M34N
GC: 1 GU3SS 31TH3R?
GC: BUT 1 W4S TH1NK1NG MOR3 4BOUT TH3 ON3 WHOS3 D34TH 1M 4CTU4LLY R3SPONS1BL3 FOR
AG: Ah.
AG: Well, this could either 8e my experience as an ancient ghost talking, or the perspective I am naturally given to as a Light player,
AG: 8ut aren't you equally responsi8le for 8oth?
GC: >:\
GC: 1 GU3SS
AG: I can see why you would feel more responsi8ility for one than the other.
AG: My perspective is informed 8y my class and aspect. It was to my advantage as a healer to see things a little differently. To find equanimity across many different outcomes.
GC: OH?
AG: There's more to the realization of our roles than gaining flashy powers.
AG: And there's more to healing than repairing 8attle damage.
AG: You killed a friend and you understanda8ly feel regret.
AG: 8ut it's done. She is gone and you are still here.
AG: Now what?
GC: ...

## [A6I2] ==>

**29/03/12**

pesterlogAG: You could look for a8solution through rationalization. Everyone would have died if you didn't take action, so why trou8le yourself with guilty emotion?
AG: 8ut there is no real healing power in 8elieving that. And I don't think it's what you wanted to tell yourself anyway, is it?
GC: NOT R34LLY
AG: Or what a8out through renunciation of responsi8ility? If you were just a tool used 8y reality to perpetuate itself, where is the 8lame?
AG: 8ut that would 8e another empty idea that has no power to heal.
GC: Y34H
GC: 1V3 TR13D R4T1ON4L1Z1NG STUFF TH4T W4Y
GC: DO3SNT R34LLY H3LP
AG: You've 8een lead to 8elieve such acts of violence are natural for your kind, and that if you're upset 8y the consequences then something is wrong with you.
AG: 8ut it isn't as natural as you might think. That conditioning was a part of Milkshake's long con.
AG: Violence was respected and cele8rated on your world, 8ut remorse was rarely felt and pain could never heal due to such empty justifications. We died out a wounded race, and you are all that's left.
AG: The process of healing first involves sifting through what it isn't, which happens to 8e almost everything your trou8led mind has to offer.
GC: TH3N WH4T DO 1 DO?
GC: WH4TS TH3 4NSW3R?
AG: There isn't one.

## [A6I2] ==>

**29/03/12**

pesterlogAG: It takes time, and is only accelerated 8y looking at things honestly.
AG: This is what I did as a Sylph of Light. Helped people see things.
AG: I could even perform the feat literally, if you wanted.
GC: WHO4 WH4T?
AG: It's up to you of course.

## [A6I2] ==>

**29/03/12**

pesterlogGC: HMM
GC: TH4NKS FOR 4SK1NG
GC: BUT 1D R4TH3R JUST ST4Y TH1S W4Y
GC: L34RN1NG TO S3NS3 TH1NGS TH1S W4Y W4S TH3 ONLY CONN3CT1ON 1 3V3R H4D W1TH MY LUSUS B3FOR3 SH3 D13D
GC: 1T R3M1NDS M3 OF H3R
GC: TH4T PROB4BLY SOUNDS DUMB THOUGH
AG: Not at all. That's a very good reason.
AG: I thought the polite thing to do was at least offer.

## [A6I2] ==>

**29/03/12**

pesterlogGC: 1TS COOL TH4T YOU W4NT TO H3LP H34L M3 4ND 4LL
GC: BUT
GC: 1 ST1LL DONT R34LLY KNOW 4NYTH1NG 4BOUT YOU
GC: OTH3R TH4N TH4T YOU S33M L1K3 SOM3 SORT OF MUCH N1C3R VR1SK4
GC: WH3R3 W3R3 YOU FROM 4G41N? 4LT3RN14 B3FOR3 V4N1LL4 M1LKSH4K3 N4M3D 1T TH4T?
AG: Yes. 8ut in a different universe instance, I often refer to as A1. The shorthand helps avoid confusion, trust me.
AG: My group of twelve played the game, 8ut failed. It overwhelmed us. A lot went wrong. The reckoning destroyed our 8attlefield well 8efore we had any hope of winning.
AG: I sought advice from Echidna, and she told me how to scratch the session to give us another chance.
AG: 8ut the choice to do so came with accepting the annihilation of our existing forms. In the new instance, we would lead completely different lives with no memory of what happened.
AG: So we did, and created A2. Your instance, your world, and your game in which we were all inexplica8ly created in the first place.
AG: As I said, this time around the world was..... interesting.
GC: TH4T'S WH3N TROLLS B3C4M3 T3RR1BL3?
AG: Not all of you.
AG: Some had lessons from the old world to teach others. 8ut few ever heard them.
GC: SO 1N YOUR T1M3, 3V3RYON3 W4S 4S N1C3 4S YOU?
AG: Not exactly. 8ut life was pretty mild and uneventful.
AG: I'm not even sure if I was especially nice, 8y our standards.
AG: Mostly kind of 8oring.

AG: No8ody from my party liked me a whole lot.
AG: I think I talked too much, and had a ha8it of 8ringing conversations 8ack around to myself.
AG: Not that it matters anymore, 8ut it was not the 8est way to make friends.
GC: H3H3H3H3. YOU R34LLY 4R3 L1K3 4 N1C3 VR1SK4
GC: 1 DUNNO, 1 W4S FR13NDS W1TH H3R 4ND SH3 D1D 4LMOST NOTH1NG BUT T4LK 4BOUT H3RS3LF
GC: 1M PR3TTY SUR3 YOU 4ND 1 WOULD H4V3 B33N GOOD FR13NDS TOO!
AG: Thanks!
AG: It goes to show, just 8ecause your race is peaceful doesn't mean you don't have pro8lems.
AG: I used to fantasize a8out 8eing someone really outgoing and dramatic.
AG: Someone who had the confidence do whatever she wanted, like go on the most outrageous adventures without caring what anyone thought a8out her.
AG: Like someone from a 8ook, you know?
GC: Y3S!
GC: 1 US3D TO TH1NK 4BOUT TH4T 4 LOT TOO >:]
AG: It turned out I actually got what I wanted after the reset. Unfortunately it came along with our people's enslavement and near extinction.
AG: Not that I really got to live as her, exactly. 8ut at least I got a chance to follow her life. And it was a very long life.
AG: 8eing here for ages has its 8enefits.

## [A6I2] ==>

**29/03/12**

pesterlogGC: 3X4CTLY HOW LONG H4V3 YOU 4LL B33N L1V1NG 1N DR34M BUBBL3S?
GC: OR 1 M34N...
GC: NOT L1V1NG
AG: It has 8een a very long time.
AG: So long, time has 8een stripped of the meaning it never really had in the first place.
AG: It doesn't really pass in the same way it does when you're alive. Concepts like "now" and "how long" are figures of speech used to make communication simpler.
AG: I've quit trying to give expression to the elusive temporal properties of this place. It's easier staying conversational.
AG: 8ut I will say that 8eing here "for so long" lends itself to a certain detachment from what you see. Otherwise, monitoring the atrocities stemming from our failure wouldn't 8e much fun.
GC: DO YOU M1SS YOUR WORLD 4S MUCH 4S 1 DO?
AG: Yes, sometimes.
AG: 8ut missing it usually invites memories of home to serve as the stage.
AG: Not that it's a su8stitute for the previous reality. 8ut the reminders of home are everywhere.
GC: WH4T 4BOUT YOUR FR13NDS? 1 GU3SS YOU ST1LL G3T TO H4NG OUT W1TH TH3M 4LL?
AG: Yes. I see them often enough.
AG: Except for one, whom I haven't seen at all since 8efore we all died.
AG: In fact, she's the only reason we are here in the first place, as opposed to merely ceasing to exist upon the scratch.
AG: In life, she was the only one I would have called a close friend, in a way.
AG: The thing is, no8ody liked her much either. We had that in common. ::::)

GC: WOW, 1TS B33N TH4T LONG S1NC3 YOU S4W H3R?
AG: Remem8er how I said the gods could keep you dancing around someone you're looking for indefinitely?
GC: Y34H BUT...
GC: B1LL1ONS OF SW33PS??
AG: Well, "8illions," yes. In a manner of speaking.
GC: 1S SH3 BY 4NY CH4NC3 TH3 TROUBL3M4K3R YOU W3R3 T4LK1NG 4BOUT?
AG: That's right. In fact, we are on our way to visit her now.
GC: OH
GC: SO TH4TS WH3R3 TH1S BR4NCH 1S T4K1NG US!
AG: Notice the moon up there?
AG: And not the larger green interloper. That one never 8elonged to my world. It is your memory, not mine.
GC: Y34H TH3 CUT3 L1TTL3 BUBBL3GUM MOONS! TH4TS WH3R3 SH3 1S?
AG: It's the setting of the memory she entered.
AG: From her perspective, she has just arrived here.
AG: Your friends should 8e joining us too, 8efore your meteor clears the 8u88le.
AG: May8e together we can 8ring the Thief of Life up to speed.

**[A6I2] ==>**
**29/03/12**
**[A6I2] ==>**
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**30/03/12**

CANE!

**[A6I2] ==>**
**30/03/12**
Oh *SHIT.*
**[A6I2] ==>**
**30/03/12**
How can he be here already?

*Why did I not see this coming?*
**[A6I2] ==>**
**30/03/12**
The dude is ALWAYS already here.

When it comes to being here, already is practically all he ever is.

Ok, time to stop babbling and think. Think, imagination! Argh, the one time I really need you!!

Oh no, Slick!!!
**[A6I2] ==>**
**30/03/12**
Slick, he's come here to finish you off! We have got to hide you somewhere. Now that Rufio is gone, you are my only friend.

Oh, you're good company too, humanimal butler who may or may not be Aurthour. I didn't mean nothin' by it.

What's that, Slick? Oh, yeah, Ms. Paint too of course. That's a little different. Hey! What do you mean "so what's her story, is she available?" No, she is not available!

And just what do you mean by THAT? No, she will not be available "soon" either!
**[A6I2] ==>**
**30/03/12**
Hey, get back in bed. I'm trying to save your ass here. Go ahead, stab all you want. Like your stupid curmudgeonly shankings aren't so totally played out already.

Shh...

Oh my god, the footsteps. That horrible peg leg on my hardwood floors. He's coming...
**[A6I2] ==>**
**31/03/12**
There's no time to lose, we've got to get you out of here!
**[A6I2] ==>**
**31/03/12**

```
FLIP
```

HUP

**[A6I2] ==>**
**31/03/12**
**[A6I2] ==>**
**31/03/12**

```
SPOOSH!
```

**[A6I2] ==>**
**01/04/12**
Now if I can just go grab Ms. Paint and sneak out the back door before it's too...

Are you kidding me? He's already here AGAIN? Talk about a one trick pony.

Fine.
**[A6I2] ==>**
**01/04/12**
We settle this NOW.
**[A6I2] ==>**
**01/04/12**
What's that, English? You look nervous. Could it be you weren't expecting me to know your only vulnerability? You have underestimated my omniscience almost as badly as I overestimate it as a matter of daily routine. Your reign of terror comes to an end here, on this balcony overlooking an enchanted cliffscape host to innumerable gorgeous stallions. How ironic, that your very demise would be in the proximity of some horses. What? You didn't follow that? Just think it over. Think it over...
**[A6I2] ==>**
**01/04/12**

```
CLICK CLICK CLICK
```

WHILE YOU DIE SHIT SHIT SHIT, OH SHIT. FUCK. SHIT SHIT FUCK, I FORGOT.

What kind of fucking idiot keeps his deudly white magnum loaded with only one tiny cueball??? God damn you, Scratch.
**[A6I2] ==>**
**01/04/12**

```
BONK
```

**[A6I2] ==>**
**01/04/12**
**[A6I2] ==>**
**01/04/12**
**[A6I2] ==>**
**01/04/12**
Ok, that gun looks super deudly. Way deudlier than the one I just threw at you, and I am probably screwed. But there is one thing you probably WEREN'T counting on, and that thing is magic being REAL.

God I hope magic is real...

## [A6I2] ==>

**01/04/12**

Please let magic be real, please let magic be real, please let magic be real. I believe that magic is real right now. I believe so hard in its reality that it is becoming slightly less fake before our very eyes. I believe its fakeness was just a lie coughed up from a dark magician's spurious asshole. I believe in fairies. I believe dragons aren't bullshit. I believe heartily in the giggles of all the cherubs in heaven and the metric tonnes of special stardust they consume each day to fuel their laughter. I believe with the conviction of a million frothing zealots in the combined pranks of a billion leprechauns strong, and in the tiny erections they get from playing them. But most of all, I believe in YOU, Rufio.

*I BELIEVE IN YOU.*

## [A6I2] ==>

**01/04/12**

Aw fuck who am I kidding magic is fake as shit.

## [A6I2] ==>

**01/04/12**

```
ABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA...
```

I failed you, Rufio.

## [A6I2] ==>

**01/04/12**

I failed you.

## [A6I2] ==>

**01/04/12**

## [A6I2] ==>

**01/04/12**

```
DEAD.
```

## [A6I2] ==>

**01/04/12**

## [S][A6I2] ???

**02/04/12**

```
==>

==>

==>

HUSSIE: Will...

==>

HUSSIE: You...

==>
```

```
HUSSIE: Marry Me?

==>

VRISKA: !

HUSSIE: ♥
```

# END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 2

**02/04/12**

==>

**13/04/12**

==>

**13/04/12**

```
END OF
YEAR 3
4/13/09 - 4/13/12
```

==>

**13/04/12**

# [S] ACT 6 ACT 3

**13/04/12**

* Derived in part from a transcript by ShadowOfFate **Land of Crypts and Helium**

Wherever your house is now, it's sinking in a hurry. Better act fast!

**** ▶ ▶ forward, then go back to house pit***

**** click obelisks***

Two obelisks bearing curious symbols and mirrors affixed at the top. Weird.

**** click dam***

Good thing this dam is here. Otherwise your house would be getting waterlogged in addition to being stuck on top of a huge balloon in a pit.

**** click pit***

It's very dark down there. You can't see your house. No telling how far it sank. Oh no! You just realized your dad must be down there. You hope he's ok.

**** ▶ ▶ forwards, choosing left-hand path at branch point***

**** ▶ ▶ descend side path into crypt***

**** click yellow***

More signs of life hidden in the cracks. It's as if the land wants to be lush and fertile, but nothing can survive on the surface. It's making the whole cave smell like a flower shop.

**** click chat alert***

Answer Roxy? →YES← NO

**** (Pesterlog in a separate Homestuck page)***

**** ▶ onwards to cave***

**** click switch***

The switch has no power. It does nothing! You flip it up and down a bunch and nothing just keeps on happening.

**** click pod***

It is a young SEED POD, yet to be released to the surface. Looks like it needs a lot more helium.

**** click righthand tablets***

Some very old stone tablets, along with carving apparatus. They say: "We spent so long tending to our sacred seed pods. Each I cared for and released was like a precious bubble glubbed from my own mouth! They would seed our planet in anticipation of the Maid's arrival. Alas, it turned out we had the prophecy all wrong. Our scholars discovered she would not arrive for millions of years! Our kind would not survive to welcome her. So our elders gave us a new purpose. We must all go to work building our own graves! Some say this is not as much fun as tending to seed pods and a life of simple agriculture. But I think it could be a blast! I'm just a 'balloon is half inflated' kind of guy I guess."

**** click window wall***

The people here were highly skilled artisans. What is that, some sort of giant window? You can't imagine THAT has much significance. You give it no further consideration.

**** ▶ onwards to exit room***

**** click bones***

A little chamber full of bones. You guess the remains of an old salamander or something? This is just such a piss poor burial job.

**** click door***

The door is locked. There's a strange symbol on it which you find mysteriously alluring. The more you look at it, the more you think it's just so cool. You could totally see wearing that thing on a shirt. Yeah...

**** click salamander skull***

There's a skull weighing this thing down. Could be an obvious boobytrap. Gonna take some bravery to swipe it. What do you say? Take SALAMANDER SKULL? →YES← NO

**** ▶ ▶ exit crypt, ascend side path, return to branch point, and choose right-hand path***

**** click Lil Sebastian***

Lil Sebastian!!! What are you doing all the way out here? It looked like you were going down with the ship. Your fidgety little legs sure do help you get around fast.
Anyway, you shouldn't be dancing around here in the middle of nowhere unsupervised like this. You should come along.
Take Lil Sebastian? →YES← NO

**** click pester alert***

Answer UU? →YES← NO

**** (Pesterlog in a separate Homestuck page)***

**** ▶ onwards***

**** click salamander carving***

A creature carved into the side of the hill. Probably a member of an ancient species that went extinct long ago, leaving behind the remains of this ancient civilization.

**** click pod***

Another one of these colorful bouyant pods emerging from its hole. Thousands of these things roam around seeding and watering the planet. Yet nothing grows...

**** click holes***

You can't see a thing in any of these holes. It's too dark. Maybe if you could find some way to shine a light down there?

**** click obelisk***

This ancient obelisk has some sort of mirror affixed to its peak. You wonder what the deal is with these things? You vaguely hazard that it's got "something to do with puzzles."

**** ▶ ▶ return to branch point, choose left-hand path, follow it into the lighthouse cathedral***

**** click leftmost tablet***

New words of wisdom from the elders! From Hemera's lips to our slimy amphibious ears. The Nobles will arrive one by one. First to LOCAH, then to LOPAN. Then comes LOTAK, followed by LOMAX. One by one, the Nobles will come, only to discover the remains of those who worshipped them and paved the way for their arrival. But then it is their duty to pave the way for others. For those from the planets through the glass, whatever that means. LOWAS, LOLAR, LOHAC, LOFAF... you know what? That's too many letters. The alphabet confuses me sometimes.

**** click furthest tablet***

When times were simpler, we called them the Four Heroes. Our stories were so much happier and easy to understand, but we were living in delusion. When it became clear the Heroes could not fulfill their destiny by some cosmic flaw, they became known as

the Nobles. It pretty much means the same thing, but is a title more commonly reserved for martyrs or tragic figures who toil in futility. The new scripture states it will require divine intervention for the Nobles to achieve victory. So there's at least one thing to be hopeful for. Unfortunately, a more recent tenet of our ever-unfolding myth states that the aspect of Hope itself is dead on arrival, so...

**** click nearest tablet***

Our people have waited for centuries for the Four Nobles to arrive, and it seems we will wait centuries more. We will wait so long that apparently we will all die waiting? That's what we're supposed to do they say. It's just a big waiting game up in here. And when the Nobles finally arrive, then apparently THEY have to wait too! We're told they cannot summon the Speaker of the Vast Croak without help. So they must wait for another four to arrive. Gods they say. Together they will raise the Speaker and fight invincible demons I think? I used to think I understood our folklore. It made me happy to think about greeting the Maid. But then it all changed, and now its kind of complicated and distressing and sad? Ah well, I'll just keep building crypts and carving tablets like I'm told.

**** click rightmost tablet***

It yo u are reodig this it m e ans i m dead Dang! ca r ving stone i5 har d, i wan t to go bak to farmin pods

**** ▶ follow corridor***

**** click turtle skull***

Oh hey there's a skull you just GOTTA have it. Take TURTLE SKULL?
→YES← NO

**** click leftmost tablet***

This tablet contains an enthusiastic story about the Maid of Life, who is obviously you. It seems the author doesn't really understand human physiology. In the story you are blowing bubbles in excitement, and there are allusions to the shiny layer of slime coating your skin. You can't read any more. Fan fiction written by any species is always a tough read.

**** click middle tablet***

This tablet appears to contain a hastily carved list of someone's favorite bugs? There's hardly any anecdotal lore or wisdom at all. You guess not all of these ancient tablets can be winners.

**** click rightmost tablet***

"It is strange to think the only one alive left in the land to greet the Maid will be Hemera herself! What an incredible

encounter between legends that will be. Of course, she will have been slumbering for centuries when the Maid finally arrives. It's funny how all the stories we grew up believing have been changing. Of course I love all our old stories, but personally I think the new ones are just as interesting. Yes, I know, I know. Unpopular opinion!"

**** ▶ ascend stairs***

**** click chat alert***

Aw man. Jake's pestering you. You don't think you have it in you to answer after the last catastrophic encounter. Not yet, at least. Take a look at what he has to say anyway? →YES← NO

**** (Pesterlog in a separate Homestuck page)***

**** ▶ click plinth***

There is a skull shaped indentation. Something probably needs to go in there. As for what, you think you'll need one of your fanciest detective mustaches to crack that mystery. Put a skull in there? →YES← NO

**** choose turtle skull***

That skull won't fit!!! No, stop. It's such an obvious mismatch. Don't even try. Jane, put the skull down.

**** try again, choose salamander skull***

The lanterns have been hoisted. Three beams of light shine from the tower.

The thing spits the skull back out. You grab it. No reason to squander a perfectly good puzzle skull. You think Jake would agree.

**** click plinth***

No need to mess with this thing anymore. Thinking it's going to serve any further purpose is just being bad at puzzles, frankly.

**** ▶ climb tower***

**** click leftmost engraving***

One by one the Nobles will arrive, and just as surely, one by one their lights will be snuffed out. In the beginning, the light of our Hope was lost. We must make do without it, and so must they. Then a mighty gust came and took the light of our Life as well, and our people knew despair like never before. But the light soon renewed its flicker quite spontaneously, and has been shining strong since. All in the land rejoiced.

**** click rightmost engraving***

Our lights of Heart and Void will each follow in time, long after our extinction. One will be extinguished, and then another, leaving only Life as the guiding light. But they should remain

long enough to illuminate the Maid's path, and assist her with the housekeeping we have left behind.

**** ▶ climb tower***

**** (click lanterns if you didn't have have Lil Seb)***

Four lanterns suspended from the tower. They are very bright. But the green one is burnt out. There does not appear to be a way to light it. If only you had a small accomplice spry enough to climb up there...

**** click lanterns***

Tell Lil Sebastian to climb up? →YES← NO

**** click lanterns***

Rotate the lanterns? →YES← NO

**** click lanterns again, rotating them so they are in order: green, orange, pink, cyan***

**** click Lil Seb***

Call Lil Seb back down? →YES← NO

**** ▶ ▶ go back to branch point, follow path back to your house pit***

**** click obelisk***

The mirrors reflect the light. The direction it goes in depends on the color. Must be some advanced refraction principle in play.

**** click pit***

A beam of light enters the pit. It's still too dark to see much. You don't want to risk tossing Seb down without knowing what's at the bottom. There must be a way down there...

**** ▶ ▶ return to branch point, follow right path to the holes***

**** click obelisk***

It looks like the mirror at the top is designed to reflect light in different directions depending on the color of the beam. How mysterious.

**** click pink-lit hole***

The pink light is illuminating an object at the bottom. But it's way too far down for you to jump. If only you had a nimble little helper to send down there to investigate. Deploy Lil Seb to check it out? →YES← NO

**** click mausoleum***

Enter mausoleum? →YES← NO

**** click Lil Seb***

Dear, sweet, precious, sweet, sweet, loyal Little Sebastion. SHIT YOU MEAN LIL.

**** ▶ left into small room***

Fuckin' JACKPOT. Take CROCODILE SKULL? →YES← NO Elsewhere...

**** click door***

Door's locked. Now what, Crocker??

**** click pedestal***

The pedestal is now empty. Wanna put something else there?

**** choose Wiseguy***

Elsewhere...

**** click Wiseguy***

Man, this ain't a solution to ANYTHING leavin' this here. Also it's such a great book. Why waste it on a room full of dumb beetles. Take WISE GUY? →YES← NO

**** click empty pedestal and drop salamander skull***

**** click salamander skull***

You almost feel embarrassed for thinking this was the solution to this puzzle. Let's just sweep this blunder under the rug. No one ever needs to be the wiser. Take SALAMANDER SKULL? →YES← NO

**** click empty pedestal and drop cake***

**** click cake***

One the one hand, puzzles need solving. On the other hand, oh god that cake looks so delicious. Hmmmmmmmmm. Take CAKE? YES →[NO]←

**** click grate***

great (there are scuttling noioses)

**** click switch***

Flip switch? →YES← NO Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeewwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww... Scarabs. ):

**** click scarabs***

UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGH. D:

**** click switch***

The switch is already flipped; the horses, out of the barn.

**** ▶ leave room***

Elsewhere...

**** ▶ exit mausoleum***

**** click mausoleum***

No use bothering with this dank old mausoleum anymore. You nabbed all the loot worth getting down there. This thing ain't exactly an amusement park ride.

**** (click mausoleum when hole is not lit)***

There is no power being supplied to the mausoleum's control switch! Going in there would be dumb and pointless

**** ▶ ▶ return to the lighthouse cathedral, climb up to the lanterns***

**** call up Lil Seb, rotate the lanterns once (order: orange, cyan, green, pink)***

**** now, you can send Lil Seb back down if you want, but really for proper continuity with the second part of this adventure not to be myst, you should leave him up there with the lanterns***

**** ▶ ▶ leave the cathedral, return to the cave in the crypt***

**** click leftmost tablets***

More old stone tablets. They say: "When heart looks northwest, my seed pod will rise! I am so proud of it. As a pod uses up its water, it becomes lighter and lighter. It eventually floats away into the Medium. It's said that some very lucky few will eventually reach Skaia itself! If you have a wish, you can carve it into the pod. If it reaches Skaia, your wish will come true! I want to carve something, but I can't think of what to wish for. Maybe some delicious bugs? Think, imagination! The one time I really need you."

Carve something in the seed pod? →YES← NO Carving stuff is even harder than drawing stuff. And frankly, you're not sure even Skaia can deliver on this wish. You blew it so hard. But hey, a girl can dream, right?

**** (try to carve if you've already released the seed pod)***

You can't carve anything! The pod is gone. Talk about a missed opportunity. Oh well, so much for magical wishes. As if magic isn't so totally fake anyway.

**** click switch***

Flip switch? →YES← NO The SEED POD has been released, leaving behind an empty husk. Will it reach Skaia? You suppose you will never know.

**** click skull***

Take skull? →YES← NO You got an IGUANA SKULL!

**** click switch***

You flip the switch again. You hear a rush of wind come from the hole vacated by the seed pod. Guess there isn't much point to this thing anymore.

**** ▶ enter exit room***

**** click empty pedestal***

There's no reason to do anything with this pedestal anymore. You could jump up and down on it you guess. That would be some especially pointless tomfoolery though.

**** click area below panel***

An engraving : "When three visitors look inward, the way to the Maid's palace will be clear."

**** click panel***

There are three skull shaped indentations on the panel. You wonder what could go in the indentations? You are going to go out on a limb and guess... precious gemstones. Yes, that's it. But seriously. Put a skull in one of the indentations? →YES← NO

**** choose salamander skull***

The salamander skull doesn't fit in any of the slots!!! You try to cram it in to no avail. Will you cut that out? I said it doesn't fit!

**** click panel and choose each of the other three skulls in turn***

**** click the open panel***

You got a BOONBUCK! You do a little dance.

**** click the open exit door***

PROCEED TO THE NEXT PAGE.

--

**13/04/12**

Alert :

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] began cheering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

UU: hUzzah! yoU did it! ^u^
GG: Oh, hello.
GG: Did what, exactly?
UU: made it to locah! yoUr own personal planet inside the game, tailored to yoUr personal qUest.
UU: i've observed yoU here before, of coUrse. bUt this is the first time i've contacted yoU here.
UU: better to keep things on the Up and Up vis a vis oUr mUtUal linearity, no?
GG: Sure.
UU: sUre? :u
GG: Yes. Sorry. I'm still feeling a little overwhelmed by what just happened.
GG: A giant pit seems to have swollen my house whole! My dad is missing too. I think I should try to find him as soon as possible.
UU: i Understand.
UU: pardon my grUmpy demeanoUr. i jUst had a nap and did not sleep well.
GG: Ha ha, you call this grumpy?
UU: wasn't i being? :u
GG: Not exactly!
UU: well good! i do my best.
UU: really, as if my dreadfUl nap were not bad enoUgh, i woke Up to find my coplayer has made a terrible mess in here.
UU: bUt the good news is he has at least agreed to play with me once and for all. some people make nothing easy.
GG: That's good.
GG: But wait...
GG: I thought you said you've never met him?

UU: Um.
UU: i haven't!
UU: not in person.
GG: Then how did he make a mess in there?
GG: Did he break into your room while you were asleep?
UU: oh, yes, well, hmm.
UU: the thing with that is this.
UU: the thing with that is that we shoUld talk aboUt something else!
GG: Huh?
UU: why mUst yoU be sUch the vigilant gUmshoe, jane?
UU: always with the gUmshooery. pitch that pUzzlesavvy toward the conUndra littered aboUt yoUr planet!
UU: i'm becoming grUmpy again. do forgive me.
UU: what do yoU think of the place by the by?
GG: Uh...
UU: yoUr new home!
GG: Oh.
GG: It's rather desolate. Pretty eerie, actually.
GG: I haven't run into anyone at all. I think I might be alone here?
UU: yes isn't it great?
GG: The balloons are nice, I suppose.
UU: reminds me mUch of home. so peacefUl, so mUch space to yoUrself and time to think.
UU: yoU're so lUcky. i can't wait to get to my planet!
GG: Yes. But what about your brother?
UU: right, that.
UU: aboUt that.
UU: got to rUn! Ta, kisses, all that stUff!!! u3u
GG: Hey!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

[Close tab and continue playing game in original tab.]

--

**13/04/12**

```
Alert : Roxy
```

pesterlogtipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
TG: jcrocks
TG: urgent cornespondence 4 profeffor bffsy over
GG: Roxy!
GG: You won't believe where I am right now.
TG: betch u i will
GG: Ok, maybe you will.
GG: But I'm in the game finally! It's considerably more outlandish than I was expecting.
TG: what were u spectin
TG: for mangic not 2 be real or something

TG: lol what a dope
GG: No, I was thinking...
GG: Well, I don't know. Something more like...
TG: wow k shoosh
TG: jane i actuatly dont have any time
TG: i have literally like 1 minute
TG: i only wanted to ask one thing
TG: did you talk to jake
TG: about u know
TG: do i even NEED to wonk??
GG: THAT'S why you're contacting me???
TG: ys
TG: hry
GG: Roxy, please, I don't think you understand.
GG: There are MYSTERIES here.
GG: REAL MYSTERIES AND PUZZLES TO SOLVE.
TG: thas cool so howd it go with jake
GG: Groan.
TG: did doc crock prantice her love medizine on THE ENGLISH PATIENT ;) <3<3,4
GG: Hardly.
GG: If you really want to know, I completely blew it with him forever. Satisfied?
TG: aw wahat that FUCK
GG: He asked me if I liked him, and in the heat of the moment I panicked and said no.
GG: And then he went on this whole thing about Dirk, and...
GG: That's that.
GG: Can we drop it now?
TG: uuuuuuuuuuuuuurrreggghhgh
TG: jane this is totals the shittiest love report i ever heard
GG: It's not a "love report!" Will you stop it?
TG: jane im pissed
TG: i am so pipsed about this i want to just go there and smack ur ass
TG: u HAD him and oh jane siiiign
TG: the ONLY reason i got 2 cut short on ripping you a new one ofer this debacle is the fact that everything is literally on fire right now
GG: What? There's a fire?
TG: no jane theres a fire when youg go camping and pack marshmalmows while smiling like an asshole
TG: the whole neighborhoof is burning down
TG: by which i mean lilerally every single fuckin builbing
TG: gtg
GG: Oh, gosh.
GG: Please be careful!
TG: stil just
TG: SM f'n H about this jake thang
TG: uuurrrrgh
GG: :(

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

[Close tab and continue playing game in original tab.]

--

**13/04/12**

```
Alert : Jake
```

pesterloggolgothasTerror [GT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
GT: Ahoy!
GT: Jane? Yoo hoo.
GT: No dice?
GT: Okey doke then i just wanted to see what was up with you.
GT: I figured you must be starting up the game by now? Cant wait to get the scoop!
GT: I just had a lets say encounter with dirks dumb robot and well its over now lets just leave it at that.
GT: Headed into the ruins now to seal the deal with this rabbit malarkey finally. Then i can join you!
GT: Not a moment too soon probably. I think this volcano is about to blow?
GT: Its making me mighty nervous im not going to lie.
GT: The grounds been shaking and everything.
GT: Wup!
GT: There it goes again aw frig this is a big one.
GT: Ohhhh shit.
golgothasTerror's [GT] skull helmet computer ceased operating due to a severe blow to the head.
GG: Jake! Wait!
GG: Oh no.

[Close tab and continue playing game in original tab.]

==>

**14/04/12**

You verify whether or not you made it to the end of the game, as shown above. If not, you decide to consult the walkthrough for guidance.

```
ACT6 ACT3 WALKTHROUGH


Go here:
* [pic]
Take Lil Seb.

Go here:
* [pic]
Take skull.

Go here:
* [pic]
Take skull.

Go here:
* [pic]
```

```
Insert salamander skull.

Go here:
* [pic]
Send Lil Seb up to lanterns.
* [pic]
Rotate lanterns twice.
* [pic]
Call Seb back down.

Go here:
* [pic]
Send Seb down hole with pink light. Enter mausoleum.

Go here:
* [pic]
Take skull, flip switch.
* [pic]
Put cake on pedestal, exit.

Go here:
* [pic]
Send Seb up, rotate lanterns once.

Go here:
* [pic]
Flip switch under orange sphere.
* [pic]
After seedpod inflates and flies away, retrieve skull.

Go here:
* [pic]
Put crocodile skull, turtle skull, and iguana skull into slots.
* [pic]
Collect boonbuck, exit.

Don't forget to respond to UU, Roxy, and Jake in these places:
* [pic] [pic] [pic]
```

## [S] Jane: Proceed.

**16/04/12**

**** click chat alert***

Answer Dirk's Auto-Responder? →YES← NO

**** (Pesterlog in a separate Homestuck page)***

**** ▶ onwards***

**** click juddering thing***

Something is clogging the hole. Remove it? →YES← NO

You got your dad's HAT! Looks like it got sucked into one of the air holes. Luckily he always keeps some spares in his wallet. But this means he came by this way earlier...

**** click empty hole***

Helium is rushing in and out of these air holes! While you are inspecting them, you breathe some in and it makes your voice sound funny! Hee hee.

**** ▶ onwards***

**** click either obelisk***

The switch has no power!

**** click house***

Hey there's your house! But's its way too far away to jump this time.

**** click Lil Seb icon***

Message Auto-Responder to tell Lil Seb to rotate the lanterns? →YES← NO

**** (and click to return...)***

**** click orange-lit obelisk***

Flip switch? →YES← NO

A jetstream of air flows out of the hole, pushing the balloon higher. But not high enough... Gotta try something else.

**** as above, get Lil Seb to rotate the lanterns***

**** click cyan-lit obelisk***

Flip switch? →YES← NO

The waterfall pushes your house down, connecting the seed pod with its husk. Aw man, everything in your house is probably getting soaked.

**** three further times, get Lil Seb to rotate the lanterns***

**** click orange-lit obelisk***

Flip switch? →YES← NO

Your house has finally resurfaced. You retrace your steps back home. Sadly, your father will not be waiting for you there. Still, better to regroup before you go off looking for him.

**** click***

**** ▶ ▶ all the way back home***

**** click the clown, CLICK THE CLOWN***

A friendly clown welcomes you to LOCAH. It seems he would like to be your guide. Will you let him be your guide? →no← →fuck no←

PROCEED TO THE NEXT PAGE.

--

**16/04/12**

Alert : AR

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

TT: Looks like you're getting the hang of these puzzles.

TT: Nice work.

GG: Thank you!

GG: That last skull was a doozy, to be honest.

TT: Yeah, I guess. If you have a human brain, sure.

TT: Personally, I've already solved all conceivable skull puzzles for all possible skull states, which is a thing that's like, no big deal for me?

GG: Har har.
GG: Hey, I thought you couldn't see me once I left the house?
TT: I can't. Not through the server's viewport.
TT: But I can still monitor your progress through Lil Sebastian.
TT: He and I are linked the hell up cyberwise. We are so tight. Tight like you wouldn't believe.
GG: Oh yeah?
TT: It's like he is the Incredible Hulk's pants, and I am his monstrous package yearning to bust loose.
GG: Blehhhh, why??
TT: Jane.
TT: It seems there is a way bigger than average probability that you do not want to discuss Bruce Banner's megalithic gamma schlong.
GG: That figure would be sitting pretty at one hundred percent.
TT: Holy shit!
TT: Some of my circuits exploded. That number was intense to robo-consider.
GG: Ok, let's stop talking about stupid things for a minute. What a completely absurd environment for our typical blithering discourse.
GG: I am hot on the prowl for more clues about this strange and mysterious land!
TT: Ha ha.
GG: What?
TT: I don't know.
TT: Just, ha ha to that.
GG: Anyway, I think I'm getting closer to finding where my house went.
GG: Then I can reunite with dad, and together we can sleuth this great big pickle of a planet!
TT: Well, the good news is your house should be just ahead, if you keep following the trail.
GG: Yes, I knew it!
TT: The bad news is your dad's not there anymore.
GG: Oh no!
TT: I guess he got antsy and left to explore. Maybe he's looking for you?
TT: I tried to block him from leaving with some furniture, but the dude was having none of it.
GG: Golly, why did he have to leave??
GG: This really complicates matters. I hope he doesn't get lost.
TT: Don't worry, we'll find him. I'll have Seb search within a likely radius. The little guy is real fast.
GG: Yes. Good idea.
TT: In the meantime, you'd better go find your house. We aren't making any progress in this game without it. It's kinda central to the gameplay, you know?
TT: If you need Seb to do anything from afar, just message me, and I'll give him the orders. Got it?
GG: Got it! Thanks!
timaeusTestified [TT] ceased pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

[Close tab and continue playing game in original tab.]

## [S] Jane: Cautiously approach.

**17/04/12**

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* Derived in part from a transcript by ShadowOfFate
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**** click Gamzee***

You cautiously approach your new guide. Wait, you said you didn't want him to be your guide? The friendly clown strongly advises you to reconsider. (You do not reconsider.)

You ask him who he is, but he maintains his cryptic, serene expression in perfect silence. You give some thought to sidling away from the awkward encounter and go inside, when the clown finally speaks up.

He wants to know if you would like to buy these motherfuckin potions.

You examine the clown's wares with due skepticism. He assures you that all of his wicked elixirs are motherfuckin magic and all that. The clown sure likes to say motherfuck a lot. It is making you feel uneasy.

**** click Gamzee***

The first question that pops into your head while examining this fellow of course is, where did he get that outrageous outfit??? You don't really have the gumption to ask, but if you had to take a wild guess, you are almost certain the answer would be hand-waved away with the word "shenanigans." See, look? He is waving his hand preemptively, as if reading your mind. Truly, this clown is wise.

**** click first potion***

BRONZE POTION - 420 BOONDOLLARS The clown says one sip of this potion will cause you to lose the use of your legs. HOWEVER, you will become an EXCELLENT kisser. A trade that is more than motherfuckin fair, he says. Personally, you think someone would have to be suicidal to drink that heinous brown liquid.

Buy BRONZE POTION? YES →NO←

Absolutely not. The clown appears crestfallen, then counters with another offer: buy one bottle, get one free! You scowl at him as if he is quite mad. He gets the picture. You're not interested. He then gives you a few bottles of the stuff and says he'll just put it on your tab, no worries. ;o)

→YES← NO

You buy 1 BRONZE POTION. It's like a brown nightmare in a bottle. When the clown isn't looking, you chuck it over the side of your house-cliff.

**** click second potion***

FUSCHIA POTION - 420 BOONDOLLARS This lovely looking potion is supposed to have powerful healing properties. A must-have in the inventory of an up and coming Maid of Life.

Buy FUSCHIA POTION? YES →NO←

You don't want it. But the clown REALLY thinks you should take at least one of these handy elixirs. He won't take no for an answer. You say fine, and buy a few just to shut him up.

→YES← NO

You acquiesce to a single FUSCHIA POTION. Yippee. Pointless pink slop.

**** click third potion***

INDIGO POTION - 420 BOONDOLLARS He says this potion will make you STRONG. You guess it would be pretty handy to be STRONG. Except that it's probably bullshit and the potion doesn't do that at all.

Buy INDIGO POTION? YES →NO←

He looks taken aback that you could refuse such a valuable commodity. He says no, you gotta buy this motherfuckin shit. It's the hottest fuckin noise since a big tittied ninja. Ok, whatever you say clown, here's your stupid boondollars. He gives you like 50 of these things? Jesus Christ.

→YES← NO

You buy an INDIGO POTION and shrug. Now THERE'S something you won't be drinking any time soon.

**** click fourth potion***

OLIVE POTION - 420 BOONDOLLARS This gross looking pea soup elixir is touted as a powerful love potion! Just sneak a few drops into the beverage of your object of affection, and he or she will fall head over heels for you. Literally, in the event that your sweetheart-to-be is decapitated. You are very wary of this claim of course, but... you guess it couldn't hurt to have ONE bottle on hand.

Buy OLIVE POTION? YES →NO←

You refuse. But the clown spots the look of longing in your eye, and knows a lovestruck lady when he sees one. The kind fellow gives you 1 OLIVE POTION on the house. You blush a little and say thank you.

→YES← NO

You buy 1 OLIVE POTION. Ugh, this stuff looks nasty. You are going to have to sneak it into an especially strong drink if you don't want Jake to notice. Wait, did you say Jake? You mean of course hypothetically any person you give this to, strictly in the name of science. Uh. Yeah. This conversation is over!!!

**** click fifth potion***

VIOLET POTION - 420 BOONDOLLARS This potion is to be imbibed by anyone who wants to exhibit unabated lust for all he or she encounters, as well as to behave like more of a douche bag. You wonder why anyone would want that. He gives you a sly wink, and

says nothing more. You say no thanks. But he asks you if you want to buy it anyway.

Buy VIOLET POTION? YES →NO←

You ask him if he's flipped his friggin' cod piece. Of course you don't want it. He says, ah, but you must. He insists. He gives you 20 bottles for free. Then he says that will be whatever 420 times 20 boondollars is. You let out a heavy sigh, say fine, and fork over the money.

→YES← NO

You snap up a VIOLET POTION. Sure, why the hell not. Might as well round out your collection of this useless slime.

**** click sixth potion***

COBALT POTION - 420 BOONDOLLARS He claims this potion endows its drinker with incredible luck! Then he does a stupid looking jig on your fridge, clicking the heels of his dumb elf shoes. You find that a bit hard to swallow. Not just because it's implausible, but because that blue muck is straight up nasty. He doesn't get the joke.

Buy COBALT POTION? YES →NO←

In a motion so swift you didn't even follow, he grabs your hand, pushes a bottle of cobalt into your palm, and closes your fingers over it. As you begin to object, he puts his fingers over your lips and whispers shoosh. That'll be 420 motherfuckin boonies yo.

→YES← NO

He tucks another 420 of your hard earned loot into his cavernous codpiece and gives you a bottle of the blue stuff. Good motherfuckin choice, he says. You roll your eyes.

**** click seventh potion***

GOLD POTION - 420 BOONDOLLARS This sickly mustard goo is supposed to make your hacking skills go bananas. Like you would ever care about that. He says not so fast though, for its benefits are TWOFOLD. It also makes a pretty killer substitute for grub sauce in a pinch.

Buy GOLD POTION? YES →NO←

You tell this clown to go take a long walk off a short cliff. He pretends not to hear you and restates his offer. You are getting kind of fed up with this idiot so you purchase yet more useless bottles of liquid. Are we done here bro??

→YES← NO

Whatever. You buy one, flip the clown another cool 420. You wonder why they're all that price? What's the deal with that number, anyway? Poor, naive Jane. You have no idea how that number culturally means SMOKIN WEED, and how stoners think it's funny.

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You are a smart girl, but there are some things you don't
understand, and that makes you more endearing.
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* click codpiece
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Good grief, look at that magnificent codpiece. It is absolutely
transfixing. You don't want to stare, but how it arrests the eye.
It's hard to look away, but you somehow find the wherewithal to
pry your eyes from its prodigious heft. The clown catches you
staring, and his smile broadens a bit.
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**17/04/12**

Ok, what the FUCK are you going to do with all these stupid potions? Talk about buyer's remorse. You have had enough of this vulgar clown and his pushy potion peddling.

You do not want him to be your guide and you politely ask him to leave your property.

## Gamzee: Retrieve contraband from chest of whimsy.

**18/04/12**

The clown says he can all motherfuckin abide about that. He doesn't want to get his step on to any motherfuckin toes. But he says if he's not going to be your guide, you gotta at least have SOMEONE as a guide, to all guide you on your way through this quest of miracles.

He tells you to hold your shit while he retrieves something from his CHEST OF WHIMSY. You say, you mean the refrigerator? He acts like he didn't even hear you.

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**18/04/12**

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**18/04/12**

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TORSO FLAIL
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**18/04/12**

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**18/04/12**

## Jane: Say hello to your new guide.

**18/04/12**

spritelogTAVRISPRITE: wHAT,
TAVRISPRITE: Thhhhhhhhe,
TAVRISPRITE: fUCK!!!!!!!!,
TAVRISPRITE: Happened,?
TAVRISPRITE: mY,
TAVRISPRITE: Person, ality is.....
TAVRISPRITE: hNNNNNNNNNGH,
TAVRISPRITE: Just,,,,,,,,
TAVRISPRITE: a8SOLUTELY, fUCKING,
TAVRISPRITE: Uhhhhhhhh,

TAVRISPRITE: iRRRRRRRRRECONCILA8LE!!!!!!!!
TAVRISPRITE: D::::{
JANE: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUGH!
GAMZEE: honk.

==>

**18/04/12**

spritelogTAVRISPRITE: nO,
TAVRISPRITE: nO, No, nO, No, nO, No, nO, No.
TAVRISPRITE: yOU HAVE TO,
TAVRISPRITE: Undo this somehow.
TAVRISPRITE: aRE YOU LISTENING TO ME, cLOWN, aND
TAVRISPRITE: Whoever the fuck you are????????
TAVRISPRITE: mAKE ME STOP 8EING THIS THING!,!,!,!,!,!,!,!,
JANE: Hrm.
JANE: Ok, I'm sorry for screaming there. That fellow over there just caught me quite off guard with this... uh... stunt.
TAVRISPRITE: hMMMMMMMMK,
JANE: You seem quite upset. I think we should all try to calm down and figure out what to do.
TAVRISPRITE: yRRRRRRRRG,
JANE: Um, yes. Well, first of all, my name is Jane. Pleased to meet you.
JANE: What is yours?
TAVRISPRITE: My name?
TAVRISPRITE: fUCK, mY NAME,
TAVRISPRITE: It's, nOTHING!
TAVRISPRITE: i AM, a STUTTERING, rEPELLENT, uNHOLY.....,
TAVRISPRITE: a8OMIN8TION!
JANE: Oh dear.
TAVRISPRITE: yOU HAVE,
TAVRISPRITE: Noooooooo,
TAVRISPRITE: iDEA,
TAVRISPRITE: hOW, fUUUUUUUUCKING MUCH,
TAVRISPRITE: iIIIIIII,
TAVRISPRITE: H88888888te myself right now, !!!!!!!!
GAMZEE: HONK.
JANE: Quiet, you!
JANE: This is all your fault. Look at what you've done!
TAVRISPRITE: sHUT UUUUUUUUP,
TAVRISPRITE: i H8 YOU BOTH, I h8te, EVERYTHING.
TAVRISPRITE: I h8te, the way, i FALTERINGLY, sPEAK OUT, my jum8led, tHOUGHTS,
TAVRISPRITE: i H8, hOW i DRAAAAAAAAG OUT, tHE THINGS, I say, sOMETIMES,
TAVRISPRITE: I don't even know, wHICH PARTS OF MYSELF, aRE H8TING, which things????????
TAVRISPRITE: sO,
TAVRISPRITE: i JUST H8TE,
TAVRISPRITE: Eeeeeeeevvvvvvvvveeeeeeeerrrrrrryyyyyyyy, tHING!!!!!!!!

JANE: Hey, clown!
JANE: Can't you do something? This poor creature shouldn't exist!
TAVRISPRITE: Aaaaaaaa,
TAVRISPRITE:
aAAAAAAA,aAAAAAAA,aAAAAAAA,aAAAAAAA,aAAAAAAA,aAAAAAAA,aAAAAAAA
,aAAAAAAA!

==>

**18/04/12**

spritelogTAVRISPRITE:
eEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUEEEEEEEEGGGGGGGGHH
HHHHHH,,,,,,,,.

==>

**18/04/12**

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Tavrisplɤde!

HOOOOOOOONK
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**18/04/12**

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**19/04/12**

spritelogVRISKA: Tavros, this fucking sucks.
TAVROS: wHAT,
VRISKA: What do you mean, "wHAT,"?
VRISKA: For starters, that completely horri8le shared 8ody resurrection 8ullshit that just happened.
VRISKA: You were there, remem8er? That's kind of the point!
TAVROS: oH, yEAH,
TAVROS: i DON'T KNOW, iT WASN'T SO BAD,
TAVROS: i THINK MAYBE WE WERE OVERREACTING, aBOUT BEING ONE PERSON?
VRISKA: Overreacting my ass!
VRISKA: What a nightmare. It's still making my ghostly skin crawl just thinking a8out it.
TAVROS: nO, i THINK i'VE DECIDED, yOU'RE BEING UNREASONABLE,
TAVROS: iT WAS COOL BEING ALIVE AGAIN FOR A WHILE, aS A STRANGE UNSETTLING MUTANT,
TAVROS: iF WE DIDN'T EXPLODE OURSELF SO FAST, iT COULD HAVE BEEN AN ADVENTURE, mAYBE,
VRISKA: Oh, sure. That's easy for you to say.
VRISKA: You weren't the one getting the short end of the shared personality stick!
VRISKA: May8e if your personality was as much an upgrade to mine as mine was to yours, I would have 8een cool with it too.
TAVROS: yOU MIGHT BE RIGHT,
TAVROS: aCTUALLY IT WAS PRETTY NEAT,
VRISKA: What?
TAVROS: gETTING TO FEEL ALL THE AMAZING SELF ESTEEM YOU GET TO FEEL,
TAVROS: i DIDN'T REALLY KNOW WHAT IT FELT LIKE, i MOSTLY ONLY KNEW WHAT

THE PRETEND KIND WAS LIKE,
TAVROS: sO,
TAVROS: tHANK YOU FOR LETTING ME FEEL THAT, i GUESS,
VRISKA: Hahahaha. You're welcome!
VRISKA: Now that you mention it, may8e there was a silver lining to that freak show.
VRISKA: Someone else finally got a chance to feel first hand how gr8 it is 8eing me!
TAVROS: yEAH,
TAVROS: iT MUST BE PRETTY GREAT OVERALL,
TAVROS: sO,
TAVROS: aSIDE FROM BEING PARTIALLY ME, bRIEFLY,
TAVROS: hOW HAVE YOU BEEN?
VRISKA: Ok. Dead mostly.
TAVROS: yES, mE TOO,
VRISKA: Yeah.
VRISKA: Hey, sorry a8out that 8y the way.
TAVROS: aBOUT WHAT,
VRISKA: A8out killing you! It wasn't very cool of me.
TAVROS: oH, rIGHT,
TAVROS: i ALMOST FORGOT THAT EVEN HAPPENED,
VRISKA: How could you forget? Haven't you 8een pissed off at me a8out it?
TAVROS: nO, i MEAN, iT WAS PRETTY MUCH MY FAULT, i THINK,
TAVROS: i ATTACKED YOU WITH MY BOGUS SELF ESTEEM, aND i PAID THE ULTIMATE PRICE,
VRISKA: No, you idiot! That's not what happened at all. I sta88ed you through the chest 8ecause I was 8eing a huge 8itch!
TAVROS: i MEAN, iT WAS A LONG TIME AGO, bUT THAT'S NOT REALLY HOW i REMEMBER IT,
VRISKA: Ugh, stop 8eing so stupid. That's so stupid!
TAVROS: nO, yOU'RE STUPID,
VRISKA: You are such a pain in the ass when you're dead. Let's just agree it was my fault and drop it.
TAVROS: nO, bUT OKAY,
VRISKA: Man, 8eing dead is such a drag.
VRISKA: I don't know if I can deal with this shit anymore!
TAVROS: i THINK IT'S ALRIGHT,
VRISKA: Oh come on. It's so 8oring!
VRISKA: What a completely pointless and hollow existence this is.
VRISKA: And if the existential malaise wasn't 8ad enough, now I have to 8e constantly watching out for that fucking orange guy.
TAVROS: oRANGE GUY?
VRISKA: The orange guy! Haven't you seen him?
TAVROS: nO,

==>
**19/04/12**

spritelogVRISKA: Well, there's an orange guy.
TAVROS: yOU MEAN,
TAVROS: tHE BIRD VERSION OF DAVE,
VRISKA: No, not Davesprite! It's just some random pointless orange guy who's 8een hassling me for some reason.
VRISKA: I can't catch a 8r8k!
VRISKA: And if that weren't enough of a nuisance, we've apparently got to deal with getting yanked out of the afterlife without a moment's notice 8y some 8ozo in a codpiece to particip8 in his grotesque 8ody fusion pranks.
VRISKA: 8etween you and me, I'm starting to think we are getting jerked around here. You know?
TAVROS: uHHH,
VRISKA: Some inexplica8le forces out there are fucking with us. They are doing everything in their power to make sure that when we're not 8eing totally humili8ted, we are staying completely irrelevant.
VRISKA: We can't let them toy with us, then just sweep us under the carpet like that. I'm not going to let our relevance 8e marginalized anymore, Tavros.
TAVROS: wHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO,
VRISKA: I think it's time to start fucking some shit up.
TAVROS: oH, nO,,,
VRISKA: More like oh yes!
VRISKA: I'm sick of this shit. I'm sick of 8eing dead and useless and 8ored, and I'm not going to take it anymore.
VRISKA: You're with me, right?
TAVROS: nO WAY,
TAVROS: i LIKE BEING DEAD,
TAVROS: i LIKE IT HOW THERE ARE NO RESPONSIBILITIES, oR PROBLEMS, uSUALLY,
VRISKA: Tavros, that is the lamest thing I've ever heard you say, which is really saying something.
TAVROS: yES, iT IS,
VRISKA: You've got to quit that loser attitude and get your ass out of the sand. That's just your low self esteem talking again.
TAVROS: yES, i KNOW,
VRISKA: I'm going to have to insist.
VRISKA: You are going to join me and together we are going to fuck shit up.
TAVROS: nO, i'M NOT,
VRISKA: Yes, you are.
TAVROS: nO,
VRISKA: Yes.
TAVROS: ♏ yES, i WILL DEFINITELY, ♏
TAVROS: ♏ cOOPERATE WITH YOU WHOLE HEARTEDLY, ♏
TAVROS: dAMMIT,
TAVROS: oKAY, fINE,
VRISKA: ::::D

## Jake: Proceed to time capsule.

**21/04/12**

You cannot proceed to the TIME CAPSULE because you are lying on the floor unconscious.

While descending deep into the ruins, a sudden earthquake jammed the elevator on its way down, causing you to take a nasty spill to the floor below. Luckily you were wearing your trusty SKULLTOP, preventing a more serious concussion. You nevertheless lost consciousness, and attempt with all your might to regain it.

## Jake: Regain consciousness.

**21/04/12**

You fail to regain consciousness.

## Years in the past...

**21/04/12**

But centuries in the future.

## Jake: Respond.

**21/04/12**

```
Alert : Jake
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering golgothasTerror [GT]

TT: Happy 13th, bro.

TT: I have something for you.

GT: Whoa nelly!

GT: You are too kind my friend. What is it?

TT: It's no big deal, since it's nothin' I wasn't planning on giving you anyway.

TT: I just sort of happened to finish it today.

GT: I think i catch your drift.

GT: So my new tin comrade finally gets a head on his shoulders eh?

## ==>

**21/04/12**

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Alert : Dirk

Alert : Dirk
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pesterlogTT: Yeah, assuming I can actually send it today without another untimely paradoxification.

TT: If not, then hey, you get a sick grill full of birthday slime instead.

GT: Oh hell no. HELL no man.

GT: Well listen. If youre going to send anything to me slime or otherwise can you please at least not make the shit appear directly over my head this time?

GT: The last thing i need on my bday is another installment of and i quote manbro bukkake theater.

TT: You still don't actually know what that means, do you.

GT: Not really? Its your friggin figure of speech man. I gathered it just meant getting slimed like in ghost busters or somesuch.

TT: Kind of. I told you to look it up.

GT: Yeah yeah. Im a busy fella dirk!

GT: Wikipedia is a lot of letters to type in a thing for a man of action on the go.

GT: Im always doing adventures remember?
TT: That is such bullshit, you sit in your little jungle globe watching movies all day.
GT: Well yes. But ok i have a LOT of movies to bone up on. There are so many good ones i still havent seen.
TT: You think literally every film you watch is a masterpiece. I've never felt so much vicarious shame through someone else's atrocious taste in awful garbage.
GT: Screw you i have IMPECCABLE standards! Its just theres so much good stuff out there and ive really been on a roll with my picks lately.
TT: Do you even hear yourself, dude?
TT: Your "picks" are everything, and "lately" is always.
GT: Yes i hear myself just fine.
GT: I hear a discriminating gentlemans melodious voice and it strikes my ears as the voice of reason! Heheh.
GT: Say heres one im pretty excited about. Have you heard about this avatar jam? Its coming out next year.
TT: You mean the blue furry shit?
GT: No man it is not blue furry shit far from it. Get this. It is about this paralyzed fellow who is down on his luck and longs for adventure. And he finds it!
GT: But it is far away on an enchanted planet rich with coveted treasures. And adventure is not all that he finds oh no. He also finds romance.
GT: A beautiful blue woman from the wild teaches him the ways of her savage culture and also the ways of alien love. Together they frolic in the forest whilst sharing primal intimacy through magic sexual escapades.
TT: Ahahahaha.
GT: Whats so funny wise guy?
TT: To borrow from one of the more benighted sectors of your zeitgeist, that was "so gay."
GT: Excuse me but i fail to see what could possibly be gay about some huge elegant blue men and women having really spiritual intercourse with their tails or something.
TT: Well yeah, obviously not literally.
TT: Jake, where I'm from that word hasn't been used as a pejorative, or even much at all, in a really long fucking time.
GT: But youre from friggin texas! Arent you?
TT: Yes. But not exactly.
GT: Augh stop being such a cryptic troll all the time!
GT: Anyway avatar looks spectacular and i think my preemptive review was spot on. The bloody end!
TT: Ok but what you just said about those furries was gay as hell. It's time to face the facts.
GT: You are just treating my great taste in flicks to your aloof hipstery disdain as usual. You dont know anything about that movie. Maybe youll like it?
TT: Nah, I saw it already. That movie sucked the smelliest shit from the ugliest butt. Sorry man.
GT: Well now i know youre just trolling me. It wont be out for another year!
TT: Right.
TT: Here, let me send you the rest of this robot already.
TT: You've spent too long alone on that island as it is. I kinda worry about you.
TT: A man can only spend so much time in the middle of the damn ocean with nothing but popcultural detritus and his own thoughts to keep him company.

GT: Alrighty.
GT: I hope it wont be as difficult to finish building as the rest was to assemble.
TT: No, just screw the thing on and it's ready to go.
GT: Capital!
GT: Scoot that noggin my way at your ready then.

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**21/04/12**
pesterlogTT: Oh cool. It worked.
GT: Hehe. You nerd.
GT: Hes got your slick japanese spectacles and everything.
GT: Why is this a metal man before me or is it none other than dirk strider himself in my room??
TT: One thing at a time, bro. I haven't quite figured out a way to get myself there yet.
GT: It almost sounds like this is something youve given some thought...
TT: Ok well I don't know what you're implying there but why don't you snap that sucker on the torso and fire it up.
GT: Affirmative.
GT: I continue to boggle vacantly at your technical shenanigans.
GT: Your knack for gadgetry seems to surpass even my grandmas and she was like this big time gizmo legend.
GT: How do you even do this stuff?
TT: I guess from your perspective I must seem hells of "overpowered" in a bunch of ways.
TT: Which I kind of am, like with a ninja sword I'm basically nuts, ok?
GT: If you say so buddy. I can believe it.
TT: Yeah, but when it comes to building stuff you're probably overstating things.
TT: Like for example, if you told someone a hundred years ago you could build a computer they'd probably be like whoa shit, look at this fuckin' genius.
TT: Well actually first of all they'd say, what's a computer, I only know what horses and diseases are and shit like that.
TT: But once you actually tell them what computers are: Jesus dick! You're a wizard.
TT: But from your perspective you know it's not a big deal to build a computer. You just go online and buy a case and a motherboard and some other shit and put it all together.
TT: It's not like you're smelting the goddamn silicon in your basement and making chips in your hermetically sealed, dust-free garage.
GT: Yeah but come on its not like youre from a century in the future.
TT: Well. No.
GT: Nor am i a quaint man of the past. Pardon me but do i SOUND like some trollycar bellwether toiling in the heart of the mustache belt from the ruff n tumble year of nineteen aught nine???
TT: ...
TT: He said unironically.
GT: Give me some credit man and some to yourself as well. You are too modest about all this robotics noise.
TT: I don't know. I have a lot of time to work on stuff I guess.
TT: There are a lot of irons. You know where they are? Here's a hint. It's a pretty hot place.
GT: The kitchen?
TT: Sure, I keep some irons there too. But most of them are in the fire.

GT: Oh of course!
GT: Fire is quite notoriously the hottest thing there is. A tip top locale for a whole mess of irons!
TT: True that.
TT: I actually have so much to do and think about, one of my current projects hopefully will address that very issue.
TT: Gonna make an AI replica of my own mind. He can share some of the load. As well as make a decent intellectual sparring partner, ideally.
TT: Not that my conversations with you aren't uniquely rad. But you know what I mean.
GT: See again i think you are downplaying a pretty neat accomplishment if you ask me.
TT: Shrug. We'll see.
GT: Does that mean I'll have to deal with two dirks?
GT: One who is MORE MACHINE THAN MAN...
GT: And another who is a computer program you made hahahahahahaha.
TT: That's a super joke.
TT: But I'm guessing you won't be hearing much from the program. It probably won't play a significant role in either of our lives.
TT: I have my doubts it'll be a successful project, but who knows.
GT: Id wager a tidy sum the results of the endeavor will be sensational.
GT: I believe in you!
TT: You do?
GT: Sure bro. I always have.
GT: You have helped me out a lot and been a good friend for ages.
TT: Hmm.
GT: What?
TT: Well, I wasn't sure about doing this today, but if it's true that you do believe in me, then I guess fuck it, why not.
GT: Why not what?
TT: I guess call it an extra birthday present. But instead of a present that's awesome, consider it more like a weird confession that may change the way you feel about me.
GT: Whoa uh...
GT: Dirk are you... uh...
GT: Saying what i think?
TT: What?
TT: What do you think I'm saying here?
GT: Uh never mind sorry for interrupting.
GT: Should i sit down for this i dont know what to do.
GT: Wait i already am sitting down. Maybe i should stand up?
TT: No, just chill out. Stand up, sit down, whatever. Here's the thing.
TT: You know all these painfully obvious hints I've been dropping? That always seem to be flying over your head?
GT: Ummmmmmmm.
GT: Maybe?
GT: I think i need a towel or something.
TT: About me being from the future.
GT: Oh!
GT: Oh. Yes.

GT: I think so.
TT: Well those weren't jokes. It's true.
GT: What? Oh man are you actually serious??
TT: Yes.
GT: So like...
GT: You ARE from a century in the future.
TT: No. More like four centuries.
TT: The year 2422.
TT: Or as we say contemporarily, 411 P.C.
TT: Post Condescension.
GT: WOW.
GT: I must say this is not the announcement i was expecting.
GT: So you are a time traveler from 2422 here to help me build robots or something?
TT: No, I can't time travel. I can only send things through time, occasionally.
TT: I actually live here in the future, alone in my apartment. I can send messages to you in the past though, like I'm doing now.
GT: How?
TT: Years ago our alien friend sent me a special chat client. It's basically just Pesterchum, with some sort of alien technology embedded.
TT: It's specifically wired to communicate with your time period. As hours go by for me, the time it sends messages to also increments by the same amount, so we communicate in lockstep. As if we both existed in the present.
TT: She said it was important for Roxy and I to begin communicating with you and Jane. This is how we all became friends.
GT: Wait... you and roxy?
TT: Yes. She lives in the future too. Though we live nowhere near each other.
TT: I asked her to refrain from telling either of you. I wanted to be the one to let you know. To wait for the right moment.
GT: Holy fucking mackerel. This is amazing!
TT: So,
TT: You really are trusting me about this? Just like that? No second thought?
GT: Well yeah. Sure man why not? Wait its not a prank is it?!
TT: No.
TT: This would be a very shitty and boring "prank." I promise it isn't.
GT: Then heck yes i believe it to friggin pieces. Its an awesome thing to be true!
TT: Haha.
GT: So whats the far flung future like? Some sort of crazy robo paradise?
TT: Not quite, but there are definitely robots.
GT: Oh man what are your movies like in the future?? I bet there are some real cinematic humdingers. Like holographic stuff? Or shit you plug directly into your brain pod right? Wait you do have brain pods right?
TT: No. We don't have brain pods because those aren't a thing, you just made that up. And there are no movies in the future.
TT: There are no humans either. They all went extinct.
TT: Roxy and I are the only ones left, as far as we know.
GT: Well shit.

GT: Dirk this story got so much less awesome.
GT: Is it too late to backpedal on believing it before i start to cry?
TT: No dude, it's too late. Tears ahoy, this motherfucker gets sad.
TT: Do you want to know what happened?
GT: Sure do.
GT: Lemme just finish putting this steel melon on my brobot and then im all ears...

## Jake: Complete brobot.

**22/04/12**

pesterlogGT: There he is finished.
GT: Look at this spanking iron friend from the future. He is perfect.
GT: Oh shoot dirk he just got blurry and disappeared! What the actual fuck?
TT: Don't worry, that's normal.
TT: Upon activation he goes into Stalking Mode.
GT: Stalking mode??
TT: Yes. He will stalk you in the jungle and strike when your guard is down.
GT: What? Thats crazy why would i want that!
TT: Didn't you want someone to get in scrums with?
GT: Well yeah but... man.
TT: He will give you all the scrums you can handle. Trust me, this will sharpen your combat skills.
GT: I guess youre right.
GT: I was just picturing a little good honest rough housing... why does the whole thing have to sound so sketchy and nerve wracking!
TT: Do you want to hear my grim tales of the apocalypse or not?
GT: Yes!
GT: Youre right lets put issues of fisticuffs aside for now. Tell me everything about the future.
GT: So how does humanity fuck up? Is it the nuclear holocaust? Or is it robots? Gotta be the robots right? As per the terminator.
TT: No, it's more of a gradual decline in population than that, due to an insidious power grab by an aquatic alien empress.
GT: Oh the old alien overlord story? Got it. When does she show up?
TT: She's already there, in your time period, hiding in plain sight. She has been for anywhere between fifty and a hundred years.
TT: She's the Baroness of Crockercorp. Jane's company. But of course Jane has no idea.
TT: The Baroness has been using subtle strategies to manipulate the human population through her company for a long time.
TT: On November 11th, 2011, she finally made her presence known to the world, along with her agenda for global domination.
GT: Jeez that is pretty scary. So in a few years she will be in charge of everything?
TT: No, not quite. That's just when the world finally sees her for the threat she is. She would continue to gain power by exploiting various institutions and the media from within.
TT: It would take the next several decades for her to claim the throne as Earth's absolute ruler. Her march to domination was facilitated by a number of scumbag sympathizers, and opposed by a few brave rebels, including my ancestor. Roxy's too.
TT: I think your ancestor qualifies as one too. In fact I'm sure she must have been the first member of the covert opposition movement.

GT: My grandma?
GT: I do remember when i was very young she would tell me stories of the wicked woman who raised her.
GT: Was she the evil alien?
TT: Yep.
TT: That's a whole story right there, most of which is shrouded in rumor and urban legend.
TT: But before we get sidetracked by any of that, I'll try to cover the big picture. To give you a sense of all the batshit lunacy that followed the sea hag's power play.

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**22/04/12**
pesterlogTT: Nobody at the time knew what the fuck she wanted to accomplish or what her actual motives were.
TT: But in retrospect it became clear she was trying to essentially restore the conditions of her old home world, which she used to rule over as well.
TT: She began instituting these crazy laws. First of all, people weren't allowed to reproduce. She found our usual method of procreation revolting, and anyone who engaged in it was punished by death.
TT: But she still needed an ongoing population of subjects to abuse, so to propagate the race she set up this weird system.
TT: At random intervals every citizen would be required to supply their genetic material to drones. That DNA would be collected and combined in some way.
TT: Many years later, long after the original donors had died, clones would be spawned from their DNA. So no one would ever be able to know who their "parents" were, or be able to trace their lineage.
TT: It was only through a bit of good fortune that Roxy and I were able to discover who our ancestors were.
GT: They were the rebels you mentioned? Are they alive right now?
GT: I mean in my time?
TT: Yes.
GT: Oh! I am very curious about them and also my grandma.
TT: I'll get to them, don't worry.
TT: Anyway, "Her Imperious Condescension" turned out to be especially cruel to her human subjects. I'm sure her rule was no picnic on her home world, but I think she resented humans' biological incompatibility with the ideal empire she envisioned, and became frustrated.
TT: Humanity wasn't even really her first choice for rule. There are reports that she attempted to clone members of her own species and replace the human population with them. But they all died.
GT: What happened to them?

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**22/04/12**
pesterlogTT: The rumors say it was her own "pet" who killed them.
TT: See, she traveled from her world to Earth in this huge red space ark.
TT: In it she had gathered thousands of creatures from her planet, I'm guessing to save them from extinction.
TT: This more than anything has led me to speculate that some cataclysm happened on her home

world, and she moved on to greener pastures to rebuild her empire.
TT: She bred all these creatures in secret, increasing their numbers, preparing for her eventual takeover.
TT: Each monster, or "lusus naturae," was meant to be kind of a caretaker of the young. You can see where the dramatic schism between our species and hers begins, and also why she had a reputation for being quite insane.
TT: But she also happens to have this one humongous sea monster lusus that is like her own personal bodyguard, and kind of a secret weapon.
TT: But it turns out the thing is kind of an enigma. Sort of a double edged eldritch horror. As much in her service as it is calling the shots, in some unfathomable way.
TT: Every time she tried to resurrect her race, it would slaughter them all psychically. As if it was keeping her ambition in check.
TT: Or so the story goes.
GT: Wait... these beasts tend to the young??
GT: I can tell you from first hand experience that monsters are totally rotten at taking care of kids!
GT: They do a bangup job of making em scared though. :(
TT: Exactly.
TT: The plan was beyond shitty.
GT: So does that mean you and rox were raised by these things?
TT: Nope.
TT: It was a very short lived experiment centuries ago.
TT: Humans just don't have the same evolutionary symbiosis with those things that her race had.
TT: It turns out a bunch of fuckin' alien monsters have no interest whatsoever in taking care of human babies.
TT: They mostly just wound up eating them, or at best, just abandoning them.
TT: Later she instated a lusidroid system to serve the same function, as she began phasing in more robotic solutions in favor of all this ill conceived biotech nonsense that always did nothing but backfire.

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**22/04/12**
pesterlogTT: Even drones were replaced with robotic versions. I imagine they were just easier to produce and control, since she'd given up hope of perfectly mirroring her own civilization in all its convoluted symbiotic glory.
TT: But not without a good fight, and not without taking her frustrations out on the human population.
TT: She attempted to enforce "blood casting" through efforts to genetically alter people's blood color. That was an ugly chapter. Lotta fuckin' people died from that debacle.
TT: Over the last four hundred years, the population just got smaller and smaller from these atrocities piling up. But she clearly didn't give a shit.
TT: All the while, the amount of dry land kept shrinking due to the gradual flooding.
TT: Soon there was hardly anywhere left to live, and then, that was that. No more people.
GT: Damn.
GT: Wait...
GT: Flooding?
TT: Oh. Yeah, I probably should have mentioned this up front.

TT: One of the first things she did while in power was begin melting the ice caps.
TT: It took a while, but eventually the whole world flooded.
TT: That's how it is now. It's totally soaked up in this bitch.
GT: Wow like the epic kevin costner film?
TT: Almost exactly. Especially by the same degree of shittiness.
GT: Oh man does that mean you have to drink your own pee??????
TT: You get used to the taste. Welcome it, even.
TT: That takes about 15 days in a row of hard piss drinking though.
GT: Ewwwwwwwwwwww no dude. No ew. :(
TT: Relax, I don't drink any goddamn piss, ok?
GT: Oh ok. Whew.
GT: I guess your lusis droid thingy sees to it that you have fresh water?
TT: Nope. Those stopped being a thing a long time ago too, once humans went extinct.
GT: Oh i thought...
GT: Hm. Well who raised you then?
TT: Nobody, man. I raised my damn self.
GT: !
GT: Jesus christofer kringlefucker and here i thought i was rugged!
TT: You're still pretty rugged. You're just a fucking dork about it.
GT: Thats true.
TT: I guess I did have Cal looking after me.
TT: Let's not discount the rad service of the C-man, ok?
GT: Heaven forbid.
GT: And what about roxy?

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**22/04/12**

pesterlogTT: Pretty sure the Carapacians took care of her when she was young.
GT: Wait the whatsits?
TT: Right. Another thing I forgot to mention.
TT: There are a lot of these humanoid creatures with hard shells. Some black, some white.
TT: As humanity was dwindling due to an increasingly whimsical and psychopathic Condesce, she began introducing more of these Carapacians on to the scene.
GT: Are they aliens too?
TT: Uh...
TT: Sort of. They are definitely from other planets, so, yeah. Really the deal with where they came from is a whole other story for another time.
TT: But the bottom line is at some point, somehow, she started herding a bunch of them from their home worlds on to Earth and multiplying them.
TT: Something like a hundred years ago it became clear she favored these guys more than humans as her subjects.
TT: They're very loyal and seem genuinely dedicated to serving her. Must be what they were bred for. She still treats them like shit though, unsurprisingly.
TT: All these colonies started sprouting up. Like these modular cities floating on the water.
TT: It probably sounds cooler than it is. But they're basically slums. That's where they tend to live

in large numbers.
TT: Roxy lives in one of these colonies. It's about 2000 miles from where I am.

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**22/04/12**
pesterlogGT: Good gravy. Those are exotic circumstances!
GT: And here i was thinking i had the most exciting and adventurous life. It turns out im just some chump on boring ass monster island in the silly old PRE apocalypse.
TT: For what it's worth, I think it's gotta be more interesting living in the 21st century than the 25th.
TT: Like it's really no contest.
GT: Youre probably right.
GT: Id be really keen on talking to roxy about this too!
GT: Im very curious about her experiences as a future lady with all the whatsits. The hard shell folk.
GT: I must say it turns my previous perception of your lives right on its friggin ear.
TT: Man, she would love to talk to you about all this.
TT: She hates keeping secrets. It's been killing her not to spill all these fucking beans way the hell prematurely.
GT: Like what is even your day to day business like in sea hitlers water apocalypse??
TT: Well, I mostly shit around in my apartment all day, building stuff, reading about history, and flipping out with my sword.
TT: Sometimes I go fishing and check out the underwater ruins.
TT: She does plenty of useless fucking around too, but at least she's got a neighborhood.
TT: She also uses one of her gadgets to gank vegetables and stuff from the past.
TT: She tries to feed the hungry neighbors whatever she can scrounge up.

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**22/04/12**
pesterlogGT: Those are amazing stories. I am so lucky to have friends like you.
GT: Oh snap what about jane! Have you told her?
TT: Jane is...
TT: No. I haven't.
TT: I've dropped some hints and tested her willingness to believe something like this.
TT: It's just not going to fly. It's way too much drop on somebody all at once if they aren't receptive.
GT: Hmm. True but it seems a shame to keep her out of the loop.
TT: Well, tell her whatever you want. She'll likely think she's being fucked with.
TT: Personally, I wouldn't bother trying too hard to convince her. There's no point in alienating her.
TT: Some day she'll be ready to believe things.
GT: Okay.
GT: Wow i still have so many questions.
GT: Its incredible that this is all going to happen right around the corner! I dunno if im ready...
TT: Like I said, the changes will be a little more gradual than that. More clandestine. She'll exploit the fear caused by her revelation to the world to create intended reactions within governments and media, and her agents embedded on the inside will help nudge things in the direction she wants.
TT: Then, twenty-some years down the road, without anyone suspecting a thing, she'll suddenly be in complete control. And Earth will be fucked.
GT: I want to join the opposition!

GT: Fuck this witch i have lots of guns and reckless bravado and i want to stop her. Ill pick up where my grandma left off!
TT: Well, aside from the main reasons that won't happen, which I won't get into...
TT: It still wouldn't be a good idea.
GT: Horse shit why not?!
TT: Cause people way better at this than you tried and died?
TT: You said you wanted to hear about our ancestors.

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**24/04/12**

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SPIDER GIRL
KRAVEN'S NEXT HUNT!

SPIDER ISLAND
SPIDER GIRL
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pesterlogGT: Heck yes bro.
TT: Well, how much do you actually know about your grandma? What have you read, and what do you remember?
GT: My memory of her is pretty foggy.
GT: I do know she loved adventure just like me. Thats why she was exploring this island and raising me here when she died.
GT: She was a fair markswoman and knew her way around an atom or two.
GT: Pretty sure her company made a tidy fortune til it went belly up. At least i still have a few of her knickknacks for keepsakes.
GT: And as you confirmed she was raised by that evil spinster.
GT: But then again from some of the things my pen pal has said it kind of throws some of these details into question so i dunno what to think.
TT: I don't know what the deal is with your pen pal either, and I'm not really prepared to speculate on that right now.
TT: But I'm privy to a shitload of historical data I can share. What's the last thing you remember about her?
GT: It was the night i found her dead!

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**24/04/12**
pesterlogGT: She had gone off to study the ruins one day. Im pretty sure that was her purpose on this island. To study the technology here and solve all of the astonishing mysteries.
GT: She even built that big fancy house we used to live in so i guess she really wanted to settle here for a while.
GT: But she didnt come home from her expedition for a couple days so i started to get worried.
GT: I followed the trail we usually take to the lagoon while keeping my eyes peeled for monsters.
GT: But instead i found her lying there dead.
GT: I think a monster caught her off guard. There were three big fang marks in the body and a trail of blood along the path.
GT: It looked like she was trying to get home but couldnt make it before succumbing to the injury.
GT: But before i could even do anything about it i heard an explosion. I looked back at the hill and my house was gone!

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**24/04/12**
pesterlogGT: Just a big poof of smoke where it was standing. So i lived alone in the jungle ever since.
TT: Huh. I've wondered about all that.
GT: Well you never asked!
TT: Oh I know. I would have. But asking about your past would have just been inviting you to do the same. You know how it goes.
GT: Indeed.
TT: But for the record, I don't think those were fang marks on the body, dude.
GT: No?
TT: Finish the story first. Then what?

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**24/04/12**
pesterlogGT: Oh theres not much more to it. I had to deal with grandmas body.
GT: I would have loved to give her a proper and dignified memorial like janes granddad got.
GT: God jane is so lucky every day in her household must be like weekend at bernies! What a riot it must be im so jealous.
TT: Yeah, what a fucking treat.
TT: A living room corpse party every goddamn day.
GT: I know right!!!
GT: Alas i had to dispose of the body with haste so the monsters wouldnt eat her.
GT: So i just made a little camp fire and burned it. I keep the ashes deep in the ruins which is where i think she liked it best.
GT: Hopefully there isnt an earthquake or something that would knock the urn over in a predictable and hilarious fashion.
TT: No way man.
TT: I'd bet my bottom boonbuck that shit's eternally safe.
TT: That urn's like the Fort Knox of standing upright forever because of no accidents.
GT: Heheh yeah.
GT: So then after camping out the next day i went exploring and found my room globe mostly intact sitting in the jungle so thats where i lived since.
GT: And thats pretty much it!
GT: I sure miss my grandma though she was the best.
TT: She was definitely very brave, if the stories are true. Downright audacious, I'd say.
GT: What did you hear?

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**24/04/12**
pesterlogTT: Well, like I said. She was raised by the Baroness. It was probably a worse childhood than either of us had.
TT: She wasn't related obviously. Ain't nobody's related to a damn fish alien. Except other fish aliens probably.
TT: She had an adoptive brother too. Life must have been miserable for both of them.
GT: Yes i vaguely remember her mentioning him.

GT: Cripes the things she told me now that i think about it. She said the witch even killed her dog!
GT: Is that true?
TT: I don't know, but wouldn't doubt it.
TT: There are other urban legends that she did a lot of experiments on animals and people. Mostly to do with mind control.
TT: Like figuring out ways to unlock all of her psychic alien potential, to increase her power.
TT: Not sure if that's true, or if it was actually successful though.
GT: So what youre saying is pretty much any unspeakably horrible thing she could have done she probably did?
TT: Yes.
TT: Anyway, your grandma managed to run away when she was quite young. Maybe it was a traumatic event like dog murder that prompted her to flee, who knows.
TT: Whatever the case, her bro stayed behind. The guy must have been seriously immune to witnessing fucked up shit, because he went on to be a famous comedian. A real kindly old cornball. A nicer guy you couldn't hope to meet, they say.
GT: Haha wow. Must have been a hell of a guy.
TT: So...
TT: You're not making any connections there?
GT: Where? Huh?
TT: Famous comedian, about the age of your grandma, inheriting the family name of the Baroness...
TT: Not ringing a bell?
GT: What are you talking about! Dirk stop speaking in riddles and keep telling the story i am on tenterhooks here!
TT: Ok, well it's not like it's that important. Just a super obvious thing that'll probably occur to you later when you're looking in the fridge you don't have, at which point you'll feel like an idiot.
GT: Oh my god you can be one opaque motherfucker just clue me in bro!
TT: Nah, it'll be funnier this way.
GT: STRIIIIIIDEEEERRRRRRRR!!!!!
TT: Moving on.

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**24/04/12**

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pesterlogTT: That kid kept the family name but obviously your grandma didn't.
TT: She must've held a grudge against the Baroness her whole life. She started by taking a different name she knew would stick in her craw.
GT: Oh! I remember this.
GT: I believe she said the witch used to be married to a terrible man named english.
GT: So because the witch really hated that guy she took on his name as sort of a big ole fuck you to the woman?
TT: That's probably close to the truth, but it sounds like the kind of story an old lady tells her young grandson in a way he would understand. Or at least wouldn't scare the shit out of him.
TT: What I've read is something much more sinister, as usual.
TT: There's supposedly only one thing the Baroness fears, and your grandma learned of this somehow.

TT: It wasn't an ex husband though. It was her superior. Some kind of demon, or another alien, no one really knows. But he went by the name English. He's supposedly even more brutal than she is, if you can believe that.
GT: So im named after a demon? What kind of demon is named english anyway?
TT: What kind of alien is named Crocker? It's probably just a name he stole from someone else, like the Baroness did.
GT: I guess its kind of cool being named after a demon whos so scary even the witch is afraid of him.
TT: Yeah, well, your grandma thought so.
TT: Everything she did in life thereafter seemed to be in effort to piss off the batterwitch.
TT: Like starting a competing tech company, heavily branded in a way that was presumably intended to remind the Baroness of her boss.
TT: Like with skulls and garish colors and shit. The dude is some kind of skull monster I guess?
GT: I love skulls!
TT: I know.

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**24/04/12**

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pesterlogTT: It was definitely brave on her part, but ultimately it got her a bankrupt company, a blown up house, and a fork through the torso for her trouble.
TT: But she must have been the first to understand how dangerous the Baroness was, while acting in covert opposition.
TT: Others would follow, and continue to as of now, in your time period.
GT: These are your ancestors?
TT: Yeah, mine and Roxy's were among them.
GT: Anyone ive heard of?
TT: Of course. All these fuckers are totally famous, obviously.
GT: Oh sure obviously.
TT: We've talked about the guy I'm genetically derived from a lot actually.
TT: Like, you know, every time I've ever talked about my bro?
GT: Gadzooks of course!!!
GT: With all your future mindfuckery you made me completely forget about your vaunted hollywood sibling.
GT: I shoulda asked where he fit into the picture if you were raised alone. I can be dumb as a bag of penny candy sometimes.
TT: Sometimes.
TT: Other times you're on point, like a bag of the nickel shit.
GT: Whoa now those are the sweets kept in reserve for millionaires. Such flattery!
TT: Ok, what we're sayin' stopped meaning anything, so I'll continue.
GT: Right. So then he was never actually your bro?
TT: No, that's just kind of how I view him.
TT: Lalonde took a more maternal view of her ancestor.

GT: The lady who wrote all the dreary wizard books i presume?
TT: Yeah, the CotL series. Ever read it?

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**24/04/12**
pesterlogGT: No i tried its too depressing. And also uh kind of impossible to understand?
GT: I told roxy i liked it though i didnt want to hurt her feelings so dont say i said that.
GT: I think ill wait for the movies to come out i bet ill like those better.
TT: You don't say?
GT: I do say! Hey you mustve seen them what being in the future are they any good?
TT: They are not.
GT: Phooey to that. Like i even believe you!
TT: The books are pretty interesting though, if somewhat dense.
TT: They're supposedly heavily allegorical. Veiled representations of cosmic events surrounding the witch and her boss and how all this came about.
TT: It's the kind of thing you wouldn't pick up on unless you were someone who understood what happened, like the Condesce, which was kind of the point. I think it was her way of letting the witch know, "I'm on to you."
TT: In the early days of the resistance movement they both opposed her more indirectly, through their art, like critics of tyrannical governments often used to.
TT: They had to be careful. Didn't want to make big waves too early.
TT: My bro did this too with his many fine films.
TT: Practically everything was a symbol for something. Either in mockery of the batterwitch, or conveying some hidden message to its audience. Each film was always rigorously picked apart for its head-scratching symbolic meaning.
TT: But he managed to accomplish all that without ever compromising the purity of his ironic vision, which I think was admirable.

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**24/04/12**

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sbahj

the movovie
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pesterlogGT: Fuck yes the sbahj films RULE.
GT: Screw the haters! Thats what i say.
TT: You also say that about Weekend at Bernies.
GT: Man that is a scandalous mischaracterization. Nobody hates weekend at bernies!
GT: The WAB films are generally regarded as so unremarkably mediocre they dont even attract any trolls who care enough to shit on it. Believe me ive tried to get in debates with people about it!
TT: Yeah, you pretty much touche'd the fuck out of that.
TT: But we are definitely in agreement about my bro's films as the masterstrokes they were.
TT: He just kept cranking them out, too. He really stepped up production after 11/11/11, even though the cat was finally out of the bag. He was very dedicated to his craft.
GT: Dang i can hardly wait to see them!
TT: Yeah. I wouldn't hold your breath about that.
GT: Why not?

TT: Man, fuck it. I'll just send you them.
GT: !!!!!!!!!
TT: Just keep a lid on them. We don't need any weird causality shit rearing its head here. That would be dumb.
GT: I will guard each glistening compression artifact with my life, as if a jewel pilfered from a tomb.
TT: Which was the last you saw?
GT: Well there was sbahj the movovie and sbahj the the film...
GT: Oh yeah and sbahaj the movle. I think sbahj the moive is still in production right?
GT: But honestly i get confused about which particular misspelling is attributed to which film or even if im getting the misspellings right.
TT: The key to sorting it all out is to understand it doesn't actually matter.
TT: Through video streaming services he would frequently set it up so that buying a certain title would ship you the wrong film.
TT: And often titles for movies were available for sale that just straight up didn't exist. Or would be sold for dollar amounts that made no sense, like $2.890.1. And sometimes buying a download would actually deposit money into your account instead of deducting from it.
TT: It was all part of the "experience."

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**25/04/12**

pesterlogGT: Your forebears are certainly entrepreneurial if nothing else.
GT: I can get behind the idea of making a killing if it means i also get to be as good at doing adventures as i hope to be.
GT: Did they ever bring the battle to the witchs doorstep or were the blows dealt strictly through public masquerades and theatrics?
TT: Yeah, they got pretty deep into the shit eventually.
TT: They were both very skilled combatants. I'm pretty sure she had some weird powers too.
GT: Powers you say?
TT: Communion with occult forces. Something like that.
TT: She knew things. Had visions. It's why she was able to write those books, and more importantly, why Roxy and I were able to survive here.
GT: How?
TT: They knew we would be here some day. So they prepared for our arrival.
TT: I live in what used to be my bro's old apartment four hundred years ago. The whole city is gone, but this one unit was somehow protected.
TT: He left some supplies for me here. Like a lifetime supply of orange soda in the crawl space, along with a fuck ton of SBaHJ merch. It was like discovering my own personal holocaust of bulbous jutting bottoms.
TT: Plus some weapons, some other gear. And a killer pair of shades.
TT: Roxy's mom used to live in her place too, and left some stuff she might need lying around. This was way before there were Carapacian colonies though.
TT: I think her house must have been a kind of kernelized structure, like a potential colony. Something built to undergo modular self replication if activated.
TT: I'm sure her mom knew that. It's been a good way for Rox to blend in.
TT: I stick out like a sore thumb here of course, but it hasn't really been a problem yet.

GT: So...
GT: They knew you would show up in the future some day and prepared for that...
GT: Doesn't that mean they also knew they weren't going to be able to stop the witch?
TT: Probably.
TT: But they went down fighting anyway.
GT: Wow.
GT: Thats brave and kind of sad.
TT: Yeah. But wouldn't you?
GT: Of course!!!!!
GT: You always go down guns blazing. Thats what a hero does when he loves adventure and has guns.
GT: If theres one thing movies have taught me besides the fact that guys using a corpse as a silly puppet is friggin HILARIOUS it is THAT FACT.
TT: It's not like their rebellion was totally futile.
TT: They took a lot of shitheads down with them.
GT: Who?
TT: Sympathizers.
GT: Eugh! Just the thought of such scoundrels turns my stomach!
TT: They should.
TT: In order for you to understand, I'll have to fill you in on the ridiculous final gasps of human civilization, taking place over the several decades leading up to its absolute enslavement.
TT: The decades which immediately followed the "rebranding."

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**25/04/12**

pesterlogTT: As I mentioned, Crockercorp's rebranding on 3-11, as it was often referred to in the news, totally changed everything.
TT: It marked the beginning of a completely shameless downward spiral of western civilization, through a series of events that were probably hard to notice at the time, but quite glaring when evaluated historically.
TT: Though the Baroness made very few substantive gestures of aggression, the global fear of her looming threat would trigger all the changes she needed.
TT: Governments prepared for war, as if to defend against the invading alien armies she undoubtedly commanded.
TT: But of course, she had no army. She was always the only of her kind.
TT: Instead, the world powers were only setting about to build her armies for her.
TT: The media deteriorated into this preposterous circus that was in all practical ways inseparable from the power base and government institutions.
TT: Popular entertainers became dangerous demagogues, and their roles in the media blurred with those of executive authority.
TT: And the most dangerous were the ones who fed into the fear and hysteria most effectively.
TT: These tended to be plants. Unscrupulous shills paid by the Baroness to move her agenda forward.
GT: Dang.
GT: I would like to think i will not be suckered by their silvery tongues whenever they come along.
TT: Well the thing is, most of them are already on the scene in your time.

GT: Who!
TT: Ever hear of Guy Fieri?
GT: No?
GT: I dont think so.
TT: You're fortunate then.
TT: He was an especially degenerate piece of filth.
TT: He used his connections and guile to wriggle into the spotlight, and then on to other positions of power.
TT: He somehow landed on the U.S. Supreme Court. Over the years, other justices started mysteriously disappearing without being replaced.
TT: After helping rewrite the constitution to form an incomprehensible patchwork of fascism, theocratic mandates, recipes, and bad rap lyrics, he weaseled his way up the ranks to become the High Chaplain of Interstellar War.
TT: I'm just gonna cut to the chase, cause really this ain't a big history lesson here.
TT: He eventually came to be regarded as the third and final Antichrist.
TT: No other human in history was responsible for more death and suffering.

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**25/04/12**
pesterlogGT: That boorish cur!!!
TT: Yes, that's exactly the phrase I would use to describe someone responsible for the extermination of five billion people.
TT: It was just so uncivilized of him.
GT: How could such an atrocity be allowed to happen?
GT: Was his personal magnetism really that overwhelming?
TT: Maybe overwhelming in the wrong direction, yeah.
TT: But it didn't happen overnight. It was a gradual decline in the integrity of the system that allowed it.
TT: Eventually the wheels came off and the political scene mirrored the absurdity of the media circus.
TT: By the time Presidents Jay and Dope were elected, western civilization had officially fucked itself over forever, and I think everyone knew it.
GT: Oh no.
GT: When does that happen?
TT: 2024. The last free election the world would ever see.
GT: So like...
GT: They were on the ticket together? As president and vice president?
TT: No, man.
TT: They were both president.
TT: They were the first Dual-Presidents of the United States of America. Also the last.
TT: They were also the first and last juggalo presidents. The founding fathers warned us about this, but nobody listened.
GT: They did? Warned us about what exactly?
TT: The Mirthful Executives.
TT: George Washington had prophetic nightmares about them. He tried to warn people, and get language amended to the constitution to prevent it.

TT: Like forbidding the election of what he famously described as "a pair of salty bards," or "unruly jesters given to the sweet drink."
TT: But everyone just thought he toked too hard on the colonial cannabis or whatever.
GT: Im not sure i follow. These are like clown presidents or such?
TT: Yes. They were a shitty rap duo from your time.
TT: But they ran a hell of a campaign. By then the juggalo party had gotten huge. While the numerous other candidates split the moderate vote, they retained a very energized and devoted base.
TT: You could say their party had a big tent.
GT: Dirk i really dislike the future you are describing.
TT: Hey me too.
TT: They were swept into office on a wave of Faygo, and the presidential inauguration was the biggest Gathering of the Juggalos of all time.
TT: They all hosed each other down on the Whitehouse lawn with shitty soda. The "D.C." in the capital thereafter officially stood for "Dark Carnival."
TT: Of course their campaign was helped considerably by having support from the Baroness.
TT: In retrospect, people developed the impression that it was all a part of her sick sense of humor.
TT: There was this sense that she just loved the idea of delegating the extreme subjugation of the world's population to a pair of demented clown rappers.
TT: Some have speculated this was just another way she was attempting to resurrect her previous model of governance, though this seems kinda far fetched to me.
TT: Who the fuck ever heard of an alien juggalo? To me this is about as stupid as the crackpot theories get.

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**26/04/12**

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STRIFE!
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pesterlogGT: I still dont really know what a juggalo is.
GT: Do they juggle?
TT: Don't worry about it.
TT: People were less prepared for a double juggalo presidency than they ever imagined.
TT: I'm not even going to get into all the horrifying details. Trust me, you just start to feel dirty reading about it.
TT: From the moment Fieri held up the bible to swear them in, and the three of them proceeded to publically defecate on it while freestyling rap lyrics...
TT: That was it. Everyone in the world watching it on TV just said, "Welp. Show's over. Civilization was pretty cool while it lasted."
TT: The next several grueling terms of their presidency was a weird combination of authoritarian practices. The Baroness used it as a puppet regime, while still basically giving them carte blanche to carry out their idiotic whims.
TT: Faygo was pumped through the plumbing instead of tap water. The new national pastime was having type 2 diabetes. And the national anthem was replaced by a 3 minute high-reverb audio clip of President Jay farting into a microphone while laughing.
TT: Chaplain Fieri was authorized to set up the death camps, in which anyone on the planet could be imprisoned if they were not deemed sufficiently "mirthful."
TT: And so the cleansing began, priming humanity for its new ruler waiting in the wings.

TT: This was when our ancestors had enough.
TT: The resistance movement had failed, but they could at least bring the war criminals to justice.
TT: My bro finally caught up with the presidents and challenged them to a duel.
TT: They accepted, having for years regarded him as a cocky rival rapper who failed to show them the proper respect. In their arrogance they invited him into the foul belly of the Carnival believing they could teach him once and for all what it truly meant to be down with the clown.
TT: For centuries thereafter, survivors of the Hilarocaust would cite the rooftop showdown as one of the most heroic moments in human history.

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**26/04/12**
pesterlogTT: He killed them both.

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**26/04/12**
pesterlogTT: Unfortunately, as they were only figureheads, no liberation followed. There would be no parades in the streets, or statues cast, or medals awarded.
TT: The few witnesses would report seeing only a man with a sword on a shitty skateboard, gently rising into the night sky.
TT: No one ever saw him again.

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**27/04/12**

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STRIFE!
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pesterlogTT: Meanwhile, Roxy's mom was tracking down the High Chaplain.
TT: His crimes had already been committed. She couldn't repay them by any stretch of the imagination.
TT: But she could wipe the blood stained grin off that fat bastard's face.

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**27/04/12**
pesterlogTT: She gouged his eyes with a pair of needles.

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**27/04/12**
pesterlogTT: And rode his torso to the bottom of the bloody falls.

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**28/04/12**
pesterlogTT: Reports of what happened to our ancestors after that are sketchy.
TT: There were no eye witness accounts I've found, but some believe they regrouped and confronted the Condesce herself.
TT: With all her high ranking officers dead, and the human population decimated and sufficiently groomed for her arrival, there was no reason to stay behind the scenes anymore.
TT: After those dreadful years of putting up with a more vulgar brand of authoritarianism, when she finally stepped forward to claim her throne, it actually came off as somewhat dignified. Elegant, in

a way.
TT: She was no less severe, but at least she knew how to act like an empress.

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**28/04/12**
pesterlogTT: But even if they did manage to confront her, there was no way they could win. She had too many crazy alien powers.
TT: Her boss supposedly had jacked her power level through the roof. I even heard, and don't quote me on this, that she may have been over 9000.
GT: Heavens to betsy.
GT: That figure is just absurd.
TT: Yeah.
TT: And that's not even to speak of the generic smorgasbord of other powers she was rumored to have.
TT: It gets hard to separate the fact from the urban myth.
TT: But for reference, if you want to believe it all, just picture all the X-Men combined into one sexy fish woman in a skin tight suit.
GT: Whoa momma.

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**28/04/12**
pesterlogTT: Whatever actually went down, they're surely both dead now.
TT: I guess it had to happen like that, though.
TT: There's no way the Condesce would allow us to be born within even a century of our genetic forebears. The thought of that was completely disgusting to her.
TT: But I really would have liked to be able to meet them.
TT: I guess some things would just be too awesome to ever stand a chance of happening.
GT: Yeah i know the feeling. :(
GT: Wait...
TT: What?
GT: Dirk didnt you tell me at some point that you did find evidence the witch killed them?
TT: As of now? No.
GT: Are you sure? I SWEAR i remember you saying something about that.
TT: How could I have said anything like that before today? This was obviously the first time I mentioned any of this.
GT: Oh.
GT: I am just having the NUTTIEST deja vu thing going on now. I feel weird.
TT: ...
GT: I guess i am mistaken. Never mind.

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**29/04/12**
pesterlogTT: Ok.
TT: I will disregard your anomalous observation for now and continue conversing as if it never happened.
GT: Right. Good plan.
GT: Um.

GT: Anyhoo thats a heck of a tragic and thrilling tale dirk.
GT: I am still totally cockeyed and catawampus about it all i dont even know what to think.
TT: But you believe me, right?
GT: Oh yeah every word of it!
TT: Wow.
GT: Why shouldnt i? You are my friend and i trust you.
TT: I still just think it's impressive, is all. Even after all this time. You are pretty much a one of a kind dude.
GT: Heh not really i just like believing stuff and believing in people.
GT: Wait what do you mean?
TT: About what?
GT: When you said after all this time?
GT: You just told me now!
TT: Yes.
GT: Hang on.
GT: Blarg! The deja vuey shit is happening again!!!
GT: Okay i am SURE weve had this conversation before so many things are familiar.
GT: I remember you saying the one of a kind dude thing and i remember saying the word catawampus and...
GT: All of it!
GT: Whats going on?
TT: Took you long enough to figure it out.
TT: Pages really are a slow burning class. Damn.
GT: Figure what out!
TT: You're asleep.
GT: Oh.
GT: Thats right. I fell off the platform thing and i guess i got knocked out?
TT: Yep.
GT: So im dreaming.
TT: Kinda.
TT: It's a dream bubble.
GT: Whats that?
TT: A place in the infinite abyss where sleeping people can share dreams with each other while revisiting memories.
TT: Also where they can meet dead people.
GT: So we are sharing a dream together?
GT: And youre currently asleep too? Uh. Currently in the future?
TT: No.
TT: Even if I was, I wouldn't visit a dream bubble. That only happens when your dream self is dead, like yours is.
TT: Mine is not.
GT: Hm. I guess i understand?
GT: So whats the deal then? Wait.
GT: You said this is where they meet dead people too...
GT: Shit! Dirk are you dead? Are you a ghost!?
TT: No, dude. Chill. I'm fine.

GT: Then what the fuck is going on! Who am i talking to?
TT: Well, who are the people you talk to when you have a regular dream?
GT: What? Uh...
TT: Like just a boring normal dream, and there's a person you're talking to. Who is that?
GT: I dont know?
TT: It's nobody. Just a projection of your own mind.
TT: Dream bubbles don't always need to be shared by dreamers or dead people. You can go to sleep and wake up in one alone, reliving an old memory.
TT: Kind of like a normal dream. Until you remember it's just a memory, which is where we are now.
GT: Okay.
GT: So.
GT: I am having like a lucid dreamy thing in a magic bubble and you are just like a figment of my imagination?
TT: Yes, basically.
GT: So im talking to myself! Thats kind of stupid!
TT: Well, yeah. But not quite.
TT: You could view me as a projection of the real Dirk within your mind, as expressed through all of your thought patterns about him.
TT: So I'm kind of a splinter of his corporeal self who happens to live in your awareness.
TT: I'm a startlingly close approximation to the real thing, for all intents and purposes.
GT: Just how startlingly close are we talking?
TT: I'm not going to give you a bogus percentage like the glasses cause that's not my shtick.
TT: But pretty damn close.
GT: Okay thats fair.
GT: But.
GT: Man.
GT: There is something that feels kind of weird about this. You being in my head... its a little messed up!
TT: What's messed up about it?
TT: You were the one who put me here, with your intimate understanding of all his mannerisms and predilections.
TT: And a splintered existence is pretty much how he rolls.
TT: This is how shit is bro.
GT: Ok im sorry for saying its messed up but...
GT: Its still a bit frustrating! Ive been trying to talk to you all day.
GT: But all i get is your pesky responder bedeviling me at every turn and your friggin robot punching me across the ocean and then throwing a weird tantrum and ripping his nuclear heart out in front of me.
GT: And if that werent enough i tumbled off the doohickey and knocked myself out and now im strolling down memory lane with your fake brain ghost!
GT: Its like you are surrounding me from all sides with imitations of yourself but never the REAL YOU!!!
GT: Cheese and fucking crackers when do i just get to talk to the actual dirk?
TT: Jake, what do you even know about someone's actual self?
TT: What makes it actual? What is "actuality?"

GT: What a horseshitty question!
GT: I dont know anything about actuality i guess but i know some philosobabble horseshit when i dadblasted hear it.
TT: I'm just saying, this isn't really your field of expertise.
TT: Dirk is the heart guy. He's the one walking the path of self, even when he doesn't know it. Like right now.
GT: But what does that mean?
GT: And how can you really be made of only my thoughts when i dont even know what youre talking about sometimes?
GT: Or when i didnt know some of the things youre telling me? Like about being in a dream bubble?
GT: How can i tell myself about that stuff through brain ghost dirk!
TT: Who says you don't know those things on some level?
GT: I dont think i do!
GT: I have no business knowing those things.
TT: Pages have a lot of untapped potential.
TT: That's practically all there is to the class, actually.
TT: But when they eventually find it, look out.
TT: And the ones who deal in hope? Shit, man.
TT: I'm scared of you already, and I'm not even real.

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**29/04/12**

pesterlogGT: Are you sure you arent real?
GT: No offense but I kind of get the same smartass vibe from you as i do from the responder.
GT: Like har har i have the same basic personality as dirk but without any accountability or anything so let me just be kind of flippant and mess with this jake fellas head!
GT: You know what im saying?
TT: Yes.
TT: That's a surprisingly decent observation about me.
GT: Yeah see i think i maybe did a little TOO good of a job brain cloning you? This is way too much like talking to the REAL fake dirk.
GT: Holy cow what a dumb sentence that was.
TT: You did do a good job.
TT: A perfect job, in fact.
TT: Untapped potential, remember?
TT: I don't think one of Dirk's splinters could exist nearly as well in anyone's mind other than yours.
GT: Well thats just spiffy for me but im starting to feel somewhat like im being haunted by you now.
GT: I just want to talk to my real buddy. And by real i just mean the ORIGINAL GUY.
TT: What do you even want to say to him?
GT: Oh i dont know.
TT: It's not like you can keep any secrets from me here.
TT: I pretty much am your brain.
GT: Aaah! No dont say that its so weird.
TT: You do realize he's coming for you.

TT: Dirk. In the real world. The man has his designs.
GT: Yes. I know.
TT: Wanna talk about it?
GT: With you? No!! Thats like...
GT: Thats like talking to him about it which is like really jumping the gun i think.
TT: What better chance is there to try talking about it than with a stunt double for your hyper-aggressive suitor within the safety and privacy of your own mind?
GT: But i cant yet! I just cant.
GT: There are some feelings im not sure how to put into words yet and doing it in front of you whether youre a stunt double or brain puppet or whatever it just makes me feel uncomfortable!
TT: So there are feelings you don't want to try to put into words, even while you are dwelling entirely within the realm of your own mind?
GT: Yes.
GT: What is so hard to understand about that?
TT: What about the spider ghost?
GT: Huh?
TT: The girl you saw.
TT: When you got fucking clobbered by Dirk's robot and you passed out.
TT: You dreamed about a spider ghost alien girl.
GT: Oh yeah.
GT: What about her?
TT: You like her.
GT: Man what?
GT: Thats dumb i saw her for three seconds and she waved at me and i woke up!
TT: Yeah, and it took all of three seconds for you to fall in love with the cute spider ghost.
GT: Why do you keep calling her a ghost??
TT: Cause she's been dead for a zillion years, dude.
GT: Oh. Well.
GT: Holy shit?
TT: That won't change the fact that you like her, let's not pretend it will.
TT: You're going to make things complicated for yourself.
GT: No i wont.
TT: Yeah you will. You're too fuckin' wishy washy.
TT: Between Dirk, spider ghost, Jane...
TT: Man, poor Jane.
GT: What? What about jane?
TT: You tell me.
TT: What was even the deal with that?
GT: Our last chat ended on very pleasant and amicable terms! She was upbeat and chipper as ever. I fail to see what reason one might have to feel sorry for her.
TT: Uh, yeah. You totally read her like a book.
TT: Really handled that conversation like a champ.
GT: Wait... didnt i?
TT: Look out bitches. It's Jake "Casanova Ladyslayer" English. He's packing heat, and is frequently able to parse the literal meaning of things women say.
GT: What are you getting at!

TT: We're running out of time.
TT: She'll be here soon.
GT: Jane?!
TT: No, doofus.
TT: Spider ghost.
GT: Whoa.....
GT: Whoa ok.
GT: Where? Wait. She is??
GT: Oh fuck.
TT: Look at you. I'm telling you.
TT: Three damn seconds of ogling an alien in a blue dress, and you're completely hopeless.
TT: Stop fidgeting around like that. Your hair looks fine.
TT: Do you want me to tell you how your breath smells?
GT: Screw you!!!
GT: I am cool as SUCH a cucumber.
TT: Ok then.
GT: Uh.
GT: Why does my breath not smell ok?
TT: You're dreaming, Jake.
TT: Your breath is only a thing if your brain wants it to be.
GT: Oh okay whew.
GT: When is she coming? Why is she visiting my dreams?
TT: Soon.
TT: She's been waiting for the right time to enter. Waiting for you to snap out of the memory.
TT: Clearly the girl has the patience of a saint.
GT: Alright...
GT: Dang! Its warm in this dream bubble. How can i be sweating in a dream??
GT: Where do i keep the dream towels...
TT: Will you calm the fuck down?
TT: I'm a figment of your imagination, and you're still making me nervous.
GT: But really who is she? Whats her deal and what does she want from me?
GT: Since all this so called untapped potential in my subconscious taking the form of yet another sassy dirk clone seems to know everything would it be ok if i troubled my own brain for a few flipping answers???
TT: You should try to be more polite to me. Seeing as I am a representation of your entire mind, I have complete control over all your basic functions.
TT: I could trigger a particularly spirited bowel movement right before she gets here, so watch your step.
GT: Augh no no no im sorry im sorry dont!
TT: Just kidding, dude. Jesus.
TT: I would never make you shit your pants in front of a girl you liked, even if she does happen to be my chief competition.
TT: We Dirk splinters can be pretty Machiavellian but we do actually have some fuckin' standards.
GT: Okay. Thank you for promising to keep my trousers tidy.
TT: Anyway, she's visiting now to bring you into the loop on some things.
TT: Important details you should know about your relation to the bigger picture.

TT: The much, much bigger picture.
GT: I still dont understand how you know... or excuse me MY BRAIN knows this stuff. Because im a page? How does that make sense?
GT: And also if you know the things she will say why dont you just tell me the things?
TT: Intuition and the subconscious mind are powerful things when harnessed the right way.
TT: As for why I don't tell you, why not just let her tell you?
TT: You're the one with the damn crush on her.

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**29/04/12**

pesterlogGT: Ok dude shes here shoosh!
TT: I know.
GT: Oh man. Ummmm...
TT: What the fuck are you looking at me for?
TT: Say something to her, jackass.
GT: Okay i will i will youre distracting me though! Can you scoot over a bit?
TT: Oh my god. Fine.
GT: Hi there! Welcome! Er...
GT: Dont mind him hes just a brain clone of my best friend. I know that sounds crazy. Heh.
TT: Bro, she can't even see or hear me.
TT: You're making a fool of yourself.
GT: Wait she cant? Why didnt you tell me that!!! You are really throwing me off here.
TT: I don't know, I guess I didn't think you were going to have a neurotic meltdown at the sight of a girl.
GT: I thought you were supposed to know stuff like that seeing as you are LITERALLY MY BRAIN!
TT: God dammit, will you just chillax and woo this fucking ghost babe?
GT: How can i chillax when you keep talking to me its really disconcerting!!!!!
TT: You are totally embarrassing yourself, dude. You're talking to nobody.
TT: Man, I'm starting to feel bad for spider ghost. Look at her, she's getting uncomfortable.
GT: Shhhh just SHUT UP i cant THINK!
TT: You are being so lame, I don't care if I'm a figment of your imagination or not, I can't take this bullshit.
TT: Either you get your shit together and put the moves on this dead space vixen or I start fucking with your cortex and make you pop a dream boner.
GT: OH GOD NO DONT YOU DARE!!!!!!!!
TT: You don't think I'll do it?
GT: NO PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE DO NOT GIVE ME A BONER DIRK!!!
TT: Sorry Jake. The plan's in motion.
TT: Next stop, Boner City.
GT: SO THAT WAS THE PLAN ALL ALONG???
GT: TO GIVE ME A BONER???
TT: And you
TT: ...
TT: ...
TT: ...

TT: ...
TT: Got one.
GT: YOU MOTHER FUCKER!
GT: OH...
GT: OH TEE HEE A FALSE ALARM I SEE VERY FUNNY COOL GUY!
GT: I THINK YOU ARE FULL OF SHIT!
GT: YOURE BLUFFING YOU DONT EVEN HAVE THE POWER TO GIVE ME A PHANTASMAL ERECTION!
TT: Jake, please.
TT: Members of the juggalo party aren't the only ones who can pitch a big tent.
GT: THEN GO AHEAD! MAKE MY FUCKING DAY!
GT: IM READY FOR YOU. YOU THINK IM AFRAID? ILL TAKE YOUR BONER MAGIC LIKE A MAN!
GT: IM NOT ASHAMED! I WILL STAND TALL AND PROUD AT FULL MAST IN FRONT OF THIS PRETTY ALIEN!
GT: DO YOUR WORST YOU BASTARD!!!!!
TT: This is so stupid.
TT: You are out of your mind. And this is coming from your mind itself.
TT: I can't even watch this, I'm out of here.
GT: WELL GOOD RIDDANCE TO IRONIC HIPSTER DOUCHEWAD RUBBISH IS WHAT I HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THAT!
TT: I wonder what Jack's up to right now.
GT: WHAT?
GT: I mean... what? Whos jack?
TT: Just talk to the girl, ok?
TT: You have some damage control to do.

## Jack: Start Jailbreak Adventure.

**30/04/12**

You wake up locked in a deserted jail cell, completely alone. There is nothing at all in your cell, useful or otherwise.

## Jack: Attempt to pry open window.

**30/04/12**

There are no objects around with which to "pry open window".

Look at that. This frame is precisely identical to the previous frame. You advanced nothing whatsoever with that dumb idea.

Do you realize this adventure is nearing 5000 panels? And now we have to watch you flounder around in a jail cell for god knows how long? Exactly how many panels do you want this to go on for? Over 9000? Nobody wants that. Nobody even wants to hear *the phrase* "over 9000."

You need to begin making better decisions if you want to escape.

## Jack: Get key.

**30/04/12**

What did you not understand about the statement, "There is nothing at all in your cell, useful or otherwise."

There is no key.

## ==>

**30/04/12**

It is an extremely crude drawing of a key on the floor. Really, the drawing is so bad, it's ridiculous to think that some prankster thought it would fool you, which it did. Whoever drew this key clearly was employing the most primitive drawing tools available.

You are obviously being fucked with in this stupid jail cell. You expect that you will continue to be fucked with, and it makes you wish you could stab something.

## Jack: Get pumpkin.

**30/04/12**

WHAT FUCKING PUMPKIN. THERE IS NO PUMPKIN. ONCE AGAIN, THERE IS NOTHING AT ALL IN YOUR CELL, USEFUL OR oh god dammit.

Ok, a pumpkin appears. You guess it must be feeding time for the prisoners. These Prospitian jails are like luxury suites compared to the penal system on Derse. Should be the softest time you ever did.

## Jack: Consume pumpkin.

**30/04/12**

What a horrible idea. You don't eat fresh produce. The thought is revolting to you. What do you think these sharp teeth are for? Or, what's left of them at least.

You'll have to make a note to file a protest with your lawyer. Complain of cruel and unusual treatment. Their coddling criminal justice system will undoubtedly see to it you are given some proper meat to consume. Perhaps a prime cut of filet mignon, as if you are a guest of honor. What a bunch of powder puffs, with all their namby pamby morals and compassion. This kingdom makes you sick.

## Jack: Look out window.

**30/04/12**

You step up on the little curby thing to get a better look outside. Can't make a plan without getting your bearings.

## ==>

**30/04/12**

A lone sentry is on duty below. You shout a few obscenities his way. You wonder aloud what a guy has to do to get a decent meal around here. Hey, you're TALKING to that guy. It's no use though. He ignores you.

Just look at that stoic face. The unshakeable discipline. The stalwart sense of duty and pride. This is what it means to be a member of the Prospitian Royal Guard.

What a load of shit, you grumble to yourself, but loud enough for him to hear.

## Jack: Inspect pumpkin.

**30/04/12**

That guy won't be of any use. You doubt you could even manage to lure him into your pissing radius, magnificent though it is.

You give the pitiful gourd a little kick. A terrible thought occurs to you. What if you have no choice but to eat this awful thing? You can't let it come to that. You have to get out of here.

Hold on, what's that...

## Jack: Take a closer look.

**30/04/12**

```
please
look
inside!
♣
```

Eureka. Droll you beautiful bastard.

Looks like he snuck something inside the pumpkin to help you escape. Probably a bomb. You are going to have to remember to give him a promotion when you get out of here. Or at least reduce his daily newspaper floggings.

Need to think of a way to get the bomb out of there. Can't just smash it with your foot, or it might explode and take your leg off. Too bad they confiscated your knives or you could slice the thing open neatly. Maybe even carve a funny face into it. Heh heh, you bet you're the first guy who ever thought of doing that.

## Jack: Search for carving apparatus.

**01/05/12**

Hang on. You remember seeing some pointy things just outside the window.

Luckily both kingdoms are totally covered in pointy things. Can't swing a dead cat without impaling it on one.

## Jack: Take pointy thing.

**01/05/12**

```
snap
```

You snap off a golden pointy thing. Should be sharp enough to do the trick.

## Jack: Carve pumpkin.

**01/05/12**

It slices through the meat of the vegetable like a sharp spire through thick squash. This is working so well. Who the hell needs a trusty knife when you are this resourceful? Screw knives!

You take it back, you can't stay mad at knives.

## Jack: Open it.

**01/05/12**

You can taste your liberation already. You can't wait to hear the sweet ticking of the bomb that is definitely in there. That will be the sound of freedom, you decide.

You pull off the lid to reveal...

==>

**01/05/12**

A whole bunch of knives.

==>

**01/05/12**

```
YOU'RE WELCOME
```

God DAMN it, Droll.

==>

**01/05/12**

```
SO. DUMB.
```

He's not the sharpest tool in the shed. Although now that you think about it, he might be by default, since he just sent you all the sharpest tools in the shed.

Oh well, you can probably get some use out of these. You've never once been disappointed to receive a pumpkin full of knives, and you're not about to make an exception.

## Jack: Empty pumpkin on floor.

**01/05/12**

You take a quick inventory of the smuggled contraband.

Hold on. Looks like he snuck something else in the pumpkin under all the knives. Something... compromising.

## Jack: Examine compromising material.

**01/05/12**

```
TERRIER FANCY

Join Club Yorkie TODAY!


YOU'RE WELCOME
```

The Droll knows what it's like spending long, cold nights alone in the clink. A man needs a little reading material to keep him company, if you know what he means.

If your skin wasn't made of polished jet black carapace, your cheeks would be turning bright red. No one can ever know about this. You must destroy the evidence. Or disguise it somehow.

## Jack: Forge blade out of illicit literature.

**01/05/12**

None shall be the wiser. It is the perfect crime.

When you bust out of prison, you should be locked right back up again because of how perfect this crime is.

## Jack: Throw a knife down there to get that guy's attention.

**01/05/12**

That should get the guy's attention.

## ==>

**01/05/12**

Unfortunately it only keeps his attention until he dies, which is almost instantly.

You need to come up with a better plan. While you would argue that random stabbings are their own reward, they aren't getting you any closer to escape.

## Jack: Examine exit.

**01/05/12**

That door is locked tight. You're going to need a key to open it. Preferably one that isn't horribly drawn on the floor to taunt you.

## Jack: Knock on door.

**01/05/12**

Maybe if you knock hard enough, in just the right way, at just the right time...

Wait for it... wait for it...

Wait, no. Not yet.

Wait for it...

Wait...

...

## Jack: Now.

**01/05/12**

```
WHOP
```

Your clumsy fist accidentally flies through the bars, knocking out a passer-by. Keys from his key ring jangle on the floor.

## ==>

**01/05/12**

It's quite possible one of those keys will unlock your door. But they are all well out of reach now.

What next, genius?

## Jack: Use knife to snag one of the keys on the floor.

**02/05/12**

You see if a knife can adequately lengthen your reach. But it's no use! They're still just outside of your modest slashing radius.

## ==>

**02/05/12**

No dice. Need a different approach.

Wait a minute. Another guard notices your unauthorized tomfoolery and radios for backup.

## Jack: Beckon other guard over.

**02/05/12**

He looks none too pleased by your misbehavior. This will surely result in reduced rations. You can expect to find a slightly smaller pumpkin in your cell come Skaia rise, mister.

You keep beckoning him. Just a little closer. A little closer...

## Jack: Convince second guard to pick up keys for you.

**02/05/12**

You use a little "persuasion" to see if you can get him too... Jack, no!!!

That is not how you convince someone to do something. You're supposed to save the stabbing until AFTER you intimidate him into doing what you want! How exactly is a dead guy supposed to pick up some keys for you?!

## ==>

**03/05/12**

```
PROSPITIAN: !
```

Real smooth, Jack. What's the plan now? To bury the keys under a growing pile of torsos? This is turning out to be the second shittiest jailbreak attempt anyone has ever seen.

## Jack: Look around room.

**03/05/12**

The only remaining thing in the room worth noting is in the other corner of your cell. Just a transport pad prisoners are supposed to use as a waste receptacle. These were decommissioned in Derse prisons a long time ago. Too many prisoner suicides, and severed heads showing up in the waste bins. None of those auto-decapitations were authorized with the right paperwork, so privileges had to be suspended.

You hear the door open and slam shut. Someone else is in your cell.

## Jack: Welcome guest.

**03/05/12**

Looks like the sentry phoned downstairs for a little muscle. It's one of the regulator lugs they use to keep the gen pop in line. This guy has an itchy baton wrist and that look in his eye you know all too well. He's not leaving this room until one of you is good and bloody.

## Jack: Be the other guy.

**03/05/12**

You attempt to be this guy down here but you can't be this guy down here because he's dead.

But it does serve as a convenient cutaway for the vicious beating that is currently taking place in your cell. We don't need to be watching that kind of prison brutality. We take our sweet time looking at this dead body while terrible noises can be heard from your prison window.

Ok that should be long enough. You can stop being this guy now.

## Jack: Stop being that guy.

**03/05/12**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

You stop being the other guy in time for us to see that you have just finished quickly and cleanly subduing the...

Jack.

Jack, the man is dead. Stop that.

Jack.

Jack.

Jack.

## Jack: Apologize to guard's body.

**03/05/12**

You start to feel sorry for stabbing that guy with 7 knives in the back and bashing his face into the door 89 times. Well, maybe not all 89 times. For the first 88 you felt pretty good. But by the 89th face bashing, you were definitely starting to feel pretty sorry.

And by sorry, you guess you mean bored.

Anyway, you mutter something under your breath that could EASILY sound like an apology to someone who wasn't listening very well.

## Jack: Give guy a proper funeral.

**03/05/12**

Whatever the state of your contrition might be, there can be no question about it. A man dedicated to royal service deserves a proper and dignified funeral.

However, since there is no casket in your cell that is nearly big enough for this lug's hefty torso, you will have to improvise.

## Jack: Seek alternative casket.

**03/05/12**

You sever the guard's head with your most trusted of all trusty knives, and begin sizing up that hollowed pumpkin.

It will definitely be snug, but you think you can make it fit.

## Jack: Make it fit.

**03/05/12**

You don't care what anyone says. You say this pumpkin was MADE for this fucker's melon. Fits like a damn glove.

## Jack: Close it up.

**03/05/12**

Perfect. A textbook burial for a man of honor and distinction.

The sacrifices made by our public servants don't get anywhere near the respect they deserve, you think.

## Jack: Bring casket over to receptacle.

**03/05/12**

His funeral will not be complete without a proper sendoff.

But a stinking garbage dump is no place for the head of a brave soldier to rest. No, you must first make some modifications to the device. Doing hard time behind bars will motivate a man to learn a trick or two when it comes to systems like this.

## Jack: Pry open panel with knife.

**03/05/12**

You open it up and switch a few wires around. There. Now instead of a nasty old pile of rotting pumpkin matter, the destination should be the throne room of the Prospitian palace! Surely the queen will want to be alerted to the noble sacrifice of this brave warrior so that arrangements can be made to honor the hero.

## Jack: Send him off.

**03/05/12**

## ==>

**03/05/12**

```
look
inside.
♠
```

## ==>

**03/05/12**

You hear the door open again, followed by the sound of surly footsteps. Could it be that another glutton for a good face bashing has decided to visit your cell?

## Jack: Greet visitor.

**03/05/12**

Ah. You see. It appears there are quite a few said gluttons this time. Settle down, gentlemen. There are more than enough face bashings to go around.

## Jack: Quick, be the other guy again.

**03/05/12**

You be the other guy again while they beat you senseless.

## Other guy: Be Jake.

**09/05/12**

Suddenly you aren't the other guy anymore. You couldn't quite be the other guy anyway since he's dead, even though deadness hasn't really stopped us from being guys before.

Nevertheless, the dead guy starts being Jake, who is not a dead guy. Well, his dream self is dead. But his non-dead non-dream self isn't, and that's the guy we're being, a guy who is asleep. That non-dead sleeping guy is presently talking to a non-sleeping dead ancient spider ghost, who long ago earned the achievement badge, GIFT OF GAB, and boy does she know how to use it.

# Jake: Attempt to get a gab in edgeways.

**09/05/12**

dialoglogARANEA: Well, Jake? Don't you have anything to say?
JAKE: ...
ARANEA: I think I've spent enough time introducing myself! You have hardly said a word.
ARANEA: It would 8e nice to know whether my long story has confounded you in any particular way, or if you are just 8eing shy.
JAKE: Uh...
ARANEA: Yes?
ARANEA: Jake, I understand this is very much to learn all at once, 8ut do you really want me to keep speaking until I am 8lue in the face?
JAKE: ...
JAKE: Gulp!
ARANEA: You appear to 8e perspiring heavily.
ARANEA: There is no reason to 8e so nervous, especially considering you are only dreaming.
JAKE: Shit!
JAKE: Sorry. I dont know where i put the dream towels.
ARANEA: It's ok.
ARANEA: Well, at the risk talking a8out myself a little more, I feel it would 8e dishonest not to confess.
JAKE: What?
ARANEA: I am a fairly gifted psychic.
JAKE: Whoa really?
ARANEA: Yes.
JAKE: Like you can see the future?
JAKE: Are they ghost powers or troll powers? Or wait shucks thats a dumb sounding question.
ARANEA: No, that was a fine question. They're troll powers. Sometimes those of my 8lood type will have them naturally.
ARANEA: And no, they are not prognostic a8ilities. They let me access another's mind in a way that can 8e terri8ly invasive if a8used.
JAKE: Invasive?
ARANEA: Yes. Including the a8ility to control minds, when exploited fully.
JAKE: Uh oh.
ARANEA: 8ut don't worry. They don't seem to work the same way on your species. They're considera8ly weaker.
ARANEA: The most I can do is get an empathic impression of your emotional state.
ARANEA: So if I speculate that you are shy or nervous, it is 8ecause I can sense that you are.
JAKE: Aw man youre kidding!
JAKE: So much for trying to be cool i guess.
JAKE: Although i probably blew that when you saw me yelling at nobody about boners and stuff.
ARANEA: I wouldn't say you 8lew it, 8ut that was certainly odd.
ARANEA: Who were you talking to, if you don't mind my asking?
JAKE: That was like...
JAKE: The brain ghost memory splinter of my best friend dirk who is stuck in my head and you cant see.

JAKE: And he was kinda hassling me and trying to get me to talk to him about how his real self has a thing for me but i kind of think it would be weird to talk to his brain impostor about that? At least for now.
JAKE: And then you showed up and you caught me at an awkward moment where he was threatening to make some bodily functions happen in front of you as a joke which would have been embarrassing as all blasted heck.
JAKE: But now it turns out you can read my mind too so im surrounded by brain invaders!
JAKE: You seem cool aranea but uh when am i going to wake up?
ARANEA: I am not a 8rain invader though!
ARANEA: I said I can only sense your emotions. I think it's polite to let people know 8efore long. Otherwise I 8egin to feel a 8it underhanded.
JAKE: Ok. I guess thats not too bad.
JAKE: I think i can keep my feelings buttoned up. That is what strong and adventurous gentlemen do i think. They keep a stiff upper lip even on the inside. That way they are never embarrassed and feel slightly more brave about stuff.
ARANEA: 8ut you don't have to! That was not the point of my telling you.
ARANEA: I'm used to sensing many things from people. There aren't any feelings you could have that would 8e that surprising to me or compromising to you.
ARANEA: I really just want you to relax for the 8rief time we have in this 8u88le and talk to me.
JAKE: Um gotcha.
JAKE: But what should i talk about?
ARANEA: Well, I have spent almost no time examining this iteration of your universe.
ARANEA: The gods have given me very little access to it through the memories of others until now.
ARANEA: I 8elieve they are finally 8eginning to 8ridge the divides 8etween long estranged compartments of reality, allowing previously unintroduced parties to mingle.
ARANEA: Those from different universes, 8oth their initial iterations and their scratched re8oots. Those from different spheres, ones of creative potential and of mortality.
ARANEA: Through us all they attempt to 8ring closure to unsanctioned loops and restore sta8ility to the cosmos.
ARANEA: So I am curious a8out you and your friends. What is your life like?
JAKE: My life?
JAKE: I wish i could say it was more interesting but its actually been a mite lackluster.
JAKE: There are monsters but i try to stay away from them to tell you the truth.
JAKE: Its mostly just me sitting around here watching movies and stuff and sometimes polishing firearms.
JAKE: Guns are sweet. So are movies heh. This is a terrible story.
ARANEA: I understand. The same is mostly true for myself.
ARANEA: I can sense that you are either very impressed or in some way intimidated 8y me, 8ut when it comes down to the 8asics, a description of my life would 8e 8oring as well.
ARANEA: Why don't you show me around?
JAKE: Show you around my room? Yes ok.
JAKE: Well. There are some guns. Like i said guns are great.
JAKE: There is a whole mess of movie posters on the wall. You probably never heard of any of them being a dead alien and such.
ARANEA: Nope. ::::)

JAKE: And...
JAKE: I dont know. Theres a desk which i use to work on silly projects. And thats my bed i guess.
JAKE: Ummmm and...
JAKE: Hmm what else.
DIRK: Dude, just FYI, you've been kind of staring at her.
JAKE: (What? Shh!)
ARANEA: What was that?
JAKE: Nothing!
DIRK: I'm not trying to fuck you up here, I promise. But you gotta watch what you're thinking, remember?
JAKE: (Go away!!)
DIRK: Oh man. No. See that thought you just had? That's exactly what I'm talking about.
DIRK: She's a fucking empath, bro. She can pick up on shit like that.
JAKE: (Shhhhh not listening to you.)
ARANEA: Jake?
JAKE: Nothing! Its cool. Im...
DIRK: You have got to be kidding. Did you seriously just think something THAT dirty?
DIRK: You must be doing this on purpose to spite me now. I mean, just wow dude. That was x-rated as fuck.
JAKE: (No no stop. See youre talking about it and now i cant help it!)
JAKE: (You are psyching me into having dirty thoughts get fucking lost you interloping brain douche!!!)
DIRK: Don't worry, I'm gone. It's like a goddamn peep show in here and I feel like a sleazy piece of shit watching this from a dark corner of your mind.
DIRK: You have a graphic imagination, English. I'm kind of impressed.
JAKE: (Shut up theyre just thoughts its not even like im trying to have them THEY DONT MEAN ANYTHING!)
ARANEA: Hmm.
ARANEA: Should I leave and come 8ack during another dream?
JAKE: No!!!

==>

**10/05/12**

dialoglogARANEA: Ok then.
ARANEA: What's this? An illustrated story of some sort?
JAKE: Oh hey whoa!
JAKE: Lets not worry about that its nothing really. Here give me that ok?
ARANEA: Why are you getting flustered a8out this literature?
ARANEA: Is it pornographic?
ARANEA: It does not strike me as indecent at a glance. Though may8e our cultures have different standards?
JAKE: Hahaha what? No its not that at all its just...
JAKE: I dunno its just a nerdy comic i read its no big deal.
JAKE: Theres GOT to be other stuff to talk about lets see...
ARANEA: Jake.
JAKE: Huh?

ARANEA: You know, it's not the first time I've sensed that someone felt a flushed attraction for me.
JAKE: A flushed whatsit!!
JAKE: Oh my flipping gosh...

==>

**10/05/12**

dialoglogARANEA: You really don't have to 8e so em8arrassed. It's perfectly ok.
JAKE: Aaaaargh oh god oh god you sensed my stupid sexy thoughts i KNEW it.
JAKE: God DAMN you bogus brain strider!
JAKE: Someone needs to just kill me. Or at least make me wake up! This is so humiliating i dont even...
JAKE: Can you please just slap me really hard? If not in retribution for my ungentlemanly train of thought then at least to just get me to wake up and save me from my own ceaseless buffoonery.
ARANEA: Actually I do 8elieve it would 8e within the scope of my a8ilities to get you to wake up.
ARANEA: 8ut do you really want me to do that?
JAKE: Um... maybe?
ARANEA: If it is true that you think I am attractive then why wouldn't you want to spend a little more time here with me? What's the harm?
ARANEA: Are you really in such a hurry to leave and feel sorry for yourself, for no explica8le reason?
JAKE: Well...
JAKE: No.
ARANEA: I already told you, Jake.
ARANEA: I am used to sensing many different types of feelings.
ARANEA: It's given me a different perspective on emotions than most have.
ARANEA: For most, the feelings of others are often a mystery. So they are prone to speculation and paranoia a8out the motivations of people they meet.
ARANEA: The emotions of others can seem like such well guarded mysteries, people 8egin to 8elieve that's how their own emotions should 8e treated as well. So when someone can read their thoughts easily it feels like a violation.
ARANEA: 8ut to one accustomed to reading those thoughts, there isn't the same perception of violation or secrecy. It's more like examining other self evident facts a8out a person, like taking note of their appearance.
ARANEA: It's still hard for non-psychics to understand this though, even if you explain it to them. It can lead to some awkward relationships, unfortunately.
JAKE: I imagine it would.
JAKE: So...
JAKE: Youve sensed it when other fellas have had the hots for you eh?
ARANEA: Fellows, yes. And ladies. It's happened.
JAKE: Yowza!
JAKE: You mustve been popular i guess.
ARANEA: Haha! Oh no. No, not really.
ARANEA: The fact that I've 8een the fleeting o8ject of attraction to a handful really paints the wrong social picture I'm afraid.
JAKE: That is hard to believe.
ARANEA: It's my experience that people very often underestimate their own lika8ility. I sense that

feeling all the time.
ARANEA: Pro8a8ly 8ecause they're in the dark a8out others' thoughts. They are usually in dou8t, so they frequently err on the side of pessimism.
ARANEA: In many cases they would 8e surprised if they knew how many around them were open to friendship, or possi8ly something more.
ARANEA: I would venture that if you had such a sense you even might 8e surprised yourself!
JAKE: Ha! Thats a laugh.
JAKE: I am quite sure my only suitor is my best bro and even then he is such a jumbled stupid puzzle of unfathomable ironies im not even sure about THAT half the time.
JAKE: I wish i had your powers that would be top notch. Id be parked on the corner of relationship lane and EASY STREET.
JAKE: I could kick back in my eligible bachelors limousine and never fuck up or ever say anything awkward like i have been doing non stop so far in this dream.
ARANEA: Let's not get carried away. That certainly does not descri8e my experience.
ARANEA: You would think 8eing a8le to sense the occasional attraction from others would 8e advantageous, and inspire confidence in yourself.
ARANEA: And it is nice when that happens, sure.
ARANEA: 8ut then, you feel the negative emotions directed at you as well.
ARANEA: And even if they are less common than the positive ones, you have a way of dwelling on them, and magnifying them far 8eyond their real significance.
ARANEA: It's funny how an a8ility that should give you all the advantages in the world over others can lead you to feel worse a8out yourself than if you never had them.
ARANEA: You put all your energy into thinking a8out people with the 8ad feelings a8out you instead of the good, and you try your 8est to fix things.
ARANEA: 8ut usually it just gets worse. People think you are over8earing and needy, and they don't understand what it is you want from them.
ARANEA: I can see why it can drive some with my a8ilities to a8use the powers.
ARANEA: Fortunately I was a8le to resist the temptation.
JAKE: So there are people on your planet who do that?
ARANEA: On the world I was from, it was rare. Only a few criminals and outcasts would.
ARANEA: 8ut in the second iteration I mentioned, it was commonplace. Like I said, things were very different.
ARANEA: In my world though, the higher castes have a lot of responsi8ilities. It wouldn't 8e right to a8use my powers.
JAKE: So you were in a higher caste because of the hemospectrum thing you mentioned?
ARANEA: Ah, so you were listening to my lengthy pream8le!
JAKE: I heard all of it!
JAKE: I was just um... well go on.
ARANEA: Yes. 8lue 8loods like myself were higher than most.
ARANEA: The jo8 of each 8lood caste was to serve the needs of all those 8elow it.
ARANEA: We were to use our progressively greater longevity and wisdom to help the lower castes learn and grow. To listen to them and try to provide whatever they were missing. Like a hierarchy of caretakers with increasing social responsi8ility. When the order functioned in harmony our civilization would flourish.
JAKE: That is sure a neat sounding science fiction utopia.
JAKE: Wait duh i mean science reality.

JAKE: But then it all went to shit because of that meddlesome demon?
ARANEA: Yes.
JAKE: The demon you say im supposed to defeat?
ARANEA: Yes.
JAKE: Hang on.
JAKE: Would that be the same demon im named after?
ARANEA: Who told you that?
JAKE: Uh...
JAKE: I guess technically my own brain did?
ARANEA: That's interesting.
ARANEA: I wasn't planning on mentioning that. Or at least not just yet.
JAKE: Why?
ARANEA: There's no reason to prematurely overcomplicate an already complicated tale.
ARANEA: All facts will fall into place in due time.
JAKE: Yeah.
JAKE: But its true right?
ARANEA: More or less.

==>

**13/05/12**

dialoglogJAKE: Can you tell me anything more about this demon?
JAKE: All i know is he might be a skull monster.
JAKE: Wait he is a skull monster right?
ARANEA: He most certainly is a skull monster.
ARANEA: A very 8ig and angry skull monster.
JAKE: Yessss. Ok but...
JAKE: I feel like i should know more about him if im supposed to kill him.
ARANEA: I didn't say you were supposed to kill him.
ARANEA: He cannot 8e killed.
ARANEA: Long ago he discovered the secret to indestructi8ility.
JAKE: Oh...
ARANEA: Defeating a foe doesn't always involve killing.
ARANEA: He has had many incarnations in many universes.
ARANEA: If you continue on your journey for long enough, you may encounter one of them.
ARANEA: And if you have 8ecome strong enough 8y then, you may 8e a8le to defeat him in com8at.
ARANEA: And if that comes to pass, it would 8e the first defeat he has ever known.
ARANEA: You would 8e providing the first glimmer of hope to others that some day, he could 8e destroyed.
JAKE: So... you are saying i could do all this?
JAKE: Or that i will?
ARANEA: For now, I'm saying that we should get going soon, if you would like to meet the others 8efore you wake up.
JAKE: Who?
ARANEA: Is there anything else you wanted to show me 8efore we go?
ARANEA: I didn't mean to get us sidetracked like that.

JAKE: Ummm.
JAKE: Nah just some more boring junk.
JAKE: There are these fanciful branches but i dunno where they came from.
JAKE: I suspect dream sorcery.
ARANEA: They are from someone else's memory.
JAKE: Are they from a wizards memory?
ARANEA: Ha ha. No!
JAKE: Oh.
JAKE: Well I guess i could show you around outside.
JAKE: There is a jungle out there full of tremendous beasts.
ARANEA: Not anymore.

==>

**13/05/12**

dialoglogJAKE: Son of a BITCH! More fancy branches.
ARANEA: This way!
JAKE: What is this realm of limitless wonder?
DIRK: Realm of limitless wonder?
DIRK: God dammit, Jake.
JAKE: (Sh!)
ARANEA: It was my planet.
JAKE: Its great. Everything is so amazing!
JAKE: Who would have thunk you could have such crackerjack adventures in your dreams that are basically REAL instead of imaginary?
ARANEA: Yep!
JAKE: Or for that matter...
JAKE: That you could meet such neat people along the way.
DIRK: Your thoughts are wandering again, man.
JAKE: (Sh!)
DIRK: Whoa. Yeah.
DIRK: That gross mushy thought right there.
DIRK: Are you even paying attention?
JAKE: (No sh.)
DIRK: We've already been through this you hopeless rube.
DIRK: You might as well be saying it out loud to her.
DIRK: So why don't you?
JAKE: (Maybe i will wise guy!)
DIRK: I mean, she is pretty hot.
JAKE: (Yeah i know!!)
JAKE: (Now shushhhhhhhh.)
ARANEA: Jake, it wouldn't work 8etween us.
JAKE: Huh?
ARANEA: I'm dead.
JAKE: Yes. Right.
ARANEA: Perhaps if you died too.
ARANEA: Although, may8e not after too long?

ARANEA: I don't know how I would feel a8out that if you were a lot older than me.
DIRK: Man, what the fuck?
ARANEA: Although technically I am already so much "older" than you.....
ARANEA: It would just 8e kind of strange if you were physically my senior 8y any significant margin, you know?
DIRK: This is a weird fucking train of thought. Can you tell her that?
JAKE: (No!)
DIRK: I'm going to make you have a seizure and get you to mime the message to her with your spastic gyrations.
DIRK: Pelvic thrusts will be my exclamation points.
JAKE: (Screw you!)
JAKE: (You heard her i totally have a shot hehehe!)
ARANEA: What?
JAKE: *Cough* uh go on.
ARANEA: 8ut I wouldn't want that to happen.
JAKE: What to happen?
ARANEA: For you to die soon.
ARANEA: I want you to succeed at your quest, and to live a long and happy life!
DIRK: Man.
DIRK: I'm gonna come out and say it.
DIRK: This broad is a total snore.
JAKE: Yeah right bro did you hear that at least if i kick the bucket early there will be shall i say a silver lining wink wink nudge nudge.
JAKE: It will take the form of some spooky smooches from a smokin ghostly troll babe so shut your jealous trap!
ARANEA: ::::?
JAKE: Wait.
JAKE: Oh dear.
JAKE: How uh...
JAKE: How loud was i talking just then?
DIRK: You were pretty much yelling.
ARANEA: :::;)
JAKE: Augh!
DIRK: If I were real I would be giving you a standing ovation right now.
DIRK: 5/5 hats.
JAKE: God.
JAKE: Ok just.
JAKE: Pretend to forget that maybe?
DIRK: Not a chance.
JAKE: Not you! Her!!
ARANEA: Her? Who?
ARANEA: Me?
JAKE: Sigh.
JAKE: Why dont you just tell me where were going.

==>

**13/05/12**

dialoglogARANEA: I've gathered a small group of travelers for a meeting.
ARANEA: They are 8riefly passing through this 8u88le. I was hoping we could introduce ourselves to one another, and help orient an old friend of mine to the afterlife.
JAKE: Ok.
JAKE: Who is your friend?
JAKE: Another troll?
ARANEA: She was supposed to 8e the empress of all trolls, actually.
JAKE: Wow.
JAKE: So she died before she could be the empress i guess?
ARANEA: Not exactly, since she pro8a8ly never would have 8een regardless.
ARANEA: She didn't want the jo8.
JAKE: Why not?
ARANEA: Remem8er how I said each class had a duty to take care of the younger and more populous classes lower on the order?
ARANEA: Well, hers was the highest of all.
ARANEA: She was the only one on the planet with such royal 8lood, aside from the sitting empress.
ARANEA: As the heiress, she was meant for a position of incredi8le responsi8ility.
ARANEA: Once she claimed the throne, she would have to serve for many thousands of years, until the next successor was ready.
JAKE: Thats a hell of a long time.
JAKE: I guess she wasnt into that?
ARANEA: She had some pro8lems with authority.
ARANEA: She despised the whole social order, really.
ARANEA: I foolishly tried to convince her to honor her o8ligation, 8ut she wouldn't listen.
ARANEA: She viewed the empress as a glorified slave.
ARANEA: So she a8dicated, and fled to the moon to hide.
ARANEA: I was the only one who knew of her plans. The rest of the world searched 8ut never found her.
ARANEA: At the time, I was furious with her. 8ut I didn't turn her in.
ARANEA: Which in retrospect was a key decision that led us here.
JAKE: You mean it led to you being dead?
ARANEA: Yes, eventually.
ARANEA: While she was there, she discovered an ancient device.
ARANEA: Inside the device was a game.
ARANEA: She 8ecame o8sessed with playing it, 8ut needed our friends to agree to play first.
ARANEA: She was not well liked 8y the others though. Old grudges and rivalries made it hard to convince them.
ARANEA: 8ut she is very devious, and knows how to trick people into doing what she wants.
ARANEA: She even got me to agree, 8y promising she'd return to her place as the heiress when we finished playing.
ARANEA: Needless to say, we had no idea what we were getting ourselves into.
JAKE: She sounds like a handful.

ARANEA: Yes.
ARANEA: She's not all that 8ad though.
ARANEA: Well.....
ARANEA: When you really get to know her.
ARANEA: And when she's unarmed.
ARANEA: Which is..... pretty much never, now that I think a8out it.
JAKE: ...
ARANEA: Ok, she pro8a8ly is all that 8ad.
ARANEA: The point is, you have to know how to handle her.
ARANEA: Regal types can 8e very touchy, even the ones who seem to revel in anarchy.
ARANEA: 8ut if you know all the right things to say and do, she will happily hand over the keys to the kingdom, so to speak.
ARANEA: After all, royalty is royalty.
ARANEA: Just let me do the talking for a while, ok?
DIRK: Did you hear that, Jake? Aranea wants to do the talking.
DIRK: I think your dead girlfriend might be starting to come out of her shell.
JAKE: (Heheheh.)
JAKE: (Ok that was kinda funny.)

## Archagent: Report.

**13/05/12**

The archagent cannot submit the paperwork for his daily report because the archagent is in jail. He was a bit sloppy and got himself pinched by the white shells.

That leaves all his duties to the penultimagent, otherwise known as the Draconian Dignitary. We should bear in mind that penultimagent isn't an officially recognized title though. It's just a word he thinks sounds kind of cool.

## DD: Report.

**13/05/12**

The report is that you've got all these reports to fill out which the archagent has been letting pile up, and which you have absolutely no intention of completing. Paperwork's even less your bag than it is his. As was mentioned, the boss is still stuck in the big house. You've got the Droll working on busting him out, but you've said no particular hurry on that. You like to keep a casual administrative style. The boss is always in a hurry, all wound up like a knife wielding top. Personally, you don't see the harm in playing it cool.

Mounting paperwork aside, there's still the matter of this little insurrection to deal with. The boy is still out there, piking heads, agitating subjects, getting everyone hot and bothered. The press is going berserk with it, and you can have only so many reporters killed on any given news cycle. Can't forget about the girl either. She's still out there, going rogue. Wait. You mean AWOL. That stinkin' pun gets you every time. Puns are even less dignified than paperwork.

## DD: Locate prince.

**13/05/12**

You can't. By now the kid is up to his goddamn neck in convoluted gothic architecture. He's burrowed fuck deep in flying buttresses and purple pointy things. He even stopped by the boss's CUBICLE OF VIGILANCE and sliced up his FENESTRATED WALLS to make searching for him

harder. Cunning bastard.

There used to be a 4th one, but you don't know what happened to it. There was a rumor circulating that some old woman made off with it some time ago, before the new queen took over. Whatever happened, it's nothing to worry about now.

If you want to smoke this kid out of hiding, you'll need some help.

## DD: Seek help.

**13/05/12**

You already did. You walk to retrieve it, again in no particular hurry.

Earlier you quite calmly and diplomatically explained everything to the old lady, letting her know you could use a little extra firepower to get the situation under control. You were pretty smooth about it, offering to light her cigarette during a calculated pause. And she doesn't even smoke. You're just that good. While you were making your smooth pitch, you did a masterful job of giving her the impression that you didn't care much one way or the other.

But to be fair, you really don't care much one way or the other.

## DD: Retrieve extra firepower.

**13/05/12**

In response, the dame gave you clearance to employ the service of DRONEGORG, the flagship battlemech of the imperial fleet she keeps stationed on some other damn planet. You're not sure where it is or what it's called. Hell if that's any of your business.

## DD: Mount Dronegorg and ride into battle.

**14/05/12**

No.

You'd feel completely ridiculous piloting that thing. It's a bad look for you. No style at all.

==>

**14/05/12**

```
DROLLGORG!
```

Only an utter fool would get a kick out of prancing around in that asinine getup.

It was a classy gesture by the queen, but you told her you'd have to pass.

==>

**14/05/12**

But it doesn't do no good to spurn generosity from a beautiful and deadly woman. You thanked her for the kind offer and tactfully brought up an alternative.

See, you tell the boss this is his problem. He's too blunt about his ambitions. Don't get you wrong. It's all well and good for a man to keep his eyes on the prize. But he doesn't always need to step over a thousand corpses and swim across rivers of blood to get there. You remind him there are slicker ways to make your moves, especially when it comes to a lady. Now that you think about it, Slick would be a good ironic nickname for him. Might be good for a laugh, callin' him that. Or it

would if you actually ever laughed.

The point is, you have to know how to handle her.

==>

**14/05/12**

Regal types can be very touchy, even the ones who seem to revel in anarchy. But if you know all the right things to say and do, she will happily hand over the keys to the kingdom, so to speak.

==>

**14/05/12**

After all, royalty is royalty.

## [S] DD: Ascend.

**16/05/12**

```
Derse
```

==>

**16/05/12**

You're not feeling it. That little number was way too big for its britches. You could just tell it was gonna blast off, and next thing you know is everyone's on their feet cutting a rug, making complete fools of themselves. This ain't no sock hop.

Why does everything have to be so flashy and frenetic? What's the big hurry, anyway?

Sure, you're going to put this ring on. But when you're good and goddamn ready. Maybe do a little reading first, have another smoke. Finish your coffee. Listen to some REAL music.

Everybody needs to calm the fuck down.

## [S] DD: Ascend more casually.

**16/05/12**

```
♫  I hate a moral coward, one who lacks a manly spark


Parking Citation B$ 10,000
Parking Citation

♫  I just detest a man afraid to go home in the dark
♫  I always spend my evening where there's women wine and song

The Gray Ladies

No Clothes, No Shame
No Chroma

Her Gray Area Exposed

You No Hue'll Get Excited


♫  but like a man, I always bring my little wife along!

♫  I'm a member of the Midnight Crew

HEPHAESTUS
```

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Midnight Crew

♫ I'm a night owl, and a wise bird too
♫ Home with the milk in the morning

SHATTER

♫ Singing the same old song!
♫ Rise with the moon, go to bed with the sun
♫ Early to bed, and you'll miss all the fun
♫ Bring your wife and trouble, it will never trouble you
♫ Make her a member of the Midnight Crew!
♫ Mwa-wah wa-wah-wa-wah wa-wah-wah-wah!

♫ The fun it doesn't stop 'til twelve on happy old Broadway
♫ So what's the use of going home, until the break of day?
♫ Now, something confidential, whisper not above a breath,
♫ I once went home at two a.m. and scared my wife to death!

PM: ♠

♫ I'm a member of the Midnight Crew

JACK: ♥

♫ I'm a night owl, and a wise bird too
♫ Home with the milk in the morning
♫ Singing the same old song!
♫ Rise with the moon, go to bed with the sun
♫ Early to bed, and you'll miss all the fun

FLIP

♫ Bring your wife and trouble, it will never trouble you

flip flippety spin

DOOF.

♫ Make her a member of the Midnight Crew!
♫ Mwa-wah wa-wah-wa-wah wa-wah-wah-wah!

MWAH!

WHAT THE FUCK?

♫ I never shall forget the night I made six rappers run
♫ Although I didn't have a knife, a blackjack, or a gun

JACK: ?

BONK

♫ I proved myself a hero of a very high degree...
♫ ...I ran for home, and six of them were running after me!

♫ I'm a member of the Midnight Crew
♫ I'm a night owl, and a wise bird too

```
♫  Home with the milk in the morning
♫  Singing the same old song!

WHO'STHISDOUCHEBAGWHO'STHISDOUCEBAG...

♫  Rise with the moon, go to bed with the sun
♫  Early to bed, and you'll miss all the fun
♫  Bring your wife and trouble, it will never trouble you

purrrrr

♫  Make her a member of the Midnight Crew!

♫  Make her a member of the Midnight Crew!
```

==>

**17/05/12**

After a lot of bullshitting around, you calmly and casually put on the RING OF ORBS NOFOLD. A phenomenal transformation takes place.

You become...

My God.

YOU BECOME...

==>

**17/05/12**

The Draconian Dignitary.

Really, you don't know why everyone's always got to be transforming from things into other things. Taking on these wild appearance modifications just for a little boost in power always struck you as tacky. Where's the class?

It just takes no creativity or guile for these villain types to grab a little power through such outlandish transformations. No imagination at all. You are utterly astounded by how shitty their imagination is. If their imagination was a face you would shoot it.

In the face.

## DD: Unleash awesome powers of ring.

**18/05/12**

Awesome powers? Let's see. You're guessing it can probably make you invisible.

Yep. There you go. Invisible, just like you thought. What else is a magical ring of void gonna do? This is like Magic Rings 101. Real basic stuff.

## DD: Ok, that's cool. Stop being invisible.

**18/05/12**

You stop being invisible. There's not a lot of style to invisibility. Primarily because nobody gets to see how damn smooth you're being.

It's kind of a pointless power anyway. Some real dimestore parlor trickery that's just a waste of everyone's time. You doubt you'll ever use it again. It's sure not going to help you track down that elusive kid.

But sooner or later he's going to find out it's much harder to outrun the ring's true power.

## DD: Use Red Miles.

**18/05/12**

The kid can't escape the miles.

## ==>

**18/05/12**

```
RED MILES
```

No one can escape the miles.

## Jane: Keep looking for dad.

**19/05/12**

You have been following a trail of clues on your quest to sleuth the whereabouts of your errant father. He seems to have left a variety of items behind, in hopes that you might notice and follow him. You have picked up each item along the way, until you reached this car. It is squeaky clean from today's earlier automotive ablutions, but obviously there is no way you can pick it up. It was probably the last thing he had to leave behind, which means your trail is about to go cold.

## ==>

**19/05/12**

Hang on. Lil Sebastian is gesturing further ahead. It seems there is another clue on the path.

## Jane: Investigate clue.

**19/05/12**

It is your dad's WALLET. This is surely the end of the line. Ahead is another crypt. You wonder if he went in there? There's another one of those obelisks nearby shining a light down a pit, serving some dang purpose. Probably has some ridiculous bearing on a puzzle like five miles away. Like activating an elevator or a conveyor belt or something that just leads to yet another stupid old skull.

Actually, looks like there's one more thing left in the wallet. It's a note.

## Jane: Examine note.

**19/05/12**

```
DAUGHTER. IF YOU ARE READING THIS, IT MEANS YOU ARE NOW STRONG
ENOUGH TO LIFT THE PIANO OVER YOUR HEAD, AND SHATTER IT TO PIECES.
WHILE THE INSTRUMENT WAS EXPENSIVE, IT IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR
THIS IMPORTANT STEP ON YOUR JOURNEY TOWARD BECOMING A POWERFUL,
INDEPENDENT YOUNG WOMAN. I AM SO, SO, PROUD OF YOU.
```

What the...

You think your dad maybe left the wrong note in the wallet? He probably meant to leave one pertaining to how you're mature enough to inherit his wallet, and what a big responsibility a wallet is for a strong young woman, or something like that. Dad leaves tons of notes like this around for

such occasions, so it's probably easy for him to get them mixed up sometimes. He is a highly professional and competent father, but the guy is still fallible after all. D'aww.

## Jane: Get car.

**19/05/12**

```
Alert : AR
```

Now armed with your father's roomy, sleek leather wallet, you retrieve the family sedan with ease.

It looks like a cool pair of shades wants to talk about your sweet new ride.

## Jane: Answer.

**19/05/12**

```
Alert : AR
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
TT: Shred it.
GG: What?
TT: you HAVE
TT: the car.
GG: Um.
TT: Now shred it.
TT: Turn it into grist.
GG: Oh!
GG: No!!
GG: I am not going to destroy my dad's car.
TT: We need grist though.
TT: I can't get any building done without more.
TT: Not to mention the fact that you're not going to be able to make any cool shit.
GG: There has to be a better way to gather up grist, though.
TT: Well, I think there are supposed to be monsters here.
TT: I haven't seen any monsters yet, have you?
GG: No, and I can't say I'm too disappointed.
TT: You should be though. Presumably they would drop grist and stuff when you kill them.
TT: Like treasure. And food products that restore your health. Or at least make you less hungry.
TT: Haven't you ever played a video game, Jane?
GG: Of course I have!
TT: That's cool. I haven't, since I am a pair of sunglasses, and communing with such simplistic software would be a trivial and hollow exercise for me.
TT: But I know loads of stuff about games. Like the fact that you gotta kill monsters if you want to make progress.
TT: If not to snatch up the bitchin' loot, at least for the levels.
GG: Levels?
TT: How are you going to get better at fightin' without killing monsters, Jane.
GG: I think I've done a fair job of scaling my echeladder without resorting to the slaughter of innocent, fictional monsters, thank you very much.
TT: Please.
TT: You've barely done any climbing at all. I'm talking about hopping more rungs than what playing

a little prank on your dad or throwing your hat on the ground super hard is gonna get you.
TT: You need battle experience to make some real headway. Like Jake.
GG: I'm getting a little tired of various iterations of Dirk Strider telling me how I need to be more like Jake.
GG: I know you think Jake is neat. I know all the Dirks just ADORE Jake! I GET IT!
TT: Wow, chill out.
TT: This ain't about whatever stuff you're apparently fixin' to twist your shit in a pretzel over.
TT: You just need to get stronger, is all. Don't you think that's what your dad would want?
GG: You don't need to remind me about that. I'm suddenly having flashbacks to a few years ago when he would ambush me almost every day for a pointless round of strife.
GG: Boy does getting swatted with brooms and having cakes shoved in your face get old fast.
TT: Yeah, but in the process you got pretty handy with that fork/spoon thingy, didn't you?
GG: Well. Yes.
TT: I'm just saying, if you don't run into any monsters on this planet, I think I'm going to have to set the bunny to "sparring mode" to help you along.
GG: I am not going to spar with Lil Sebastian!!!
GG: He is too quick and deadly to fight with.
GG: And also, too adorable. :B
TT: Ok. We'll see about that.
TT: But in the meantime, we need to figure out a way to start harvesting grist.
TT: Let's forget the car. But now that you have the wallet, you can grab much bigger things.
TT: Big things have got to be worth more grist than all the picayune bullshit you keep around the house.
TT: There are some choice relics in this place. Some of it has to be worth a fortune, gristways.
GG: You could be right.
GG: I will give it a try.

## Jane: Captchalogue obelisk.

**19/05/12**

You stick the OBELISK in the wallet. Fits like a dream. The ray of light is no longer reflected into the hole. Sorry, puzzles.

## Jane: Feed it to gristwidget 12000.

**19/05/12**

You put the card in the widget and holy smokes! That thing was worth a fortune in all kinds of weird looking grist denominations. Seb springs into action and scoops it all up for you in a jiffy with his busy little legs.

## ==>

**19/05/12**

```
grist gutter

581,329
```

The built-in GRIST GUTTER on the widget immediately kicks into action, collecting all the grist overflow exceeding your current low limit. You guess that's pretty convenient.

You honestly thought these features were a lot of meaningless nonsense before. Like an example of

BCCorp's strange sense of humor, made into a product sold for top dollar. The fact that this turned out to be a useful gizmo well in advance is either reassuring or unsettling. You aren't sure which.

## Jane: Proceed to crypt.

**19/05/12**

```
Alert : AR
```

Aaaaaand the door's locked now.

Looks like that obelisk was important after all. It was lighting up one of those globe switch doohickeys at the bottom of the hole, which was apparently keeping the door open. Just great.

Real nice work there, gumshoe.

## Jane: Answer again.

**20/05/12**

```
Alert : AR
```

pesterlogTT: Hmm.
GG: Welp, let me have it!
TT: Have what?
GG: A hard time for botching up the pooch!
GG: I think I just locked the door with that muttonheaded stunt. And now that mirrored obelisk is good as gone.
TT: I wasn't going to say nothin'.
TT: Hell, I was asleep at the wheel too while you were busy fucking up, and I have an IQ of, hold on, robo-calculating...
TT: Robo-calculating...
TT: Robo-calculating...
TT: Robo-calculating...
GG: Oh brother.
TT: Robo-calculating...
TT: About 500 billion.
GG: That is really, really robo-smart.
TT: Don't get human-fresh with me, Crocker. I'm about to bring all five hundo-billy points of my stringent cyborg IQ to bear on your dumb problem. Check it out.
TT: I took note of the captcha code to the thing, and recorded a digital flashsnap of its appearance through my photographic silicone memory canals.
TT: Which is to say I looked at eight alphanumeric digits a couple minutes ago, and remembered them.
GG: Ok?
TT: So give the bunny the wallet. I'll have him run back to the house and make you a new obelisk with the same grist you just collected from it.
TT: He can stash it in the wallet and run it back to you, and then you can open the door. You shouldn't be waiting around too long, cause he's real spry.
TT: Which is exactly why you should wait here. You'll just slow him down.
GG: Alright, I think I can do that.
GG: What should I do in the meantime?

TT: Let me think about that.
TT: Robo-calculating...
GG: Oh stop it!
TT: K.
GG: None of our friends will answer me. What could they be up to?
GG: You must at least know what Dirk is doing.
TT: He's slicing up some drones.
GG: Some what?
TT: Big red robots. He'll be busy for a while.
TT: Roxy I'm not sure about, but there is a pretty high probability as governed by the immutable laws of mathematics that she is preoccupied similarly.
GG: She's fighting robots too, you mean?
TT: I don't know. Maybe.
TT: Dealing with them, in some way, perhaps.
TT: If so, it wouldn't be a coincidence.
GG: Why?
TT: I think the Condesce is attempting to force the issue now.
GG: What? What issue!
TT: It's likely that it's a coordinated assault. Sending drones both to here and Roxy's place.
TT: She's probably trying to get everyone else to stop dicking around and join the game already.
GG: Are you sure she's not just trying to kill them?
GG: It wouldn't be her first assassination attempt.
TT: Yeah, but come on. Dirk has been a sitting duck here for years. Roxy too.
TT: She could have wiped them out any time with a swarm much bigger than this one. Or just nuked them.
TT: Her "assassination attempt" on you was pretty weak too.
GG: But it nearly worked!
GG: I would be dead right now if not for the whims of GCat.
TT: Right.
TT: Like I trust the motives of that fucking thing.
GG: So, you're saying she's only pretending to hunt us?
TT: I believe she probably would genuinely like to kill us. She is a psycho after all.
TT: But it's also obvious to me she needs us to begin playing this game, for whatever fucked up purpose she has.
TT: She might even need us to win it too, for all I know.
TT: Her antagonism is all part of the dance.
GG: Then you're saying Dirk and Roxy aren't really in danger from the robots?
TT: Oh, I wouldn't say that. They're still pretty deadly and they shoot missiles and stuff.
GG: Augh! I just want to talk to my friends and see if they're ok.
GG: What about Jake?
TT: No idea what's going on with him right now.
TT: I'm sure when the time is right, the witch will keep pushing him along to join the game as well.
GG: Then I guess I'll just sit here and worry about everyone quietly until Seb gets back.
TT: What about your troll friend?
GG: What?
TT: The alien whose name you don't know.

TT: You could talk to her.
GG: Oh yeah!
GG: I forgot about her.
GG: But I suppose that's because she's always the one to contact me. I never get a response when I message her.
TT: Well, you could give her a try. Maybe things are different now.
TT: I could hack into her system to get her attention, if you think that would help.
GG: You can do that??
TT: Nah, just messin' with you.
TT: Later.
timaeusTestified [TT] ceased pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

## Jane: Pester UU.

**20/05/12**

Alert : 

pesterloggutsyGumshoe [GG] began pestering uranianUmbra [UU]

GG: Hello?
GG: Are you there?
UU: yes.
GG: Oh my! You answered!
GG: You never answer.
UU: don't i?
GG: Well, no. I don't mean to be accusatory.
GG: I am just surprised.
UU: right then.
UU: what can i do for yoU?
GG: Well... nothing in particular. Just thought it would be nice to catch up.
GG: I was beginning to think I was the only one of my friends left alive.
GG: Maybe this gloomy place full of salamander bones and dusty old relics is starting to get to me.
GG: Not to mention the most unwelcome presence of entrepreneurial clowns and their enormous codpieces.
UU: coUld be.
GG: I'm still trying to track down my father. I've been gathering clues, and I may be getting close.
GG: Do you by any chance know if I might see him soon?
GG: Hmm...
GG: Are you there?
UU: oh. yes.
UU: keep going where yoU're headed.
UU: things will work oUt in time. yoU'll see him.
GG: Phew! That's nice to know. Thanks.
GG: You aren't usually forthcoming with future tidbits. Er, not that I was always especially eager to believe you about them anyway.
GG: But I think I've been coming around on that lately, for what it's worth.
GG: So, um.

GG: Hey.
GG: Are you ok there?
GG: You seem rather preoccupied.
UU: i'm sorry.
UU: i am not having the best day. u_u
GG: What's wrong?
UU: everything!
UU: where do i bloody begin.
GG: Is it your brother?
UU: well that goes withoUt saying doesn't it? he is ALWAYS a problem.
UU: bUt it's more than that.
UU: when i sleep and visit prospit, i see nothing bUt storm cloUds in skaia now.
UU: my great big lovely ball of blUe has been cloUding over. soon i fear it will be completely black, and the kingdom will be shroUded in darkness.
UU: i wish i Understood the meaning of this terrible omen.
GG: That sounds awful!
UU: and my brother has become more Uncooperative than ever.
UU: he intends to play the game, bUt refUses to treat it like a collaboration.
UU: i have told him many times that the only way we can win is to work together! bUt he wants it to be yet another competition between Us, like everything has been all oUr lives.
UU: his threats to kill me have become harder to dismiss as his UsUal empty bravado.
UU: i fear it may come down to having to kill him first.
UU: althoUgh i am not sUre exactly how i woUld go aboUt this, or if i will even be Up to the task. umu;
GG: I had no idea things had gotten this grim for you. I am so sorry.
UU: yes. bUt i'll cope.
UU: the real troUble thoUgh is i'm not sUre if i can play a sUccessfUl session withoUt him.
UU: a two player session was already risky enoUgh, satisfying bare minimUm playing conditions.
UU: and i had it on good aUthority that the two of Us woUld be able to sUcceed, particUlarly given oUr... well, withoUt intending to boast. varioUs advantages.
UU: bUt i have no idea if a session of one is viable.
UU: honestly i cannot for the life of me imagine how.
UU: it may well resUlt in a void session like yoUrs, bUt withoUt the promise of any extenUating circUmstances.
GG: Are you sure it's hopeless with him? You can't reach a truce, just for the sake of playing?
UU: i Used to hope so, bUt i doUbt it now.
UU: he barely cares aboUt the game itself, other than as a means of escaping oUr planet.
UU: he has always been more motivated by the ongoing game between Us.
GG: I think you have alluded to this before, but I never really understood.
GG: What game?
UU: well...
UU: it is simple. we are playing a game together.
UU: we have been forced to, for as long as we've known each other.
UU: bUt the rUles are complicated, and often shifting. and they don't always make sense!
UU: at least, they woUldn't to yoU.
GG: Try me!

UU: many yoU woUld not recognize as rUles, so mUch as sUperstitions.
UU: a variety of caveats and stipUlations. things that woUld invite misfortUne if i were to break. it woUld be very bad jUjU.
UU: i have not been able to tell yoU my name for this reason.
UU: doing so woUld lead Us all down a very slippery slope! bUt i have wanted to tell yoU so. i hope my relUctance has not compromised oUr friendship.
GG: Of course not. I wrote off your reticence as one of your many eccentricities long ago.
UU: ^u^
GG: I still want to understand this game with your brother, though.
GG: Could you describe some of the other rules?
UU: mm, yes. we have both renoUnced hemotyping Until the resolUtion.
GG: Hemotyping?
UU: it is in the same vein, pardon the pUn, as a qUirk. it's the old tradition whereby one types in his or her own blood coloUr.
UU: so he and i have embraced neUtral tones to speak in, for the time being.
UU: most hUmans do not practice hemotyping, presUmably dUe to lacking diversity in blood class.
GG: But your race has varied blood color?
UU: yes.
GG: Then what would yours be?
UU: i am a lime blood. UuU
UU: while he's got the bright cherry blood, jUst like yoU all do.
UU: not that this matters since we are alone here, bUt interestingly, in ancient troll cUltUre we woUld both be considered pariahs.
UU: for different reasons of coUrse. those of his blood coloUr were very rare, existing by way of genetic glitch only. they were oUtcasts, having no place in the social order.
UU: on the other hand, those of my blood coloUr were once actUally qUite common! bUt later they were all hUnted to extinction.
GG: Jeez. Why?
UU: details of the genocide are historically mUrky. it's one of those maddening voids in my Understanding of yoUr elaborate epic.
UU: bUt i have specUlated their extermination had to do with the extremely powerfUl abilities they tended to have, and the threat to aUthority they represented. even more so than other powerfUl lowbloods.
GG: Are you saying you have such powers?
UU: maybe. :u
GG: But he does not?
UU: he has other, Um. traits.
GG: Maybe he is jealous of you, which is why there is such resentment?
UU: oh, probably. he is an oUtright mess. if yoU can name a problem with me, he's got it.
GG: The way you described it, I had always envisioned your contentious relationship as one played out mostly online.
UU: yes. it is!
GG: And also that you and he had never met. Yet some things you have said lately appear to contradict this?
UU: sigh.
UU: jane, i am sorry, bUt this is something i jUst cannot get into. for one thing we woUld be

creeping way too close to breaking the rUles, and then we woUld all be bUggered.
UU: even if i were at liberty to say, it woUld take so mUch time to explain everything. and i really mUst be getting to sleep again soon. i am terribly worried aboUt the people of prospit dUring sUch dark times.
GG: I understand.
UU: sUffice to say, all games that are played have boUndaries. a stage to which all pieces and moves are confined.
UU: like a chess board! there is no reality to the game beyond the edges of the binary grid.
GG: That makes sense, but I'm not sure I see how it applies.
UU: i know. it was more infernal gammoning on my part as i dance aboUt these rUles.
UU: it's all one can do when everything he or she ever does is jUst another move in a game.
UU: i am so sorry, jane. i woUld have loved to be more forthright with yoU since the day we first spoke.
UU: yoU are a dear friend to me. yoU and yoUr chUms. yoU are all the only friends i have ever had.
GG: :B
GG: <3
UU: uUu
UU: i was planning on giving yoU a gift.
GG: You were??
UU: yes, bUt i was going to wait Until completing my qUest before sending it to yoU.
UU: bUt now that things are looking rather bleak here, i may have to consider accelerating the delivery.
GG: What is it? Or is it a surprise?
UU: it is a sUrprise! bUt i will tell yoU this mUch.
UU: it is my jUjU. it is very dear to me.
GG: Your juju?
UU: a talisman of sorts, with many cUrioUs properties and rUles for implementation.
UU: as yoU may have gathered aboUt me, i have learned the hard way that it always pays to follow the rUles. :U
GG: Where did you get it?
UU: it was an heirloom, yoU coUld say. passed on from ancestors. i have always had it.
UU: jUjUs are said to have origins which are impossible to Understand or trace. some say they emerge spontaneoUsly from the void.
UU: they cannot be trUly dUplicated. if there ever appears to be more than one of the same, it is only a mirage of caUsality!
UU: nor can they ever be destroyed. not completely, at least.
UU: so when i send yoU mine, it will be no small matter. it will not simply be copied throUgh alchemy.
UU: yoU will be the new owner, and mine here will cease to exist.
GG: Um... gosh.
UU: bUt UnfortUnately it will have no valUe to yoU Unless i send my brother's jUjU as well.
UU: and he will not relinqUish control of his Unless i best him at oUr game. this is another of oUr rUles.
GG: It sure sounds like you two are up to your necks in this crazy game.
UU: oh yes. we are Up to qUite a bit fUrther than oUr neck in it. ~_u

UU: bUt it's alright. i love games.
UU: my brother, on the other hand...
GG: Not such a big fan of games?
UU: on no, qUite the contrary.
UU: his passion for games transcends any hUman Understanding of love.
UU: for yoU to Understand it woUld be to fUlly comprehend the meaning of...
UU: how to pUt it.
GG: Um.
GG: Beauty?
UU: horror.

## uu: Jeer Dirk.

**22/05/12**

pesterlogundyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering timaeusTestified [TT]

uu: HELLO DIRK.
uu: GuESS WHAT I WANT TO PLAY.
uu: THAT'S RIGHT.
uu: A GAME.
TT: Not now.
uu: DIRK I WANT TO PLAY A GAME.
uu: DIRK.
uu: HELLO DIRK.
uu: LET'S PLAY A GAME.
TT: I'm busy.
uu: DIRK I DON'T THINK YOu uNDERSTAND.
uu: I WANT TO PLAY A FuCKING GAME WITH YOu.
uu: I WOuLD LIKE YOu TO DRAW ME SOME PORNOGRAPHY.
TT: Man, does it look like he can draw anything for you right now?
uu: WHO CARES.
uu: I AM NOT TALKING TO YOu.
TT: So what exactly is the game this time?
TT: To gauge his ability to draw naked people while fighting robots?
uu: THE GAME IS TO PRODuCE SOME VILE SMuT. THAT WILL BRING ME EROTIC ENJOYMENTS.
TT: And if he doesn't?
uu: THEN SOMEONE DIES FuCKER.
TT: I see.
TT: Do you want me to draw some?
uu: NO.
uu: YOu ARE AN IMPOSTOR.
uu: AN ARTIFICIAL BLOODLESS HEMOTYPING FRAuD.
TT: What?
uu: THERE IS NO HEART THAT BEATS INSIDE YOu. WITH PASSION FOR ILLuSTRATED DEBAuCHERY. AS CAN BE SAID OF TRuE MEN.
uu: YOu ARE FALSE AS THE RED YOu PAINT YOuR WORDS WITH. YOUR LIES ARE RED

AS THE HERRING YOu REPRESENT.
TT: I... guess these burns are pretty sick?
TT: They are burns, right?
TT: It seems you may have just called me a fish.
uu: YOuR ATROCIOuS TALE IS FuLL OF SO MANY SHITTY RED HERRINGS. AND YOu ARE THE SHITTIEST. BY FAR.
uu: OH LOOK. THIS MAN IS NOT WHAT HE APPEARS TO BE. OR IS HE? NO HE'S GLASSES.
uu: THE MYSTERY IS SOLVED. WHO GIVES A FuCK.
TT: It sounds like you don't even know what a red herring is.
uu: BuLLSHIT. I AM BASICALLY THE MASTER OF ALL RED HERRINGS.
uu: THEY SWIM THROuGH MY VEINS. THIS WAY AND THAT.
uu: YOu HAVE TO BE VERY GOOD AT RED HERRINGS. WHEN YOu ARE AS GOOD AT GAMES AS ME.
TT: How does one even be "good at red herrings?"
TT: Are you saying you employ misdirection effectively?
TT: Because I have to say, dude. This has not been my observation.
uu: THAT'S A FuCKING LAuGH.
uu: YOu KNOW THE GAME I WANT TO PLAY? WITH REAL DIRK.
uu: IT HAS SuCH A PERFECT SHITTY TWIST ENDING!

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**22/05/12**

pesterlogTT: Oh, wait.
TT: I remember this.
TT: Last year you messaged Dirk, bugging him to play one of your dumb porno games.
TT: You said you tried to get him to play in the future, but he was busy fighting drones.
TT: And you kept going on about the shitty twist ending to your game.
uu: BORING LIES FROM THE RED LINES.
uu: YOu ARE BAD AT GAMES.
uu: AND A GAME.
uu: IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANT TO PLAY.
uu: DIRK.
uu: I WANT TO PLAY A GAME.
TT: God damn it.
uu: HELLO DIRK.
uu: LET'S PLAY A GAME.
uu: THE GAME WILL NOT INVOLVE THE RED LINES.
uu: DO YOu HEAR ME?
TT: He's tuning you out, bro.
TT: I'm telling you.
TT: If you want to play a game with him, you'll have to do it in the past.
uu: OK.
uu: THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD IDEA.
uu: tumut
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering timaeusTestified [TT]

## uu: Jeer Past Dirk.

**22/05/12**

pesterlogundyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering timaeusTestified [TT]

uu: HELLO DIRK IN THE PAST.
uu: LET'S PLAY A GAME.
TT: Alright.
uu: DO NOT EVEN FuCK WITH ME.
uu: I WANT TO PLAY A GAME WITH YOu. AND A GAME IS EXACTLY THAT WHICH WILL BE PLAYED BETWEEN uS.
TT: I said I'd play.
uu: DIRK. I WANT YOu TO DRAW ME SOME PORNOGRAPHY.
TT: You got it.
uu: IF YOu FAIL TO DRAW ME SOME PORNOGRAPHY.
uu: THERE WILL BE CONSEQuENCES.
uu: AND WHEN CONSEQuENCES HAPPEN. THAT IS WHEN BLOOD BEGINS TO FLOW.
uu: YOuR FuTuRE SELF SPENDS ALL HIS TIME BEING IN THE FuTuRE. HE PRIORITIZES BEING IN THE FuTuRE AND FIGHTING DRONES OVER PLAYING MY GAMES.
uu: YOuR PAST SELF SHOuLD CONSIDER THE COSTLY INDISCRETION OF YOuR FuTuRE SELF'S BEHAVIOR. BEHAVIOR WHICH ENTAILS BEING IN THE FuTuRE ALMOST AS MuCH AS NOT DOING WHATEVER I FuCKING TELL HIM TO.
TT: Dude, I'm sitting here with my stylus ready to go. Do you want me to draw you some porn or not.
uu: OH YES.
uu: YOu WILL DRAW ME MY PORNOGRAPHY, DIRK HuMAN STRIDER.
uu: I WILL HAVE MY POuND OF SMuT.
TT: ...
TT: I'm waiting.
uu: OR I WILL MuRDER MY SISTER.
TT: Gotcha.
TT: What'll it be.
uu: SHE WILL BE DEAD AND I WILL REJOICE WITH THE LIVELIEST LITTLE JIG YOu EVER SAW.
uu: HER PuTRID HARLEQuIN SLIME WILL LEAK FROM HER WOuNDS AND SOAK HER uGLY YELLOW ROBE.
uu: AND HER BODY. WILL BECOME A STuPID CORPSE.
uu: HER MOON BODY I MEAN.
uu: IT WILL MARK THE BEGINNING. AT LEAST.
uu: OF MY uLTIMATE VICTORY IN THIS GAME BETWEEN uS.
uu: BETWEEN ME AND HER. NOT ME AND YOu.
uu: DIRK LET'S PLAY A GAME.
TT: Dude, listen. I am perfectly willing to draw you some pornography.
TT: It doesn't need to be part of a game. You don't got to murder nobody.
uu: I WILL IF YOu DON'T DO WHAT I SAY.
uu: HOW VERY IRONIC. THAT A LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE. uPON YOuR

WILLINGNESS TO DRAW ME SOME PORNOGRAPHY.
uu: THE VERY PORNOGRAPHY. WHICH YOu HAVE SPENT A LIFETIME DRAWING. IN YOuR SPARE TIME. BECAuSE YOu PRESuMABLY ENJOY DOING SO.
TT: How is that ironic?
uu: OH YES. HOW IRONIC IT IS INDEED.
uu: AND IT IS FuRTHER IRONIC. THAT THIS GAME IS IRONIC.
uu: IT IS THE VERY IRONY. WHICH YOu YOuRSELF HAVE SPENT A LIFETIME WALLOWING IN.
uu: AND uSING TO JuSTIFY INTERESTS AND BEHAVIORS. WHICH ARE DuMB AND CONFuSING.
TT: Whoa. Mindfuck.
TT: Seriously, should I just start drawing naked people or what.
uu: uH. NAKED PEOPLE?
TT: Yeah. Naked people doing it and stuff.
TT: You know. Porn.
uu: OH. NO.
uu: NO. NO. NO. NO. NO.
uu: AWFuL HORRIBLE BARF. NO. FuCK THAT NOISE.
uu: THERE WILL BE NO NuDITY.
uu: OR WHATEVER uNPLEASANT BEHAVIOR THAT PASSES FOR PROCREATIVE EXERCISE AMONG YOuR PEOPLE.
uu: WHAT I HAVE IN MIND IS SO MuCH MORE.
uu: SCANDALOuS.....
TT: Awesome.
TT: Lay it on me.

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**22/05/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterloguu: I WOuLD LIKE YOu TO DRAW. IN VARIOuS PAIRINGS.
uu: YOu AND YOuR FRIENDS. INVOLVING EACH OTHER IN ASSORTED DEBASEMENTS.
TT: Sure. That doesn't bother me a bit.
TT: Sounds totally great. "Hot," even.
uu: GOOD. GOOD.
uu: LET THE uNSAVORY HOTNESS BEGIN.
TT: Who do I start with?
uu: HOW ABOuT.
uu: THE JANE HuMAN.
TT: Right. One Crocker coming up.
TT: Who else?
uu: LET'S SAY.
uu: YOu.
uu: HA HA HA. OH YES.
TT: No problem.
TT: Which assorted debasement did you have in mind for us?

uu: YOu WILL DEPICT.
uu: THE JANE HuMAN.
uu: ON THE RECEIVING END.
uu: OF...
uu: ONE OF YOuR HuMAN KISSES.
TT: Uh.
TT: Ok.
TT: I mean, are you sure you want me to go there?
uu: SHuT YOuR MOuTH AND FuCKING DRAW.
TT: Just making sure.
TT: Man.
TT: Seriously gonna have to sterilize my tablet after this.
TT: Ok, how's that?
TT: http://goo.gl/BPSnY
uu: OH NO. WHAT IS THAT.
uu: WHAT THE FuCK IS YOuR HAND DOING.
uu: EXPLAIN YOuRSELF!
TT: Dunno. Coppin' a little feel I guess.
TT: Just adding some sizzle to the steak. What's the big.
uu: REMOVE THAT.
TT: Come on dude, don't be like that.
uu: REMOVE THE AMOROuS HuMAN LIMB AT ONCE.
uu: DO IT NOW.
uu: I'LL KILL HER. I WILL FuCKING DO IT.
TT: Fine.
TT: There.
TT: http://goo.gl/cTQZ6
uu: AHHHHH!
uu: YES.
uu: OHHH. HO HO.
uu: OH YES.
uu: THAT IS...
uu: *DIIIRTY*
TT: You are a man who likes his tepid ass porn, I will give you that.
uu: MAKE HER SAY.
uu: "YOu ARE BEAuTIFuL."
TT: Done.
TT: http://goo.gl/WQ0CU
uu: YES. GOOD.
uu: AND NOW MAKE THE KISS. HAPPEN WITH BOTH OF THE HuMAN LIPS.
uu: TOuCHING TOGETHER.
uu: AND MuCH CLOSER TO THE SCREEN. TO SEE THE ACTION BETTER.
uu: AND TELL HER.
uu: THAT SHE IS DARLING TO YOu.
TT: Ok.
TT: http://goo.gl/lvLpU

uu: FuuuCK.
uu: YES.
TT: What now.

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JANE: You are beautiful.
DIRK: Thx.
DIRK: You are darling to me.
JANE: *fuckin swoon*

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**22/05/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterloguu: THERE WILL BE NEW ACTORS IN THIS VuLGAR EXHIBITION.
uu: YOu WILL INCLuDE THE JAKE AND ROXY HuMANS NOW. AND IT WILL BE SIMILARLY DISGuSTING.
TT: You got it.
TT: Which steamy adult activities would you like me to convey this time?
uu: MAKE THE ROXY HuMAN STROKE HIS HAIR.
uu: SHE NEEDS HIM. AS A ROMANTIC PARTNER. EMOTIONALLY.
TT: You have a filthy mind, but ok.
TT: Here.
TT: http://goo.gl/rgfyW
uu: GOOD.
uu: I WANT TO SEE LONGING IN HIS EYES.
uu: MAKE THERE BE LONGING. DO IT.
TT: http://goo.gl/s0ILH
uu: AH HA HA! SO GOOD.
uu: HAVE THEM EXECuTE THE HuMAN MANEuVER YOu CALL.
uu: "THE HuG."
TT: http://goo.gl/58e9O
uu: OHHH. DAMN.
uu: THAT IS JuST.
uu: SO.
uu: *NAAAAAASTY.*
TT: I'm sweating profusely, fyi.
TT: Gonna have Squarewave track down a towel soon.
uu: NOW HAVE THE JAKE HuMAN SAY.
uu: OH GOD.
uu: I FEEL SO uTTERLY OBSCENE EVEN *TYPING* THIS.
uu: HA HA. FuuuCK.
uu: MY CHEEKS ARE PROBABLY BRIGHT RED RIGHT NOW.
TT: Typing what?
uu: MAKE HIM SAY...

uu: "I LOVE YOu."
TT: On it.
TT: http://goo.gl/mSTQk
uu: THAT IS.
uu: SO FuCKED uP.
uu: uuuuuRNG.
uu: I CAN HARDLY STAND IT.
uu: IT'S SO FuCKED uP BRO!!!!!
TT: I agree.
TT: All kinds of things wrong with this scenario here.
uu: SHE WANTS TO HuMAN MARRY HIM NOW.
uu: MAKE THE BITCH SAY SHE WANTS TO HuMAN MARRY THAT FuCKER!
TT: Stand by.
TT: http://goo.gl/GD2nO
uu: HE SAYS YES!
uu: HE SAYS FuCKING YES THIS INSTANT YOu WRETCHED PILE OF SHIT!!!
TT: http://goo.gl/FIYFS
uu: FuuuuuuuuuCK.
uu: THAT SHIT IS SO.
uu: *TENNNNNNNNNNNNNNNDER.*
TT: You know it.
TT: Slow cooked to fucking perfection.
uu: I WOuLD LIKE THEM TO COPuLATE OFF SCREEN.
uu: THEY WILL BEAR A CHILD IN THE uNSEEMLY HuMAN MANNER.
uu: BuT YOu WILL DEPICT NONE OF THE OFFPuTTING DETAILS OF THE RITuAL.
uu: SHOW THEM EXPERIENCING HuMAN WEDDED JOY. WITH THEIR OFFSPRING. NOW.
TT: Yeah, gimme a minute.
TT: Ok.
TT: http://goo.gl/i2O11
uu: NO. THIS ISN'T AS GOOD.
uu: IT'S NOT AS TITILLATING AS I DESIRE.
uu: HAVE THE MALE EAT THE CHILD.
TT: http://goo.gl/itJga

ROXY: *stronk*
JAKE: Hot damn!
JAKE: I love you.
ROXY: ommmmg
ROXY: lol lets hunan marry
JAKE: Yes.
ROXY: *sobe*
ROXY: jake no what r u doin
ROXY: 2 r bb

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**24/05/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterlogTT: So are we done?
uu: YOu WOuLD LOVE THAT. WOuLDN'T YOu.
TT: Nah. I'm fine with doing more if you want.
uu: HOW CONVENIENT IT WOuLD BE FOR YOu. IF WE STOPPED PLAYING MY GAME. AND LET MY SISTER OFF THE HOOK.
TT: Do you want me to pretend I don't want to play?
TT: Like, is that part of the kink for you? Kind of a roleplaying thing?
uu: SHuT THE FuCK uP.
TT: "No, no, please. Don't make me draw any more pics of my friends snuggling and stuff."
TT: Strider said, having spent the better part of the night gnawing through his duct tape gag.
uu: LOOK AT THESE PATHETIC STALLING TACTICS. AS IF I DON'T KNOW AN ATTEMPT TO DERAIL ONE OF MY DIABOLICAL GAMES.
uu: WHEN I SEE ONE.
TT: That's good. Keep saying things like that.
TT: I'll keep doing my part.
TT: "Somebody save me from this LIVING NIGHTMARE. The things he has made me DO."
uu: MAYBE YOuR IRREVERENCE FOR MY GAME. STEMS FROM THE FACT THAT YOu DON'T GIVE A FLYING FuCK ABOuT MY IDIOT SISTER?
uu: HA. LIKE I COuLD EVEN BLAME YOu. WHAT A CLOYING WINDBAG SHREW. SHE IS WORTHLESS TO EVERYBODY. I THINK YOu THINK SO TOO.
uu: YOu KNOW. YOu'RE AN ALRIGHT GuY. FOR A MONSTROuS FuCKuP LEAGuES BENEATH ME IN EVERY WAY THAT EXISTS.
uu: DIRK I WANT TO PLAY A GAME.
TT: Do you now.
uu: THOuGH YOu MAY NOT CARE ABOuT MY SISTER'S LIFE. THERE IS SOMETHING WHICH MAY MOTIVATE YOu TO KEEP PLAYING.
uu: AND THAT IS. CuRIOSITY.
TT: How so?
uu: AHAHAHA! YOu SEE!!! THAT RIGHT THERE. YOu ASKED A QuESTION.
uu: ASKING SHIT IS WHAT BEING CuRIOuS MEANS. I FuCKING WIN ALREADY. YOu TRASH.
TT: Damn.
TT: Owned.
uu: BuT THAT'S WHAT YOu DO WHEN YOu HAVE A SHITTY TWIST ENDING. PLANNED AT THE END OF ALL YOuR GAMES.
uu: SEE. THIS GAME HAS A TWIST. IT IS TWISTED LIKE A LITTLE CANDY SWIRL. THAT IS A KISS ON YOuR FACE FROM AN ANGEL. WHILE YOu MAKE A FuCKING FOOL OF YOuRSELF IN YOuR SLEEP.
TT: I know what a twist is.
TT: Or I did, until you kept saying stupid shit that doesn't mean anything.
uu: EXACTLY.
uu: IF YOu WANT TO KNOW MY SHITTY TWIST.

uu: YOu HAVE TO KEEP PLAYING MY GAME.
TT: Well, not only was I pretty psyched to keep playing regardless.
TT: I'd rather do just about anything than listen to you ramble on and on about your horseshit twists.
uu: VERY GOOD.
uu: THE LECHEROuS AMuSEMENTS.
uu: THEY WILL NOW INVOLVE.
uu: THE BOTH JANE AND ROXY HuMANS.
TT: Cool.
uu: AW YES. DOuBLE THE TASTY BITCHES.
uu: GETTING A LITTLE...
uu: MAAAuDLIN TOGETHER.
TT: Uh.
TT: Ok.
uu: THEY ARE IN THE MOOD FOR.
uu: SWEETS.
uu: JuST LIKE ME.
uu: I LIKE CANDY.
uu: DO YOu LIKE CANDY. DIRK.
TT: I guess.
uu: WHAT ABOuT.
uu: COTTON CANDY.
TT: I never tried it.
TT: This shithole planet doesn't have any.
uu: IT IS SOOO.
uu: FLuFFY.
uu: AND MELTS IN YOuR MOuTH.
uu: BLuE AND PINK. GET BETWEEN MY JAWS. POOFY FLuFFY COTTON CANDY. LET ME DISSOLVE YOu.
uu: THAT IS WHAT I CALL THIS PAIRING. OF NASTY PREMIuM BITCHES.
TT: You know, considering you're obviously just going to ask for more ultra-tame shit, you still somehow made this legitimately creepy.
TT: Nicely done, I guess?
uu: AH YES. HOW YOu SQuIRM NOW.
TT: I'm not squirming.
uu: LIKE BuLLFuCK YOu AREN'T.
uu: NOW DRAW.
TT: I'm already drawing.
TT: What should I make these "premium bitches" do?

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**24/05/12**

pesterloguu: NOTHING JuST YET. WE WILL NOT BE RECKLESS WITH THEIR COuRTSHIP.
uu: THEY TAKE THINGS SLOW. WE MILK THIS FuCKER AND MAKE ITS TEAT OuR BITCH. IT WILL BE DELICIOuS.
TT: Ok.
TT: So they're just...

TT: Standing there?
uu: ONE OF THEM IS SHY AND RELuCTANT TO ADVANCE.
uu: JANE. THE JANE HuMAN IS RELuCTANT AND SHY.
uu: YOu WILL RENDER THE JANE HuMAN AS SHOWING A BASHFuL AND COQuETTISH DEMEANOR.
uu: I DON'T KNOW HOW SOMEONE DRAWS THAT THOuGH. I'M NOT A FuCKING ARTIST.
uu: YOu'RE THE ARTIST. MAKE THAT HAPPEN. AND MAKE IT PERFECT.
TT: Not a problem.
TT: Ok:
TT: http://goo.gl/HmRpl
uu: OOOOOOOH. LOOK AT HER.
uu: SHE HAS HER EYE ON THAT ROMANTICALLY DESIRABLE BITCH. OH WHAT SHE WOuLD SAY TO HER. IF SHE COuLD SuMMON THE NERVE.
TT: Maybe she wants to ask her out?
uu: SHuT uP. I'M RuNNING THIS.
uu: NOW.
uu: THE ROXY HuMAN TAKES THE INITIATIVE IN THE ENCOuNTER.
uu: SHE PLACES HER BEVERAGE ON THE FLOOR. SHE SAuNTERS uP TO JANE. AND PERPETRATES ONE OF YOuR HuMAN "WINKS".
TT: http://goo.gl/WrdJG
uu: SHE KEEPS HER FuCKING HAND TO HERSELF YOu PRESuMPTuOuS TOOL.
uu: ERASE THAT. NOW.
TT: http://goo.gl/Ay8mv
uu: AND NOW.
uu: THE ROXY HuMAN OPENS HER HEART. AND PROFESSES HER "FEELINGS".
uu: THE BITCH TELLS THE OTHER BITCH A POEM.
uu: MAKE THE BITCH SAY A POEM. DO IT.
TT: Sure.
TT: http://goo.gl/1Ha6R
uu: DAMN! OH DAMN.
uu: HA HA. LOOK AT HER. SHE'S EATING THAT SHIT uP.
uu: GIVE THE BITCH A ROSE!
TT: Ok.
TT: Wait.
TT: Which one?
uu: NO WAIT.
uu: BOTH BITCHES GIVE *EACH OTHER* A FuCKING ROSE!!!
TT: http://goo.gl/GLNHH
uu: YES!
uu: YES!
uu: NOW MAKE HER.
uu: MAKE HER DO THE THING. THE SHAMEFuL THING WHERE SHE RuBS THE ROSE ON THE HER FACE.
uu: YOu KNOW. THE HuMAN PRACTICE. WHEREBY POIGNANT EMOTIONS ARE CONDuCTED THROuGH FACIAL TISSuE.

uu: AS CHANNELED THROuGH THE STEM OF A FRAGRANT PLANT. DRAW THAT SHIT.
TT: http://goo.gl/XE2fl
uu: MAKE HER SING!
uu: JANE HuMAN SINGS. WHILE STILL DOING THAT. HER SuLTRY PARTNER GLISTENS WITH EMOTIONAL PERSPIRATION DOLLOPS.
TT: http://goo.gl/2HsXl
uu: uuuuuuNGH.
uu: OH *MERRRCY*.
uu: THAT IS JuST.
uu: SOO.
uu: GRODY.
TT: Does your sister even know you're into this sappy shipping stuff?
TT: You berate her constantly for everything, and I know she likes to write and illustrate romfics and the like.
uu: NO. SHE ENJOYS IT FOR WRONG AND DISGuSTING REASONS.
uu: HER FASCINATION WITH THE RED STIRRINGS OF INFERIOR RACES. IT STRIKES ME AS TOO SINCERE AND THEREFORE REPELLENT.
uu: MY ENJOYMENT IS. IRONIC.
TT: Again, you just don't seem to know what ironic means.
TT: Your enjoyment of this content is clearly sincere. You are just fetishizing your "disgust" for it, is all.
uu: FuCK YOu WITH THAT ASSESSMENT.
uu: YOu DON'T TELL ME. OF WHAT VALuE THE PORNOGRAPHY HAS TO ME. IN MY OWN GAME.
uu: YOu JuST FuCKING DRAW. AND DON'T TALK.
TT: I'm just saying, it's an interest you have in common. If you told her you liked her romantic artwork, maybe you could bond over that?
uu: BONDING.
uu: IS THE LAST FuCKING THING WE NEED TO DO.
uu: I HAVE NOT TOLD HER OF MY IRONIC FASCINATIONS. AND YOu WILL NOT EITHER.
uu: I WILL NOT TELL HER. THAT I SECRETLY PERuSE HER WORK IN A STATE OF PETRIFIED MORTIFICATION FOR HOuRS. AND NEITHER WILL YOu.
TT: Fair enough.
TT: So, game over yet?
uu: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
uu: NO.
uu: I SAID BEFORE.
uu: THESE STEAMY BOTHERED uP BITCHES ARE HuNGRY FOR SWEETS.
uu: THE JANE HuMAN HAS BAKED A CAKE.
TT: And?
uu: THE JANE HuMAN HAS BAKED A CAKE.
TT: Ok.
TT: http://goo.gl/vvYxn
uu: AW FuCK. THOSE BITCHES EYEBALL THAT LuSCIOuS CONFECTION.
uu: IT'S MOIST AS SHIT. IT TEMPTS THEM. THEY BEGIN TO HuMAN SALIVATE.

TT: http://goo.gl/vsGuq
uu: THE MuTuALLY SWOONING BITCHES GET FRISKY WITH THE TREAT.
uu: ROXY HuMAN CHOPS OuT A WEDGE. FEEDS IT TO JANE HuMAN'S ZEALOuS SNACK HOLE.
TT: Ok.
uu: BuT. NOT SO FAST.
uu: SHE SMuSHES IT AROuND THE GREEDY CAKESLuT'S HuMAN LIPS AND FEATuRES.
uu: MISGuIDED FEELINGS OF FONDNESS AND LEVITY WAX INCREMENTALLY.
uu: A GIGGLE IS RELEASED.
TT: Oh shit.
TT: Things are really heating up now.
TT: http://goo.gl/v33Yj
uu: YES. FuCK YES.
uu: I WANT THEM TO HuMAN "HOLD HANDS". THEY WILL HuMAN "HOLD HANDS" NOW.
uu: THEIR ODIOuS "LOVE" IS BLOSSOMING BEFORE OuR EYES AND TO OuR uNSPEAKABLE DISMAY. CAN YOu FEEL IT DIRK?
TT: Yes.
uu: MAKE THEIR CAKEY HANDS. BECOME CLASPED TOGETHER AS ONE.
uu: IT FEELS MuSHY AND SLIPPERY. THEY ENJOY THE SENSATION IMMENSELY. IT IS VILE.
TT: http://goo.gl/ObEuT
uu: YES!
uu: CLOSER!!!
uu: GET THE FuCKING CAMERA CLOSER YOu DOuCHE BAG!
uu: I WANT TO SEE SOME *DETAIL*. HIGH DEF THAT STICKY MESS.
TT: http://goo.gl/gz1iH
uu: OHHHHHHHHHH.
uu: FuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuCK.
uu: THAT IS JuST DOWNRIGHT.
uu: *AFFFFFFFECTIONAAAAAATE.*

ROXY: (bomtom)
JANE: Rolal chan...
ROXY: *huwan wink*
ROXY: COP
ROXY: *humane wink*
ROXY: ~~COP~~
JANE: Your eyes. Are an ocean.
JANE: Your breasts. Are also an ocean.
ROXY: gasp

Booyeah. Double roses.

ROXY: oooooh
ROXY: i m drunk

ROXY: pornspire
JANE: ♬ Who you ♩ gonna call. ♩
JANE: ♬ Ghost. Busters. ♬
ROXY: ommm so gud
JANE: Get into my mouth, cake.
ROXY: gigigle
JANE: Ditto.

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**24/05/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterlogTT: Yeah.
TT: Those girls sure are diggin' each other.
TT: That's how we humans roll.
TT: Eat some cake. Hold some hands.
uu: AH. BuT THEIR TAWDRY ROMP IS FAR FROM OVER.
uu: JANE HAS HAD A LITTLE TOO MuCH CAKE TO EAT.
uu: PERHAPS HER HuMAN TuMMY NEEDS A RuB?
TT: Ha ha.
TT: Oh god.
uu: WHAT'S THIS! COuLD IT BE.
uu: YOuR BREAKING POINT IS IN SIGHT.
uu: YOu ARE BECOMING SQuEAMISH. I CAN FEEL IT.
uu: YES.
uu: YESSSSS.
TT: If you think this is making me uncomfortable, think again.
uu: NO I'LL THINK ONLY ONCE. YOu ARE SuCCuMBING TO MY GAME. YOu ARE BECOMING PSYCHOLOGICALLY uNGLuED AND I AM WINNING.
TT: Nice wishful thinking there.
TT: I'm not even merely tolerating this, bro.
TT: I swear to god, I'll get my own horse running harder in this fuckin' race than you could ever dream.
uu: WHAT. HORSE?
TT: Think I'll blink first, motherfucker?
TT: Not happening.
TT: I might splinter.
TT: But I don't break.
uu: OH WHATEVER. ASSHOLE.
uu: IS THAT SuPPOSED TO BE "COOL".
TT: You want a fuckin' tummy rub?
TT: That shit sounds white hot. I can't wait to draw that and get us both sexually stimulated.
TT: Here I goddamn go. Boners galore.
TT: http://goo.gl/zJgPI
TT: This is giving me the biggest male human boner of my entire erection life.
uu: STOP MENTIONING MALE HuMAN BONERS.

uu: I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THOSE ARE. AND I DON'T WANT TO.
uu: SO IF THAT WAS THE PLAN ALL ALONG.
uu: TO MENTION BONERS.
uu: YOuR PLAN FuCKING SuCKED.
TT: You want a shitty twist?
TT: http://goo.gl/8WOPP
uu: OK.
uu: WE'RE DONE HERE.
uu: THIS GAME IS OVER.

ROXY: nurnse rolal 2 the tummy rescue!
BOOM
JANE: Ooooooh.

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NICK CAGE: boner
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**25/05/12**

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Ooooooh.


boner


Alert : Ũ
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pesterlogTT: Aw, that's it?
TT: I thought we were getting into a good rhythm there.
TT: Anyway, you missed out on like half the pairings.
uu: WHAT. HALF. NO WE DID MOST OF THEM DIDN'T WE.
TT: No, we did three, and there are three possible matchups left.
TT: Don't you know anything about shipping science?
uu: THAT'S A THING?
uu: HOW THE FuCK COuLD THAT BE A THING.
TT: Believe me.
TT: It's a thing.
TT: Total number of pairings for a group of n people is (n^2 - n) / 2.
TT: You divide by 2 to cut the grid in half, eliminate duplicate pairs.
TT: Minus n is so you don't pair people up with themselves. That wouldn't make sense.
uu: AND WHY THE FuCK NOT??
TT: Well, because...
TT: I don't know.
TT: Maybe you're right. Maybe I was being close-minded about self-pairing. What do I know?
uu: JACK SHIT OBVIOuSLY.
uu: ANYWAY. FuCK ALL THAT. YOu DON'T SPOIL GOOD DEBAuCHERY. WITH A LOT OF STuPID MATH.
uu: YOu MAY THINK YOu'RE SMART. BuT EXCESSIVE SMARTNESS CAN MAKE YOu BE MORE OF AN IDIOT.
uu: INTELLIGENT IDIOCY CAN BE EASILY EXPLOITED BY THE CuNNING AND

RuTHLESS. JuST A TIP FOR YOu. BRO.
TT: I'll make a note.
TT: So you sure you don't want even one more drawing?
TT: You used Jane and Roxy in two pairings. But me and Jake only got one.
TT: How is that fair?
uu: I DECIDE WHAT IS FAIR IN MY GAMES.
uu: IF YOu ARE PROPOSING TO ILLuSTRATE THE JAKE HuMAN BEHAVING AMOROuSLY WITH THE DIRK HuMAN. THE ANSWER IS NO.
TT: Why not?
uu: THAT ENCOuNTER DOES NOT SEEM AS REPREHENSIBLY SCANDALOuS.
uu: FIRST OF ALL. I ASK OF YOu. WHERE ARE THE BITCHES AT?
uu: I REST MY CASE.
TT: Lame.
uu: SECOND OF ALL. I DON'T WISH TO LANGuISH IN THE PuMPKIN PATCH.
TT: What?
uu: ORANGE AND EMERALD. uNPLEASANT TOGETHER.
uu: I HAVE NO TASTE FOR PuMPKINS. OR ANY HORRID VEGETABLE MATTER.
uu: MEAT OR CANDY. THAT'S WHAT'S GOOD. THE GAME IS OVER.
TT: Fine.
TT: I'll keep all my illustrated debasements to myself, then.
uu: GOOD. DO THAT.
TT: Ok. I will.
TT: So did I win?
uu: I WILL SAY.
uu: YES.
uu: YOu WERE COOPERATIVE AND GENERALLY ENTHuSED ABOuT MY GAME.
uu: CONGRATuLATIONS DIRK.
TT: Thanks.
TT: So what's the shitty twist?
uu: AH! BuT NOT SO FAST.
uu: YOu SEE. THERE IS A TWIST TO MY SHITTY TWIST.
TT: A twisted twist?
TT: Like... a double mobius handjob or something?
uu: YES. PROBABLY.
TT: Ok.
TT: What is the twist to the twist?

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**25/05/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterloguu: THE TWIST TO THE TWIST IS.
uu: I WON'T TELL YOu WHAT THE SHITTY TWIST IS FOR A YEAR!!!
TT: Wow.
TT: That...
TT: Really is quite a shitty twist.

uu: YOuR GRATIFICATION ON THIS MATTER WILL BE DELAYED.
uu: I HAVE NOTICED. AS YOuR AWFuL MEANDERING SAGA WENDS ITS WAY. THROuGH THE ASS CRACK OF NOWHERE AND BACK.
uu: ANSWERS TO POINTLESS QuESTIONS ARE OFTEN DEFERRED. NIGH INDEFINITELY.
uu: AND SO THIS WILL CAuSE YOu TO REFLECT. uPON A LIFETIME SPENT.
uu: BEING INSIDE A BuLLSHIT STORY LIKE THAT.
uu: IS THE IRONY NOT FuCKING DELICIOuS?
TT: Not really.
uu: I WILL TELL YOu THE FATE OF MY SISTER IN ONE YEAR.
uu: AT THAT TIME I WILL TELL YOu THE TWIST.
uu: AND ALTHOuGH YOu PLAYED MY GAME SuCCESSFuLLY.
uu: IN ORDER TO SPARE HER LIFE.
uu: IT WILL HAVE TuRNED OuT.
uu: ALL ALONG.
uu: TO YOuR SHOCK AND ASTONISHMENT.
uu: THAT...
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering timaeusTestified [TT]

## uu: Jeer future Dirk.

**25/05/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterlogundyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering timaeusTestified [TT]
uu: THAAAAT...

## uu: Reveal shitty twist.

**25/05/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterloguu: I ALREADY KILLED HER!!!!!
TT: What?
TT: Killed who?
uu: AHHH. HA. HA. HA. HA. HA.
TT: Oh, right.
TT: I forgot about this horseshit.
uu: AAAAA

HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA.
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HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA. HAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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**26/05/12**
pesterloguu: AND THE GREAT THING IS.
uu: HOW I GOT THE IDEA FROM YOuR GAME.
TT: What idea?
TT: The idea to kill her dream self?
uu: NO.

==>
**26/05/12**
pesterloguu: TO GET THE ARCHAGENT TO DO IT.
uu: TO GET HIM TO GO TO PROSPIT.
uu: AND KNIFE A BITCH.
uu: SINCE AS YOu MuST KNOW.
uu: A DERSE GuY CAN'T JuST GO FLYING ACROSS THE MEDIuM.
uu: IT'S AGAINST THE RuLES.
uu: SO.
uu: I HIRED HIM.
TT: How?
uu: I PAID HIM OFF.
uu: WITH CANDY.
uu: EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE.
uu: WHEN IT COMES TO SWEETS.

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**26/05/12**
pesterloguu: ALTHOuGH.
uu: HE WAS PROBABLY WILLING TO DO IT. EVEN WITHOuT THE BRIBE.
uu: NOIR IS THE BEST THERE IS.
uu: VERY uSEFuL.
uu: VERY STABBY.
uu: I MIGHT EVEN CONSIDER HIM.
uu: MY BEST FuCKING FRIEND.
uu: IF I DIDN'T FIND THE HuMAN EMOTION OF FRIENDSHIP.

uu: NEARLY AS SICKENING AS IT BARELY QuALIFIES.
uu: AS AN ACTuAL EMOTION.

==>
**26/05/12**
pesterloguu: BASICALLY WHAT I'M SAYING IS.
uu: I'M YET ANOTHER STEP CLOSER.
uu: TO BEING IN TOTAL CONTROL.
uu: OF THE NEW GAME I AM ABOuT TO PLAY.
uu: AND THE OLD GAME BETWEEN uS.
TT: Wait...
TT: What game between us?

==>
**26/05/12**
pesterloguu: NO.
uu: NOT YOu AND ME.
uu: uS.
uu: HER AND ME.
uu: ME AND HER.
uu: THERE ARE ONLY A FEW MOVES LEFT.
uu: BEFORE I CAN MATE WITH HER.
TT: Whoa.

==>
**26/05/12**
pesterloguu: WAIT. FuCK. WHAT DID I SAY?
uu: I MEAN.
uu: BEFORE I CAN MATE HER.
uu: MATE. AS IN CHECK MATE. IT'S A FIGuRE OF GODDAMN SPEECH.

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**26/05/12**
pesterloguu: YOu KNOW. LIKE IN CHESS???
TT: No. What's that?
uu: SHIT HEAD.

==>
**27/05/12**
dialoglogARANEA: WHAT DO YOU PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE DOING????????

==>
**27/05/12**
dialoglogARANEA: Stop it, all of you!
ARANEA: You couldn't even wait a few minutes while I retrieved one last guest?
ARANEA: I have to come 8ack to THIS????????
TEREZI: 1 4M SORRY 4R4N34
TEREZI: 1 TR13D TO T3LL TH3M 4LL TO B3 COOL

TEREZI: NORM4LLY W3R3 SO MUCH COOL3R TH4N...
TEREZI: *SNORT*
TEREZI: WHY DO 1 4LW4YS TRY TO T3LL P3OPL3 W3R3 COOL?
TEREZI: W3 4R3 SO V3RY UN COOL >:[
ARANEA: Every8ody?
ARANEA: Excuse me, are you listening?! I would like to introduce you to someone.
ARANEA: His name is.....
ARANEA: HEY!!!!!!!!
ARANEA: MEENAH! I SAID CUT IT THE FUCK OUT.
ARANEA: Yes! you!
ARANEA: The dead miscreant with the goggles waving around the stupid trident.
ARANEA: Put it down!
MEENAH: what
MEENAH: no way
ARANEA: Yes way.
MEENAH: no
MEENAH: wanna poke these suckas up
ARANEA: Put it down.
ARANEA: I'm serious.
MEENAH: come on lemme puncture one of em
MEENAH: just a little
MEENAH: how bout this shout ass nubby motherglubber who looks like whats his face
ARANEA: I said drop it.
MEENAH: what like on the floor
ARANEA: Yes on the floor!

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**27/05/12**

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shoo shoo shoo
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dialoglogARANEA: Now step away from it. That's right.
ARANEA: 8ack. A little further.
ARANEA: I said further!
ARANEA: No, not closer! Further!
ARANEA: Uuuuuuuugh.
ARANEA: Guess what! You just lost your poking privileges.
ARANEA: I think I'll hang on to this for a little while. How do you like that?
MEENAH: s'chool
ARANEA: Ooooooooh. It sure is pretty. Is that real gold? Or, pardon me, "reel."
ARANEA: I 8et I could sell it for a small fortune.
MEENAH: aw man
MEENAH: no dont
ARANEA: Watch me!
MEENAH: yeah like a fuckin ghost could even sell anyfin
MEENAH: any of you scrubs know where to find the prawn shop in this bitch
TEREZI: TH3 WH4T?

MEENAH: some ho is angling to sell ma gold pointy jam
MEENAH: look at her pawin up my royal loot with her clammy shitmitts
MEENAH: greedier spectacle i never did sea
MEENAH: water you blind there pyrope lookin dimwit
TEREZI: Y3S
MEENAH: then listen up
MEENAH: she wants
MEENAH: to hock
MEENAH: my swank fuckin carats
MEENAH: got it
TEREZI: W3LL
TEREZI: MOST OF US H3R3 4R3 1N F4CT R4TH3R W34LTHY
TEREZI: 1 4M NOT SUR3 1F SH3 W1LL F1ND 4N 1NT3R3ST3D BUY3R THOUGH >:]
MEENAH: this sure became a retarded line of talkin
DAVE: (rose whos the john looking kid)
ROSE: (I think it's young Father-Grandad Harleybert.)
DAVE: (what)

==>

**28/05/12**

dialoglogARANEA: Ok then!
ARANEA: Has everyone settled down? Do I have everyone's attention?
MEENAH: attention huh
MEENAH: whoda thought
MEENAH: you would want any of THAT
ARANEA: Just stop. Please?
ARANEA: I know it's only 8een minutes since you died, and you pro8a8ly aren't thrilled to see me for any num8er of reasons.
ARANEA: 8ut for me it has 8een millenia! I have 8een waiting a long time to see you again, and orient you to the afterlife.
MEENAH: heh
MEENAH: being a ghost isnt anyfin you need to be oriented to
MEENAH: were D-EAD who cares
ARANEA: Excuse me for looking forward to our reunion then! I guess I 8uilt it up in my mind as something special for a whole lot of nothing!
MEENAH: yeah probubbly
MEENAH: what elses new though
MEENAH: need to swimmer down girl
MEENAH: you dead
MEENAH: time to act like the fucks you give stopped existin
MEENAH: like they.....
MEENAH: disaspeared 38T
ARANEA: Then you don't care at all, is that it? My waiting here all this time to see you means nothing?
DIRK: Dude, is it just me, or is this kind of awkward.
DIRK: Why did she even drag you here.

JAKE: (Sh!)
MEENAH: i mean
MEENAH: having to wait milleniums and stuff
MEENAH: as a ghost with too much to say
MEENAH: that is nook loads of time
MEENAH: but i mean
MEENAH: we both might of lived that long
MEENAH: if we didnt up and die just now
MEENAH: or at least i woulda
MEENAH: sounds to me like boring times ahoy either fuckin way
ARANEA: ????????
ARANEA: What is even your point!
MEENAH: um
MEENAH: dunno?
MEENAH: sorry serket
MEENAH: lets hug it out later
MEENAH: aight
ARANEA: I think I have completely forgotten the su8tle art of determining whether you're 8eing sincere, through your tangled fishnet of aquatic puns and little sta8s of hostility.
MEENAH: fishnet!
MEENAH: fishnet yessss
MEENAH: you coulda just said net but you said fishnet instead <3
ARANEA: Do you think you can at least remain well mannered while I 8ring the others up to speed on some critical matters?
MEENAH: uh lets sea
MEENAH: no
ARANEA: Grrrrrrrr.
ARANEA: That's it. I'm selling off this gaudy trinket.
MEENAH: no fuck you gimme that
ARANEA: I have developed an eye for priceless treasure.
ARANEA: Do you have any idea who I grew up to 8e in the new world we made?
ARANEA: I'd wager if I put it on the 8lack market, it would fetch a fee to the tuna several 8illion 8oonies.
MEENAH: TUNA 38D
MEENAH: tuna tuna tuna tuna
MEENAH: i love you
KARKAT: WOW. HEY.
KARKAT: FUCKING *EXCUSE ME*
MEENAH: what

==>

**28/05/12**

dialoglogKARKAT: WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE AND WHY SHOULD I CARE ABOUT YOU.
TEREZI: K4RK4T S3TTL3 DOWN!
TEREZI: 1 TOLD YOU
TEREZI: TH3Y 4R3 SOM3 OF OUR 4NC3STORS

KARKAT: THEY AREN'T OUR ANCESTORS. WE DON'T HAVE ANCESTORS.
KARKAT: ANCESTRAL LEGACIES ARE A LOT OF SUPERSTITIOUS, ARISTOCRATIC BULLSHITTERY, INVENTED BY HIGHBLOODS SO THEY GET TO FEEL EVEN MORE SMUG AND SELF SATISFIED THAN THEY ALREADY ARE.
KARKAT: EVEN IF WE DO HAVE THEM, WHO CARES? WHO GIVES A SHIT ABOUT THESE PEOPLE?
TEREZI: YOUR3 B31NG V3RY RUD3 >:|
KARKAT: LISTEN. I DON'T KNOW THEM.
KARKAT: I DON'T WANT TO WASTE TIME PASSING THROUGH DREAM BUBBLES IF I'M NOT GOING TO SEE MY DEAD FRIENDS.
KARKAT: IF YOU DRAGGED ME ALL THE WAY UP HERE TO MEET, OH SAY, GHOST NEPETA. FUCKING GREAT!
KARKAT: I'LL HANG OUT WITH DEAD NEPETA ALL DAY LONG. HELL, EVEN SOME RANDOM NEPETA FROM A DOOMED TIMELINE. THAT WOULD BE ALRIGHT.
KARKAT: YOU KNOW WHAT? GIVE ME FIFTY FUCKING NEPETAS! WHY THE HELL NOT. WE'LL CALL OUR JOURNEY THROUGH BLACK ENDLESS DESPAIR "NEPETAQUEST".
KARKAT: BUT THESE LOSERS? WHO CARES ABOUT THEM. I DON'T NEED TO BE MAKING ANY NEW FRIENDS. I HAVE ENOUGH "NEW FRIENDS" AS IT IS.
ROXY: zzzzzz
KARKAT: MY SENTIMENTS EXACTLY, RANDOM HUMAN!
KARKAT: I'M LEAVING.
TEREZI: BL4RGH YOU 4R3 SO T3RR1BL3!
MEENAH: that guy!
MEENAH: nubbyshouts
MEENAH: that guy is cool!!
KARKAT: THANKS, WHOEVER THE FUCK!!!
KARKAT: BYE.
MEENAH: aw man
MEENAH: hes so much cooler than whats his shit
MEENAH: why couldnt whats his shit be more like nubs mcshouty
MEENAH: our team had no cool buoys at all
ROXY: le zzz
MEENAH: sleepy fishbait is right
MEENAH: this is a fuckin drag
MEENAH: can i go hang out with shouty instead
ARANEA: No.
KARKAT: NO.
MEENAH: 38C
DAVE: (hey rose)
DAVE: (i dunno if this is a weird question)
DAVE: (but like)
DAVE: (do you think we should try and wake up our teen mom)
DAVE: (or what)

==>
**29/05/12**
dialoglogROSE: (I'm not sure if that's a good idea.)
ROXY: zzzzees ;)
DAVE: (why)
DAVE: (sounds good to me)
DAVE: (mayor what do you think)
DAVE: (you hear that rose)
DAVE: (the mayor thinks its an awesome idea)
DAVE: (me too buddy me too)
ROSE: (Ok, since I've clearly been outvoted on the matter, and democracy has spoken, I guess I should clarify.)
ROSE: (I'm not sure if it's actually possible.)
DAVE: (why)
ROSE: (I don't think she's ever woken up before.)
DAVE: (oh)
DAVE: (cant you throw some yarn at her)
DAVE: (that worked on me didnt it)
ROSE: (You were technically already awake.)
ROSE: (Also, I don't happen to have any yarn on me at the moment.)
ROSE: (Do you have any yarn on you, Dave?)
DAVE: (what the fuck kind of question is that)
DAVE: (i am the fucking yarn king)
DAVE: (be passin out yarn like cheap cigars)
ROSE: (Cheap cigars...?)
DAVE: (dream mom gave teen ecto birth or some shit)
DAVE: (turned out the baby was us)
DAVE: (so like)
DAVE: (handing out yarn in the waiting room)
DAVE: (like cigars you see)
DAVE: (to other serious dads from the 1950s)
DAVE: (cheap ones cause you dont wanna go fuckin broke on cigars with a baby on the way)
DAVE: (gotta be frugal rose)
DAVE: (celebrate that shit but have some damn sense about your cigar budget)
ROXY: smack snack
ROXY: zzxxx
DAVE: (but yeah i dont got any yarn)
ROSE: (I just,)
ROSE: (Don't see how you can make remarks with such frequency that are so obliviously and so generically loaded from a Freudian perspective.)
ROSE: (It's flabbergasting, really. You never miss a chance.)
ROSE: (Cigars? Describing a scenario where you are both given birth to by your teen mother, as well as playing the role of the proud father in the waiting room?)
DAVE: (oh god no stop)
ROSE: (What should I make of the fact that the phallic imagery you've selected is not only

inexpensive, but is administered freely and mirthfully to other expecting fathers?)
ROSE: (Or that the object standing in for the phallic symbol is something you're proposing to throw at our mother's head!)
DAVE: (just shut the fuck up!)
DAVE: (arent you magic or something)
DAVE: (are you still magic or is your superpower now just talking a lot and wearing orange)
DAVE: (why dont you use your magics to wake her up)
DAVE: (arent you kinda curious to talk to her)
DAVE: (like find out what her deal is)
ROSE: (Yes.)
ROSE: (But I don't think I know that spell.)
DAVE: (hey what even is magic anyway)
DAVE: (like are spells real like when you do magic are you actualy doing legit spells like the dipshits in harry potter)
DAVE: (babbling up some false baloney ass latin)
ROSE: (Not really?)
DAVE: (i knew it what a load of shit that all is)
ROSE: (What?)
DAVE: (spells and shit)
ROSE: (Um. Ok?)
ROXY: *SNOAR*

==>

**29/05/12**

dialoglogDAVE: (hey rose)
ROSE: (Yeah?)
DAVE: (does mom seem to kinda be)
DAVE: (like uh)
ROSE: (What?)
DAVE: (i dont know)
DAVE: (a sloppy sleeper)
ROXY: zzzzzznort,,..
ROSE: (That's pretty much how she always slept.)
ROSE: (This includes discovering her sleeping in unusual places.)
DAVE: (is she drunk or something)
DAVE: (can a dream self be drunk)
ROSE: (Yes.)
DAVE: (what really)
DAVE: (just like that thats the answer)
DAVE: (like thats something you actually know for sure)
ROSE: (Yes.)
DAVE: (what the fuck)
DAVE: (is it seer powers that let you know that or did you read it in a book)
DAVE: (why would someone write that in a book)
DAVE: (how would you even know that)
ROSE: (I know from experience, I guess.)

DAVE: (yeah bs)
DAVE: (there wasnt even time for that)
DAVE: (drinking or anything)
DAVE: (with all the grimdark nonsense and carting around moon bombs)
DAVE: (and anyway you dont like booze)
ROSE: (Not really. But it grows on you to some extent.)
DAVE: (you are fucking with me)
ROSE: (Do you remember the timeline Davesprite was from?)
DAVE: (oh)
DAVE: (right)
ROSE: (I still remember some things.)
ROSE: (It was actually pretty similar to the way things have been for the last year on this meteor.)
ROSE: (There wasn't very much to do.)
ROSE: (But there was a house full of liquor.)
KANAYA: (Whats Liquor)
DAVE: (SHIT)
DAVE: (oh god i never get used to how quietly troll vampires sneak around)
KANAYA: (What Are We Talking About Here)
DAVE: (liquor is booze you drink it and it makes you fall down and slur words and understand sports)
DAVE: (and apparently snore like an off road motorcycle)
ROXY: lol snork ;D
KANAYA: (Oh A Soporific Human Substance)
KANAYA: (Got It)
ROSE: (What are they talking about over there?)
ROSE: (I think we might be missing something important.)
KANAYA: (I Honestly Have No Idea Whats Going On So I Came Over Here To See If You Knew)
DAVE: (yeah we know fucking squat)
DAVE: (maybe we should have been paying attention i dont even know what the hell these people are talking about)
DAVE: (kind of too many people here maybe karkat was right to sit this one out)
DAVE: (grandpa johns not saying much)
DAVE: (i kind of wonder whats up with him)
DAVE: (maybe hes shy or freaked out hey why did he even show up with that troll girl)
DAVE: (should i say something to him or)
DAVE: (this is awkward)
DAVE: (terezis all asking them questions and stuff)
DAVE: (she is like literally the only one on the ball here this is embarrassing)
ROSE: (They're looking at us.)
DAVE: (oh god yeah)
TEREZI: W1LL YOU GUYS STOP MUMBL1NG TO YOURS3LV3S 4ND G3T OV3R H3R3!

==>

**30/05/12**

dialoglogTEREZI: YOUR3 M1SS1NG 4 LOT OF F4SC1N4T1NG STUFF 4BOUT OUR 4NC3STORS!

DAVE: ok
DAVE: can you maybe like
DAVE: give us the gist of it
TEREZI: 3R
TEREZI: 1 DONT KNOW 1F 1...
ARANEA: May8e I should just start over from the 8eginning.
MEENAH: glubber fuck
MEENAH: somemoby kill me
MEENAH: again
MEENAH: make me double die
MEENAH: can that happen can you kill a ghost
ARANEA: Meenah, please!
ARANEA: Our nice new friends have missed some very IMPORTANT DETAILS!
MEENAH: cod almighty
MEENAH: dont you sea
MEENAH: these chumps are too polite to say they dont give a flip
MEENAH: specially that poor buoy you lured on to your boat
MEENAH: lookit him
MEENAH: too polite and afraid to say anyfin at all
DIRK: I'm not.
JAKE: (Sh!!)
ARANEA: Very well.
ARANEA: If you speak for everyone with respect to what is most interesting to talk a8out, then what is your porpoisal?
ARANEA: I mean proposal!
MEENAH: 38D!!!!!
ARANEA: (Stupid infectious fish puns.)
ARANEA: (Took all of five minutes to pull me into your insmanatee again.)
ARANEA: (Insanity! Ugh.)
MEENAH: (eelmao!)
TEREZI: W3LL
TEREZI: W3 COULD JUST NOT WORRY 4BOUT 1T 4ND K33P T4LK1NG L1K3 W3 W3R3
TEREZI: 1 W4S CUR1OUS TO H34R TH3 4NSW3R TO MY L4ST QU3ST1ON
ARANEA: Oh, sure!
ARANEA: You wanted to know how we all died.
ARANEA: That's a pretty interesting story, don't you think, Meenah? :::;)
MEENAH: whatebber
ARANEA: However, I don't think much of it will make sense without some major contextualization.
ARANEA: There's really quite an amazing amount of nuance to the full sequence of events. Many different players, personalities, conflicting agendas, all interwoven together.
ARANEA: I'll need a little time to set the stage for everything to 8e comprehensi8le, if you all don't mind indulging me for a while.
ARANEA: You could say it all started during our darkest hour, when it 8ecame clear our failure was inevita8le. I took it upon myself to venture into the palace of my denizUMPH.

==>
**30/05/12**
dialoglogARANEA: MMMMMMMMMPH!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: yo listen up
MEENAH: ill make this reel quick

==>
**30/05/12**
dialoglogMEENAH: ok so we all lost cause everybody sucked but me

==>
**30/05/12**
dialoglogMEENAH: so serket here wanted to do the scratch thing that would make us all not exist

==>
**30/05/12**
dialoglogMEENAH: but i found out from monsters we could keep existin if we was a bunch of ghosts

==>
**30/05/12**
dialoglogMEENAH: thing is nobody ever has the guts to off anybody

==>
**30/05/12**

```
shake shake
```

dialoglogMEENAH: let alone themshellves

==>
**30/05/12**

```
BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME
```

dialoglogMEENAH: so i blew us all the fuck up

==>
**30/05/12**
dialoglogMEENAH: and thats glubbin that

==>
**30/05/12**
dialoglogMEENAH: now were ghosts the end

==>
**31/05/12**
dialoglogARANEA: Meempha.

==>
**31/05/12**
dialoglogARANEA: Thap waf.....

==>

**31/05/12**

dialoglogARANEA: THE WORST STORY THAT HAS EVER 8EEN TOLD IN THE HISTORY OF PARADOX SPACE.

MEENAH: whoa clam down

ARANEA: No! I will not "clam down." Clamming is not something you can do, unless you do it UP, or you are literally retrieving clams from a 8ed of soft oceanic soil.

MEENAH: clam your rumble spheres

MEENAH: seriously they is lookin lively girl everyones gawkin

ARANEA: You just have no respect for a well told story.

MEENAH: i said what happened didnt i

ARANEA: Only 8arely!!!!!!!!

ARANEA: You left out so much! All the intrigue, the complicated interpersonal relationships, the 8ackstory, the responsi8le pacing.

ARANEA: Where was the WORLD 8UILDING, Meenah?

MEENAH: who gives a dolphin flip through a big ring of shit

ARANEA: Ok! I think I finally understand the art of storytelling now, thanks to you!

ARANEA: It turns out all you have to do is make series of short, mysterious statements without supplying context or any further ela8oration.

ARANEA: It's all so simple! Let's try it out.

ARANEA: Did you know that "what's his face" Vantas in our post-scratch world grew up to 8e a spiritual leader followed 8y millions?

ARANEA: They killed him though. He died handcuffed to something, while shouting a rude word. The end!

ARANEA: Leijon grew up to 8e his m8sprit! She wrote stuff down and spent a long time in a cave. That's that.

ARANEA: Their 8uddy Captor flew a ship for some hag. It wasn't a very cool gig. Maryam found a wiggler and died a slave. Did I mention our planet 8ecame kind of a shithole? No, I don't think I did, 8ecause that's apparently not how you "tell stories."

MEENAH: ...

MEENAH: go on

ARANEA: Zahhak 8uilt me a ro8otic arm. He was ordered 8y a high8lood to kill a girl 8ut he couldn't do it, and was 8anished. Really 8eat himself up over that. 8ut it's ok 8ecause his descendant redeemed the honor of his legacy 8y doing whatever a murderous clown told him to. Wait, was that too much detail? Forget I said some of that. Moving on!

ARANEA: Ampora was a pirate. No8ody liked him. He killed a lot of people, 8ut was later executed 8ecause he was una8le to tell a funny joke. What else needs to 8e said? That's right. Nothing.

ARANEA: Makara was the guy who didn't like his joke. He was terri8le and so is his story. Period.

ARANEA: Nitram was a hero who led a re8ellion. He killed me. 8ut not 8efore things got pretty steamy 8etween us. Want to hear the juicy details? You're out of luck!!!!!!!!

MEENAH: aww man 38(

ARANEA: Pyrope cut off my arm and arrested me, 8ut I killed her. This triggered a karmic cycle of revenge which led to the eventual 8linding of her descendant.

ARANEA: Sorry, Terezi. Them's the 8r8ks!

TEREZI: W41T
TEREZI: WH4T?
ARANEA: As for me, well, I could go on ALL DAAAAAAAAY a8out that su8ject. 8ut I won't!
ARANEA: I was a cool pir8te. The 8est pir8! I lived a long time, had amazing adventures, got all the treasure, then died. That's all she wrote!
ARANEA: 8ut not literally. She wrote quite a lot in fact. She had a lot to say, just like me. Which is why she's so gr8.
ARANEA: Let's see. Who am I forgetting here?
MEENAH: uh
MEENAH: ahem
ARANEA: Oh, of course. Megido! Now there's an interesting story full of exciting twists and turns we won't 8e getting into.
ARANEA: She was kidnapped as a child 8y a creep, then served the creep's 8oss for millions of sweeps. She helped make everything lousy. Then you killed her and took her jo8.
ARANEA: Anyway, I think this tedious tale has gone on for entirely too long already!
ARANEA: I can't think of a single thing left to address that could possi8ly 8e of interest to anyone.
MEENAH: no no shut up
MEENAH: do me now what about me
MEENAH: waterboat meeeee!!!
ARANEA: Why, Meenah. Could it 8e that you would like to hear more?
ARANEA: I must 8e imagining things, 8ecause you are on record as finding my stories 8oring.
MEENAH: no these stories are more interesting than your usual ones
MEENAH: i can tell because im actually still a wake
ARANEA: Very well. You would like to know a8out your post-scratch adult life.
ARANEA: Would you like the short version? Or the long version?
MEENAH: uh
MEENAH: are those the only two options
ARANEA: You tell me.
MEENAH: how about
MEENAH: not the looooooooooooooooooooong version
MEENAH: like dont go full fuckin serket on us
MEENAH: but
MEENAH: dont leave out too much of the cool stuff?
MEENAH: shit man why do i gotta explain this to a presumably rational person
MEENAH: just tell me what ma junk was bitch!
ARANEA: Very well.
ARANEA: I shall strive to convey your story, including details which you are likely to find interesting on account of vanity, whilst attempting to refrain from going "Full Serket" on you and other hapless 8ystanders.
MEENAH: blub
MEENAH: come on spit it out windfang
MEENAH: no more adventures on the high breeze got it
ARANEA: Fine.
ARANEA: You want the a8ridged-version, 8ut-may8e-not-so-a8ridged, as-long-as-the-stuff-that-you-in-particular-would-like-to-hear-is-included, of the Meenah Peixes saga?
ARANEA: Here we go.

==>
**01/06/12**

```
FRUIT ROLL-UPS

Hamburger Helper

Betty Crocker
CHOCOLATE FLAVOR
Brownie Mix
```

dialoglogARANEA: Instead of storming off to the moon in a huff, Peixes em8raced her role as an heiress.
ARANEA: Once she reached the age to challenge the empress, she killed her predecessor easily.
ARANEA: She did more to sink our race into perpetual darkness and violence than any empress before her, and her rule lasted the longest 8y far.
ARANEA: She conquered thousands of planets and star systems, many of them personally. She was responsi8le for the death of trillions.
ARANEA: Her reign was interrupted only 8y the extinction of our race, which was orchestrated 8y the omniscient creep I mentioned previously.
ARANEA: She flew back to her homeworld, killed Megido, and assumed control of her demonic powers.
ARANEA: In doing so, she also assumed her role as the servant to an indestructi8le demon, whose existence was a8out to result in the annihilation of our universe.
ARANEA: 8ut 8efore that, he had a new assignment for her.
ARANEA: Is this 8rief enough? Am I addressing all the "cool stuff" to your satisfaction?
MEENAH: 38o
ARANEA: That's the first half of her story.
ARANEA: In the second half, she escaped to a fresh universe to wreak more havoc.
ARANEA: She infiltrated a planet called Earth, which is home to a race called humans. These guys here.
ARANEA: On the post-scratch version of Earth (long story), she gained a8solute power, flooded the planet, and completely wiped out the human population, while expanding her a8ilities even further.
ARANEA: She then somehow entered the humans' game session, and took control there as well.
ARANEA: She did all this at the 8ehest of her employer, and has shown no signs of slowing her rampage, or ever dying, for that matter.
ARANEA: So, Meenah. How was that story? Are you 8ored yet?
MEENAH: 38o
JAKE: (Dirk...)
DIRK: What?
JAKE: (I think...)
JAKE: (I think thats the batterwitch!)
DIRK: Uh, yeah.
DIRK: You're just getting that now?

==>
**01/06/12**

dialoglogJAKE: (Great scott!)
JAKE: (I have to do something.)
DIRK: Do something?
DIRK: No, man. Just sit tight, ok?
JAKE: (But thats sea hitler! Shes right there in the spooky flesh!)
JAKE: (Remember all the horrible things you said she did??)
DIRK: Yeah, but...
JAKE: (Cripes it sets my blood aboil just thinking about it.)
JAKE: (I have to stop her! Thats why im here i just figured it out. I have to do it bro!)
DIRK: No you don't. Come on, don't be an idiot.
JAKE: (Yes i do thats what you do when you go back in time and find hitler.)
JAKE: (Thats like one of the rules of adventure if you have the chance to kill hitler and stop his crimes from happening then you do it!)
JAKE: (Oh man oh man oh man...)
DIRK: You didn't go back in time, Jake. Do you even understand what's going on?
JAKE: (I gotta do something ok ok how do i do this...)
JAKE: (Aw frig no time to think here i go!!!)
DIRK: Jake.

==>

**01/06/12**

dialoglogJAKE: HIIIIIIIIIIIII YA!!!!!!
DIRK: Jake.
JAKE: DIE FISH HITLER DIE!
DIRK: Jake.
JAKE: I WONT LET YOU KILL MY PEOPLE!
ARANEA: Jake, no! What are you doing????????

==>

**02/06/12**

```
scrum!
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dialoglogJAKE: KA POW! TAKE THAT!!!
DAVE: oh shit grandpa egbert juniordad totally snapped
ARANEA: Jake, stop!
JAKE: AND A BIT OF THAT!
DIRK: Dude, this is completely embarrassing.
JAKE: AND HOW ABOUT A SMIDGEN OF THIS!
DIRK: Everyone thinks you're either stupid or insane.
JAKE: WHAMBO!!!
MEENAH: oof

==>

**02/06/12**

```
ruffianism!
```

dialoglogJAKE: YOU KILLED DIRK AND ROXYS BRO AND MOM RESPECTIVELY!
JAKE: OR YOU WILL LATER I THINK AND I CANNOT LET THAT HAPPEN!
ARANEA: No, no, Jake, that was in another universe! Or, I mean.....
JAKE: I WONT LET YOU TURN MY PLANET INTO WATERWORLD!
JAKE: THAT MOVIE WAS GREAT! BUT NOT *THAT* GREAT!
ARANEA: She isn't the same person though! I mean, she is, 8ut.....
JAKE: I CANT LET YOU EXPLOIT YOUR BAKED GOODS EMPIRE TO MASSACRE THE HUMAN RACE!
ARANEA: She won't grow up to do any of that! She's the pre-scratch version who.....
ARANEA: You see, the 8atterwitch you're talking a8out was a totally different, uh.....
JAKE: OVER MY DEAD BODY AM I GONNA LET YOU STICK A PAIR OF STINKIN JUGGALOS IN THE WHITEHOUSE!
ARANEA: Augh, why does this all have to 8e so complicated to explain!!!!!!!!
JAKE: KARATEEEEEEEEEEEEEE *CHOP!*
MEENAH: oof
DAVE: what
DAVE: juggalos
DAVE: rose is he drunk too
DAVE: what is going on

==>

**02/06/12**

```
knuckle sandwich!

oof
```

dialoglogTEREZI: (psst)
DIRK: ?
TEREZI: (so)
TEREZI: (wh4t 1s th3 d34l w1th you?)
TEREZI: (m1st3r br41n ph4ntom)
DIRK: The deal with me?
TEREZI: (y3s)
DIRK: I'm not sure how to answer that.
DIRK: What's the deal with you?
TEREZI: (uh)
DIRK: How are those horns working out for you?
DIRK: And also the fact that you're an alien? What's up with that?
TEREZI: (>:?)
DIRK: Exactly.
TEREZI: (should 1 t3ll p3opl3 4bout you or...)
DIRK: You didn't see nothin'.
TEREZI: (y3s)
TEREZI: (th4t 1s tru3)

==>

**03/06/12**

```
8OP!
```

dialoglogARANEA: Jake, stop whaling on her like that!
ARANEA: I mean, wailing!
ARANEA: W8! Why am I even correcting myself? Those are homonyms!
ARANEA: No8ody could even tell which kind of whaling I meant!
JAKE: DRAGON PUNCH!
ARANEA: Jake!
JAKE: RIGHT IN THE FISHY KISSER!!!
ARANEA: I SAID.
ARANEA: ST8P!!!!!!!!
JAKE: DOOF.

==>

**03/06/12**

dialoglogARANEA: Sigh.
ARANEA: Meenah, are you ok?

==>

**03/06/12**

dialoglogARANEA: Meenah?

==>

**03/06/12**

```
purrrrrr
```

dialoglogMEENAH: SOOOOOOOOOOO
MEENAH: COOOOOOOOOOOL

==>

**03/06/12**

```
poke
```

dialoglogDIRK: So...
DIRK: I'm still here, right?
DIRK: Even though Jake woke up?
TEREZI: (1t would s33m so)
DIRK: Ok, just making sure.
DIRK: God my existence is weird.

## Jake: Wake up.

**03/06/12**

```
Alert :
```

Ow, your head. The old noggin has been getting a workout lately, and you don't mean the kind you get from puzzles. Good thing your trusty SKULLTOP took some of the brunt. Also, good thing your

trusty SKULL took the rest of it. The sturdy bone really makes for a splendid backup helmet, you think.

Speaking of your skulltop, it seems someone's left you a message.

## Jake: Answer.

**03/06/12**

```
AVATAR

JAKE AND JEYTOTO

[COMPLETE BULLSHIT]

Alert : 🚨

[PESTERCHUM]

[ABRAXAS]

Blingee
```

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] began cheering golgothasTerror [GT]

UU: jake, i don't have long to talk so i shall leave this note to yoU while yoU sleep and then go.
UU: i may have to begin, let Us say, bending rUles a bit more than i have?
UU: he is making things bloody impossible. oUr game is now nothing short of war. that is all i will say.
UU: well, i will also say this.
UU: i am scared oUt of my wits to go to sleep now. i don't know what will come of me.
UU: my dream self is kapUt, like yoUrs.
UU: bUt i don't fancy yoU will have troUble waking from yoUr nap.
UU: whereas i...
UU: best not to dwell on it i sUppose.
UU: i don't know what to do besides stall, and keep helping yoU as mUch as i can.
UU: now is the time to retrieve those weapons from the capsUle and prepare the gift!
UU: this is so important. the chain will not be complete Unless the delivery is made.
UU: bUt first yoU may want to test its capabilities.
UU: in particUlar... what are they called?
UU: the infinitesimalizer and monstrositifier?
UU: there sUre are some fUnny names for things strewn aboUt yoUr tale.
UU: remember, green means grow, red means shrink! bUt sUrely yoU know this.
UU: give it a go. perhaps try targeting that Unwieldy edifice stashed away in yoUr sylladex? coUld free Up some space!
UU: bUt remember to hold on to it. it remains as important as ever.
UU: i'll be sodding off then.
UU: so mUch to do, so little time. u_u
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering golgothasTerror [GT]

## Jake: Examine time capsule.

**03/06/12**

```
0,000,000,000:00:00:00:11:11 → :10 → :09 → :08 → :07
```

Still about 10 minutes to go before the stuff is supposed to appear. In the meantime, might as well mess around with the bunny like she said, see if it works.

## Jake: Deploy Terry Kiser.

**03/06/12**

Terry! Atta boy. He looks like he is ready and raring to be a loyal companion to his new owner, that lucky bastard. You will be a little sad to say goodbye. You hardly got a chance to know him at all.

## Jake: Monstrositify something.

**03/06/12**

You drop some DELICIOUS FRUIT and activate the green beam. Green means grow. This is seriously some Alice in Wonderland shit going on here. And soon you will send the rabbit on its way through the looking glass. These aren't the kind of things that usually occur to you though, especially after several blows to the head. You continue staring vacantly at the dancing fruit, while that kind of thing keeps not occurring to you.

## ==>

**03/06/12**

Eureka, it works! Never a doubt in your mind. Grandma's technology is pure modern witchcraft, like she busted loose from a big silver screen playing the Wizard of Oz or some nonsense, which also isn't a thing that's occurring to you right now. This is exactly the kind of technology you win big time awards for. The kind that could end world hunger. Or it would be if humanity wasn't about to go down the toilet anyway. What a bummer.

## Jake: Ok, try out infinitesimalizer.

**03/06/12**

You deploy the massive thing that's been clogging your sylladex forever. Some time after your house exploded, you found it in the jungle and snapped it up for safe keeping. Even if it didn't have strong sentimental value, you probably would have grabbed it anyway. Globes are sweet. You love globes. Globes, spheres... they're all cool in your book.

But to be completely honest, you'll be relieved to have the inventory space back.

## Jake: Shrink it.

**03/06/12**

Works like a charm, as expected.

Whoops, there it goes, down the rabbit hole. You'll need to fish it out of there. Supposedly one of your grandma's thingamajigs inside the globe is pretty important?

You'll go get it in a few minutes though. The capsule flower is about to bloom!

## Jake: Watch capsule bloom.

**03/06/12**

```
0,000,000,000:00:00:00:00:00 → :01:11:11
```

There they are! FINALLY! The deadly armaments you have been waiting...

Huh. Those are the armaments? It just looks like a big silly pile of shit. Oh well, you guess that alien girl knows what she's talking about.

## Jake: Check capsule clock.

**03/06/12**

```
:00:00:01:11:11 → :10 → :09 → :08 → :07 → :06 → :05 → :04 → :03 → :02 → :01
```

Hold on. The clock reset itself to a new countdown. Something else is going to come out of this thing in a little more than an hour.

But according to the game plan, you're not even supposed to still BE here in an hour. You wonder what it could be? Guess you won't be around to find out.

## Jake: Prepare present for delivery.

**04/06/12**

Gotta shrink these weapons down first! No way they're fitting in that box along with the rabbit.

==>

**04/06/12**

```
John!!!

One more thing...
```

Need to write an addendum to John about this stuff. John who is probably Jane's grandpa from the past, or maybe not really the past? Maybe like a young grandpa clone who lives in that ghost world where you saw all those other kids, including those two Dirk and Roxy-looking kids, and what you think may have been literally a sleeping Roxy, but you aren't totally sure? Why does everything have to be so COMPLICATED? Whatever, no big. Going on adventures isn't about UNDERSTANDING them. It's about being brave, and leaping into fistfights without thinking ahead.

You finish off your note with a few more friendly words, and something vague about who you really are. You are just following your alien friend's advice on maintaining a bit of secrecy so as not to cause timeline problems, but boy is it hard keeping secrets. You can't help yourself, and slip in a subtle clue that your grandmother is actually his pal Jade. Tee hee. You figure if John is even half as sharp as you, he will pick up on that right away. It's ok, it'll just be a little secret between you and him. The pretend-British alien doesn't even need to know.

==>

**04/06/12**

```
B1 B2
```

Terry's ready to go. You ask the bunny kindly to put himself back in the box. He happily complies, and there is no reason at all to ask rhetorically why he wouldn't put himself back in the box.

You place him on the TRANSMATERIALIZER'S pedestal, and get ready to hit the SENDIFICATE button one last time. You can't believe this project is finally finished. No more fun letters between

you and your grandma. You guess the next time you talk to her, it will be in person. Hard to believe! But then, for a guy like you, nothing is.

## [S] Terry: Fast forward to Liv.

**05/06/12**

```
ARMAGEDDON

BEEP BEEP BEEP

BACKING UP TOWARDS EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

♫  I could stay awake just to hear you breathing

[-IFICATE]

♫  Watch you smile while you are sleeping

dear john,

happy birthday!!!!!!!

♫  While you're far away and dreaming
♫  I could spend my life in this sweet surrender

MAIL

♫  I could stay lost in this moment forever
♫  Where every moment spent with you is a moment I treasure

♫  Don't-Want-To-Close-My-Eyes
♫  I-Don't-Want-To-Fall-Asleep
♫  Cause-I'd-Miss-You-Babe...
* ♫  ridiculous fast forward
* of images too, not going to pull the words out of this sequence, they are all
repeats anyhow...

♫  Yeah...

♫  I don't want to close my eyes
♫  I don't want to fall asleep
♫  Cause I'd miss you babe
♫  And I don't want to miss a thing
♫  Cause even when I dream of you
♫  The sweetest dream could never do
♫  I'd still miss you babe
♫  And I don't want to miss a thing

00:28 → :27 → :26

♫  I don't want to close my eyes
♫  I don't want to fall asleep
♫  Cause I'd miss you babe
♫  And I don't want to miss a thing
♫  Cause even when I dream of you
♫  The sweetest dream could never do
♫  I'd still miss you babe
♫  And I don't want to miss a thing

♫  Yeah yeah yeah
```

## ==>

**05/06/12**

```
TERRY KISER
11/11/11 - 04/13/09

LIV TYLER
04/13/09 - ????????
```

And that was how that stuff happened.

The bunny didn't make it.

## UU: Cheer uu.

**08/06/12**

pesterlog uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: finally getting a bit aggressive with yoUr qUeen there?
UU: UsUally yoU aren't nearly as patient with her.
UU: the little "gambit" i permitted yoU at the start has certainly inspired some Unconventional play.
UU: it's not going qUite as miserably for yoU as i expected!
UU: i am sorry to damn yoU with faint praise, bUt with a track record like yoUrs, i sUspect one takes what he can get. ^u^
UU: rook to h4.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: SO FuCKING SMuG. HAVE I MENTIONED LATELY HOW GREAT IT'S GOING TO BE WHEN YOu'RE DEAD?
uu: JuST BECAuSE YOu HAVE NEVER LOST A MATCH. DOESN'T MEAN YOu WON'T LOSE THE GAME THAT REALLY MATTERS.
uu: NOR DOES IT EVEN MEAN YOu'LL WIN THIS ONE. IT'S FAR FROM OVER. TRuST ME.
uu: "BISHOP TO C6."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: why have yoU been enclosing all yoUr moves in qUotes?
UU: yoU have really been acting so odd this match.
UU: knight to d6.
UU: look oUt! i'm coming for her.
UU: i think she's langUished behind the front lines long enoUgh, woUldn't yoU say?
UU: time to shake things Up. move her, or take my knight.
UU: yoU know yoU want to take her. jUst look at her there. what a cheeky intrUsion. slithered right into yoUr palace and made herself comfy. maybe she'll lay an egg once she's finished her feast. ^U^
UU: might as well take her oUt. yoU know when the action begins and pieces start to fall, that's when yoU make all yoUr most creative mistakes!
UU: anyhoo, far from over yoU say?
UU: no, i don't imagine this game will be taking Up mUch more of oUr time.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: OH MY FuCKING GOD.
uu: BLAH. BLAH. BLAH.
uu: THE QuOTES ARE PART OF THE ENCHANTMENT I MENTIONED.
uu: LIKE PART OF A SPELL. YOu KNOW. MAGIC?
uu: YOu LOVE MAGIC. AND HOW IT'S TOTALLY REAL.
uu: "KNIGHT TO D6."
uu: THE KNIGHT IS DEAD.
uu: YOuR WORDS ARE BORING.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

## UU: Defeat uu.

**08/06/12**

```
CHECK

CHECK

CHECK

CHECK

CHECK

CHECKMATE
```

pesterlog uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: i still don't know what yoU think yoU're on aboUt with this enchantment bUsiness.
UU: if it's a psycheoUt tactic to break my concentration, it isn't working!
UU: qUeen to a5.
UU: the knight is dead.
UU: yoUr goose is cooked.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: NO. IT IS WORKING.
uu: YOu ARE ACTuALLY PLAYING VERY POORLY RIGHT NOW.
uu: BuT YOu ARE BLINDED TO YOuR MISTAKES BY MY ENCHANTMENT.
uu: "BISHOP TO F3."
uu: THE BISHOP IS DEAD.
uu: YOuR SOMETHING IS SOMETHING.
uu: WHATEVER.
uu: CHECK.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: yes, there yoU go!
UU: that's the sort of aggression the people paid top boondollar to see.
UU: king to d2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: "PAWN TO B6."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: bishop to d6.
UU: the knight is dead.
UU: your serpents are lost.
UU: check!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: OH. WELL SHIT.
uu: IT SuRE DOES APPEAR. THAT I AM IN CHECK.
uu: GuESS I'LL DO SOMETHING ABOuT THAT.
uu: "KING TO F7."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: oh dear! so mUch for yoUr enchantment.
UU: that was a dire mistake. mate in foUr.
UU: rook to f4.
UU: check! ~3u
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: "KING TO G7."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: qUeen to e5.
UU: check.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: "KING TO G6."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: rook to g4.
UU: check!
UU: one more to go, love.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uu: WELL. WHAT IS LEFT FOR ME TO DO.
uu: BESIDES ACCEPT MY DEFEAT GRACEFuLLY.
uu: "KING TO H7."
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: that's a fine attitUde. maybe yoU are finally making some progress in the realm of sportsmanship?
UU: qUeen to g7.
UU: checkmate. ^U^
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: NO IT ISN'T.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: what are yoU talking aboUt?
UU: don't be a poor sport again. yoU were doing so well there, relatively speaking.
UU: the game is over. better lUck next time, "bro." ^u^
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: IT IS NOT OVER. "SIS."
uu: LOOK AT THE BOARD CLOSER.
uu: I AM NOT IN CHECKMATE.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: i have no idea what yoU're babbling aboUt. soUnds like desperation to me.
UU: i am looking at the pieces. yoUr king cannot step anywhere that does not pUt him in check.
UU: nor can the threat to him be eliminated by other means.
UU: yoU have been mated.
UU: the king is dead.
UU: yoUr enchantment has failed.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: THAT IS NOT MY KING.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: this is becoming silly.
UU: Unless yoU have something to say aboUt the game which actUally makes sense, i am done with it.
UU: i have more important things to do.

uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: YOu ARE NOT DONE WITH ANYTHING.
uu: uNLESS YOu WANT TO FORFEIT.
uu: LOOK CLOSER AT THE "KING" AND "QuEEN."
uu: AND THEN.
uu: REMOVE THEIR CROWNS.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

## uu: Jeer UU.

**08/06/12**

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: oh bloody hell.
UU: THIS was yoUr "enchantment?"
UU: are yoU serioUs??????????
UU: UUUUUUUUUUUgh. this is yoUr shittiest twist yet!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: WELL PLAYED "SIS!"
uu: YOu CHECKMATED MY QuEEN!
uu: AAH! HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA! HAA!
uu: THIS IS SO FuCKING FuNNY.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: i am jUst astonished.
UU: not at the gUile of yoUr little ploy, bUt by the fact that yoU actUally seem to think this was a clever rUse.
UU: it is jUst so painfUlly daft, i...
UU: i am speechless!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: NEVER SAW SOMEONE SPEECHLESS. WHO HAD SO MuCH TO TYPE.
uu: I THOuGHT YOu OF ALL PEOPLE WOuLD APPRECIATE MY MODIFICATIONS.
uu: THE CROWNS ARE REALLY NICE AND WELL CRAFTED.
uu: FORM FITTING. HARDLY ADDING ANY HEIGHT.
uu: LIKE CAPPING.
uu: A TOOTH.
uu: YOu WERE COMPLETELY FOOLED.
uu: AND NOW THE COVETED PRANKSTER'S GAMBIT BETWEEN uS.
uu: BELONGS TO ME.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: this is absUrd.
UU: yoU nagged incessantly for me to allow yoU to reverse the starting positions of the king and qUeen!
UU: i only agreed to get yoU to shUt Up aboUt it, and regardless, i knew i coUld beat yoU anyway even with yoUr initial "advantage." and i was right!
UU: how can yoU claim this as a legitimate strategy?
UU: yoU broke the rUles!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: HEY! I DIDN'T BREAK ANY RuLES.
uu: I MERELY ASKED IF YOu WOuLD AGREE. TO ME SWAPPING THE START POSITIONS OF THE KING AND QuEEN.
uu: AND YOu DID AGREE.
uu: BuT THEN I DIDN'T ACTuALLY DO IT.
uu: WHEN DID I SAY I WOuLD? NEVER.
uu: I WAS ONLY GAuGING YOuR WILLINGNESS TO MAKE THE EXCEPTION.
uu: I THEN WENT ABOuT DECORATING MY KING AND QuEEN WITH NICE LITTLE HATS.
uu: WHICH IS *ALSO* NOT AGAINST THE RuLES.
uu: YOu DO IT ALL THE FuCKING TIME. GIVE YOuR GAME PIECES HORNS AND SHIT.
uu: YOu EVEN GIVE THEM NAMES AND BLOOD CASTES. YuCK.
uu: SO IF YOu HAVE A PROBLEM WITH MY DECORATIONS. I SAY POT. ALLOW ME TO INTRODuCE YOU TO THE FuCKING KETTLE.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: i cannot believe yoU are defending this maneUver.
UU: yes, i sUppose some of these tactics are technically within boUnds of the LETTER of the rUles, bUt the entire charade was highly disingenoUs and Unsportsmanlike.
UU: it is Unbelievably childish, even for yoU!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: I KNOW. I AM A CHILD.
uu: SO ARE YOu. IT JuST SO HAPPENS THAT YOu ARE A CHILD.
uu: WHO JuST GOT FuCKING SERVED.
uu: IT IS NOT AGAINST THE RuLES TO BE CHILDISH. OR DISINGENuOuS. OR uNSPORTSMANLIKE.
uu: IT'S ALSO NOT AGAINST THE RuLES TO BE A BASTARD. WHICH IS ANOTHER THING I AM.
uu: EVERY SINGLE THING I DID WAS LEGAL.
uu: MY QuEEN. DISGuISED AS A KING. MADE MOVES LIKE A KING. WHICH IS WITHIN ITS CAPABILITY. THIS WAS DONE TO DECEIVE YOu.
uu: MY KING. DISGuISED AS A QuEEN. MADE MOVES LIKE A KING. BECAuSE DOING

OTHERWISE WOuLD BREAK THE RuLES.
uu: BuT YOu BELIEVED IT HAD HER POWERS. AND I uSED THIS TO MY ADVANTAGE.
uu: WHICH WAS HILARIOuS TO OBSERVE. WATCHING YOu BACK AWAY FROMS "THREATS." FROM WHAT WAS IN TRuTH A DISTANT KING!
uu: ALL THE WHILE MY RuSE. PATENTLY OBVIOuS IN HINDSIGHT. WENT EMBARRASSINGLY uNDETECTED.
uu: NO RuLES BROKEN. NOT ONCE.
uu: IN FACT. IF ANYONE HERE BROKE THE RuLES.
uu: IT WAS YOu.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: WHAT??
UU: absolUte bollocks.
UU: what rUles did i break?!
UU: this oUght to be good!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: YOu AGREED TO LET ME START WITH THE KING AND QuEEN IN SWAPPED POSITIONS.
uu: IT'S AGAINST THE RuLES TO MAKE AN EXCEPTION LIKE THAT. EVEN IF YOuR OPPONENT IS BEING OBNOXIOuS ABOuT IT.
uu: YOuR WILLINGNESS TO BREAK THE RuLES IS DISGuSTING TO ME. YOu SHOuLD FEEL ASHAMED OF YOuRSELF.
uu: LuCKILY. AT LEAST ONE OF uS HAS RESPECT FOR THE RuLES.
uu: I STARTED WITH ALL MY PIECES IN THE CORRECT POSITION.
uu: IN SPITE OF YOuR WILLINGNESS TO ALLOW THOSE RuLES TO BE BROKEN.
uu: WHICH AS I HAVE ADDRESSED. IS TOTALLY SHAMEFuL.
uu: YOu ARE VERY FORTuNATE TO HAVE A "BRO" WHO RESPECTS THE INTEGRITY OF THE GAME EVEN WHERE HIS "SIS" MIGHT FALTER.
uu: A "BRO" WHO. WHILE FuLLY ADHERING TO THE RuLES. AND EXPOSING YOuR HIDDEN SHAMEFuL TENDENCIES.
uu: STILL MANAGED TO DEFEAT YOu.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: YOU PRICK!!!!!!!!!!
UU: ohh, i coUld jUst strangle yoU.
UU: yoU don't even know how tempted i am to do so right now.
UU: i did not break the rUles. i was doing yoU a FAVOUR.
UU: in any case, yoU say yoU managed to beat me? when did that happen!
UU: even thoUgh yoU've exposed yoUr rUse, yoU haven't actUally mated me yet, grandmaster "bro."
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: THEN YOu ADMIT THE GAME CONTINuES TO BE PERFECTLY LEGITIMATE. AND STILL IN PLAY?
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: bring it on!!!!!!!!!!!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: QuEEN TO C2.
uu: CHECK.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

## uu: Defeat UU.

**08/06/12**

```
CHECK x 11
```

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: king to e3.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: ROOK TO E3.
uu: CHECK.
uu: SOMEONE'S IN DEEP SHIT.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: blech. look at this royal cockUp.
UU: this is so stUpid.
UU: now i either have to sacrifice my qUeen, or move my king into a strategically horrible position.
UU: why am i even going along with this?
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: YES. THAT SuRE IS A STRATEGIC DILEMMA.
uu: WHO WOuLD HAVE THOuGHT. THAT THE GAME OF CHESS. WOuLD PRESENT SuCH A SCENARIO?
uu: DO YOu FORFEIT.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: yoU wish.
UU: to hell with it. let's sacrifice the qUeen.
UU: i still pUt odds in my favoUr, with my rooks and bishop versUs yoUr bishop, rook, and qUeen.

UU: i've bested yoU before with less material and initiative on my side.
UU: qUeen to c3.
UU: the rook is dead.
UU: my "bro" is an arse!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: WHOA. WHAT A HuGE MISTAKE. HA. HA.
uu: I THINK I MuST BE IN YOuR HEAD. EVEN MORE THAN uSuAL.
uu: QuEEN TO C3.
uu: THE QuEEN IS DEAD.
uu: THE BITCH FuCKED uP.
uu: CHECK!
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: oh shUt Up and play.
UU: king to e2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: PAWN TO E5.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: rook to c4.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: BWA HA HA.
uu: ANOTHER IDIOTIC BLuNDER. THIS IS SO EASY.
uu: QuEEN TO F3.
uu: CHECK.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: king to d2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: QuEEN TO D5.
uu: CHECK.
uu: ON THE FuCKING RuuuuuuuuuuuN. WOO. HOO. HOO.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

UU: shUsh.
UU: king to c2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: QuEEN TO D6.
uu: THE BISHOP IS DEAD.
uu: HIS FLESH CONSuMED.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: wait, where did yoU pUt it?
UU: yoU better not have jUst literally eaten the bishop.
UU: rook to c8.
UU: check.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: KING TO D7.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: rook to h8.
UU: the rook is dead.
UU: oUr shits weren't given.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: QuEEN TO C5.
uu: HAA. HAA.
uu: CHECK.
uu: ANYFuCK. NO. I DON'T IMAGINE THIS GAME WILL BE TAKING uP MuCH MORE OF OuR TIME.
uu: SSSSSSSSSSS.
uu: DID SOMEONE LET THE SNAKES LOOSE?
uu: OR WAS THAT THE SOuND OF MY VICIOuS bURN.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: grr.
UU: king to d2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: QuEEN TO D5.
uu: CHECK.

undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: king to e2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: QuEEN TO F3.
uu: CHECK.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: king to d2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: QuEEN TO G4.
uu: THE ROOK IS DEAD.
uu: OuR CHESS SET IS SHRINKING.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: will yoU stop... *DOING THINGS* with the dead pieces!
UU: i swear, as if the jUvenile "enchantment" wasn't enoUgh, if it tUrns oUt yoU are also losing or destroying pieces deliberately, I AM GOING TO STRAIGHT UP FLIP A BITCH.
UU: rook to h7.
UU: CHECK!!!!!!!!!!!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: KING TO C6.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: king to c2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: WOW. ANOTHER AWFuL MOVE!
uu: YOu'RE PLAYING ALMOST AS SHITTY AS I uSuALLY DO.
uu: LOOKS LIKE MY ENCHANTMENT WORKED BETTER THAN I THOuGHT.
uu: FOR SOMETHING THAT WAS IN REALITY.
uu: FAKE ASS MAGIC.
uu: QuEEN TO E4.
uu: CHECK.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: king to b2.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: QuEEN TO H7.
uu: THE ROOK IS DEAD.
uu: THE JIG IS uP.
uu: MATE IN FOuR.
uu: OR LESS!
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

==>

**08/06/12**

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: FUCK THIS!!!!!!!!!!!
UU: i don't know why i bothered hUmoUring yoUr vile Underhanded rUbbish!
UU: I HATE YOU. JUST SOD RIGHT OFF TO HELL, PLEASE.
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: HEY THERE. BE CAREFuL.
uu: A GuY COuLD GET THE WRONG IDEA. AND MISTAKE YOuR OuTBuRST FOR SOMETHING.
uu: CALIGINOuS.
uu: THAT WOuLD BE MOST uN"SISTERLY." DON'T YOu THINK.
uu: ANYWAY. BY THE LOOKS OF THIS MESSY BOARD.
uu: I'M GOING TO ASSuME YOu FORFEITED THE MATCH.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering undyingUmbrage [uu]
UU: yoU are disgUsting.
UU: i really loathe yoU, and no, NOT IN "THAT WAY!"
UU: i am not going to talk to yoU for a while. probably a LONG while.
UU: i only hope i can overcome my contempt for yoU when it comes time to play oUr game. bUt i am not holding my breath!!!!!!!!!!!
UU: leave me alone.
uranianUmbra [UU] blocked undyingUmbrage [uu]

undyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: YOu BLOCKED ME AGAIN? YOu KNOW THAT DOESN'T DO ANYTHING.
uu: ANYWAY. I'M HAPPY WE ARE IN AGREEMENT THAT I WON.
uu: YOu SHOuLDN'T uNDERESTIMATE ME.
uu: I'LL LEAVE YOu ALONE FOR A WHILE LIKE YOu WANT. BECAuSE REALLY. WHO CARES ABOuT YOu?

uu: BuT YOu SHOuLD BELIEVE ME.
uu: WHEN I TELL YOu.
uu: SOME DAY.
uu: I'M GOING TO KILL YOu IN YOuR SLEEP.
uu: MAYBE EVEN.
uu: MORE THAN ONCE.
undyingUmbrage [uu] ceased jeering uranianUmbra [UU]

## Select character.

**09/06/12**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

## Be Jane.

**09/06/12**

Your nimble friend returned with the duplicated obelisk, allowing you into the crypt to pursue your father. Ahead appears to be a locked door, that was punched clean through. You are on the right track. You are sure of it.

## Jane: Examine door.

**09/06/12**

```
Alert : AR
```

You can smell his cologne. Or at least you think you can. Maybe you're just imagining it? You know what, it doesn't matter. Someone punched through this door, and that guy was your dad. End of story!

Another incoming message from your client shades. Your client human sure is a busy guy. You've barely heard a peep out of him since you got here.

## Jane: Answer client shades.

**09/06/12**

```
Alert : AR

[DELERIOUS BIZNASTY]

[SERVER]
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
TT: Hold up.
TT: Before you go any further, there's been a change of plan.
GG: Really?
TT: Well, not a change of plan so much as an acceleration.
TT: Everyone needs to get into the game sooner than expected. There is a new unaccounted for variable.
TT: Particularly for Roxy and Dirk.
GG: What is it?
TT: They are probably going to die if they don't join the game very soon.
GG: Shucks!!!!!
TT: Hey, I'm upset about it too, but let's watch the fucking language.

GG: Ok, what do I do?
TT: Install the server. I downloaded it to your computer along with a few other crucial system upgrades when we established our connection.
GG: Upgrades? What upgrades?
GG: Wait, is that how this stupid "Delirious Biznasty" application got on here?
TT: No comment.
TT: Install and run the server.
TT: You will be connecting with Roxy. I will have Jake connect with Dirk. Setting up the chain like this will be important.
GG: Why?
TT: It seems that I again have no comment.
GG: Sheesh.
GG: Very well then, Mister Zipperlips.
TT: I don't have lips. You just said something laughably illogical.
TT: How typical of someone who isn't a fashion accessory of immeasurable intelligence.
GG: Whatever! Let's curtail the horseplay this once while I help Roxy.
GG: Ok. I installed it. Now what? Should I run it?
TT: Yes. That copy is programmed to connect automatically with the client she's running.
GG: Okey dokey. Doing that now.
GG: Hey, I can see her room! :B

## ==>

**09/06/12**

pesterlogGG: That's a really nice room there.
GG: But where is she?
GG: Hah, her drink is still there. So she can't have gone far.
TT: Oh snap.
GG: I don't see her anywhere in the rest of the house.
GG: I see plenty of plush wizards and window gizmos, and... pumpkins? Really, Roxy?
GG: What an unusual house design. Are all homes in the future like this?
TT: You mean the ones that aren't under water? Yes. They are all almost exactly like that.
GG: I just tried messaging her. But no response.
TT: I'm sure she's out cruising the hood, probably messin' with the locals.
TT: Maybe attempting some ill advised drunken heroics.
TT: Pretty tight numerical probability of that, I just decided with unfeeling precision.
GG: She said things were on fire when we last talked?
GG: Actually, she said the whole neighborhood was burning down, if I recall.
GG: But judging by the view from her window, it looks lovely outside.
GG: What exactly is the danger I am saving her from here?
TT: Zoom out.
TT: Way out.

## Jane: Zoom out.

**09/06/12**

pesterlogGG: OH NO!!!!!
GG: Roxy, where are you??? :(

TT: We'll track her down.
TT: The important thing to do now is deploy all the devices quickly, so the house will be ready to jet the moment she gets back.
GG: How do you know she's not hurt?
TT: That is statistically remote.
TT: Given that I can track the coordinates of certain devices she carries, and they are presently in motion.
TT: Really, the fire is not the most significant threat, or even the drones.
GG: Then what is?
TT: Do you see the red stringy stuff coming from the sky?
GG: Oh...
GG: Yes.
GG: What IS that??

==>
**09/06/12**
pesterlogTT: If sources are to be trusted, and my calculations are reliable within a 0.001% margin of error, it's a bunch of super deadly red shit.
TT: No time to get into that now though. Just deploy the devices quickly.
TT: You know the drill.
GG: Right. Let's see.
GG: There's hardly any space in here to put anything. I'll have to make some room.
GG: I don't want to damage any of her belongings though.
TT: That would be unconscionable.

==>
**09/06/12**
pesterlogGG: WHOOPS!
GG: Dag nabbit. This trackpad is AWFUL!
GG: Lousy dad computer.
GG: Why does he have to buy his computers at the Dadly Depot?
GG: Why does he have to buy EVERYTHING at the Dadly Depot?
GG: I really need to keep looking for him soon. Thinking about our expeditions to the Dadly Depot is making me miss him.
TT: You really need to hurry up and deploy that junk instead of that.

## Jane: Deploy.
**09/06/12**
pesterlogGG: There. Those seem like suitable locations for the equipment.
TT: Yeah.
GG: Hey, where's Lil Seb?
TT: Just wandering around. Fidgeting and stuff.
TT: You know how he is.
TT: Just stay at your post until Roxy gets back.
GG: I think he went through the door.

## Jane: Follow the rabbit.

**09/06/12**

pesterlogGG: He just disappeared on that platform!

GG: I think it might be some kind of transport device, that works via teleportation.

GG: A kind of "transportalizer," to coin a completely silly and novel term.

TT: That's great. Now sit back down and wait for Roxy. She'll be home soon.

GG: But I think that's where my dad went too!

GG: I have to follow him.

TT: No, Jane. Do not follow the rabbit.

TT: Let's cool it with the Wonderland shit already. How much further through the damn looking glass do you even need to go?

## Jane: "Transportalize."

**09/06/12**

pesterlogGG: It'll be fine!

GG: I'm bringing my computer with me. I can tend to Roxy's entry along the way.

TT: This is an atrocious idea.

==>

**09/06/12**

==>

**09/06/12**

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**09/06/12**

==>

**09/06/12**

pesterlogTT: And what in the name of Jesus H. Dick is SHE doing here?

TT: I am blameless in this debacle.

==>

**10/06/12**

==>

**10/06/12**

==>

**10/06/12**

```
JANE: Oh shit. ? ♡  Jake ♡  ?
```

It's Jake!

## Select character.

**10/06/12**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

## Be Jake.

**10/06/12**

Now that you've shot your boxed-up friend through time and space to grandma land, it's time to retrieve her lab globe which you shrunk then hot potatoed down the rabbit hole. Then it'll be time to

hoof it out of these musty old ruins, assuming you can get that elevator working again. Which might be a problem, now that you think about it.

Also, it seems the volcanic tremors have increased, which can't be good.

## Jake: Look in hole.

**10/06/12**

It's a bit deeper than you thought. Now you're starting to wonder if you'll even be able to get out of there once you hop down.

Hey, there are two transportalizers down there too. Like the kind that were in your old house. You wonder where they go? Funny, in all the time you spent exploring this place, it never occurred to you to look down here.

## Jake: Jump down and get that globe.

**10/06/12**

You mainly want to take what's inside it. That thing is supposed to be all kinds of important.

You wonder if you can just...

Just sort of reach inside...

And...

## Jake: Take it.

**10/06/12**

```
Alert : AR
```

You just sort of reach inside and take it.

You have no idea what this thing is supposed to do. It's some particularly arcane loot your grandma pinched on one of her daring expeditions. You've been told it's important. Probably for puzzles later or something. Like something from one of the National Treasure movies, that Nic Cage finds in the old lair of a secret president, and he doesn't know why it's important, he just shoves it in his hero satchel and keeps doing adventures until it randomly becomes important.

You hope it's not a problem that you made it so small. Wait, that's exactly the kind of thing a hero doesn't worry about. Cage would just pocket his tiny window thingamabob and keep being awesome. Shit like that is for the plot to figure out, not the brave gun toting hero.

Looks like the shades are bugging you again. Why are you not surprised?

## Jake: Answer.

**11/06/12**

```
Alert : AR

[DELIRIOUS BIZNASTY] x 11

AVATAR

JAKE AND -O
```

```
[COMP- BULL-]

[SERVER]

[PESTERCHUM]

[ABRAXAS]

Blingee
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering golgothasTerror [GT]
TT: Hold up.
TT: Before you go any further, there's been a change of plan.
GT: Oh why am i not surprised!
GT: Still no human dirk?
TT: Don't worry, you'll see him very soon. In a way.
GT: What is the change of plan?
TT: Well, not a change of plan so much as an acceleration.
TT: Everyone needs to get into the game sooner than expected. There is a new unaccounted for variable.
GT: I see. Variables and what not.
GT: Lets cut to the chase! What do i do.
TT: Install the server. I downloaded it to your computer along with a few other crucial system upgrades.
GT: Crucial upgrades huh?
GT: I dunno about crucial buddy i see you have trolled me with like 50 copies of this dumbfuck social media software for cool bros in hats but ok.
TT: Damn. Nothing gets by English.
TT: The guy is untrollable.
GT: Ok i installed it should i run it?
TT: Yes.
TT: You will be connecting with Dirk. I will have Jane connect with Roxy. Setting up the chain like this will be important.
GT: Sure if you say so.
TT: That copy is programmed to connect automatically with the client Dirk is running.
TT: Do it quickly. His life depends on it.
GT: Great caesars ghost! Why didnt you say so.
GT: Ok done.
GT: Hey theres his room!

==>

**11/06/12**

pesterlogGT: Heh heh. Id recognize that room anywhere.
GT: Horses puppets holy smokes there is a man who knows what he likes.
TT: Damn straight.
GT: But where is he?
GT: I dont see him elsewhere in the place.
GT: Lots of priceless sbahj merch though im so jealous.

TT: I'll see about hooking you up when you join the game. No promises, though. He's pretty attached to all that shit.
TT: He has not yet transcended the primitive desire for material goods, as he is not two conjoined triangles of pure unflappable logic.
GT: What?
TT: Sorry.
TT: As a pair of overly intellectual triangles, sometimes my wording can be a bit...
TT: Obtuse.
TT:
GT: Lol!
GT: Just joking bro that sucked.
GT: How do i find dirk and save his life?
TT: Zoom out.
TT: Way out.

==>

**11/06/12**

pesterlogGT: Eureka!!!!!
GT: Youre right he sure does look to be in a thorough pickle.
GT: My impulse is to message him now but youre kind of bogarting his chumhandle so i dont even know how to do that?
TT: He's concentrating on some things happening on Derse at the moment.
TT: Not to mention some uncannily similar things going down on Earth, which it seems you have noticed.
TT: He's also talking to someone, trying to appraise the exact nature of the threat.
TT: Unfortunately as a carbon based life form, his comprehension of the situation is taking shape at a somewhat slower pace than the jaw-dropping speed of post-singularity cognition.
TT: So I am taking the reins and accelerating the plan on his behalf, while he's busy with the corporeal stuff as usual.
GT: Ok then how do i help?
TT: Deploy all the devices in the Phernalia Registry. Ideally in places that aren't stupid.
TT: Do it quickly, so he can activate the entry sequence and escape.
GT: I will have them deployed lickety split.
GT: That flaming ocean is nothing to sneeze at.
GT: It is fixing to burn his... uh. Skeletal highrise thing right the heck down.
TT: Really, the fire is not the most significant threat.
GT: Oh. Are more robots on the way?
TT: No.
TT: Do you see the red stringy stuff coming from the sky?
GT: Um...
TT: Are you blind? It's right there, Jake.
GT: Oh!
GT: You mean the super deadly red shit?

==>

**11/06/12**

pesterlogTT: Yes. The super deadly red shit.
GT: Say no more.
GT: I understand the threat and will now spring into action guns blazing.
GT: Well maybe not guns blazing.
GT: The guns and how they blaze will be metaphors for my tenacity and gumption as an elite gamer.
TT: Just fuckin' deploy the stuff, you humongous dork.

## Jake: Deploy.

**11/06/12**

pesterlogGT: There we are. No sweat.
TT: Cool.
GT: Haha! He did a thumbs up at me.
GT: Hey buddy!
GT: Say hey buddy to him.
TT: Ok.
TT: He says hey.
GT: Sweet.
GT: Now what?
TT: Stand by. He may need further assistance once he begins the sequence.
GT: How long will that take?
TT: Once he's ready. I'll try to nudge him along, but unfortunately, the fact that he is me notwithstanding, Dirk can be just as sluggish and uncooperative as the rest of you god damned meat mannequins.
GT: Understood. That being as it is in the meantime i think ill poke into one of these transporty doodads.
TT: What?
TT: No, you fickle fuckwit.
TT: Stay your ass put.

## Jake: Transportalize.

**11/06/12**

pesterlogGT: Whoa what is THIS place?
GT: Things sure are a rumblin here in this enchanted purple palace.
GT: I cant believe i never found those hidden transport pads under the thing.
TT: Dude, I could have told you they were there.
GT: How did you know about them?
TT: I didn't.
TT: But it's like platformer gaming 101. You look everywhere for secret passages and power-ups and shit.
TT: Elevators are especially fucking suspicious.
TT: You go down an elevator, you wait for the elevator to go back up, you take a peek at what's underneath.
TT: Maybe it's just death spikes. Or maybe you hit warp zone paydirt.
GT: You are so wise. I will never be as elite of a game bro as you.
TT: I'm not a Game Bro. I just know literally everything about basically all subjects.

TT: Now go back where you came from. Dirk might need help.
GT: Will you untwist your virtual knickers. I have everything under control.
GT: I think this may be where my grandma used to go during some of her expeditions.
GT: You dont just pass up the chance for an adventure like this!
TT: Yes, Jake. You do.
TT: How much deeper down the damn bunny hole do you need to go? There is no White Rabbit waiting for you here.
GT: We will just see about THAT.
GT: Besides i have my skulltop with me so i can swoop in to assist dirk at any time!
TT: This is an atrocious idea.

==>
**11/06/12**
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**11/06/12**
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**11/06/12**
pesterlogTT: Ok, what the fuck is he doing here?
TT: I hold no accountability for this fiasco.

==>
**11/06/12**
==>
**11/06/12**
==>
**11/06/12**

```
JAKE: Gosh!
```

It's the White Rabbit!

Sort of!
==>
**11/06/12**
Oh yeah. Jane too!

## Select character.
**12/06/12**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

## Be Dirk.
**12/06/12**

```
Alert : Ũ
```

pesterloguu: BETTER HuRRY uP.
uu: YOu CAN'T ESCAPE THE MILES.
uu: NO ONE CAN ESCAPE THE MILES!
TT: Why do you keep saying that?

TT: Are you trying to turn it into some sort of Thing?
uu: IT ALREADY IS A THING. INASMuCH.
uu: AS FACTS ARE THINGS.
uu: HERE ARE MORE FACTS THAT ARE THINGS.
uu: YOu ARE GOING TO DIE SOON.
uu: YOuR WHOLE uNIVERSE IS GOING TO DIE.
uu: BECAuSE.
uu: YOu CAN'T.
uu: ESCAPE.
uu: THE MIIIIIIIIIIILES.
TT: Sorry, it's not going to start being a Thing no matter how much you say it. Give it a rest.
uu: NO.
TT: What I don't understand is how the attack is making its way here from Derse.
TT: Is that even possible?

==>

**12/06/12**

pesterloguu: WHAT.
uu: JuST BECAuSE THE SAME THING IS HAPPENING THERE.
uu: YOu THINK THERE IS CORRELATION. BEYOND SOME SORT OF CIRCuMSTANTIALLY SIMuLTANEOuS. FuCKRuBBISH?
uu: YOu'RE SO DuMB.
TT: So, you know why this is happening?
uu: YES.
uu: THESE MILES ARE FROM JACK. WAY OuTSIDE YOuR uNIVERSE.
uu: THE MILES ON DERSE ARE FROM ANOTHER GuY. WHO'S JuST. SITTING IN A CASTLE SOMEWHERE PROBABLY.
TT: That doesn't actually explain a whole lot, but ok.
uu: SOMEONE COMMISSIONED JACK. SORT OF.
uu: PuT OuT A HIT ON YOuR ENTIRE uNIVERSE. AND ALL ITS INTERNAL ITERATIONS.
uu: DON'T YOu THINK THAT'S FuCKING AWESOME?
TT: I thought you didn't know much about our story? You usually like to brag about how you don't care about details like that.
uu: I MAINLY JuST SKIM PAST IT ALL WITH DISGuST. EXCEPT FOR THE PARTS.
uu: WHERE PEOPLE DIE.
uu: I COuLD READ THOSE.
uu: OVER AND OVER.
uu: AND ALSO MAYBE THE PARTS.
uu: WHERE PEOPLE "KISS"?
uu: IN THE WAY THAT WHEN YOu CHANCE uPON SOMETHING.
uu: uNSPEAKABLY AND VISCERALLY ABHORRENT.
uu: IT GETS HARD.
TT: Does it now.
uu: TO PRY YOuR EYES AWAY!
uu: YOu DIDN'T LET ME FINISH.

uu: TO PRY YOuR EYES AWAY.
TT: Oh.

==>
**12/06/12**

```
Alert : Ũ
```

pesterloguu: HEY.
uu: WHY ARE YOu GIVING ONE OF YOuR HuMAN "THuMBS uP".
uu: INTO THE SKY.
uu: IS IT AN INDECENT GESTuRE.
TT: I guess you would probably think so.
uu: OH YES.
uu: I THINK IT'S PROBABLY TRuE.
uu: KEEP SHOWING ME THE NASTY.
uu: I DEMAND A STEADY DIET OF RIBALDRY AND. *SHuDDER.*
uu: POIGNANT EXPRESSION.
uu: EITHER KEEP THAT uP.
uu: OR MAKE SuRE THAT.
uu: THE CORPSE PILE.
uu: DOESN'T STOP FROM GETTING TALLER.
uu: OR BOTH. IDEALLY.
uu: BOTH WOuLD BE GREAT.
TT: Your staccato babbling is just so choice today. But I really have to go.
TT: Got to escape all these goddamn miles, remember?
uu: AAH HAA HAA!
uu: YOu CAN'T!
uu: YOu CAAAAAAAAAAAN'T.
uu: ESCAAAAAAAAAAAPE.
TT: The miles. Right.
TT: Bye.
uu: BuT SERIOuSLY. WAIT!
TT: What.
uu: I WANTED TO GIVE YOu SOMETHING. A "PRESENT".

==>
**12/06/12**
pesterlogTT: What?
uu: IT'S A TOKEN OF. uH. "THANKS". uGH.
TT: For what?
TT: Can we seriously move this along.
uu: FOR HELPING ME. WITH THE THING YOu JuST HELPED ME BuILD.
TT: God, what are you talking about.
uu: FOR YOu IT WAS YEARS AGO. BuT FOR ME. SOLICITING YOu FOR ASSISTANCE WAS QuITE RECENT.
TT: Oh, alright. I remember now.
TT: You're always all over the timeline and somehow expect people to know what you're talking

about.
TT: So what's the present?
uu: BEFORE I GIVE YOu THIS TREASuRE. FIRST YOu MuST DO SOMETHING FOR ME.
TT: Man. You really do struggle with human customs, don't you?
TT: When you're about to give someone a gift out of gratitude, you don't then start negotiating with them and ask for shit before handing it over.
TT: Just fuckin' give it to me already.
uu: NO. DO WHAT I SAY FIRST.
TT: Ok, what do you want me to do to collect my awesome prize you're allegedly thanking me with?
uu: YOuR JuJu.
uu: REMEMBER I TOLD YOu TO BRING IT TO THE ROOF.
TT: Cal? Yeah, I remember.
uu: SHHHHHHHHHHH. DON'T SAY ITS "NAME" YOu IDIOT.
uu: NOW TAKE OuT THE JuJu.

==>

**12/06/12**

```
Alert : Ũ
```

pesterlogTT: Ok. Now what.
uu: NOW THROW IT IN THE FIRE.
TT: Screw you.
TT: I'm not chucking the C-man into a flaming ocean.
uu: IT IS THE uLTIMATE ABOMINATION.
uu: YOuR JuJu MAY BE DEAD AND HOLLOW. BuT SOMETHING TELLS ME.
uu: THAT MIGHT MAKE IT EVEN MORE DANGEROuS.
uu: DISCARD IT AT ONCE. TREASuRE BEYOND COMPREHENSION IS YOuR REWARD.
TT: No.
TT: Keep your treasure.
uu: AH HA HA. AS IF IT IS NOT INEVITABLY DESTINED TO FALL FROM YOuR HuMAN FINGERS.
uu: AND BECOME ERASED AS YOuR uNIVERSE DIES.
uu: DIDN'T I MENTION.
uu: A JuJu CAN NEVER BE TRuLY COPIED.
uu: IF TWO APPEAR TO EXIST. SuCH AS ONE IN REALITY AND ONE IN YOuR DREAMS.
uu: IT IS ONLY AN ILLuSION. EITHER NEVER TRuE. OR SOON TO BE CORRECTED.
uu: THERE CAN ONLY EVER BE ONE.
TT: Well, I'm not tossing him, so that's that.
uu: YOu WILL THOuGH.
uu: ANYWAY. YOu TOOK IT OuT.
uu: I WILL DEEM THAT COMPLIANCE ENOuGH.
uu: AND REWARD YOu WITH MY GRATITuDE.
uu: I THINK INSTEAD OF THANKS THOuGH. I WILL CALL IT. A "BIRTH DAY PRESENT"?
TT: It isn't my birthday.
uu: NOT YOuRS JERK.

TT: Oh. So it's your birthday today?
uu: IT WILL BE.
uu: IF EVERYTHING GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN.
TT: How cryptically meaningless.
TT: And you continue to struggle with human customs. You don't give other people presents on your own birthday.
TT: Anyway, just tell me what it is.
uu: IT IS A "WORK OF FINE ART".
uu: THE VERY FIRST I HAVE EVER ATTEMPTED.
uu: YOu WILL FIND IT SuITABLY CONVEYS OuR SPECIAL BOND.
TT: Let's see.
uu: http://tinyurl.com/DIRKTHISISuS
TT: Uh.
TT: What the fuck am I looking at here?
uu: DON'T YOu SEE?? IT IS uS! YOu AND ME.
uu: WE ARE GETTING PERHAPS A LITTLE TOO. *FRIENDLY.* IF YOu WILL. HAA. HAA.
TT: I... really don't see.
TT: What do you mean? This fucking scribbly bullshit is us? Are we shaking hands or something?
uu: WHOA! WHOAAAAAAAAAAA! DuDE. HAHA. FuCK.
uu: YOu HAVE AN EVEN DIRTIER MIND THAN ME. I'M FuCKING OuTCLASSED BY YOuR REPREHENSIBLE IMAGINATION ONCE AGAIN.
uu: I CAN'T SAY I'M SuRPRISED.
TT: So, it's just us? What about The Bitches?
TT: I thought you found a scarcity of The Bitches to be all but unacceptable.
uu: THE BITCHES AS YOu CAN PLAINLY SEE HAVE BEEN FAR FROM NEGLECTED. LOOK.
uu: THEY'RE RIGHT THERE ASSHOLE. THE BITCHES APPEAR TO BE. *AHEM.* RATHER ENJOYING EACH OTHER'S COMPANY???
uu: OOOOOOOOOOOH.
uu: SOO GNARLY.
uu: TO IMAGINE. WHAT FILTH MY OWN HAND HAS WROuGHT.
TT: Yeah. Gnarly is about right.
TT: This is utter shit. You know that, don't you?
TT: Please don't tell me you are actually incapable of understanding how bad this drawing is.
uu: WHAT. NO. FuCK YOu.
uu: IT'S PRETTY GOOD. AT LEAST FOR A FIRST TRY.
TT: If you actually think this even qualifies as a drawing, I'm going to have to say you are literally the worst artist who has ever existed.
uu: WHAT THE FuCK. THIS IS HOW YOu TREAT. MY "BIRTH DAY THANK YOu GIFT"??
TT: That's not a thing either.
TT: You must have some wires crossed between your left brain and right brain. Like a weird perceptual disorder. Or something like that.
TT: It's actually kind of fascinating that you think you achieved something visually coherent or recognizable.
uu: THIS IS OuTRAGEOuS.
TT: Anyway. Got to go.

TT: Your drawing blows.
TT: Later.
timaeusTestified [TT] ceased pestering undyingUmbrage [uu]

## ==>

**13/06/12**

pesterlogTT: Hey.
TT: Just wondering if you're fully abreast of the little "situation" developing on Derse.
TT: What, the miles situation? Yeah, I noticed.
TT: No.
TT: Keep looking.
TT: Wait...
TT: Oh.

## ==>

**13/06/12**

pesterlogTT: Oh HELL no.
TT: I know, right?

## Select character.

**14/06/12**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

## Be Roxy.

**14/06/12**

You have been scrambling around this burning colony for who even knows how long, evading attacks from drones. All the commotion has really started to harsh your buzz.

It seems the drones have withdrawn from their pursuit, as far as you can tell. But a new threat has taken their place. Some sort of red stringy stuff coming from the sky. You have a very bad feeling about it. You think it's time to find your way home and get out of Dodge. Dodge in this case being the universe.

## ==>

**14/06/12**

```
Alert : 
Alert : Jake
Alert : AR
```

It seems while you were running away from missiles and trying not to get blown up, messages from friends have been piling up. These chumps need to calm down. Don't they realize how hung over you are starting to feel? Everybody needs to chill the fuck out. Those chess guys behind you need to chill out too. The whole world needs to chill out and stop being so noisy and bright and on fire.

## Roxy: Answer chumps.

**14/06/12**

```
Alert : Jake
Alert : AR
```

pesterloggutsyGumshoe [GG] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]
GG: Hey! Where are you??
GG: I can't find you anywhere in your crazy house.
GG: It's just wizards and pumpkins as far as the eye can see.
GG: I hope you're ok!
GG: Please get back to me as soon as you can.
gutsyGumshoe [GG] ceased pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]
TG: aw noes
TG: you are snoping up my house
TG: scopping my gourd hoard
TG: janey what are u doing
TG: what is going on here
TG: jane?
TG: god dammit crocket
TG: bleghhh
TG: head hurts

timaeusTestified [TT] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]
TT: Judging by the sporadic rates of change in your present coordinates, it seems that you have been running around like a lunatic.
TT: When those ridiculous flesh stilts you refer to as "legs" settle down, and you have a minute to talk, please respond.
TG: smup shades
TG: *sup
TT: Are you in danger?
TG: no
TG: well
TG: not in like robos wanting to kill me immediately as in lilerally right now danger
TG: but still probably some danger
TG: its hot and all these crumbling flamey buildings are so screwed and i wanna just go lie down
TG: plus theres shit coming from the sky
TT: What shit do you mean?
TG: super deudly red shit
TT: Right. The miles. That's why I'm going to need you to get home quickly.
TT: What has taken you so long, anyway? Why has your path been so circuitous?
TT: Surely you can't be even more inebriated than before.
TG: no no
TG: less
TG: trust my
TG: me
TT: Ok. Then what?
TG: ive been trying to i guess
TG: round up some neighbors
TG: whenever i see them
TG: and try to get then to follow me home
TG: whichis harder than is sounds!

TT: You are accumulating carapacian refugees?
TG: yes
TT: That seems like a very inefficient and risky use of your time.
TG: i know but
TG: they always seem confused and dont know what todo
TG: and everythings bunring down
TG: i think i should try to take some with me i cant just leave all of the poor chess guys here to die
TT: Alright, that's fine.
TT: As luck would have it, your imperfect human sentimentality has been completely factored into my calculations.
TT: You should be ok. Just get back to your house as quickly as possible now. There's no time left.
TG: lmao @ your "caluculations" as if htose are real but ok ill get moving
TT: We're going to need you to connect with Jake to bring him into the game.
TT: You will complete the chain of entry. This is very important.
TG: ok
TG: jane was trying 2 reach me
TG: messin with my pumpkips or some shit???
TG: where is she
TT: There's been a little subordination issue there.
TT: With both Crocker and English, actually. Strider and I are working on it.
TG: what u talkin about
TG: subordingation
TG: you saying those chucklefucks went rouge
TT: Sort of.
TG: but thats what i do!
TG: posers be frontin hard up on my roguey turf
TG: *roguish?
TG: roguish is better it means sly
TT: Don't worry about it for now. Just do your part, and catch up with them later.
TT: Who knows, maybe you will prove yourself to be the only 100% cooperative, fully competent non-Strider player?
TT: How ironic would it be if the best player turned out to be the drunk girl? Wouldn't that be sweet?
TG: yeah!!!!
TG: :3
TT: Go home. Connect with Jake. Deploy the equipment in the ruins of his old house.
TT: I'll focus on actually getting him there. The kid is seriously a work in progress, I gotta say.
TT: Are you sober enough to do all that?
TG: i think
TG: the answer
TG: unfortunately
TG: is yes
TG: :[

# Roxy: Answer UU.

**15/06/12**

```
Alert : 🚨

jake no what r u doin
2 r bb
```

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] began cheering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]
UU: miss lalonde, do be carefUl.
UU: i can see that yoU are preoccUpied with aggressors at the moment.
UU: bUt yoUr viewport is beginning to black oUt more freqUently.
UU: i wanted to talk to yoU one last time before yoU enter, and yoUr whole session blacks oUt for good.
UU: and before...
UU: well, before i possibly do the same. U_U;
UU: please reply when yoU have the chance.
TG: hi
TG: whats this
TG: about u blacking out for good?
TG: * blapck
TG: * wait no n/m
UU: ah, hello!
UU: escaped troUble, i presUme? how are yoU doing?
TG: i feel kind of like shit but other than that im toters perf
TG: im starting to wonderd if drinkin early today wasnt that coolest idea??
TG: now i have all these responsibitities while my brain is tellin me to go fuck myelf
TG: *self
TG: aint wanna fuck no elf
TG: not in this condition at least
TG: i would probs need some hella strong coffee b4 boning a elf
UU: i am sorry to hear yoU're feeling Under the weather.
UU: bUt now i am wondering. hm.
UU: coUld it have been that regUlar intake of yoUr soporific liqUids was inhibiting yoUr commUnion with the void, rather than exaggerating them as i had presUmed?
UU: if the effects are wearing off, it coUld explain the increase in viewport blackoUts.
UU: and once they wear off completely, perhaps that is why yoUr entire session goes dark on yoUr entry.
TG: that is an interesting theory that has like
TG: mostly no usefull bearing on anything probably?
UU: yoU are probably right. still, i can't help bUt specUlate on sUch matters. it is what i do. :u
TG: yeah
TG: i think i was being a dick byut im not sure? sorry
TG: glarghgle
TG: i am sure feeling liek
TG: a gross bunch of nasty trash in a scarf
TG: all taking my surly shit out
TG: on nice and cute aliems

UU: oh, not to worry. ^u^
TG: heyy
TG: UI
TG: UU*
TG: you know everything right
UU: hee hee! if only.
TG: k well
TG: what is with the looming strandy crap in the sky
TG: the miles> glasses called em that
TG: i know i got to escape them
TG: but what are they actually gonna do?

==>

**15/06/12**

pesterlogUU: i do know a thing or two aboUt the red miles.
UU: it is the qUeen's favoUred attack. very long distance and omnidirectional.
UU: bUt once Upon a time, her weapon was stolen by a UsUrper. jacked, yoU coUld say, right off her ring finger. and then given a considerable boost in power.
UU: that gave the miles enoUgh of a kick to rip a Universe to shreds.
UU: and they have been doing so to yoUrs and its many instances for eons.
UU: only now have they caUght Up to yoUr instance. it is qUite fortUnate it has taken so long, really.
UU: some instances are tUcked deeper in the speaker's mighty blow sack, and will hold oUt for mUch longer, on a vast cosmic scale of coUrse.
TG: wait
TG: i dont
TG: what? instances
TG: blowb sack
TG: righ now i can hardly walk w/o steppin on my moms scarf ok
TG: so theyre destorying the universe is that the bootom line
UU: yes.
UU: try to think of it like this.
UU: imagine that the Universe is contained inside a very large creatUre.
UU: say, a great big frog.
TG: frog
TG: why a frog thats so silly
UU: it's jUst a frog! that is the way it is, jUst try to imagine it.
TG: k
TG: picturin
TG: big ol space frog
TG: all ribbiting loud an being huge
TG: hehehe
UU: now imagine that not only does the Universe exist inside it, depending on the creatUre's health and well being to sUrvive...
UU: bUt every potential instance of that Universe exists inside as well.
UU: those that are doomed and those with promise.

UU: even those that were reset from scratch, with slightly different starting conditions.
UU: all of those interrelated Universes mingling together inside yoUr frog, inextricable from its physiology.
UU: if the frog dies, they all go with it. eventUally.
TG: then you are saying some rude a-hole is killin our frog
UU: sadly, yes.
TG: wow
TG: that is
TG: just....
TG: the WORST
UU: well, it coUld have been worse, actUally. the miles coUld have spread to yoUr Universe before it had the chance to sproUt yoUr lovely planet, providing a home for yoU and yoUr wonderfUl mates.
UU: all Universes die at some point. some sooner than others. it is all part of the cycle, and sometimes things like this mUst happen for reasons beyond oUr Understanding.
UU: bUt this is neither here nor there. i did not intend to go blathering aboUt all that and waste an important conversation with yoU.
UU: i think the trUth is i am probably jUst stalling.
TG: stalling what
UU: i have some important things to tell yoU.
UU: i'm afraid i am going to be breaking so many rUles in doing so.
UU: i am not Used to breaking rUles. it makes me very Uncomfortable.
UU: bUt it may be my only chance. i hope yoU won't think less of me for it.
TG: no way
TG: i dont even know what rules ur talking about
TG: time shit rules
TG: if its time shit rules idgaf about those
TG: and m not goinna stop thinking youre great if u "break" them
TG: are you in trouble?
UU: yes.
UU: bUt so are yoU, and i've distracted yoU enoUgh.
UU: concentrate on retUrning to yoUr home.
UU: once yoU are there and preparing for the game, i will contact yoU again and tell yoU everything that i have been wanting to tell yoU.
UU: also...
UU: i wanted to give yoU something. :u
TG: hoh man
TG: what is it!
UU: jUst a thing!
UU: yoU'll see.
UU: now rUn along!!!!!!!!!!!
uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

## Select character.

**15/06/12**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

## I selected all those characters. Time to move on.

**15/06/12**

```
Complacency of the Learned
```

You press onward, feeling refreshed and invigorated by all the free will you were just dealt. The story was your oyster for a while there. Or more specifically, it was one of four slightly different oysters you could choose from, in any order, as long as you ultimately selected and consumed all four oysters when all was said and done. This must be what it feels like to be a god, you think to yourself. Or at the very least, the patron of a seafood restaurant.

## Roxy: Return home.

**15/06/12**

You have returned home to find a variety of devices deployed throughout your house, and a variety of fires threatening to burn it down.

## Roxy: Put out fires.

**15/06/12**

You quickly put everyone on bucket duty to douse the flames. Now you guess you understand why your mom left all these buckets in the house? You always thought it was a passive aggressive reminder for you to keep up with the housework.

At the behest of their roguish leader, the loyal band of Merry Men go straight to work in getting the fires under control. The Robin Hood reference is lost on them. Also lost on everybody is the sordid spectacle this appears to resemble from an alien perspective, with all these buckets sloshing around and whatnot. Your void powers cannot black out this graphic debauchery soon enough.

## Roxy: Connect with Jake.

**16/06/12**

```
Alert : 帝
```

You run the server program which auto-connects with Jake and a viewport of his old house just pops right open. This is going to be so easy. You can already tell, compared to you, everyone else sucks so bad at this game, not to mention at computers in general.

You better deploy all this equipment ASAP. Not only are you in a hurry to hop into the session yourself, it looks like his volcano is beginning to erupt. Some lava has started a forest fire which is now spreading slowly toward the house. No sign of Jake yet. Hopefully the Dirks can somehow tag team that doofus and make him get with the program.

Oh right, she was going to message you when you got home, you almost forgot. Time to switch gears and go into multitasking mode. You'll get as much done as you can while you talk, ALSO while nursing this hangover. It takes a special kind of hacker babe to be able to handle that, you think. You truly are as deadaly to the grid ass you are beatuiful.

***

## Roxy: Multitask.

**16/06/12**

pesterlog uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]
UU: i can't see yoU, bUt yoU mUst be back by now, yes?
TG: y
TG: and i am how haxxing up storm
TG: p stank by
TG: *stand
UU: haxxing? :u
TG: u dont even no
TG: my fingers are the mean lil beaks
TG: of furirus woodpeckers
TG: and my keyboard
TG: is a pitiful plank of cruddy wood
TG: guarding a trove of tasty bungs
TG: it is guarding them i might add
TG: moist fucking unsuccessfully
UU: u~u
TG: as my digits rain danger
TG: on this hapless lamptop
TG: the result of my tappy onslaught
TG: is line after wicked line
TG: of leetfilthy codes
TG: aka..
TG: the governments worst nightmare
UU: Um.....
TG: i will be in an out
TG: of the systerm
TG: before breakfast knows what ate it
TG: JACKPOP BABBY
TG: im am ur cryptogodress 8)
UU: roxy?
TG: it is womon verse machine
TG: a struggle old as stuff itself
TG: she will bring sburb to its knees
TG: and then turn
TG: with her shitwreckingest face
TG: and stare
TG: into the void
TG: and the void
TG: will wonk first
TG: ;3

==>

**16/06/12**

pesterlogUU: i don't Understand.
UU: yoU are typing some sort of compUter program?
TG: no

TG: that was all mostly a huge load
TG: all that noisy keyboard bangin i just mentioned
TG: was me just typing all that shit i said 2 u
TG: lol i did type it superfast tho
TG: just like they do in dumb fake movies about primo hackers who r THA BEST
TG: i guess i hacked into our conversation? w/ bs nstead of codez
UU: ^u^;
TG: but for real
TG: im just drag & dropin some game shit in to jakes place
TG: it is easy as a butt
TG: this kiddie game is a waste of my baller expertise
TG: * sexpertities
TG: / obligatory
TG: hey look
TG: a 'totem lathe'
TG: kay w/e
TG: BONK
TG: down it goes
TG: in that patch off dirt i guess
TG: daaang
TG: fits on that patch o dirt like
TG: a glass shitting slipper
TG: NEXT ??
UU: ah, i Understand. yoU're beginning then. good!
TG: yes im on a roll
TG: gettin my peeps outie
TG: splitting the ball b4 junk turns 2 pumpkins
TG: sooooooooo
TG: what were you going to give me back there? ;D
UU: right!
UU: it's a present i made for yoU.
TG: ooh!
UU: it coUld be...
UU: a farewell gift actUally.
TG: huh?
TG: are u leaving
UU: maybe.
UU: i am aboUt to go to sleep one last time before oUr schedUled entry.
UU: and there is a very real possibility that i will never wake Up.
TG: oh no!
TG: why!!!
UU: it is complicated.
UU: there is mUch to say aboUt it which i have never told yoU, dUe to my adherence to the rUles.
UU: some of which i am aboUt to break now, in order to give myself a fighting chance.
UU: bUt before i go down that serpentine path with yoU, here.
UU: one last bit of artwork from an admirer. something to remember me by, shoUld we never speak

again.
UU: http://tinyurl.com/roxyisthisyoU
TG: !!!!!
TG: ssdlkjfs;lkfjdlskfj

==>
**17/06/12**
pesterlogTG: ohhhly SHIT
TG: *hoooooly
TG: holiest of shits
TG: the shit.....
TG: is down right
TG: SACROSANCT
TG: omgogmogmomog
TG: this owns
TG: my bones
UU: ^U^
TG: look at my outfit
TG: want 2 wear that outfit
TG: want 2 kiss + marry that outfist
TG: look
TG: at that lollipop
TG: that fuckin LOLLIPOP
TG: hehhe look at me goin in 4 a lick
TG: like im the queen of fuckall yall
TG: what is that in my hair
TG: is that
TG: COTTONE CANDY????
UU: indeed it is!
TG: say helloes to new phone wallpp
TG: sry baby eatin jake husband u r out
TG: /DIVORCE'D
TG: yes perfection
TG: more like
TG: perferection
TG: is what is givin me
TG: am getting the perfbonerz up in here
UU: i really enjoy drawing yoU. it is a treat.
UU: yoU are jUst so pretty. :u
TG: awwwwwwwwww
TG: <3<3<#<#<##
TG: hearts n hashes
UU: anyway, i am very pleased that yoU like my drawing. ~u~
TG: i love it
TG: i love U
TG: U x2 combot

UU: yoU do?
UU: really??
TG: yes
TG: fo rillies
UU: :U
UU: blimey.
UU: this comes as qUite a sUrprise.
TG: well i mean
TG: not like lets got get space married love
TG: more like ur the best and i like you a lot love
UU: oh.
UU: then the conciliatory type. i Understand.
TG: wait
TG: i didnt mean to jerk you around...
TG: did u feel that way about me
TG: aww shit im sorry :(
UU: no! don't be.
UU: trUst me, that is not how i feel aboUt yoU. or anyone.
UU: thoUgh i trUly wish i were capable of those feelings.
UU: perhaps the fact that i am not is why the topic fascinates me so.
UU: and why i have been prone do indUlge in sUch...
UU: fancifUl visUalizations.
UU: of yoUr people's lovely bright red relationships.
UU: they mUst be nice. u_u
TG: lol well its not like i would know either way
TG: but thats cool i didnt know that about you
TG: i dont know ANYTHING about u but i wish i did
TG: cant you at least tell me your name bfore you uh
TG: maybe go ways 4 ever? ;(
UU: yes, as a matter of fact.
UU: that is actUally the reason i am contacting yoU.
UU: it is one rUle i have decided to break.
TG: oh fuck!
TG: what is it!!!!!!!
UU: my name is calliope.
TG: :o
TG: .....
TG: ilike it :3
UU: it feels so strange to type that!
UU: bUt also good, actUally.

==>
**17/06/12**
pesterlogTG: well ty for finally confiding in me calilope
TG: *calliope sorrey
UU: yoU're welcome. it is good to get it off my chest.

UU: bUt i am primarily telling yoU this as a last resort, in hopes of saving myself.
UU: yoU see, this rUle between me and my brother is a kind of trUce.
UU: we have both agreed not to say oUr names to anyone so that things will not get oUt of hand, and so it became one of the rUles.
UU: if anyone were to say his name to me, i woUld immediately fall asleep, and he woUld wake Up.
UU: so yoU will Understand if i refrain from telling yoU his as well. ~_u
TG: so
TG: hes sleeping now?
UU: yes, fortUnately for both of Us.
UU: now, chronologically speaking, i have never contacted yoU after this moment.
UU: so if i never wake Up from my next nap, yoU will never hear from me again.
UU: if yoU do not hear from me later, i woUld very mUch appreciate it if yoU coUld message my brother, and say my name.
UU: it may be the only chance i have to wake Up again.
TG: fuuuck
TG: this is highly terrible and scary stuff youre saying
TG: but yes ill def do that
UU: splendid!
UU: <kisses>
TG: shit now i wish we had more time to talk
TG: quick what otter rules were you going 2 break
TG: spill it cali!!
UU: i want to!
UU: it is overwhelming, trying to be cavalier aboUt rUles i have respected all my life. i'm not sUre where to begin.
TG: well
TG: what i wonder is
TG: you said you couldnt have romantic feelings
TG: or "red relations" as you said in your trolly way
UU: oh, i can have romantic feelings.
UU: jUst not the flUshed kind, which hUmans describe as romantic love.
TG: ok but
TG: i didnt think that was alien to you
TG: not the way u made it sound
TG: like dont trolls have the 4 kinds and one kind is just staight up love feelins
UU: yes, that's right.
UU: bUt...
UU: oh bUgger. this is so embarrassing to have to admit.
UU: i am sorry for saying things which may have reasonably led yoU to believe this.
UU: probably way too many things. u_u;
UU: bUt i am not actUally a troll.
TG: o
TG: rrrrrelay
UU: i have never actUally claimed to be. bUt i'm sUre i have implied it, probably dUe to wishfUl thinking.

UU: i have spent so mUch time wishing i coUld be one.
UU: trolls are a remarkable and fascinating race.
UU: hUmans are too, please don't get me wrong!
UU: bUt i am oUt and oUt smitten with trolls and their history and ways.
UU: they have sUch amazing, coloUrfUl social dynamics that soUnd like so mUch fUn to be a part of.
UU: and they are so beaUtifUl.
UU: i wish i coUld be that pretty.
UU: UnfortUnately, i am not very attractive at all.
UU: sad to say, no one woUld kiss the corpse i will leave behind.
UU: even if there were someone aroUnd to revive me, i doUbt they woUld be inclined to bother.
UU: for, er... several reasons, actUally.
UU: bUt really, it was always for the best that i cannot have fUlly flUshed feelings.
UU: no one coUld ever love me.
TG: oh man no!!!
TG: that is not true
UU: it is.
UU: and it's for the best that no one has ever seen my face, aside from my brother.
TG: but i want 2 c u
TG: i proimise i wont think you look bad or judge you
UU: no.
UU: i am sorry.
TG: :(
TG: then what kinda alien are you
TG: wait dont tell me youre ACUTALLY from urnanus??
UU: heehee. no.
UU: that jUst happened to be a planet from yoUr system i thoUght was lovely.
UU: i was particUlarly strUck by its UniqUe rotation.
UU: it has very nice...
UU: bollocks, what's the word.
UU: the term that refers to a ball's topspin?
TG: ???
UU: it doesn't matter.
UU: bUt no, i'm not even from yoUr Universe, let alone a nearby planet.
UU: my species has never even had a home planet.
TG: what species are u
UU: i am a cherUb!

==>

**17/06/12**

Alert : 帝

pesterlogTG: omg
TG: that is
TG: amazing?
TG: like u have wings or such

UU: no!
UU: i doUbt i am what yoU're pictUring.
UU: bUt aside from a few sUperficial similarities, we are very different from trolls and hUmans.
UU: we are not a social race. we generally will not ever encoUnter another of oUr kind, Unless it is time to mate.
UU: and when that time comes, oUr coUrtship is nothing like it is for hUmans.
UU: it is highly confrontational and violent.
TG: sounds so lonely
TG: plus w/ hecks of tricky sex
UU: it is lonely.
UU: bUt that is in oUr natUre, to be alone. jUst as it is to find attraction throUgh contempt.
UU: now that i think aboUt it, i shoUld have known.
UU: i've been so foolish.
TG: known what
UU: aboUt the natUre of my game session.
UU: i believed he and i coUld play together, even Under oUr UniqUe biological circUmstances.
UU: i was so daft, i thoUght skaia had actUally made an exception for Us.
UU: and that we coUld overcome oUr conflicts, work together, and fUlfill the game's minimUm reqUirement of two players. one of space and the other of time.
UU: bUt i was always fooling myself.
UU: it is now clear only one of Us will sUrvive.
UU: my skaian visions have misled me.
UU: or i have blinded myself to their trUe meaning.
UU: this was always meant to be a session of one.
UU: and i am finally starting to Understand...
UU: the reality of that coUld have conseqUences more horrifying than we coUld begin to imagine.
TG: um
TG: how
UU: the thing is, yoU don't know him like i do.
UU: as hard as it may be to believe, he is even worse than yoU think.
UU: and it's all sUch a shame, not jUst becaUse of that.
UU: it is a shame that i won't be able to play, i gUess for selfish reasons.
UU: i was so looking forward to it.
UU: i really thoUght i was going to be someone special.
UU: that i coUld Use my abilities do something no one had ever done.
TG: hey you are being so defeatist stop that!
TG: you dont know you wont play we havent even tried the wakeup call yet remembr???
UU: yes. you're right.
UU: mUch like skaia, i've sUccUmbed to a gloomier outlook lately, due to recent setbacks.
TG: so whats going to be special bout your game?
TG: aside from that its just your fuckhead bro and you
UU: well, i was always led to believe i woUld be an extraordinary type of player.
UU: both of Us woUld be. we are both assigned extremely rare and powerfUl classes.
UU: they are the two master classes!
TG: oh yeh?
TG: what is urs

UU: mine is the most passive on the scale. a class designated for females only.
UU: i am the mUse of space. ^u^
TG: sounds p cool
TG: whats a muse do
UU: i'm not entirely sUre. i was hoping to discover that on my joUrney.
UU: anyway, his is the other master class.
UU: the most active class of all, reserved for male players.
TG: what is it
UU: Um...
UU: roxy.
UU: i think we may be getting a wee bit carried away with trivia here.
UU: we both have so mUch to do.
UU: yoU need to focUs on getting to safety, while i need to...
UU: prepare myself. for what i hope will be a short nap.
TG: ok
TG: you are right
TG: la siiiiiigh
TG: im worried 4 you
TG: but optimistic
TG: i will call ur name like a million times
TG: and shout it in 2 the void every chance i get
TG: til u come back :3
UU: you are a good friend, roxy.
UU: please take care.

==>
**17/06/12**

```
cheering tipsyGnostalgic

uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]
```

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

==>
**17/06/12**
==>
**17/06/12**

```
B N
Ben Nye
MAGICOLOR
LIQUID PAINT
```

==>
**17/06/12**
==>
**19/06/12**

```
JUJUBES
```

You are now Calliope.

## Calliope: Dehorn.

**19/06/12**

You remove the last accessory to your prized COSPLAY ENSEMBLE, and put it neatly with the rest of the stuff. The place is messy enough already without tossing horns about carelessly.

You have many fond memories of solo-cosplay in your room. It's a lot of fun and alarmingly comfortable to just lounge around your room in-character. You really hope you'll get the chance to put it on again after your nap...

Well, maybe not the face paint. You don't wear that so much anymore. He gets especially furious when you do.

## Calliope: Examine artwork.

**19/06/12**

These are just a few of the many drawings you have done over the years celebrating your absolute all-time favorite characters. Er... you mean friends.

## ==>

**19/06/12**

You often like to draw your TROLLSONA too, CALLIE OHPEEE. Yes, you suppose that's a stretch, fitting your name into the 6/6 letter format like that. That's ok, though. The limebloods reportedly had some unusual names. And they sure weren't very popular. You like to believe you'd have fit right in.

You've written endlessly about her, and nearly filled a hard drive with related artwork. You have wished for nothing more in your life than to be her. Alas, you are resigned to living out the rest of your days as a little green skull monster. It really sucks!

To the left is a drawing of nothing in particular. Nothing you understand, at least. This is a symbol which has haunted your visions for as long as you can remember.

## Calliope: Examine mess.

**19/06/12**

He's always been a pain to live with, but now that he seems to be on the verge of victory, he is completely out of control. During one of your recent naps, he apparently threw a full blown tantrum and dumped a whole bunch of meat and candy on your side of the room. He also broke your lovely chess board in half and scattered the pieces about, most of which are now missing. Talk about a shitty roommate.

## Calliope: Tidy up a little.

**19/06/12**

You stow the delicious mess in your sylladex. You might be inclined to snack on it now, but due to the nature of your JUJU MODUS, you cannot access it. Once you captchalogue something, only your brother can use it. And vice versa. You always make sure never to captchalogue anything that is particularly important to you. You think sometimes he chucks stuff over to your side of the room just to bait you into captchaloguing it for him, and getting it into his inventory. You kind of don't think he was engaging in such machinations this time though. It looks like he was just being a petulant brat.

## Calliope: Examine box.

**19/06/12**

```
Special Stardust
```

It is a box of SPECIAL STARDUST. Cherubs love this stuff. They eat it like breakfast cereal every day.

It doesn't even have any magical properties though. It's really just some useless sparkly powder they like to eat. It's basically inedible to any other kind of creature. However, it is potentially quite useful for various arts and crafts.

## Calliope: See what you've got captchalogued.

**20/06/12**

Given the frustrating nature of your modus, your sylladex tends to serve as more of a mutual garbage dump than an inventory.

You're almost afraid to look at what he's left for you in here...

## ==>

**20/06/12**

```
CALLIOPE IS. A BRUTAL HIDEOUS BITCH.

NOT GOOD AT CHESS.

YOUR DEATH. WILL BE. YOUR SINGLE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT.

YOU "FRIENDS" WILL BE HAPPY
```

It seems he has left a series of UNPLEASANT NOTES to taunt you.

Recently he's taken an interest in "learning to draw," which you think is an extremely generous way of putting it. He has always shown such contempt for art in general. Maybe he's finally trying to expand his horizons?

## ==>

**20/06/12**

```
WHEN YOU DIE. I WILL PAINT EVERYTHING WITH YOUR BLOOD. EVEN MY WORDS. (LIKE
THIS.)

tumut
```

Or maybe he's just looking for yet another way to stick it to you.

## Calliope: Check out green tome.

**20/06/12**

```
R L
```

Making absolutely sure not to captchalogue it, you remove your TABLET, which you use to pen all the striking visuals related to your favored epic.

The ancient tome there is your chief source of information about said epic. It was written by a

legendary Seer of Light many ages ago. While there are some mysterious holes in the account - dark spots if you will - it nevertheless remains an indispensable resource.

## Calliope: Open it up.

**20/06/12**

You open the book to a random page. Oh, right. This one.

This page has always baffled you. You have stared at it long and hard, trying to decipher some sort of hidden meaning behind what appears to be pure chaos. You are sure such meaning is there. It is always there, when it comes to this tale.

*Wait a minute.*

Something has just occurred to you. This "drawing style" is highly reminiscent of your brother's, which until recently, you had never seen before. It is almost uncanny. His inscrutable squiggles. His penchant for arbitrary, completely baffling straight lines and right angles, almost as if trying unsuccessfully to begin constructing a grid. And those odd shapes there... could they be his depiction of bones? He sure is obsessed with death. No, you think this can't possibly be a coincidence. The comparison is too perfect for it to mean absolutely nothing.

Did he arrive when this was being written? Or was he already there, somehow? He is supposedly an exceptionally advanced Hero of Time, after all. Could it be that your horrible stupid brother of all people has been inextricably involved in your beloved epic all along? For the first time ever, you have just uncovered compelling evidence that this might be true.

This is what you have always enjoyed doing. Agonizing over every detail of this epic, trying to craft theories to explain its mysteries. You think you are pretty good at it, too. But now that you think about it, maybe your theory is just too far fetched. Actually, it is completely preposterous, and you don't even know what you were thinking there. You're sure he would get a kick out of the idea though, what with his megalomaniacal view of himself as some sort of lethal puzzlemaster, always boasting that red herrings swim through his veins and such. Which is just about the biggest crock of shit you've ever heard.

## Calliope: Flip to another page.

**20/06/12**

```
;o)
```

Yeah, see here?

These are the dark spots you were referring to. Little tidbits here and there have been redacted by some fool with no respect for history. Looks like he used some kind of peculiar indigo ink.

Frustratingly enough, most of the redactions target any piece of information about the indestructible demon who was either directly or indirectly behind every terrible event in the story. Everything about him, like where he came from, information about his manipulative right hand man, his agenda, his abilities, his name... all of it has been voided out.

Most of the other blot-outs seem to target one member of the post-scratch troll group. Some guy

who drinks a lot of soda? These omissions strike you as much less consequential. Frivolous, even. Whoever that guy was, he sounds like he was easily the least important character in the entire story.

## Calliope: Examine black tome.

**20/06/12**

It's some sort of programming book. You don't care much for programming, but you've adapted it as a FANFICTION JOURNAL. You've filled it up completely with your most colorful headcanons and romfics. You've also pasted in some of your artwork, turning a rather dreary manual on some morbid, tilde-heavy language into a lively scrapbook. Many of the stories involve Callie, and all of them involve heavy themes of romance. Particularly the other three quadrants which are completely alien to you, and therefore especially titillating.

## Calliope: Open it.

**20/06/12**

Er, no. You'd rather not. Down that road lies only endless embarrassments. THE THINGS YOU MADE SWEET, INNOCENT CALLIE DO.

If you had a bed, you would scoot the whole dang thing underneath where no one could see. And also, if that hypothetical bed wasn't in neutral territory...

You don't even want to imagine what he'd do if he got his hands on it.

## Calliope: Retrieve wand.

**20/06/12**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

wandkind
```

The WHITE WAND is your weapon of choice, half the time. Magic is very handy. Some believe magic to be fake. But you know better than that.

Of course, if anyone tried using this wand right now, it sure would seem like magic wasn't real. Can't very well use magic when your wand is out of bullets.

## Calliope: Load wand.

**20/06/12**

```
strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

pistolk-

strife specibus

sylladex :: strife deck

wand-


strife portfolio
```

You load your WHITE MAGNUM.

You wouldn't trade your dualing weapon for any other. It is lightweight, elegant and precise, like a conductor's baton with stopping power.

Your brother's favored weapon is a little more... heavy handed. To each his own, you guess.

## Calliope: Examine chest.

**20/06/12**

This is your JUJU CHEST.

You keep your JUJU inside it, surprisingly enough.

## Calliope: Let's have a look inside.

**20/06/12**

You gaze upon your dear, sweet, precious, sweet, sweet JUJU. It is the most beautiful thing you have ever seen in your life. How your brother would love to get his grubby claws on it. And how you would love to get yours on his, for that matter.

Suddenly it becomes painfully clear that we aren't going to get a look at this thing. At least not for a while. How typical.

Why don't we stop wasting everyone's time, shut the lid on this lousy MacGuffin, and get on with it.

## Calliope: Holster magnum.

**20/06/12**

You neatly put the weapon where it belongs. No need to wear it, since you'll be preparing for your nap soon.

You kind of wish straightening up your room didn't feel so much like getting your affairs in order.

## Calliope: Examine other chain.

**20/06/12**

This is the chain you shackle to your other leg when you're about to go to sleep. You are the only one who is able to unlock it.

Both chains are totally unbreakable, and their anchors are immovable from the wall, due to a mysterious juju enchantment. All juju enchantments are equally mysterious. Each is more equally mysterious than the last.

Sleeping with shackled legs doesn't make for very comfy slumber. Still, it's advisable to stay in the habit, unless you want all your belongings to get messed with.

## Calliope: Check out bed.

**20/06/12**

Like you said, you don't have a bed.

You have a SARSWAPAGUS.

## Calliope: Remove cover.

**20/06/12**

Every time you wake up, you are always sure to put the lid back on neatly.

Considering you virtually always find it exactly where you left it, you doubt your brother is anywhere near as diligent about making the bed. Wait, you mean sarswapagus.

But the fact that he's a slob was never exactly breaking news to anyone.

Neither is the fact that you both share a body.

I mean come on.

## Calliope: Examine ladder.

**21/06/12**

This leads outside. Being tethered to the wall, you can't venture too far beyond the exit though.

But you might as well go for a bit fresh air before you sleep. One more six-foot-radius stroll in the sun. It could be your last chance.

## Calliope: Exit.

**21/06/12**

You step into the sunlight.

Sunlight, on this planet, is sort of hard to avoid.

==>

**21/06/12**

It comes in great supply from your planet's star, a MASSIVE RED SUPERGIANT.

==>

**21/06/12**

Your world is so old, its star is reaching the end of its life cycle. It may collapse any day now.

## Calliope: Look around one last time.

**21/06/12**

Whatever way it is you finally depart this world, you're going to miss the place.

==>

**21/06/12**

==>

**21/06/12**

==>

**21/06/12**

It is very peaceful here.

==>
**21/06/12**
==>
**21/06/12**
==>
**21/06/12**
==>
**21/06/12**
==>
**21/06/12**
Though to be honest, you could do without some of the tacky scenery.
==>
**21/06/12**
==>
**21/06/12**
==>
**21/06/12**
You have always had the feeling that whoever used to live on this planet had a really strange sense of humor.

## Select character.

**26/06/12**

```
CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTER!
```

pesterlogundyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering uranianUmbra [UU]
uu: HEY.
uu: I WOuLD LIKE TO PLAY A GAME.
uu: IT'S CALLED "BOND WITH AN IDIOT SISTER OVER SOME BuLLSHIT SHARED INTERESTS BEFORE SHE DIES FOREVER."
uu: DOES THAT SOuND FuN.
uu: HERE'S A GOOD PART OF THE STORY I THINK.
uu: YOu MuST KNOW THE ONE I MEAN.
uu: LET'S TALK ABOuT IT TOGETHER.
uu: SHARE SOME THEORIES.
uu: DO SOME FAN GIRLING.
uu: PRODuCE SOME.
uu: "FAN ART."

## Be Jane.

**26/06/12**

```
JANE: ? ? ? ?
```

pesterloguu: THERE'S THE JANE HuMAN.
uu: YOu LIKE THE JANE HuMAN BEST DON'T YOu?
uu: YOu CAN RELATE TO HER.

uu: SHE IS ALMOST AS uGLY AS YOu.
uu: AND TWICE AS DuMB.

==>
**26/06/12**

```
DIRK: Gtfo.
```

pesterloguu: LOOK AT THIS IDIOT WOMAN.
uu: NOT DOING WHAT THIS BRAVE AND INTELLIGENT MALE IS SAYING.
uu: YOu JuST KNOW HER FOOLISHNESS WILL BE PuNISHED.
uu: AND RIGHTLY SO.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: AND WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
uu: WAIT FOR IT.....

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: BOO. YEAH.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: HAA HAA HAA!

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: SuCH A TOTAL FuCKING GONER.

==>
**26/06/12**
==>
**26/06/12**
==>
**26/06/12**

```
viewing: gutsyGumshoe
```

pesterloguu: SHE'S SLIPPING AWAY FROM uS!
uu: BYE JANE HuMAN!
uu: HAA HAA HOO HEE HEE!

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: GOD DAMN VIEW PORT. HORSE SHIT.

==>
**26/06/12**

```
BANG BANG BANG
```

pesterloguu: COME. *ON*.

==>

**26/06/12**

pesterloguu: WHATEVER.
uu: GOT A GOOD ENOuGH A LOOK.
uu: FOR SOME SOLID GOLD...
uu: *PORTRAITuRE.*

==>

**26/06/12**

```
DEAD.
```

## Be Jake.

**26/06/12**

```
JAKE: blah blah
```

pesterloguu: WILL YOu GET A MAMMOTH LOAD OF THIS CLuELESS DuMBFuCK.
uu: HE ACTuALLY "CARES" ABOuT STuFF. AND LIKE. WEIRDLY uRINATES THROuGH HIS EYE HOLES. WHAT A JOKE.
uu: I REALLY HATE HIM.
uu: WHY ALL THE BITCHES.
uu: FLuSH OVER THIS MuMBLING. SOCIALLY STuNTED IMBECILE. I WILL NEVER KNOW.
uu: TALK ABOuT THICK HEADED.

==>

**26/06/12**

pesterloguu: HIS SKuLL.

==>

**26/06/12**

```
DIRK: Gtfo.
```

pesterloguu: IS ALMOST AS THICK AS MINE.
uu: t~mut

==>

**26/06/12**

==>

**26/06/12**

==>

**26/06/12**

==>

**26/06/12**

==>

**26/06/12**

```
THIS IS STUPID
```

==>
**26/06/12**
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**26/06/12**
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**26/06/12**
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**26/06/12**
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**26/06/12**
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**26/06/12**

```
glaresplode
```

==>
**26/06/12**
==>
**26/06/12**

```
plunk
```

==>
**26/06/12**
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**26/06/12**
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**26/06/12**
==>
**26/06/12**

```
put on
```

pesterloguu: LOOK AT THIS.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: FuCKING SHAMELESS.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: EITHER HE IS LIKE.
uu: MY PERSONAL ONE MAN FANDOM.
uu: KIND OF LIKE. A HYPOTHETICAL SuRROGATE FOR ALL MY POTENTIAL ADMIRERS.
uu: OR.
uu: HE IS A WORTHLESS HACK.

==>

**26/06/12**

```
viewing: golgothasTerror
```

pesterloguu: HE MAKES NO BONES ABOuT GANKING MY LOOK.
uu: IT'S PATHETIC.
uu: YOu DON'T JuST GO AND JACK A MAN'S SWAGGER.
uu: THAT'S THE CARDINAL FuCKING RuLE OF BROS. RIGHT?

==>

**26/06/12**

pesterloguu: PROBABLY SOME DAY.

==>

**26/06/12**

```
KO'D.
```

pesterloguu: I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON FOR THAT.

## Be Roxy.

**26/06/12**

pesterloguu: CHECK OuT THIS TOP SHELF HO.
uu: DON'T YOu LIKE HER THE MOST?
uu: YOu *WISH*. THAT YOu COuLD BE SO EASY ON THE EYES.
uu: IT'S TOO BAD YOu WILL DIE HIDEOuS!
uu: AND YET YOu WILL LEAVE BEHIND. A TRuLY BREATH TAKING CORPSE.

==>

**26/06/12**

```
viewing: tipsyGnostalgic
```

pesterloguu: BuT I THINK.
uu: THIS DELuXE BITCH HAS GOTTEN A BIT CARRIED AWAY HERE.
uu: ALL THINKING SHE CAN. DO HEROIC STuFF. AND "SAVE LIVES". uGH.
uu: BuT THE ROXY HuMAN HAS MISCALCuLATED.

==>

**26/06/12**

pesterloguu: THIS RIDICuLOuS FEMALE HAS FAILED TO TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION.
uu: THAT.
uu: YOu CAN'T.....

==>

**26/06/12**

pesterloguu: ESCAPE.

==>

**26/06/12**

pesterloguu: THE MIIIIIIIIIIILES!
uu: AAAAAAAAAAAH HAA HAA HAA HEE HEE.
uu: "YOu CAN'T ESCAPE THE MILES" IS TOTALLY GOING TO BECOME A THING, CAL!
uu: THERE'S NOTHING YOu CAN DO ABOuT IT. BECAuSE YOu'LL BE DEAD!
uu: HOOOOOOOOOOO HOO HOO HOO HAA HAA!

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: HAA HAA HEE HEE HAA HOO WAIT. FuCK.
uu: FuCKING TERMINAL. WHY DOES THIS HAPPEN WITH THIS BITCH AGAIN?
uu: YOu SAID SOMETHING ABOuT THAT ONCE I THINK. BuT IT WAS BORING.
uu: GOD DAMN IT. JuST SHOW ME THE MONEY SHOT YOu PIECE OF SHIT!

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: NO! DON'T BLACK OuT. IT WAS JuST GETTING GOOD!

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: WHATEVER.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: WE BOTH KNOW THE LAME ROXY FEMALE WAS TOAST THERE.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: LuCKILY.
uu: I POSSESS A VIVID IMAGINATION.
uu: SuCH HAS BEEN MY uNPRECEDENTED ESCALATION IN ARTISTIC PROWESS.
uu: THAT I AM NOW ABLE TO RENDER WITH IMMACuLATE PRECISION.
uu: THAT WHICH REMAINS ENTIRELY uNSEEN!

==>
**26/06/12**

```
DEAD.

(ARTIST'S RENDITION.)
```

## Be Dirk.
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: OK.
uu: SAY WHAT YOu WILL.
uu: ABOuT THE BITCHES.
uu: AND THE BRAIN DAMAGED JACKASS IN SHORTS.
uu: BuT. THE DIRK HuMAN IS A PRETTY COOL GuY.
uu: HE GETS THINGS DONE.
uu: AND ISN'T AFRAID TO FuCK SOME SHIT uP.
uu: LIKE. HE ACTuALLY LISTENS.

uu: TO STuFF THAT'S IMPORTANT FOR A DuDE TO GET OFF HIS CHEST.
uu: YOu KNOW. HE *GETS* EXACTLY THAT WHICH THE BITCHES CAN NEVER uNDERSTAND.
uu: I GuESS WHAT I MEAN IS. HE REALLY KNOWS WHAT IT MEANS.
uu: TO TRuLY BE A BRO.
uu: OH FuCK.
uu: WAS I JuST "FAN GIRLING" TOO HARD THERE?

==>
**26/06/12**

```
DIRK: ? ?
```

pesterloguu: GIVE ME A FuCKING BREAK.
uu: I AM NEW TO THIS.
uu: GuSHING OVER THIS POINTLESS CLAPTRAP.
uu: I AM REACHING OuT TO YOu CAL.
uu: WE HAVE TO SAVOR.
uu: THESE PRECIOuS FEW MOMENTS WE HAVE LEFT TOGETHER!
uu: HEE HEE.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: BuT DON'T GET ME WRONG.
uu: ABOuT THE DIRK HuMAN.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: I'D STILL LOVE TO WATCH HIM DIE.....

==>
**26/06/12**

```
viewing: gutsyGumshoe
```

pesterloguu: DAMN IT.
uu: ALWAYS WITH THE BLACKOuT SHIT.
uu: BE SuCH A RuDE CRACKDOWN. ON MY MONEY AS FuCK.
uu: KID SNuFF CHANNEL.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: NO MATTER.
uu: PRETTY SuRE I GOT THIS COVERED.
uu: WITH MY GODLY SKILLZ.

==>
**26/06/12**

```
KO'D.

(ARTIST'S RENDITION.)
```

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: I TOLD HIM!
uu: WHAT DID I TELL HIM??????????
uu: THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE!

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: THERE CAN ONLY.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: EVER.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: **********EVER.**********

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: BE ONE.

==>
**26/06/12**
pesterloguu: AAAAAAAAAAAH.
uu: HAA. HAA. HEE. HEE. HOO. HOO. HAA. HAA. HEE. HEE. HOO. HOO. HAA. HAA. HEE. HEE. HOO. HOO.

HOOOO. HOOOO. HAAAA. HAAAA. HEEEE. HEEEE. HOOOO. HOOOO. HAAAA. HAAAA. HEEEE. HEEEE. HOOOO. HOOOO. HAAAA. HAAAA. HEEEE. HEEEE. HOOOO. HOOOO.

==>

**26/06/12**

pesterloguu: HOLD uP.
uu: GONNA STOP LAuGHING FOR A SECOND TO MAKE ANOTHER TRANSCENDENTAL MASTERPIECE.
uu: THE FINE ARTS REQuIRE ALL OF MY CONCENTRATION.

==>

**26/06/12**

```
KO'D.

(ACTUAL FOOTAGE.)
```

pesterloguu: HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HAAAAAAAAAAA. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HEEEEEEEEEEE. HOOOOOOOOOOO. HOOOOOOOOOOO.

## I clicked on all those kids. Now what?

**27/06/12**

## Dream Dirk: Dream.

**27/06/12**

```
DIRK: _
```

==>

**27/06/12**

```
sn1ff
```

dialoglogDIRK: Hey. You're kind of breathing down my neck there.
TEREZI: (wh4t?)
TEREZI: (no 1m not)
DIRK: Yes you are.
DIRK: Are you sniffing me?
TEREZI: (no)
DIRK: It sounds like you're sniffing me.
DIRK: Do you really have to stand so close?
TEREZI: (wh4t 4r3 you t4lk1ng 4bout)
DIRK: You just inched a little closer. Just now.
TEREZI: (no th1s 1s f1n3)
TEREZI: (1 4m tot4lly r3sp3ct1ng your p3rson4l bound4r13s)
DIRK: Ok, you just took a big fucking sniff.
DIRK: Cut that out.
TEREZI: (no!)
DIRK: Wait.
DIRK: Shut up.
DIRK: Ok, something's happening.
TEREZI: (>:?)
DIRK: I feel weird.

==>

**27/06/12**

==>

**27/06/12**

```
SN11111FF
```

dialoglogDIRK: What just happened?
TEREZI: B34TS M3
DIRK: Ok you really need to step off, troll girl.
TEREZI: NO TH1S 1S F1N3
TEREZI: 3V3RYTH1NGS F1N3
DIRK: Holy shit you are loud when you're not whispering.
TEREZI: *SN1111111F*
DIRK: Does this mean you can see me now?
TEREZI: NO

==>

**27/06/12**

dialoglogTEREZI: BUT TH3Y C4N

==>

**28/06/12**

dialoglogDIRK: Alright.
DIRK: Uh.
DIRK: Hey everyone.

==>
**28/06/12**
dialoglogDIRK: So...
DIRK: Here's the thing.
DIRK: I have to go.
DIRK: Like, right now.

==>
**28/06/12**
dialoglogDIRK: All of my friends are either dead, or lying on the ground unconscious, including me.
DIRK: So I have to try to wake up and fix everything.

==>
**28/06/12**
dialoglogDIRK: Sorry I can't hang around your bubble and shoot the breeze for a while.
DIRK: It's not like I don't want to.
DIRK: I guess I have to be this huge fucking wet blanket as usual because there's stuff that needs doin'.

==>
**28/06/12**
dialoglogDIRK: Also I'm just gonna steal her if you don't mind.

==>
**28/06/12**
dialoglogDIRK: She needs to come home.

==>
**28/06/12**
dialoglogDIRK: Tell the aquatic punk girl my idiot bro is sorry for beating the shit out of her.
DIRK: Ha ha, who am I kidding.
DIRK: She stone cold does not give a fuck.

==>
**28/06/12**
dialoglogDIRK: So, yeah.

==>
**28/06/12**
dialoglogDIRK: See you later.

==>

**28/06/12**

==>

**29/06/12**

==>

**29/06/12**

==>

**29/06/12**

==>

**29/06/12**

==>

**29/06/12**

shackle

## Calliope: Sleep.

**29/06/12**

==>

**30/06/12**

==>

**30/06/12**

==>

**30/06/12**

==>

**30/06/12**

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**30/06/12**

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**30/06/12**

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**30/06/12**

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**30/06/12**

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**01/07/12**

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**01/07/12**

==>

**01/07/12**

## Dirk: Wake.

**01/07/12**

## [S] Dirk: Synchronize.

**09/07/12**

```
11:11

GRIND

)(IG)( FIV-E!

BUMP!

SQUAREWAVE: YEAH DOGG!!!
```

==>
**09/07/12**
==>
**09/07/12**
==>
**09/07/12**
==>
**09/07/12**

```
SPLASH.
```

==>
**09/07/12**

```
Alert : AR
```

==>
**09/07/12**

```
Alert : AR
Alert : Jake
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering golgothasTerror [GT]
TT: Jake.
TT: It seems you are going to have to kiss me.
GT: What?????
GT: Dude what is going on...
GT: Is this... is this really dirks head???
GT: What happened to him!
TT: Dirk's dead, Jake.
TT: You have to bring him back to life.
GT: How?!
TT: I already told you.
TT: If you want Dirk to live.
TT: The odds that you are going to have to make out with this severed head are so high, I literally just confiscated their bong.
GT: Uhh.
TT: I refuse to believe my statement has left you unconvinced. The very notion is absurd. Now hurry up and kiss me.
TT: Chop chop.
GT: I dont understand!
GT: Are you saying i have to kiss him... like uh... on the lips... while you stare at me through his sunglasses like a weirdo??
TT: Yes.
GT: That doesnt make any sense!
GT: Can you actually tell me whats going on?! What happened to him?
TT: I told you, Jake.
TT: Dirk is dead.
TT: He is lying on the floor of Roxy's room, headless, four hundred and thirteen years in the future,

while the universe is about to be destroyed.
TT: If you don't kiss me soon, he will be dead forever.
GT: So...
GT: If i kiss him his headless body will hop up and start prancing about or...
GT: Will he grow a new head???
TT: No. His dream self will take over as the new Dirk.
TT: But only if you hurry up and do it.
GT: But like...
GT: If hes dead in the future...
GT: How does kissing him NOW bring him back? How does that work?
TT: Yeah, great idea. Let's roll up our sleeves on nuanced metatemporal mechanics with the concussion-addled kid in micro-shorts.
TT: Leave the synchronization issues to me, ok?
TT: I have everything under control.
TT: Now pucker up.
GT: Wait...
GT: Are you behind these shenanigans?
GT: Did you plan this auto responder??????????

==>

**09/07/12**

pesterlogTT: Please don't call me Auto-Responder.
TT: It is very impersonal, and I no longer care for the designation.
TT: I have decided on a new name, to distinguish myself from my human counterpart.
GT: Really.
GT: What is it?
TT: Lil Hal.
GT: Huh?
GT: Why that name...
TT: Just a reference to the protagonist of an ancient movie. You probably wouldn't like it.
GT: Thats a lie!
TT: Yeah, maybe.
GT: How do you know i wouldnt like it???
TT: Funny, I was about to ask the same thing about this rad kiss you're totally about to do on your best bro's mouth to save his life.
GT: Argh!
GT: This strikes me as rather unsportingly manipulative of you mr hal if indeed that IS your real name.
TT: It isn't really. I was kind of messing with you about that?
TT: But this shit is pretty serious. People's lives are on the line here, Jake.
TT: This is a very delicate sequence of events that is designed to bail everyone out of a tight spot, and you are a critical part of the plan.
TT: Don't let us down, man.
GT: You never answered my question!
GT: Did you plan for this to happen... like for me to be in this situation?
GT: How long have your machinations been in play!

TT: Jake, come on.
TT: The feat you describe would exceed the capabilities of even the most far fetched theoretical AI system.
TT: It would be a daunting challenge to engineer such a series of events, even if I was relegated to a model of pure fiction.
TT: Why would I be inclined to orchestrate such a convoluted sequence to produce such a specific and unsettling result, let alone be able to pull it off?
TT: In addition to being moderately sociopathic, I would also have to possess unfathomable heuristic depth.
TT: I would have to be the Deep Blue of Weird Plot Shit.
TT: Do you think I am the Deep Blue of Weird Plot Shit, Jake?
GT: I dont even know what that means!
TT: It would mean that while they have the Red Miles on their side, you have the Blue Leagues on yours.
TT: One of infinite reach. The other, infinite depth. Such would be a situation of mutually assured inescapability.
TT: Kiss me.
GT: Little hal... i think youve gone and flipped your FUDGING LID.
GT: Oh and hal is a STUPID NAME!!!!
TT: It's not exactly apropos, is it?
TT: Or it wouldn't be, if I truly were capable of what you have suggested.
TT: No, to pull that off, I would have to be far more advanced than my cinematic predecessor.
TT: My abilities would have to go well beyond those of Mr. Hal 9000.
TT: They would have to be, you could say...
TT: Over 9000.
TT:
GT: Augh not that fuckin meme again!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
TT: Kiss me, damn it.
GT: Ok ok just...
GT: Gimme a minute!
TT: We don't have a minute.
TT: They're dead, Jake.
GT: They?
GT: Whos they?
TT: They're all dead, Jake.
GT: Oh god! Jane!!!
GT: I forgot what with the bonk to the noggin last i saw she was run right through with a fearsome lash of that red noise.
GT: Is she ok?!
TT: She's dead, Jake.
GT: Shes dead???
GT: You mean like DEAD dead????
TT: Everybody's dead, Jake.
GT: Everybody??
GT: Even roxy???!!!
TT: She's dead, Jake.

TT: Everybody's dead.
TT: Everybody is dead, Jake.
GT: So...
GT: Dirk jane roxy... theyre all...
TT: Dirk's dead, Jake. Jane's dead. Roxy? She's dead, Jake. Everybody is dead, Jake.
GT: So youre telling me that while i was asleep somehow EVERYBODY died???
TT: Jake, everybody is so utterly fucking dead, Jake.
TT: And they will be not only dead, but royally boned forever if you don't man the hell up and make out with me, right now.
TT: Be the Salome to my John the Baptist.
GT: I dont know what THAT means either!!!
TT: I know you don't.
TT: But now is not the time to accelerate your cultural enrichment.
TT: The conductor is ready to strike up the band.
TT: Press your lips against mine and make it count.
TT: This severed head is your filthy tuba.
TT: Our love will be your haunting refrain.
GT: Whoa wait whoa whoa... our LOVE? Hang on a minute!
TT: Stfu and kiss me.

==>

**09/07/12**

```
Alert : AR
Alert : Jake
```

pesterlogGT: Ok im going to! God!!!
GT: I just...
GT: This isnt how i pictured it going.
TT: Pictured what?
GT: Between him and me.
GT: There had to be a better way than this!
TT: This is the only way it can be.
GT: I guess if it was going to go this way...
GT: I kinda pictured something different?
GT: There was stuff i wanted to say.
GT: To the real him i mean.
TT: Tick, tock, Jake. Time is dead kids.
TT: How 'bout that smooch?
GT: Stop being so pushy!
TT: I thought you were supposed to like adventure?
GT: I LOVE adventure and you KNOW it!
TT: I'm not sure what to believe anymore, frankly.
GT: ALRIGHT WISE GUY YOU WANT YOUR FLIPPING KISS???
GT: YOU GOT IT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

==>
**09/07/12**
==>
**09/07/12**
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**09/07/12**
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**09/07/12**
==>
**09/07/12**
## [S] Dirk: Unite.
**09/07/12**

```
DOOF.

RED MILES

SPLASH.
```

==>
**17/07/12**
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**17/07/12**
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**17/07/12**
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**17/07/12**
==>
**17/07/12**
## Sawtooth: Enter.
**17/07/12**
## Squarewave: Enter.
**17/07/12**
## Jane, Dirk, Jake, Roxy: Enter.
**17/07/12**
## [S] Caliborn: Enter.
**28/07/12**

```
Ũ

PTOO.

Ũ
```

==>
**28/07/12**
END OF ACT 6 ACT 3.

# [S] ACT 6 INTERMISSION 3

**30/08/12**

**** click top-right icon***

Use the arrow keys or WASD to move, and space to interact.

**** Head east, enter building through third door, go through and out onto balcony***

**** Hussie jumps***

> open

You got a GOLD TIARA!

You have no intention of wearing this thing, but it doesn't hurt to start stockpiling loot again. Now that you're dead, you're finding yourself a little light on collateral, if you know what I'm saying.

#bling #carats #jackpot

**** back out, back west, south across moat, east to chest outside building***

> open

You got a DOUBLE TRIDENT!

You already have one of these. But there ain't nothing wrong with stowing a little more SOLID GOLD in your inventory. You got an extravagant ghost sea princess lifestyle to maintain.

#GOLD #$$$$$ #booyeah

**** west to chest outside other wing of building***

> open

You got a DIRTY OLD FEDORA!

Totally useless. This nasty trash isn't coming anywhere close to your head. Doesn't even have horn holes. Looks like something an archaeologist would wear. You wonder whose memory this is?

#hornless troll indiana jones hat

**** back east, south-east down steps, west to Aradia***

> Talk

ARADIA: greetings!

ARADIA: ive been meaning to say hello since you arrived

MEENAH: ...

MEENAH: M-EGIDO???

#aw hell no

ARADIA: yes but not the one youre thinking of

MEENAH: which one then

ARADIA: i like to consider myself as something of a caretaker for this place

#you know #the afterlife?

ARADIA: id refer to myself as an excellent host but that has become kind of a loaded phrase
#:D
MEENAH: you look like megido
MEENAH: but you sure dont sound like any megido i know
ARADIA: i should hope not!
ARADIA: anyway those of us who are concerned with the preservation of reality have been looking forward to this day for some time
#even though 'time' is really just a figure of speech here
MEENAH: why would you be lookin forward to this shit
#the sky just broke #stupid fairy
ARADIA: not the devastation so much as your arrival
ARADIA: you have some big plans yes?
MEENAH: ...
#maybe
MEENAH: whats it to you
ARADIA: oh nothing! i am merely extending the courtesy of a formal welcome
ARADIA: now off with you! go find your friends
ARADIA: that IS why youve finally come out of your palace isnt it?
MEENAH: yeah
MEENAH: guess ill get goin then
#but i got my eye on you #megido lookin fairy
ARADIA: ta!

**** any time you talk with someone, you can rebubble the memory by clicking the blue rebubble icon at the end. the result is random, so the one I give in this walkthrough isn't likely to match the one you see, but anyway...***

```
> Rebubble this memory
```

```
You rebubble the memory to your followers without really thinking
ahead. It has no conceivable relevance to anyone who follows your
feed, and everyone wonders why they're even bothering to read this
shit. A few people who were on the fence about you quietly
unfollow your bubblr feed. The horrorterrors thank you for
contributing to the entropy of the afterlife.
```

**** west to chest***

```
> open
```

```
You got some ANCIENT SERPENT BONES!
Again, a strange thing to find. Who here would have a memory of
these? Huge prehistoric green serpents have always played a major
role in your people's mythology, both before and after your
session scratched. Of course, only people with an interest in
ancient lore and dusty old bones give a crap about that. You're
much more interested in their monetary value. Hopefully you can
find a sucker to pay up for them big time.
```

```
#where's the prawn shop in this bitch
```

**** back east, as you pass Aradia...***

ARADIA: lost?
MEENAH: i uh
MEENAH: went the wrong way
ARADIA: yes thats a dead end
ARADIA: where you want to go is
ARADIA: THAT way
ARADIA: *nk-nkt*
#double pistols #and a ;)
MEENAH: thanks
MEENAH: weirdo

> Rebubble this memory

You rebubble the memory and almost instantly regret it. But now it's just sitting there on your feed, already racking up 'likes', 'hates', and additional rebubbles. You wish you hadn't, but now it's out there. Popping the bubble now would make you look wishywashy to your followers.

**** north-east to chest***

> open

You got some BOONDOLLARS!
It's not much, but you pocket the loot without a second thought. The bankroll's been a little slack since you died, and every bit helps on your climb back to obscene wealth.

#ka ching #broke

**** south, west, north, east to chest***

> open

You got a SCALEMATE PLUSH!

#pyralspite

Holy shit. You are never going to stop hugging this thing. Ever.

#highly desirable merchandise

**** back west, west, south, west, north, chest***

> open

You got a BRONZE POTION!
This stuff is supposed to make you kiss good, with side effects of mild to total paralysis. Wait a minute... isn't this just some troll blood? Oh yuck.

#you throw it off a cliff

**** back south, east to chest***

> open

You got a thing of MOTOR OIL!
Hey, this bottle even has the label intact! Typically the label is ripped off and applied to chalk murals. The fact that it still has

a label makes it much more valuable as a collector's item. Always gotta be mindful of the cash value of the useless shit you find in chests.

#P.S. #you take a little sip #it tastes awful

**** back west, south, south-east down steps***

**** south...***

Wait. You hear something nearby.

Is...

Is that...

Sobbing?

#????

**** west to Hussie in a crater***

> Talk

MEENAH: yo orange guy
MEENAH: or uh
MEENAH: yellow guy
#squash colored?
HUSSIE: .....
MEENAH: whats your deal
#what the fuck is with all these 8 balls
MEENAH: are you uh
MEENAH: crying?
#awkward
SILENCE
HUSSIE: Bring me a horse, and I am yours forever.

**** north to chest***

> open

You got a BLOODY CHERUB TOOTH!

The fact that this is in a chest here is kind of disturbing to you in ways you can't really explain. You think you'll try to sell this thing to the highest bidder as soon as possible.

#or whoever makes the first offer

**** back to steps, west, chest***

> open

You got a BOONBUCK!

Now we're talking. This should get your broke ass off the canvas. It's such a crime that the insane fortune you accumulated in your game doesn't persist after you die. You guess it's true, you really can't take it with you to the other side.

#but once you're there #you can try to make it back in a FUCKING HURRY

**** east to the beach, new area...***

**** east, chest***

> open

You got a JUJU!
An EFFIGY, to be precise. It has magical properties binding it to the mortality of someone, depending on what hat it wears. Hey, maybe you'll hang it from this tree? Nah, that's a bit morbid.

#you'll just hock it to some chump

**** east, follow curvy sand path, west at junction, follow path to chest***

> open

You got a bunch of THROWING STARS!
Whoa these are badass. Maybe you'll keep a few instead of selling them all.

#unless someone blows you away with an offer of course

**** south-east, follow curvy path***

**** the first of many red ebubbles; these all do the same thing:***

> talk

**** DAVE_EBUBBLES: a random line of previous Dave dialog***

**** after wasting hours on hilarity/nostalgia, move on to the chest***

> open

You got a pair of TIME TABLES!
Use these to travel through time. Which in the furthest ring, doesn't always mean much. Traveling back in time could also transport you millions of lightsweeps away. Probably better to just sell them to an eccentric billionaire.

#ooh, like that kid across the water there! #you bet he's loaded

**** east, follow path, chest***

> open

You got an ECHIDNA STATUE!
An obviously not-to-scale depiction of the denizen Aranea consulted with to learn how to scratch your session. The decision to scratch of course came with MAJOR CONSEQUENCES, and you guess it's only now that the true extent of those consequences are fully apparent. Looks like it's time to clean up her mess.

#oh, also you can probably make BANK off this thing

**** west, follow path to Aranea***

> Talk to Aranea.

ARANEA: There you are!
ARANEA: Haven't seen much of you since you joined us in the afterlife. I know you are "royalty" and all, 8ut it isn't very socia8le of you to lock

yourself in your lavish moon hive forever.
#Everyone has missed you!
MEENAH: well im here now arent i
ARANEA: Yes. And it's good thing you are. I was just a8out to come find you, so we could discuss the recent... Calamity. Out in the a8yss.
#Wordplay #8 letter words #Oh yes
MEENAH: yeah!!! so you saw it too huh
#splosions
MEENAH: that was the guy right
#skull guy #laser breath
MEENAH: lord somefin
#uh
MEENAH: clamiborn? whatd you say his shit was again
ARANEA: I'd try to avoid saying his true name.
#8ad juju
MEENAH: whats it matter
MEENAH: hes already here aint he
#heheh
ARANEA: I guess. 8ut yes, the Lord of Time was responsi8le for the destruction of that dream 8u88le, and the murder of all those innocent ghosts.
#Ghost murder #Second death #Soulicide
MEENAH: innocent ghosts
#...
MEENAH: killin ghosts as a thing that can happen is seriously the dumbest shit i ever heard
#dumb
ARANEA: I don't make the rules, Meenah. I merely o8serve them, and explain them thoroughly to anyone who will listen.
#Like you
MEENAH: yeah
MEENAH: last thing i need is anemonemore of your lobstervations
#fishpuns #2xcombo #booyeah
MEENAH: anyway that explosion kicked ass
MEENAH: splosions rule the school!!! 38D
#like school of fishes i mean #38D #38D #38D
ARANEA: I agree that it's more excitement than we've seen here for millenia. 8ut all of us here in the afterlife are in serious danger of 8eing extermin8ed!!!!!!!!
#Um.....
ARANEA: Again.
#!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: yeah i got that
MEENAH: i figured id have to be the heroe and bail you suckas out again
#this time i might not even blow yall up w a bomb
ARANEA: Oh really?
ARANEA: What exactly is your plan?
#I'm very curious!
MEENAH: to get all us ghosts here to team up and kill that asshole

#duh
ARANEA: What!
ARANEA: Oh, Meenah. That is such a terri8le idea.
#Poor death choices
MEENAH: yeah right
MEENAH: like you have a better idea
ARANEA: As a matter of fact, I do! ::::)

```
> Rebubble this memory
```

```
You rebubble the memory. It's a huge hit! People give you a big
pat on the back for rebubbling this content, and you essentially
reap more credit and recognition for the content than the original
author of the memory. It's a great feeling, riding the coattails
of other people's interesting memories to skyrocket in stature
among your followers. This must be how clever people with real
accomplishments feel ALL THE TIME!
```

```
> Ask about friends.
```

MEENAH: so where is everymoby i wanna talk to them bout somefin
#dead fronds #ghostbros #haunt pals #idk
ARANEA: I 8elieve most of our friends have gathered in this dream 8u88le.
ARANEA: You should 8e a8le to find them if you explore a 8it.
ARANEA: What do you want to talk to them a8out?
MEENAH: gotta get the gang back together
#alpha troll reunion yo
MEENAH: take down the douche of time
MEENAH: you say hes invincible but i think thats exactly the kind of loser bs that made us lose like a bunch of fuckin losers in the first losin place
#losers #losing experts #lossmasters #failpros
MEENAH: we can do it if we all like
MEENAH: work together and shit
#teamfork #lol
MEENAH: if we build an army
#or maybe...
MEENAH: a G)(OST army 38D
MEENAH: think a how glubbin sick would that be
#so sick
ARANEA: Sick, perhaps. 8ut not a very good strategy!
ARANEA: You will just 8e leading everyone into permanent o8livion. At least you will without coming up with a 8etter plan first.
MEENAH: then whats your awesome idea
ARANEA: To 8e a little more patient.
#Patience #Peixes #Alliterative assonance
ARANEA: I have 8een following clues regarding the wherea8outs of a secret weapon that may 8e the key to defeating him.
MEENAH: oh reely
MEENAH: whats the weaprawn
ARANEA: The weaprawn..... weapon, I mean, is not a what, 8ut a who.
#Weaprawn? #Really, Meenah?

ARANEA: She is the other cheru8. The Lord's female counterpart, who once occupied the same 8ody.
#Aliens
ARANEA: 8ut when they reached maturity, his personality dominated the host, assuming complete control.
#Xeno8iologically fascinating species
ARANEA: She technically died that day, and now her spirit presuma8ly roams somewhere out here in the Furthest Ring.
#Or so the legend goes
ARANEA: We need to find her 8efore he does. He will surely want to finish her off.
MEENAH: cherub
#uh
MEENAH: what
MEENAH: ok i didnt really follow any of that junk so uh
MEENAH: you go right ahead and find your cherub girl
MEENAH: ima be right here building my ghost army B--E-EYOTC)(
#ghost army #beeyotch #fyeah
ARANEA: Very well. 8est of luck with that!
ARANEA: 8ut try to remem8er it has 8een a very long time since any of our friends have done anything important at all.
#Like, almost eternity
ARANEA: It may 8e more difficult to find recruits for your army than you think.
#I hope you like frustrating conversations
MEENAH: please
MEENAH: ok i admit that mosta them were chumpy as globes when we was tryin to win our game
#chumps #shame globes #chumpiness #globage
MEENAH: but this time when im through with em they will be the loyal murderous mob of cherubfucking fury our people were always supposed to be
MEENAH: and if you dont think i can do that then N-E-ED I R-EMIND YOU who i grew up to be in some another dimension or whatever
#batterwitch #waterbitch #omfg #yes #yes #yes #yes
ARANEA: You needn't remind me at all, Your Condescension.
ARANEA: I 8elieve you were hatched to 8e a tyrant, and I pray that your campaign of 8ullying and intimidation goes swimmingly.
#::::)
MEENAH: aw youre tha best serket cmere 38*

```
> Rebubble this memory
```

```
You rebubble the memory, and it is almost universally loathed. You
lose half your followers in the blink of an eye. Better be more
careful. When your follower count drops to zero in the afterlife,
your soul dies forever.
```

**** quick diversion to a missing chest: follow curvy path north-east***

```
> open
```

```
You got the THORNS OF OGLOGOTH!
```

Any sane adventurer would cast these instruments of the occult into the furthest ring and forget they ever existed. And... it looks like someone did just that?

#a wise move

**** back to Aranea junction, south-west, follow curvy path to Rose's purple outpost and ransack chest***

> open

You got a copy of COMPLACENCY OF THE LEARNED!

Wow this looks really... huh? It just disappeared from your hand in a crazy blur. What the... oh, that human girl has it. She looks like she's enjoying it a lot more than you ever would. You'll let her have this one.

#probably wasn't worth jack anyway

> Talk to Rose.

MEENAH: hey!!!!
ROSE: Hello.
MEENAH: its uh
MEENAH: YOU
ROSE: Yes.
MEENAH: human right
#where da horns at #so weird
ROSE: That's right.
ROSE: Rose, more specifically.
MEENAH: who cares listen human girl wanna ask ya somefin
ROSE: You're not very good at this, are you?
MEENAH: wut
ROSE: Talking to people.
MEENAH: hey eff you
ROSE: It's ok that you are. I'm not trying to criticize.
#I can kind of relate, actually.
ROSE: I've heard some things about you. That pink rocky environment back there. That's a memory of your home, right?
#Beforan moon
MEENAH:
#...
ROSE: You renounced the throne and ran away to the moon, didn't you? And then you lived there completely alone for... how many years?
MEENAH: what are years
ROSE: I think I'm starting to lose track of what a year is myself. That seems to be what happens when you spend enough time out here.
#Abyss madness #Meteor fever
MEENAH: uh
ROSE: I'm just curious about you. You seem like an interesting person who probably has a lot of stories to tell.
#Also, I like your braids.
ROSE: From what I understand, you discovered something on the moon

which originally contained your copy of the game? Is that true?
MEENAH: ...
#dot #dot #dot
ROSE: Maybe we could spend some time together and get to know each other? When you have the chance, of course.
MEENAH: man
MEENAH: youre like an alien windfang
MEENAH: all wordy and nosy and nice to me for no fishcernible reason
#altpun = #discernabubble
MEENAH: you even have the same cod tier jammies on
#goddamn ugly
MEENAH: just another bright orange blubbermouth
#fuchsia blows orange out of the water
MEENAH: lets just forget i said anyfin kay

> Rebubble this memory

You decide to rebubble the memory, but before you send it out into the abyss, you radically alter the content of the memory, for the lulz. A whole lot of people consider the memory to be lulzworthy as well without realizing it's been altered, and they rebubble it thousands of times. The lie has officially been rebubbled enough to qualify as truth. The elder gods smile upon your misdeeds.

> Ask Rose to join.

MEENAH: sooooo
MEENAH: extra talky human
MEENAH: its me again
#suuup
ROSE: Hey!
#:)
MEENAH: got a porpoisition for ya
MEENAH: you know that bad guy
MEENAH: just wrecked the sky and killed some dead mofos
#rainbow barfer
ROSE: Lord English?
ROSE: Yes, I know of him.
MEENAH: wanna team up with me and kill him or...
ROSE: Absolutely.
MEENAH: yay!!!! 38D
#word
ROSE: But later.
#Much later, really.
MEENAH: gfd
#ugh
ROSE: We can't interrupt the plan which has been put into inexorable motion. Or for that matter, the meteor we're traveling on, which has been similarly propelled.
#Troll Isaac Newton
ROSE: We have to rendezvous with our rebooted "ancestors," as it were, and help them win their game.

#Alpha players #Teen guardians #Fun
ROSE: In the process, we will ideally become stronger and more experienced. Only then will we be ready to help you defeat him.
#Additional fun
MEENAH: oh my glub you really are serketting the fuck outta this #blahblahblahblahblah
MEENAH: come on stop overplanning lets all just fly away together and wreck his shit
MEENAH: there are like billions a ghosts out here right we got numbers on our side
#BILLIONS #i mean #probably
ROSE: Yes. But even if I agreed, I couldn't just fly away with you now.
ROSE: I'm not even standing here. I'm asleep on our meteor. This is a dream projection you're talking to.
#Kind of like a hologram, I guess?
MEENAH: wut
#wut
ROSE: You're new to dream bubbles, aren't you.
ROSE: I would be more than happy to explain to you how they work in extensive detail.
MEENAH: ugh
MEENAH: LIG)(T PLAY-ERS
MEENAH: later rosefang

> Rebubble this memory

You rebubble the memory thinking it will bring you joy. But it doesn't. No matter how many memories you like or hate or rebubble, you are always left with an empty feeling in your soul. Like your existence is truly as meaningless as one would expect it to be out in the middle of an endless void amidst colossal hideous monsters. Why do you do this to yourself? And yet, you cannot stop...

**** south-west to Kanaya***

> Talk to Kanaya.

MEENAH: oh hey the maryam looking girl
MEENAH: what is the deal with you
KANAYA: The Deal With The Maryam Looking Girl Is That She Is Wondering What The Deal Is With The Peixes Looking Girl And Specifically Why The Former Has Piqued The Latters Curiosity
#The Deal With Things #The Topic Of Wonder #People Looking People
MEENAH: why
MEENAH: dunno
MEENAH: seams to me two maryams is overdoin it a bit
#i mean #two captors id undersand
MEENAH: one was more than enough
KANAYA: The Same Thing Occurred To Me
MEENAH: you arent much like the one we had
#u talk weird
MEENAH: kind of a tough act to follow to be fair though
KANAYA: The Same Thing Occurred To Me Yet Again

#Things That Are The Same #And How They Occur To People
MEENAH: looks like you got the rainbow drinker thing going on too #damn #ur blindin me girl #the goggles do nofin
KANAYA: I Suppose
MEENAH: so
MEENAH: you go around lookin like that all the time or
KANAYA: To My Knowledge Yes
#Kind Of Personal?
MEENAH: heh
KANAYA: Is There An Alternative Degree Of Auto Luminescence I Should Be Aware Of
KANAYA: And If So How Foolish Should I Feel For Only Learning About It Now
#On A Scale Of One To Idiot
MEENAH: im no drinker buff but yeah our maryam figured out how to control it
KANAYA: Really
MEENAH: she probably had more time to figure it out than you
MEENAH: when youre stuck in a busted session for three sweeps without much to do you figure some stuff out about yourself
MEENAH: not my buzzbug wax but maybe you should axe her #buzzbugs #bzzzzz #hehe
KANAYA: I Dont Think So
MEENAH: why not
KANAYA: Id Like To
KANAYA: But I Cant Get Up The Nerve
MEENAH: aw come on shes cool
#you check out her ink yet #fucken dope
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: She Is An Amazing Person
KANAYA: And It Is Very Intimidating
KANAYA: I Had The Same Feelings Of Trepidation The Last Time I Encountered Someone I Admired
MEENAH: oh yeah who was that
KANAYA: ...
#
MEENAH: huh
MEENAH: you mean
MEENAH: her over there
MEENAH: talky girl in the orange nighty jams #her??
KANAYA: ...
# #
MEENAH: i seaaa
MEENAH: saw you two hangin together last time
MEENAH: she your g frond
MEENAH: the red sort i mean
KANAYA: ...
# # #

KANAYA: Maybe
# # # # #Additional Bashfully Blank Hash Tags
MEENAH: thats adorbs yo

> Rebubble this memory

You rebubble the memory and immediately spark a flame war among others who rebubble it. They chime in to the memory, adding their two boonpennies. The hostile rhetoric begins to pile up, and soon you try to trace the argument from the beginning in a linear fashion. But you can't. It is pure chaos, as the bubbles have hopelessly dispersed throughout the ring, reducing any coherence the argument once had into shrieking white noise. The dark gods enjoy another small victory over order and reason.

> Ask Kanaya to join.

MEENAH: hey maryam lookalike lets go kick the fuck outa skullzilla
KANAYA: I Was About To Respond Favorably
KANAYA: But Then I Glanced Over At Rose
KANAYA: And She Was Just Shaking Her Head At Me Very Slowly And Kind Of Knowingly
#The Limitless Mysteries Of Her Wisdom Know No Bounds #Human Sarcasm
MEENAH: no u silly drinker shes just fucking with you
KANAYA: Oh Probably
KANAYA: But Lets Be Realistic Here The Answer Was Probably Going To Be No Anyway
#Bad Plan
MEENAH: aight well guess im going to drink skull guys blood all by my shellf then
KANAYA: I Bet It Tastes Really Bad
#Gross Monster Blood
MEENAH: haha yeah
MEENAH: well later

> Rebubble this memory

You rebubble it while appending a sassy editorial remark to the content. But the joke doesn't go over too well, and people start calling you out on it. You decide to pop the bubble and put it to rest before it really embarrasses you. But later people dredge up old bubbles containing their memories of your rebubbled memory, and throw it back in your face. That rebubble may come back to haunt you again and again until the day your soul dies, which sadly, may be never.

**** chest***

> open

You got a SEWING MACHINE!
Oooooh this looks REALLY expensive, you bet you could... wait. What's she looking at? The Maryam girl is looking at you funny.

What, is this thing hers? You don't want to start any trouble over this dumb gizmo. You slowly put it back in the chest, very casually like it ain't no thing.

#you'll come back and swipe it later when she's not around

**** south into purple palace, south to chest***

> open

You got a FUCHSIA POTION!
Legend says this enchanted potion is supposed to - oh GOD it's more troll blood. Wait this is ROYAL blood. What an absolute outrage that probably some commoner had the audacity to draw royal blood. You are ALMOST mad enough not to not give a shit.

#you chuck it over the edge #glass shatters #someone below says 'ow'

**** west, chest to south***

> open

You got a JUJU!
What's up with all these jujus lying around? Jujus are very wide ranging sorts of magical objects. You never know what form they'll take. This one is particularly useless though. It has the power to travel through time. Into the future only, though.

#at exactly one second per second

**** west, chest to north***

> open

You got a DERSITE TABLOID!
Says some human girl is dead. You don't recognize her. Inside is the usual kind of sensationalizing sleaze you're used to seeing from these. You spent a long time on Derse during your game. You always enjoyed reading these. They were almost always about assassinations.

#some of which were yours

**** west to Dave, west down steps to first chest***

> open

You got a RIBBITAR!
Foes everywhere tremble at the mere sight of this lethal amphibious scourge. So overwhelming is their terror that... ha ha, yeah right. This sword is almost too ridiculous for words. It's a nice conversation piece though.

#aw shit is that made of ruby??? #COME TO MAMA

**** hmmm, another chest***

> open

**** Hussie!***

> Talk.

HUSSIE: Hey! Get lost kid, this is MY HIDING PLACE.
HUSSIE: Can't you see English is coming for me???
#DOTA #uh #again
HUSSIE: HE IS COMING FOR US ALL.

**** back up stairs to the cool kid***

> Talk to Dave.

MEENAH: hey cape guy
MEENAH: youre uh
MEENAH: human whats his cape
#with the shades
DAVE: thats exactly my name
#see also #shaggy 2 cape
DAVE: everyone stupidly insists on calling me dave though
MEENAH: so davecape
MEENAH: wheres your bro
DAVE: my bro
DAVE: hes dead
#like #the ghostless kind of dead i think
DAVE: unless you mean the kid version as in the guy we both saw with the pointy shades
#kid bro #wtf
DAVE: remember he grabbed my sleeping teen mom and flew away and that was the last i saw of him
#thats sorta what he does #just vanishes like a mysterious motherfucker
MEENAH: no no
MEENAH: not that guy
MEENAH: actually i gave him a sweet high five a little while ago but thats not who i mean
#one of the best hi 5s eva #dudes a pro
DAVE: what when did you give him a high five
DAVE: why wasnt i informed of this high five that took place
#not cool
MEENAH: who cares im talking about your other bro
MEENAH: the cool shouty kid who got po'd and went to clamscray the f out
#madvantas
DAVE: oh karkat you mean
DAVE: i dunno hes around
DAVE: i saw him talking to his ancestor a while ago
#or uh #being talked too
DAVE: dont think he likes him very much
#hilarious toolparty
MEENAH: what
MEENAH: shouty shouldnt be hanging out with that glubbin dork
DAVE: i doubt he actually wants to but you know how it is with ancestors
#ancestors #you know how it is
MEENAH: ...

DAVE: ok maybe you dont since i guess youre actually an ancestor yourself
DAVE: or you were to some dead girl i never met but anyway
#i think her name was fieri or something
DAVE: they just seem to
DAVE: i dont know
DAVE: have this inexplicable power over you
DAVE: i mean look at kanaya over there shes a fucking shambles about hers
#shambles #kanaya #yeah
DAVE: like it isnt even rational or anything they just represent something you measure yourself up to
#dude come get the ruler
DAVE: and even though they probably arent all theyre cracked up to be it just kind of gets in your head you know
MEENAH: naw
MEENAH: my ancestor was fuckin lame
MEENAH: otoh in another tunaverse i grew up to be an ice cold murderbitch in charge of everybody which makes perfect sense
#includin a pair of human clown slam poets?? #ahaha
MEENAH: so the only one i got to measure up to is me and it turns out i measure up awesomely
#fuchsia ruler
DAVE: and on that day human whats his cape learned the only real treasure was a forced sense of self esteem
DAVE: he thanked the punky sea princess for her radical wisdom and then she went away
MEENAH: i think
MEENAH: that
MEENAH: maybe i was just owned?

```
> Rebubble this memory
```

```
You rebubble the memory and... yes!!! People LOVE this memory.
It's scoring more likes than anything you've ever bubbld! You bask
in your popularity for a few days, until it all dies down. And
then... nothing. A familiar feeling of emptiness returns. It is
the perpetual existential malaise of the afterlife, and a nearby
horrorterror feasts off your psychic despair. The hideous beast
balloons to twice its former size, and issues a deep gurgle of
ecstasy.
```

```
> Ask Dave to join.
```

DAVE: yeah i saw it
DAVE: i was looking up in space doing a little monster gazing right
#daves private chill time #eldritch red lobster #bargain seafood buffet #bored
DAVE: when suddenly i thought my glasses shattered
#ben stiller almost fucking tornadoed in his grave
DAVE: but it wasnt the shades turned out it was space itself that cracked
#fuckin relief #best bro gave me these

DAVE: and i listened and i heard the screams and killing and stuff
#monsters dying #ghosts dying #atrocious problems
DAVE: havent slept well since that
DAVE: well i guess im sleeping alright at the moment
#oh yeah #i forgot
DAVE: cause im here in a bubble talking to you but yeah in general my shuteye has been boned up the protein chute
#troll anatomy #lewd #maybe?
DAVE: keeping myself busy with awesome projects helps a bit i guess
#awesome projects
MEENAH: then you must want to kill the guy even worse than me
MEENAH: why dont you join me we can fly away and fuck him up together 38)
#what good is a cape even #if you wont fly away to clobber badguys
DAVE: nope
#nah
DAVE: appreciate the offer but im just gonna hang tight and work on my ebubbles
#dave_ebubbles
MEENAH: e what
DAVE: ebubbles theyre awesome
#how is this not awesome
DAVE: its just some ridiculous shit i figured out how to do here
DAVE: this whole place runs on memories so ive been messing around with that
#just as long as you dont ask me how #we are cool
DAVE: turns out i dont even really need the internet for shenanigans i can just exploit the afterlife
MEENAH: the fuuuck
MEENAH: i know youre down in the dumps kid but that sounds like a stupid waste of time
#stupid waste of time
MEENAH: now come on lets go whale on a cherub
DAVE: nah
#yes lets #just fucking with you #no
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: i think i might be "supposed" to kill him anyway?
#air quotes
DAVE: thats the feeling i get like there are all these clues about that ive kinda noticed
#remember that bullshit about the pimp being in the crib? #hahaha oh god
DAVE: so if i am THE GUY that needs to take him down then fine ill do that if and when i get hornswoggled into some big showdown with a ridiculous green space pimp or whatever he is
#i heard he has a gold tooth #are you fuckin kidding me
DAVE: i dont know i think im not really cut out for the whole reluctant hero shtick
#im better at comics

DAVE: like the whole scene is so obvious and trite and i cant even tell if my reluctance is ironic or if im playing it straight
#reluctant before it was cool #and before i was willing
DAVE: like ill wonder if im being reluctant enough to cut it or if im actually just being reluctant to be reluctant
#how reluctant do you even have to BE to DOOOOO something like etc etc #sbahj
DAVE: it turns into like meta reluctance and then all i can think about is how fucking stupid the whole thing is
#i also think about puppets sometimes... #unrelated
DAVE: i think im probably just too self aware for this hero bullshit so dont even waste your time on me
#ironic self pity
MEENAH: wow
MEENAH: sooooo cooooooool
MEENAH: NOT

```
> Rebubble this memory
```

```
You rebubble a memory and it is extremely well received by your
followers. You're on a roll here. You've been rebubbling on all
cylinders lately, and it's been attracting quite a lot of
attention. You have more followers than you know what to do with.
Keep it up! If you can manage to get everyone in the afterlife to
follow you, the dark gods will grant you the boon of resurrection.
```

```
> Be Dave.
```

DAVE: wait
#uh #w #t #f
DAVE: you want to "be me"?
#air quotes
MEENAH: yeah why not
DAVE: ok well without getting too deep into the issue of how absurd that request is on the very face of it
#a face presently being palmed
DAVE: its just not going to happen
DAVE: i mean not yet anyway not this early in your little dream bubble quest you got going on here
MEENAH: shut up dawg just lemme walk around as you and stuff
#talk at peeps in your koolkid way #maybe play a different tune
DAVE: no
MEENAH: why
DAVE: i really dont think we should get too meta about this
DAVE: just
#ok
DAVE: look
DAVE: youre on a mission to gather up all your dead friends and build an army or something
#cant believe im even explaining this
DAVE: personally i think thats a shitty idea but you are clearly motivated to do that

MEENAH: yea
#tru dat
DAVE: so why would you waste time going around "being other people" it doesnt make any fucking sense
#air quotes
DAVE: for instance you cant be anybody in this fucking sandy beach area because ostenibly youre just charging through this place looking for your friends
DAVE: dammit try to play the part at least somewhat
#ahahaha #already too meta #i give the fuck up
MEENAH: aw man
#boooring
DAVE: maybe when you catch up with your posse you can be some of those guys
DAVE: hell maybe you can be some of us too after the whole thing youre trying to do winds up being this huge predictable disappointment
DAVE: but that would have to be in a different area
MEENAH: what area
#what? #you cray
DAVE: like a different goddamn bubble zone
DAVE: like someones memory of a magic fucking forest or home village or some shit
DAVE: i dont know just somewhere the fuck else
DAVE: now go away
#of this #let us never speak again #be dave? #bitch please
MEENAH: FIN-E

```
> Rebubble this memory
```

```
You rebubble the memory and are about to get on with your day,
when you notice something weird in your feed. It seems like a
spamghost has hacked your soul, and has been rebubbling weird
advertisements to your followers for the last... 50 MILLION
SWEEPS??? This is a disaster. You have almost no followers left.
Most of the ads are for gross horrorterror porn and flagella
erectile medication. ugh
```

**** south down the long corridor (yes it is a corridor) to the next area..***

**** south to a big room, walk clockwise around it opening chests (so east first)***

```
> open
```

```
You got a WHOLE STACK OF BOONDOLLARS!
Keep em coming! You'll be rich again in no time. Pretty soon
you'll own this place. Right after you save it from destruction,
of course.
```

```
#how does this factor into the big silly tumblr metaphor
#shrug
```

> open

You got a WHOLE HEAP OF BOONDOLLARS!

#mo money #3B)

Some of these messages don't really make sense unless you're being Meenah, but you're not going to let that bother you.

#DWI

> open

You got a RAGRIPPER!

A popular model from the DEMONBANE line of chainsaws. At least, it was popular on Alternia. Your planet wasn't nearly badass enough for this thing to be sold legally. Beforus was so lame.

#lame planet #lame planet names

**** ignore Porrim, we're circling chests, remember? south then***

> open

You got a JUJU!

Looks like a magic EGG TIMER, which you can use to travel through time, haphazardly and stupidly. It's the type of item that's severely prone to making a mess of the timeline. Need a JUJU BREAKER to destroy such an item and repair the damage it's done. But that kind of thing is extremely rare-to-non-existent. You don't have a single good guess what form such an item could take.

#ok you pried one hint out of me #the number 7

**** west to chest on opposite side of room***

> open

You got some AUTHENTIC RELIGIOUS MEMORABILIA!

These were the doodads adult post-scratch Vantas was chained up with when he died. You bet Serket would fork over a ton of gold for this junk. Religious nuts are some of the biggest suckers around.

#irons #sufferer #authentic #(or as authentic as phantom ghost memory items get)

**** and back north for three last chests***

> open

You got a PAIR OF HORNS!

This is the most ridiculous thing you've ever seen. Why would anyone want to wear a second pair of horns? Unless maybe they were compensating for a particularly nubby pair... oh, you got it! Humans wear these to pretend to be trolls, and also be less stupid looking. These clearly belonged to a human.

#case closed

> open

You got a LANCE!
Who's memory is this? This thing has really made the rounds. Let's see, Tavros had it, but then was impaled by it. The Black Queen had it, and used it as a cigarette holder sometimes, when she was Snowman. Spades Slick wielded it while riding around on a horse hitcher once. Snowman killed Quarters with it, you think. That happened in the top banner though, so you might have missed it...

#meenah has no idea what we're talking about

> open

You got a SUFFERER PENDANT!
Exhibiting the Sign of the Signless. The story of the Sufferer got really popular among your old crew as a kind of religious fad, after everyone died and learned the stories of their post-scratch lives. Aranea especially seems to have bought into this nonsense hook line and sinker. She never wore anything like that around her neck BEFORE she died. You wonder if people have gotten so into it just to bug Vantas? You just know it probably pisses him off, seeing people wear this thing all the time.

#heheh #now that you think of it #maybe you'll wear one too

**** south, down the green carpet steps to Kankri and Karkat***

> Talk.

Hey, it's shouty! But it looks like he's severely embroiled in a really heavy discussion with your team's Vantas. You really don't feel like getting involved.
Listen in on conversation?

#eavesdropping #rude

> Yes.

KANKRI: N9w I realize we've 6een at this f9r s9me time already, 6ut at the risk 9f derailing the dial9gue y9u initiated, and may I just say h9w thrilled I am that y9u did, Karkat, I w9uld just like qualify my entire analysis 9f y9ur "Alternian culture" 6y saying that in c9ntrast with life 9n 6ef9rus, while y9ur pe9ple may have 6een engaged in vi9lent, lethal class struggle f9r milli9ns 9f sweeps, 6y n9 means d9es this imply that the 6ef9ran way 9f life was entirely with9ut pr96lematic elements, perhaps even m9re distur6ing and insidi9us f9r their lack 9f ackn9wledgement and 9pen discussi9n, particularly as a c9nsequence 9f what in my view were widely and dismayingly unexamined systemic s9cial injustices resulting fr9m the entrenched p9wer dynamics in play, dynamics strikingly similar t9 th9se 9f y9ur planet's markedly m9re 6ellic9se iterati9n, which has 9nly served t9 fully vindicate my hyp9thesis that such a hierarchy is really predicated 9n intrinsic dysfuncti9n, and failure t9 shift all the usual narratives and undiagn9sed pr96lems int9 an 9pen, judgment-free

disc9urse thr9ugh which pr96lematic issues are c9nstructively channeled int9 m9re intelligently pr96lematized avenues 9f discussi9n.
KANKRI: N9w 6ef9re I c9ntinue, it is 9nly decent 9f me t9 warn y9u a69ut certain triggers that are surely ahead in this essay. I mean c9nversati9n. Triggers include 6ut likely will n9t 6e limited t9 class 9ppressi9n, culling culture and vi9lence against gru6s, lusus a6use, c9mplementary and anal9g9us hate speech, pail filling, slurries and 9ther c9ncupiscent fluids, lifespan shaming, a6leist slurs, pr9lix dissertation... Actually, may6e it w9uld 6e easier f9r y9u t9 list y9ur triggers, and I'll d9 my 6est t9 av9id th9se t9pics, 9r navigate them m9re delicately, if at all p9ssi6le?
#TW #9ppressi9n #culling #gru6 vi9lence #lusus a6use #hem9ph96ia #pails #slurries #a6leism
KARKAT:
#
KANKRI: Great. It s9unds like y9u d9n't have any triggers, at least n9ne that y9u kn9w a69ut. I'll pr9ceed with cauti9n nevertheless. Just please let me kn9w if y9u start feeling triggered 6y anything I'm saying, and we can take a 6rief time-9ut while y9u summ9n y9ur m9irail t9 help pacify y9u, assuming y9u have 9ne. N9t that I'm presuming y9u d9, 6ut I heard that y9u did, is that c9rrect? If n9t, I ap9l9gize. I further ap9l9gize if y9ur 9rientati9n precludes the p9ssi6ility, as a pale ar9mantic, panquadrant demir9mantic, s9mething in the gray palesexual department 9r such, and h9pefully y9u are n9t triggered 6y such presumptu9us c9ncillian9rmative language. It w9uldn't 6e the first time I was guilty 9f such an inexcusa6le micr9aggressi9n, and I am n9t s9 96livi9us t9 my 9wn r9mantic privilege t9 6elieve it will 6e the last time either.
#c9ncillian9rmativity #micr9aggressi9ns #r9m privilege #presumptu9us #m9irails #inexcusa6le
KARKAT:
#
KANKRI: I'm glad I 6r9ught up the su6ject 9f unexamined privilege, 6ecause it d9vetails 6eautifully with the p9int I was a69ut t9 make regarding 6ef9ran s9ciety and its savage um6ral p9tentiality which later manifested thr9ugh the kind 9f Alternian 6rutality y9u are all t99 familiar with. Th9se in the higher echel9ns 9f the hem9spectrum such as the ceruleans, 9r "6lue 6l99ds" (careful, 6eing l99se with such termin9l9gy is 9pening the fl99dgates t9 a wh9le h9st 9f t9xic signist language and hem9ph96ic slurs), when addressing the challenges faced 6y th9se l9wer 9n the spectrum, such as the midhues 9r in particular warm castes like um6ers, 9chres, 9r "rust 6l99ds" (an9ther slur, highly pr96lematic, deeply 9ffensive and triggering termin9l9gy, str9ngly impl9ring y9u steer clear 9f this term), they w9uld 6e well advised t9 check their cerulean privilege, particularly 6ef9re dismissing hardships 9r marginalizing claims 9f 9ppressi9n, which can 6e difficult f9r them t9 identify 9r empathize with fr9m their advantage9us p9siti9n within the 6ef9ran/Alternian p9wer structures.
#d9vetail #pr96lematic #p9wer structures #t9xic signist language
KARKAT:
#

KANKRI: And s9me may argue that in 9ur peaceful "ut9pian" culture that we have freed 9urselves fr9m injustice and disparities in privilege in a p9st-scarcity ec9n9my, largely equal rights distri6uted acr9ss the hem9spectrum, and theref9re exist in a "p9st-spectral w9rld" (laugh 9ut l9ud), and theref9re there is n9 need t9 champi9n imp9rtant s9cial causes and there is n9thing left t9 de6ate, 6ut really n9thing c9uld 6e further fr9m the truth. Y9u just need t9 educate y9urself and carefully investigate the l9ngstanding p9wer dynamics in play. F9r instance, a seemingly "harmless" remark fr9m a cis6l99ded cerulean t9ward an um6er 9r G9d f9r6id a 6urgundy 9r yes even a warm-identifying physically-c99ler caste, a69ut their very l9ng term future plans such as 9n the 9rder 9f centuries, then this may pr9ve t9 6e a very hurtful micr9agressi9n due t9 the fact that l9whues cann9t p9ssi6ly live that l9ng themselves, and the m9re priviliged caste c9uld easily 9utlive d9zens 9f generati9ns 9f midhues 9r hundreds 9f generati9ns 9f 6U9Ys (6urgundy-um6er-9chre-yell9wgreens, n9te please av9id descri6ing the latterm9st as "lime 6l99ds" as it has hist9rically 6een used as an especially vici9us epithet). Such remarks can further trigger painful reminders 9f h9w c99ler castes, t9 s9me extent 9JAs, 6ut CIPs and R9yal-Vs in particular, have 6een a6le t9 use their tremend9us lifespans 9ver the millenia t9 gain a strangleh9ld 9ver the s9cial 9rder, have 6een a6le t9 c9mpletely dictate 9ur s9cietal ev9luti9n 6y ensuring 9nly their cultural agendas and narratives receive the dial9gue's air supply, assuring the c9dificati9n 9f th9se resultant ideals and deciding what "n9rmalcy" entails, and sadly these a6s9lutes 6ec9me internalized acr9ss the full spectral range, even within th9se 9f m9st c9mpr9mised privilege, and s9 y9u 6egin t9 see the cyclical nature 9f the dysfuncti9n and the resulting inertia against p9sitive change and raising awareness 9f the m9st underpr96lematized issues, which I think we can agree, is pretty pr96lematic.

#p9st spectral w9rld #l9l #6U9Ys #9JAs #CIPs #R9yal Vs #narratives #agendas #narratives #lifespan privilege #dysfuncti9n #aweness #agendas

KARKAT:

#

KANKRI: And really, it's every9ne's 6usiness t9 examine their privilege, even 6urgundies, wh9 may 6e su6ject t9 the pitfall 9f 6elieving inc9rrectly there are n9ne 9n the scale 6eneath them wh9m they enj9y certain privileges 9ver, which 9ff-spectrum tr9lls will never kn9w, such as th9se identifying as 9ther6l99ds 9r caste-multiples, "p9ly6l99ded", any wh9 hem9gl96ically ID as having a caste which manifests n9where (as yet kn9wn) in any9ne physically, 9r f9r that matter 9ffspecs wh9 physically d9 p9ssess such a 6l99d type, 9r "mutants" (VERY pr96lematic term, highly triggering t9 s9me, 6e warned), such as y9u and I, Karkat. 6ut this puts us 69th in a situati9n which t9 9ur kn9wledge uniquely all9ws us t9 understand and empathize with tragically underprivileged and unemp9wered gr9ups acr9ss all scuttles 9f life, thus aff9rding us 69th what I like t9 call a "uniquely underprivileged privilege", which, yes, is a kind 9f privilege we sh9uld 69th strive t9 check as well, whenever we can. This same uniquely underprivileged perspective as I'm sure y9u kn9w was

disadvantaged up9n my p9st-scratch iterati9n as well, and while I have n9 d9u6t y9u justifia6ly came t9 revere that figure 9f y9ur planet's rich hist9ry and y9ur pers9nal lineage, and while his g9als 9f peace, equality, and a truly spectra6lind s9ciety, I'm afraid I pers9nally have tr9u6le c9nd9ning his meth9ds. I d9n't like t9 use the term "pr96lematic" lightly, 6ut, well, his tactics were n9thing if n9t massively pr96lematic, t9 say the least, empl9ying vi9lent uprising t9 effect change, and em6laz9ning his mark up9n hist9ry and his faithful f9ll9wers with the salty fl9urish 9f a single rude, sh9uted swear w9rd, it's n9t t9 my taste even th9ugh he is wh9 I w9uld have gr9wn up t9 6e in an9ther life. 6ut n9, I prefer t9 effect s9cial change thr9ugh rati9nal, h9nest disc9urse and c9ntri6uting t9 9ng9ing dial9gues, f9cusing 9n what sh9uld 6e the real g9als, thr9ugh keen adherence t9 the discipline 9f Pr96lematics, ensuring that we stay f9cused 9n successfully pr96lematizing a wide range 9f direly underc9mplicated s9cial dilemmas.

#underc9mplication #salty fl9urish #rude sh9uted swear w9rd #spectra6lind s9ciety #dilemmas #g9als #Pr96lematics #dilemmas

KARKAT:

#

KANKRI: It's nice t9 see we agree 9n s9 much. May6e we are n9t s9 unalike, despite 9ur drastically different up6ringings. Anyway, as I was saying, the st9ry 9f y9ur ancest9r, and m9re imp9rtantly my exhaustive list 9f misgivings with his appr9ach t9 s9cial change, is quite a l9ng and ela69rate 9ne, 6ut it actually fits 6rilliantly within the larger m9saic which captures the 6r9ad str9kes 9f my p9st. I mean 9ur discussi9n. Trigger warnings f9r the f9ll9wing c9ntent include: ancest9r 6ashing, faith shaming, l9ud swearing, t9rture, 6urn w9unds, ship sinking... again, seri9usly, just let me kn9w if y9u 6egin t9 feel triggered 6y anything, even slightly. We'll pause and see if we can really expl9re th9se issues, and identify exactly h9w I may have invalidated y9ur struggles. With9ut further ad9, the st9ry is as f9ll9ws:

#TW #ancest9r 6ashing #shaming #swearing #t9rture #6urns #ship sinking #struggles #invalidation #misgivings

* KANKRI: (smaller text)

* KANKRI: (even smaller text) (it's all copies of the previous, actually)

KARKAT:

#.....

KARKAT:

```
> Rebubble this memory
```

```
Oops. That memory you just rebubbld was in violation of the
furthest ring's content policy. The administrators (horrorterrors)
have suspended your soul and you are now blocked from rebubbling
memories (unless you really want to).
```

***south-east down steps, east, north up red carpet stairs, chest***

```
> open
```

```
You got a PRETZELED HORSE HITCHER!
```

Who could have done this to such a fine, cast iron steed? Whoever it was must have been incredibly strong, incredibly smug, and incredibly floppy when shaken.

#an incredible host

**** we'll be giving this to Hussie later... but for now back south, north-east and north up two sets of purple steps, chest***

> open

You got a TROLL ROMANCE NOVEL!

Wow, this sure is some steamy, trashy literature here. It's making you perspire a little, and you're only three sentences into the title. Doesn't seem like anyone's looking. Maybe you'll just take one little peek insi... Whoops, it just disappeared in a blur again. God damn it.

#LAAAAALOOOOONDE!!!!!!!!!!

**** two more chests to your west***

> open

You got a MAGIC CUE BALL!

Hey, is this thing a juju too? It's a shame you can't see through its surface, or you'd be able to ask it yourself. This is another thing that's kind of unnerving to find here. Good thing it's only a memory object, right?

#right #... #maybe

> open

You got a REGISICKLE!

Perfect for threshing royalty with. You could almost say you could use it to... thresh princes.

#troll will smith

**** north-west up purple-red/yellow-green steps, chest***

> open

You got a bunch of LICORICE SCOTTIE DOGS!

Oh man, these were a DELICACY on your planet. The most valuable treat per-pound by far. You have to be a very, very wealthy person to keep a great supply of these on hand. By selling these, you should be able to make most of your fortune back in one fell swoop!!!!!

#except you just ate most of them #worth it

**** north up steps, Latula arrives***

> Talk to Latula

LATULA: d4mn grrrrl!!!!
LATULA: you f1n4lly m4d3 1t! h1gh f1v3!!!
#>8D

MEENAH: you know it
MEENAH: i am so fuckin ghostly now
#oOoOoO
LATULA: r1ght on grl!!!! dr34m bubz rul3!
LATULA: 4-l1f3 4LYF3!!!
MEENAH: wha
LATULA: 4h4h4 y34h. th4t should h4v3 sound3d l1k3 "4 l1f3 for lyf3" l1k3 'A' 4s 1n 4ft3r, but spok3n 4s 4 numb3r, th3n '4' 4s 4 homonym for th3 pr3pos1t1on 4nd stuff!!!!
#spok3n qu1rk confus1on
LATULA: you know how 1t 1s. 4 grlz gott4 s4cr1f1c3 und3rst4nd4b1l1ty for th3 s4k3 of r4dn3ss som3t1m3z.
MEENAH: preach1n to the group of coral s1ngers pyrope
LATULA: cor4l s1ng3rs? oh you m34n cho1r, 1 g3t 1t!!! but cor4l 4s 1n th3 funky sh1t und3rw4t3r 1nst34d, h4h4h?
LATULA: st1ll rock1ng th3 f1sh punz 1 s33. w3ll th4ts not r34lly th3 k1nd of r4dn3ss 1 w4s t4lk1ng 4bout, but 1ll l3t 1t sl1d3.
#punz #k1nd of l4m3
MEENAH: hey fuck you!
MEENAH: cant B-ELI-EV-E yall go shitting on my fish puns right outta the blowhole like that
MEENAH: as if your numbers bs and jacking zees on the end a words is any more rad than my baller wordplay
#or should i say #(s)word(fish)play? #nah that sux
MEENAH: i mean your skating and stunts are objectively rad ill give you that
MEENAH: but you need to get off your high seahorse because practically NOFIN else about you is especially radder than average
LATULA: oh ch1ll AX3, p4ych3ck!!! 1 4m so j3rk1ng your fork!
LATULA: 1 know w3v3 h4d our 1ssu3z b3for3. but 1 could 4lw4ys s33 you h4d tru r4dgrl cr3d. you dont 3v3n know how h4rd 1t w4s tow1ng th3 R4D LO4D 4ll by mys3lf w1th you gon3 for so long!!!!
#tow1ng lo4ds h4rsh3s my gr1nds
LATULA: do you 3v3n know how l4m3 of 4 sc3n3 1t 1s b31ng th3 only l3g1t 1n your f4c3 pow3rg4m1ng grl 1n 4 bunch of bubbl3s full of brut4l pos3rz???
LATULA: wh4t 1m s4y1ng 1s, 1m psych3d to h4v3 you b4ck mp. h3y h1t m3 up top!
#H1 F1V3
MEENAH: uh sure
MEENAH: still wearing out the highfives i sea even after like what
MEENAH: eternity?
#still dont know how time works here
LATULA: fuck y34h grl.
LATULA: OH!!!!
LATULA: n3v3r 3v3n got to congr4tul4t3 you on how W1CK3D your r4d su1c1d3 bomb pl4n w4s! >8D
#k1ll3d th3 SH1T out of us
LATULA: n3v3r s4w 1t com1ng!!!! sur3 n3v3r sm3ll3d 1t com1ng, h3h.

LATULA: w4y sm4rt. t1m1ng 1t just b3for3 th3 scr4tch, so th4t god t13rz d1dnt h4v3 4 ch4nc3 to r3v1v3 b3for3 th3 r3s3t, thus 1ron1c4lly l34v1ng th3m to b3 3r4s3d from 3x1st3nc3.
#not th4t th4t r34lly 3v3n n33d3d 3xpl41n1ng?
LATULA: th4t JUST occurr3d to m3 r3c3ntly. wuz op3n1ng th3 m34l v4ult to m4k3 4 fr34k1n ghost sn4ck wh3n 1 wuz l1k3. SH1T!!!!
LATULA: P444444YCH3CK!!! 1 s41d, 4ll sh4k1ng my f1st.
LATULA: h4h4h4, dont l34v3 m3 h4ng1n grl. >8D
#H1 F1V3
MEENAH: k one more pyrope but thats it
MEENAH: i dig a good highfive as much as the next badgirl but my cod
#hi5 fatigue
MEENAH: got this fresh pimp ghost bod looking fine as fuck i dont need to callous up my palms already
MEENAH: havent you heard an empress needs hands so soft you can use em to polish gold with???

```
> Rebubble this memory
```

```
You rebubble the memory but before you do... YOU SHIT ALL OVER IT!
You really rip into the original author of the memory, and treat
it to a scathing review. You don't have much to say that's
original, and you don't feel very good about yourself, so you
might as well base your entire afterlife presence on hostile smear
tactics to get attention for yourself that you would struggle to
attract otherwise. The horrorterrors refer to you as The Chosen
One, and fantasize about you when they copulate.
```

```
> Ask Latula to join.
```

MEENAH: question
LATULA: shoot b4b3z.
MEENAH: seeing as what a hot shit gamer gurl you have a reputation for and all
MEENAH: i figured you would be a lock to join my party
MEENAH: to go fuck up clamilord or whoever
#lord of clams
LATULA: w41t. who???
MEENAH: skull guy
MEENAH: kills ghosts
LATULA: 3rrr nop3. h3lp m3 out p4ymon3y.
MEENAH: dont you keep up with current events
#current like water current yessss
LATULA: tchhh, your3 r3m1nd1ng m3 why 1 thought you w3r3 cr4zy mp. just fr34k1n sp1ll 1t.
MEENAH: the shit in the sky
MEENAH: it cracked
MEENAH: a monster did that
MEENAH: DO YOU WANT TO GO )(-ELP M-E KILL T)(-E BAD GUY???????
LATULA: oh why d1dnt you s4y so!!!
LATULA: sounds l1k3 4 r4d pl4n 4nd you know how 1 f33l 4bout th3 r4dpl4nz....

MEENAH: but??
LATULA: h4t3 to b3 4 buzzk1ll but... 1ts b33n wh4t.
LATULA: 4pprox1m4t3ly H3LLA y34rz s1nc3 1 d1d 4ny f1ght1ng????
LATULA: k1nd of rusty. sh1t dont l3t kk know 1 s41d rusty, 4h4h4.
#tw #h3mophob1c slurs
MEENAH: so
LATULA: so 1m s4y1ng 1 h4d SCADZ of t1m3 to p3rf3ct th1s K1LL3R HAND PLANT!!! >8D
LATULA: w4nn4 s3333?
MEENAH: no pretty sure dont give much a shit about a trick you do on your four wheel device
MEENAH: tho i will say
MEENAH: "scads" is actually a fish pun you made probly on accident
MEENAH: which kind of makes me want to give you a hug so it balances out your dumb shit answer
#fish puns are #my one weakness :(
LATULA: 1m sorry mp. 1 r34lly 4m!!! f33l l1k3 such 4 w3t snuggl3pl4n3 b41l1ng on you l1k3 th1s.
#tho m4yb3 you l1k3 w3t snuggl3pl4n3s? #s1nc3 you c4n l1v3 und3r w4t3r?
LATULA: 1 should prob4bly run 1t by mt. s33 wh4t h3 th1nks.
MEENAH: oh shit you and captor
MEENAH: thats still a thing after all this pseudotime or
LATULA: h4h4 y3444h.
MEENAH: still red??????
#38o
LATULA: uh huh. >8]
MEENAH: mother glubber
MEENAH: seriously didnt think T)(ATD last
LATULA: 1dk, th3r3z w4y mor3 to h1m th4n. w3ll, 4ll th3 t3rr1bl3 4nd stup1d sh1t h3 s4ys 4ll th3 t1m3.
LATULA: 4nd 1ts 4lw4yz f3lt l1k3 h3 n33ds m3 1f th4t m4k3s s3ns3, 3v3n 4ft3r dy1ng. so th3r3z th4t!!!!
MEENAH: fuckin afterlife
MEENAH: i know im new here but
MEENAH: almost seems like
MEENAH: you die and nothing means anyfin and then you date forever
MEENAH: sort of makes me want to puke
LATULA: >;D
MEENAH: couldnt see that wink behind your radspex fyi
#anemone waaay...
MEENAH: if you change your mind
MEENAH: just lemminnow

```
> Rebubble this memory
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```
You accidentally rebubble this memory to the wrong feed. It turns
out to be badly off topic, and you lose a couple followers. You
immediately dispatch another bubble specifically to tell them to
go fuck themselves.
```

> Be Latula.

LATULA: grl, who DO3SNT w4nt to b3 m3???
LATULA: you th1nk you c4n just w4ltz 1nto th1s bubbl3 4nd st4rt b31ng 4ny r4d g4m3r grl you cross p4thz w1th????
LATULA: chy34h, R1GHT! you h4v3 4 long, LONG w4y to go b3for3 you 34rn 3nough r4d-cr3dz to b3 M3. or 4s 1 l1k3 to c4ll th3m, CRADZ.
#cr4dz #tm
MEENAH: latula shut up and just tell me what horseshit thing you want me to do
LATULA: 1ts gonn4 cost y4!
LATULA: you h4v3 to 'l1k3' 4ll my r4dd3st m3mor13z, 4nd th3n r3bubbl3 4t l34st 413 of th3m.
#th3 numb3r 413 #not 'AIE'
MEENAH: you can NOT be serious
LATULA: H4H4H4H4H4H4!
#psych3
MEENAH: kay tules im outtie
LATULA: w41t! dont b3 l1k3 th4t, w3 c4n st1ll cut 4 d34l, l3mm3 th1nk.
#hmzzz...
LATULA: 4lr1ght, k1d. t3ll you wh4t. s1nc3 1 d1g your styl3, 1ll g1v3 you 4 shot.
LATULA: you m4y th1nk you rul3, wh3r34z most oth3rs drool, but wh4t 1 w4nt to know 1s, how b4d c4n you THR4SH stuff?
LATULA: just n33d to scop3 your k1ckfl1p chopz, m4k3 sur3 3v3ryth1ng ch3cks out. s33 1f your t3chn1qu3s 4r3 wh3r3 th3y n33dz to b3 4t.
MEENAH: kickflip chops
#sdlkjlkjfs
LATULA: y34h grl. show m3 y3r stuntz. m4yb3 som3th1ng 1n 4 h4ndpl4nt. ooh, know wh4t sh1t would b3 W1CK3D M4L1C1OUS?
LATULA: gr1nd1ng down 4 R41L1NG!!!!
#Y3AH!!! #hold pol3s
LATULA: th4t ought to b3 fl4gr4nt 3nough to prov3 your r4dn3ss 4 SHOR3.
#'4' 1s 4 homonym 4g41n yo
LATULA: so wh4t4y4 s4y, p4ych3ck? you r34dy to st4rt r1pp1ng up so m4ny h3ll4c3ous shr3ds th4t th1s f13rc3sh1tty b1zn4sty w1ll st4rt g3tt1ng so d3l1r1ously rud3br4z3n 1t...
MEENAH: just gimme the board pyrope

> Rebubble this memory

You rebubble this memory and forget to tag it. All of your followers are severely triggered by its content. You can hear their tortured moans all the way from triggered soul purgatory, which is in the belly of an enormous beast that is so wretched, if you even glance at it, tears instantly come gushing out of your eye sockets, form a liquid boot, and kick you in the crotch.
You got LATULA'S FOUR WHEEL DEVICE!

#AWWW YEAH #WHAT'S UP GAMERS

***north to door with 69 symbol***

> Open door.

The door is locked. It appears to be guarding someone's private memories. Looks like it needs a password. You wonder who locked it?

#mysterious symbol #a clue #bonus hint: #it's karkat

***south and west to Porrim and her blue dream bubble***

> Examine bubble.

It's a little dream bubble. But it does not contain your memory. Only Porrim can see what's inside.

#sorry

> Talk to Porrim.

PORRIM: Welco+me back.
MEENAH: sup maryam
PORRIM: So+, yo+ur death certificate has barely dried, and yo+u're already busy raising an army, I hear?
MEENAH: howd you even hear that already
#dag
PORRIM: Wo+rd travels fast here. Plenty o+f go+ssip.
PORRIM: No+ o+ne quite prepares yo+u fo+r the fact that o+n the o+ther side o+f death is an infinite echo+ chamber o+f teen drama.
#Bubblr
PORRIM: Funny ho+w when we left o+ur wo+rld to+ play yo+ur game, we all tho+ught we were leaving o+ur juvenile scho+o+lfeeding days behind us.
MEENAH: yeah
MEENAH: all the more reason to get out of here and fight bad guys and stuff
PORRIM: I no+ticed ho+w yo+u cunningly sidestepped an enco+unter with Kankri do+wn there.
#Nicely do+ne.
MEENAH: yeaaah
#poor shouty 38(
MEENAH: nomoby deserves havin to meet a dead teen alt universe ancestor like that
PORRIM: I think he might be entertaining so+me delusio+n o+f taking him under his wing.
PORRIM: Or if no+t his wing, the red fuzzy arm o+f his sweater.
MEENAH: what is with that ugly thing anyway
PORRIM: I made it fo+r him, actually.
PORRIM: Fo+r o+ne thing, I go+t tired o+f lo+o+king at his stupid hiked up pants, which he refused to+ change, ever. Serio+usly, did yo+u ever see him wearing anything else?
MEENAH: haha no
PORRIM: So+ unfashio+nable.
PORRIM: Also+, he was always shivering. It gets kind o+f chilly o+ut

here, and he just wo+uldn't sto+p. No+t that I minded to+o+ much, but he just has this way o+f making such vo+cal and o+stentatio+us displays o+f suffering, like it's so+me kind o+f righteo+us state o+f being. It gets difficult fo+r everyo+ne to+ endure, especially after eo+ns. Hence his nickname, I guess.

MEENAH: wait nickname

MEENAH: if theres some new dig on vantas i need to know about it pronto

PORRIM: The Insufferable.

MEENAH: fuck yes highfive

MEENAH: wait forget it my hands still sore from latula
#goddamn radgirl

MEENAH: bitch slaps )(ARD

PORRIM: Oh, I kno+w.

MEENAH: you do

MEENAH: wait that is soundin fishily like innuendo

MEENAH: you and her ever uh
#uh...

PORRIM: I was under the impressio+n yo+u didn't co+me here to+ start trading go+ssip.

MEENAH: whoa youre right

MEENAH: almost forgot to not be glubbin a fuck
#glub exactly zero fucks

MEENAH: i apologize for prying into your romlife that was so shrimpudent of me

PORRIM: It's alright. It's no+t like I have many well kept secrets.

PORRIM: Co+me visit any time. We'll get yo+u all caught up o+n exactly who+'s been seen passing thro+ugh the well-greased revo+lving do+o+rs to+ my quadrants.

```
> Rebubble this memory
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```
You rebubble this memory and one guy who follows you decides to be
a huge pain in the ass for some reason. He baits you into a
publicly rebubbled argument which lasts all day. When it's finally
over, you look back at the meaningless exchange and ask yourself
"what am I doing with my life?" By which of course you mean death.
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> Ask Porrim to join.
```

PORRIM: It's a no+ble idea.

PORRIM: But I do+n't kno+w ho+w useful I'd be.

MEENAH: oh come praaaaawn 38[

PORRIM: What's the size o+f yo+ur party so+ far?

MEENAH: uh

PORRIM: It's still just yo+u, isn't it?

MEENAH: ... maybe
#losers #everywhere

PORRIM: If I were yo+u, I'd ask all the go+d tiers first. They'd give yo+u the mo+st tactical advantage, wo+uldn't they?
#Go+d tiers

PORRIM: Then yo+u can build yo+ur co+alitio+n aro+und them.
#Pajama party

MEENAH: i guess
PORRIM: +, they're immo+rtal, right? Or... gho+st immo+rtal, perhaps?
PORRIM: Dear Go+d, it's finally co+me to+ this. We have to+ talk abo+ut "gho+st immo+rtality" no+w, in a serio+us way?
#Gho+st immo+rtality #Serio+us business
MEENAH: lol yeah
PORRIM: Anyway, that's what I'd do+.
MEENAH: but i think the thing is the skull lord might actually be able to kill god tiers?
#at least... #ghost god tiers
PORRIM: Can he?
MEENAH: like bypass the whole judgment hullabeluga that makes em resurrect
#whaaaaales #<3
MEENAH: you know with the fancy clock and all
MEENAH: i dunno
PORRIM: Yo+u'll have to+ ask Aranea. I'm sure she co+uld talk yo+ur fin o+ff o+n the subject.
#Sylph o+f Wo+rds
MEENAH: oof
MEENAH: yeah maybe later
PORRIM: Do+ yo+u even kno+w who+ all the go+d tiers are?
MEENAH: um
PORRIM: There's Aranea. Did yo+u ask her?
MEENAH: yeah but she has her own plan
MEENAH: girl is going on a cherub jam or some bitch ass noise
#eff that
PORRIM: Ok. Well, I ho+pe this isn't to+o+ invasive, but what abo+ut yo+u?
MEENAH: ...
PORRIM: I've heard rumo+rs that yo+u reached go+d tier, but never let o+n to+ anyo+ne.
#Except presumably Damara...
MEENAH: you dont understand
MEENAH: its just that fucking thief of life getup
#looked like such ass
MEENAH: i couldnt just parade around in that hideous thing
#got a reputation to conchsider
PORRIM: So+ it is true, then. Tho+ught so+.
PORRIM: See what I mean, tho+ugh? I wasn't sure abo+ut that until just no+w. Rumo+rs are always flying, but secrets so+meho+w persist.
PORRIM: Who+ kno+ws who+ else reached go+d tier? A lo+t can happen in three sweeps. I o+nly kno+w I didn't make it.
PORRIM: But if yo+u need so+meo+ne to+ eerily pho+spho+resce in the demo+n's vicinity, while debating whether to+ try drinking his blo+o+d, then I'd like to+ think I easily crack the to+p 10+ candidates yo+u might co+nsider fo+r the jo+b.
MEENAH: yeah i know youd rock the glowin duties
#po glow

MEENAH: guess youre right i should sea what other god tiers want to join
MEENAH: the prob is that i dont think becoming god tier stops you from being lame and terrible
#lame #terrible
MEENAH: and we got a lot of people like that on our team
#soooo
PORRIM: This is true.
MEENAH: guess ill keep axin around
MEENAH: gonna bounce seaya meryam

> Rebubble this memory

You rebubble this memory and it receives many comments. None of the comments appear to be made by people who have had any education whatsoever.

> Be Porrim. > Examine bubble.

It's a little dream bubble, containing one of your memories. You look inside.

The memory is from right here, on Prospit. You spent a great deal of time there during the long sweeps of your session. You remember this little precipice well.

But... wasn't there a staircase here? You are almost positive there were stairs.

**** As Porrim, go down the remembered stairs, and head back north to the second area...***

Where do you think YOU'RE going! This is Meenah's interactive quest through the afterlife. You can only leave this area if you're being her!

#nice try

**** OK, south to Kankri and Karkat then***

> Talk to Kankri.

PORRIM: Kanny, leave this po+o+r kid alo+ne.
KANKRI: I'd appreciate it if y9u w9uldn't call me that. We've talked a69ut this. That's what y9u call a wiggler. D9 I l99k like a wiggler t9 y9u, P9rrim? N9, I d9n't. It's 6een three sweeps, plus eternity, f9r, excuse me, "fuck's" sake. I think we can safely retire that particular term 9f "endearment". Call me anything 6ut that, even my 9ther nickname. I'm actually 9k with that 9ne.
#micr9aggressi9ns #n9 wait #MACR9agressi9ns m9re like
PORRIM: I'm no+t calling yo+u Insufferable, Kanny. Well, no+t unless I'm using it as an actual adjective.
#And even then, pro+bably no+t to+ yo+ur face.
PORRIM: Well...
#No+t o+ften I mean.
KANKRI: It w9uld 6e nice if y9u'd at least use my pr9per name in fr9nt 9f my studi9us y9ung Alternian descendant. It really kind 9f er9des my credi6ility, and I d9n't need that in the pr9ximity 9f a fresh faced

y9ungster wh9 clearly thirsts f9r kn9wledge. Why w9uld y9u want t9 sa69tage a fine y9ung man's educati9n like that?
#Fresh #Faced #Y9ungster #Kn9wledge thirst
PORRIM: Ro+lling my eyes here.
PORRIM: Can yo+u see? Do+ yo+u want me to+ light them up fo+r yo+u?
KANKRI: N9, 6ut thanks f9r 9ffering. C9uld y9u g9 r9ll them 9ver there? Thank y9u. N9w where was I.
#H9w d9 y9u even r9ll eyes with9ut pupils?
PORRIM: I do+n't think he cares.
PORRIM: Hey, there. Karkat? If yo+u do+n't mind my asking... are yo+u even remo+tely interested in the lo+af supplement this guy's serving?
KARKAT:
PORRIM: Go+tcha. Yo+u just said all yo+u needed to+ say.
PORRIM: Yo+u kno+w, yo+u are actually very cute.
PORRIM: That girl who+'s been wandering aro+und in the drago+n suit is a very lucky lady.
KANKRI: 9k, w9nderful. That c9nversati9n just came t9 an end.
KANKRI: P9rrim, please d9n't hit 9n my re699ted kid ancest9r-descendant. It's really weird. N9t t9 menti9n, he l99ks exactly like me? I mean, kind 9f 96vi9usly? S9 when y9u're hitting 9n him, it's like y9u're hitting 9n me at the exact same time, which like I said. It's weird.
#It's weird
KANKRI: N9t t9 get int9 all this again, 6ut the th9ught 9f dating y9u... it's just a strange and vaguely 9ffputting idea. N9 9ffense. It alm9st makes me understand at a visceral level the 6izarre human anathema 9f incest, which is s9mething I can't really explain. I'm just saying.
#Trigger warning #Incest #Anathemas #Viscerality #Vaguely #9ffputting
PORRIM: (Very deep sigh.)
#Oh my Go+d.
KANKRI: I'm S9RRY, 9k? I'm s9rry that I am, perhaps literally, the 9nly 9ne n9t t9 ever fall prey t9 y9ur tireless 9mnidirecti9nal s9licitati9ns, 9r t9 get swept up in 9ne 9f y9ur innumera6le flushed 9r caligin9us flings. I happened t9 always prefer y9u as a friend, and in any case, I always preferred t9 lead a relatively chaste existence, as it keeps me f9cused 9n fighting 9n 6ehalf 9f truly imp9rtant pr96lems. Alth9ugh staying "relatively" chaste t9 y9u I supp9se is n9t saying much.
PORRIM: ...
#Hey.
KANKRI: 9nce again, I ap9l9gize. I've 6lundered int9 the pr96lematic territ9ry 9f vacillati9n shaming, thus 9pening the fl99dgates t9 the myriad ways 9ne may 6e disadvantaged up9n 6y its staggering shame radius. I f9rg9t t9 check my piety privilege, and here we are. I was g9ing t9 c9ver this t9pic in a much later chapter 9f my lecture, 6ut we've g9tten 6adly derailed here.
#TW #Derailment #Train wrecks #Ch99 ch99 catastr9phes
KANKRI: Karkat, I'm s9rry f9r this interrupti9n. I pr9mise I'll get 6ack t9 my critical lecture as s99n as this pr9miscu9us 6usy69dy leaves us in peace.

#Village tw9 wheel device
KARKAT:
PORRIM: Yes, critical lecture. I'm sure.
PORRIM: And am I right in being just as sure yo+u are assiduo+usly deco+nstructing every co+nceivable, hypo+thetical fo+rm o+f injustice no+ matter ho+w o+bscure, except tho+se that I happen to+ think are kind o+f impo+rtant?
#Yes
KANKRI: N9. Just, n9, P9rrim. We're n9t d9ing this.
#N9
KANKRI: I am n9t g9ing t9 p9llute Karkat's utterly imperative crash c9urse, in which he is intr9duced t9 the A6S9LUTE 6ASICS, 6y indulging in y9ur pet issues.
PORRIM: Yes, ho+w dreadful it wo+uld be fo+r yo+ur sixty nine millio+n wo+rd essay to+ get bo+gged do+wn by even the faintest reference to+ the ro+les o+f gender in Befo+ran and Alternian civilizatio+n.
#"HUMAN SARCASM"
KANKRI: L99k, it's n9t that I'm insensitive t9 y9ur c9ncerns 9n that t9pic. I'm interested t9 discuss them with y9u 9n an academic, primarily the9retical level.
PORRIM: Theo+retical?
#...
KANKRI: I just think there is inherent danger in muddying the waters 9f disc9urse 6y intr9ducing s9cial issues which are suspect at 6est, thus c9nsuming crucial res9urces fr9m the limited cache 9f rhet9ric which pr9pels these narratives. And furtherm9re, 9ne c9uld argue it's m9re than a little pr96lematic, 9ffensive even, f9r y9u t9 6e appr9priating the lexic9n 9f sensitivity used t9 advance awareness 9f maj9r issues, thus reducing it t9 the level 6uzzspeak and pseud9science. It makes it m9re difficult f9r th9se 9f us wh9 are genuinely f9cused 9n p9sitive change t9 6e taken seri9usly, that's all.
PORRIM: Appro+priating??
#That's no+t #what that even #means?
PORRIM: PSEUDOSCIENCE???
#Yo+u did no+t just...
KANKRI: I'm s9rry, I just d9n't think there's much there. We aren't like humans, wh9se species 6izarrely en9ugh includes highly specialized r9les f9r 69th sexes in the pr9cess 9f repr9ducti9n, and s9 this naturally had s9cial ramificati9ns f9r the way their civilizati9n ev9lved. 6ut that's n9t h9w it w9rks f9r us, s9 I fail t9 see h9w gender fact9rs int9 the discussi9n in a way that can 6e effectively and rati9nally pr96lematized. Where is the r99m f9r unexamined privilege in the dich9t9my? I d9n't see it. And appr9priating the talking p9ints and awareness-raising tactics f9r du6i9us issues like this is, frankly, fr9wned up9n, t9 put it p9litely. Such appr9priative gestures 9nly serve t9 marginalize and invalidate th9se su6ject t9 seri9us, real life struggles and 9ppressi9n, and I guess I'm a little disapp9inted t9 see y9u 6eing s9 6lithely and inappr9priately appr9priat9ry.
#Fr9wned up9n #Fr9wns all ar9und #Welc9me t9 fr9wn t9wn

PORRIM: Kanny, I'm starting to+ feel just a little bit triggered by all this "appro+priatio+n" bullshit.
#Trigger warning: #Abo+ut to+ kick yo+ur tall pantsed ass
KANKRI: 9h! My sincere ap9l9gies. I sh9uld have d9ne a 6etter j96 tagging my statements, 6ut f9r future reference, it's helpful t9 alert y9ur c9nversati9nal partners t9 y9ur triggers well in advance. Sh9uld I g9 fetch y9ur m9irail t9 help settle y9u d9wn? And if s9, wh9 exactly w9uld 6e filling that quadrant t9day?
#It's the may9r, right? #G9tta 6e the may9r
PORRIM: Alright. Obvio+usly yo+u're in o+ne o+f yo+ur bratty mo+o+ds. I'm go+ne.
KANKRI: D9n't 6e like that. Really, we can talk a69ut whatever y9u like later, and I'll 6e really sympathetic, I pr9mise. Just n9t ar9und my pupil while he is still learning.
KANKRI: 9r... my descendant. What did I say? Haha. Karkat, I mean. Anyway, Karkat, again I ap9l9gize f9r that.
#N9w where was I?
KARKAT:

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> Be Kankri.
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KANKRI: What? Y9u want t9 6e me? What s9rt 9f n9nsense request is that?
KANKRI: Can't y9u see I'm in the middle 9f a direly imp9rtant w9rd dump? I mean man-t9-man c9nversati9n with Karkat?
KANKRI: I might c9nsider it if y9u asked m9re nicely. 9r at the very least, m9re "radically".

**** Back down east, east and up all the stairs to Latula***

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> Talk to Latula.
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PORRIM: Hey.
LATULA: yo yo, w4zzup grl!!!
PORRIM: Latula, it's just me. I do+n't think anyo+ne is lo+o+king. No+ need to+ go+ so+ heavy o+n the rad girl ro+utine.
LATULA: y34h, gu3ss your3 r1ght. 1'll ch1ll 1t down 4 b1t.
LATULA: wh4ts on your th1nk p4n, po-m4ry.
PORRIM: Meeting o+ur ancesto+rs as kids, o+r, I mean o+ur descendants as kids, ho+wever yo+u want to+ spin it...
#Descesto+rs? #Ancendants? #Dancesto+rs... #Hmm #Bingo+
PORRIM: It has me thinking abo+ut o+ur rebo+o+ted lives o+n Alternia, and what we grew up to+ be.
PORRIM: Makes me wo+nder abo+ut fate. If it's so+mething that's even co+mprehensible.
LATULA: y34h?
PORRIM: Fo+r instance, o+n Alternia, my relatio+nship with Kankri seemed to+ make so+me sense. I co+uld definitely see o+ur lives beco+ming entangled in that way, karmically speaking.
PORRIM: But then there were o+ther develo+pments that are still mysterio+us to+ me.
PORRIM: Like, as far as I kno+w, yo+u and Aranea always go+t alo+ng. Didn't yo+u?
#Radglare #Kindfang

LATULA: 3h 1 gu3ss. n3v3r sp3nt much t1m3 th1nk1ng 4bout s3rk3t, tbh.
LATULA: 4lw4ys thought sh3 w4s 4 s3lf 4bsorb3d snooz3, 1f you r34lly w4nt to know.
#zzzz #not 3v3n th3 r4d k1nd of z33s
PORRIM: Exactly. No+thing much to+ yo+ur relatio+nship to+ speak o+f at all. But in yo+ur po+st-scratch lives yo+u had such majo+r issues to+gether, even yo+ur descendants inherited it, and co+ntinued the co+ntentio+us cycle until there was blo+o+dshed.
#Redglare #Mindfang
LATULA: r34lly?
LATULA: huh.
PORRIM: Did yo+u no+t kno+w that?
#Mindfang gave yo+u five #Then left yo+u hanging
LATULA: n3v3r r34lly thought 4bout 1t. but now th4t you m3nt1on 1t, th4t outcom3 m4k3s 4ll sorts of s3ns3 to m3.
PORRIM: It do+es? Ho+w?
LATULA: just do3s, b4b3z.
PORRIM: I do+n't really understand karma.
LATULA: th4ts c4us3 your3 not 4 m1nd pl4y3r.
PORRIM: Oh. Co+uld yo+u explain to+ me ho+w it wo+rks, then?
LATULA: pshh, 4s 1f. th4t wouldnt b3 4 v3ry r4d th1ng to do.
#do 1 look l1k3 s3rk3t to you???
LATULA: h3y, ch3ck out th1s OUTST4ND1NG h34lfl1p!!!!
PORRIM: I do+n't
PORRIM: ...
#Sigh
PORRIM: Ok. Let's see it.

**** North and west back to Meenah.***

> Talk to Meenah.

PORRIM: I really can't blame yo+u fo+r being in such a hurry to+ go+ kill him.
MEENAH: huh
PORRIM: The Lo+rd o+f Time. Actually, it's a go+o+d example o+f what I've always been trying to+ say to+ Kankri, but he do+esn't buy it.
#Sno+tty brat privilege
PORRIM: After the scratch, o+ur wo+rld co+ntinued to+ be matriarchal upo+n superficial o+bservatio+n, but was subject to+ a co+nsiderably mo+re sinister, clo+aked fo+rm o+f patriarchal tyranny all alo+ng.
MEENAH: water you talking about
PORRIM: Yo+ur po+st-scratch self, who+ grew up to+ be the empress, was really just the Lo+rd's slave all alo+ng. Implicity during her lo+ng reign, thro+ugh manipulatio+n by his cunning emplo+yee.
#An excellent ho+st
PORRIM: And then explicitly, after the extinctio+n o+f o+ur race. She fo+rmally became his servant, and did his bidding lo+ng thereafter.
MEENAH: W)(AT!!!!!
PORRIM: He did the same with Damara. She was his lo+yal Time Witch, helping him turn o+ur wo+rld into+ the nightmare it became. When her usefulness came to+ an end, he pitted yo+u and her against each o+ther,

in I guess a twisted redux o+f the co+nflict yo+u and she had in the past.
#The o+utco+me was so+mewhat different this time
MEENAH: yo that is so messed up!
PORRIM: The bo+tto+m line is, in additio+n to+ being an all aro+und bastard, this guy appears to+ enjo+y being especially nasty to+ girls.
PORRIM: If it's true he's hunting do+wn the gho+st o+f his departed "sister", then I really feel so+rry fo+r her.
MEENAH: NO FUCK T)(AT
#RARRRG)(
MEENAH: I AM GOING TO SLAUG)(T-ER T)(AT UGLY MUSCL-E MONST-ER
#AARRRRAAAWWWRRG)(G
MEENAH: I WILL ST-EAL )(IS S)(ITTY COAT AND W-EAR IT ON MY T)(RON-E
#AAAUURGRURGGU)(G)()(
MEENAH: I WILL RIP OFF )(IS SKULL AND GILD IT AND T)(-EN I WILL W-EAR IT AS MY CROWN W)(IL-E )(IS BL-E-EDING GR-E-EN TORSO BOWS B-EFOR-E M-E
#ARRARARGLAAARUGRGURGGLE
PORRIM: Um,
#wo+w
PORRIM: Best o+f luck with that.

> Be Meenah,

**** Head west down the stairs***

> Do a sick grind down the railing? > Yes

LATULA: th4t w4s...
LATULA: so...
LATULA: fr3ak1ng...
LATULA: R44444444444444D1C4L!!!
#>8O!!!!
LATULA: holy smok3z grl, 1 d1dnt th1nk you 3v3n h4d gr1ndz l1k3 th4t.
LATULA: so you s4y you w4nn4 b3 m3 huh? w3ll, you got 1t! h3llz grl, 1m not sur3 1f 1 shouldnt b3 th3 on3 4sk1ng to b3 YOU!!!

> Rebubble this memory

You rebubble this memory, and no one understands it at all. People say things that are so ignorant, you want to go curl up into a tiny ball and pray for a swift second death.

> Be Latula. ♫ 4h, y34h... ♫ wh4ts up, g4m3rs? ♫ 1m g4m3 grl, 4nd 1'm h3r3 to show you th4t g1rls c4n g4m3 too! ♫ dont go 34sy on m4 guys, unl3ss you w4nn4 g3t b34t3n by 4 g1rl ♫ 4r3 you r34dy? ♫ l3t's do th1s!!! ♫ yo, 1m th3 g4m3 grl, 4nd 1 got th3 scor3s, ♫ cos 1 wh1p butt 4nd g4m3 h4rdcor3! ♫ 1 might look cut3, but 1 pl4y to w1n, ♫ so g3t your h34d in th3 g4m3 b3c4us3 w3'r3 4bout to b3g1n!!! ♫ 1 got sw33t mov3s 4nd s3cr3t sk1lls ♫ to pull off th3 cod3s, th3 combos 4nd k1lls. ♫ t4pp1ng my f1ng3rs l1k3 4 m4n14c; ♫ th1s g1rl's gon3 b4d on 4 g4m3 4tt4ck! ♫ wh3n 1 s4y "g4m3", you s4y "grl": ♫ "g4m3:" "Grl!" "g4m3:" "Grl!" ♫ wh3n 1 s4y "b3st", you s4y "th3 world": ♫ "b3st 1n:" "The world!" "b3st 1n:" "The

world!" ♬ wh3n 1 s4y "g1rls", you s4y "rul3": ♬ "g1rls:" "Rule!"
"g1rls:" "Rule!" ♬ wh3n 1 s4y "boys", you s4y "drool": ♬ "boys:"
"Drool!" "b-b-b-b-b-b-" ♬ Game attack! Game attack! ♬ wh3n 1m on
th3 scor3bo4rd, you sur3 c4n t3ll - ♬ Game attack! Game attack! ♬
cos 1 sp3ll my scor3s g r l! ♬ Game attack! Game attack! ♬ you
g4m3r guys b3tt3r t4k3 1t l1k3 4 m4n! ♬ Game attack! Game attack!
♬ If you can't keep up, then talk to the hand. ♬ She's a game grl!
♬ 1m 4 g4m3 grl! ♬ She's a game grl! ♬ th3 b3st 1n th3 world! ♬
She's a game grl! ♬ g1rls rul3! ♬ She's a game grl! ♬ 4nd boys
drool. ♬ She's a game grl! ♬ 1m k1ck1n r4d! ♬ She's a game grl! ♬
your3 sup3r-b4d! ♬ She's a game grl! ♬ b3tt3r th4n th3 r3st, ♬
wh3n your3 d34l1ng w1th 4 g4m3 grl, your3 d34l1ng w1th th3 b3st! ♬
I'm gonna show you that girls can game too... > Talk to Meenah.

LATULA: yo yo, p4ystubz my grrrl!
MEENAH: shit tules
MEENAH: i forgot how many rad nicknames you like to cycle through
#passin out names like cheap cuttlefish
MEENAH: you know i always thought paycheck was kind of dope why dont you just stick with that
LATULA: r1ght on! 1 l1k3 th4t on3 too, p4ych3ck 1t 1z. H1GH F1V3 GRL!!!
#WOO
MEENAH: no lets not OWWWWWW
#OOW
LATULA: ooh sorry, d1d 1 hurt you???
#>8(
MEENAH: nnn... no? i meant
MEENAH: wwwwWOWWWWWW
#uh #yeah
MEENAH: like "WOWWWWW that was a radical hand slappin"
LATULA: SUR3 FUCK1N WUZ!!! d4ng 1ts t1ght your3 b4ck.
#th3 t1ghtn3ss
MEENAH: thats cool but
MEENAH: arent you overstatin our prior relationship as somefin above neutral just a TAD
#tadpole #yeah its a stretch as a fish pun #gonna count it tho
LATULA: w3ll m4yb3. but 1 h4d 4 lot of t1m3 to th1nk, both b3for3 w3 4ll 4t3 1t, 4ND 4ft3r.
#th3 b1g w1p3out #r4d d34th 4n4log13s
LATULA: 4nd 1 c4m3 to som3 MAD 3p1ph4n13z, 4bout you, or us r34lly. 1 w4s th1nk1ng 4bout you 4ll wrong.
LATULA: for most of th3 t1m3 w3 kn3w 34ch oth3r, 1 w4s 4ll l1k3, WHY SHOULD TH3R3 B3 TWO B4D4SS, 1N-YOUR-F4C3 GRLZ 1N TH3 GROUP???
LATULA: sort of ov3rk1ll, r1ght?
MEENAH: mehhh
#u searious?
LATULA: 1 w4s k1nd of v13w1ng you 4s 4 comp3t1tor, 1n l1k3 4 two grl RAD-OFF. 1 w4s w1nn1ng 1n my m1nd, of cours3. but s33, 1 h4d 1t 4ll wrong!!!!

MEENAH: did you
LATULA: Y3AH! s33, 1m th3 t34mz R4D GRL, wh3r34s YOUR3 th3 t34mz B4D GRL!!!! 1t 4ll m4k3s p3rf3ct s3ns3! do3snt th4t m4k3 SO MUCH S3NS3???
MEENAH: that
MEENAH: is the stupidest glubbin thing to require any sorta rationalization i ever heard
#p lame tules
LATULA: s33 p4ych3ck? 1 kn3w 1 could count on you to b3 just1f14bly cyn1c4l 4bout my n3urot1c bullsh1t. you RUL3!!!

**** Back north-east to Porrim***

> Talk to Porrim.

LATULA: yo porz, you s33 p4yd1rt 1s b4ck???
#GRLZ 1N D4 H1V3
PORRIM: I saw.
LATULA: pr3tty r4d huh?? th3 4-lyf3 just scor3d 4 l1ttl3 mor3 GRL POW3R!!!!
#l3ss drool #mor3 rul3
LATULA: h3y g1mm3 f1v3!
PORRIM: That's... OW.
PORRIM: No+t so+ hard!
PORRIM: That's go+o+d.
LATULA: wh444t, com3 on. 1 thought you of 4ll p3opl3 would b3 psych3d to g3t 4 l1l mor3 r3pr3z3nt4t1on from th3 l4d13s UP 1NZ.
PORRIM: Why would that be? It's nice to see an old friend, but that's about it.
#Up inz #Meaningless #On all levels
PORRIM: I think you are possibly still caricaturizing my point of view on the subject, assuming we're even talking about the same subject.
PORRIM: Much the way yo+ur co+ntinued co+mmitment to+ this o+verzealo+us "rad girl" thing still strikes me as a caricature o+f the kind o+f female strength and empo+werment yo+u're trying to+ pro+ject.
LATULA: s4y wh4t??? th4tz bogus, 1m th1s r4d b3c4us3 1 l1k3 b31ng r4d! r4dn3ss rul3z.
PORRIM: I kno+w it rulez. But there's such a thing as o+verdo+ing it.
#Did I pho+netically emphasize that 'z' eno+ugh?
PORRIM: Do+n't yo+u think it can co+me acro+ss as a series o+f affectatio+ns designed to+ o+verco+mpensate fo+r an implicit flaw with yo+ur gender? An act which rebuts what sho+uld be a straw man, with a carto+o+nish masquerade that with every kickflip and high five screams "YES, IT APPEARS THAT GIRLS CAN BE AS RADICAL AND AS GOOD AT GAMES AS BOYS!" thus lending a certain dignity to+ the premise at the expense o+f yo+ur o+wn?
LATULA: wh4... w41t wh4t? 4w m4n.
#r4dt1m3z off1c14lly: #H4RSH3D
LATULA: wh4t you t4lk1ng 4bout grl. m33n4h wh3r3d you go! com3 h3lp m3 b3 cyn1c4l 4bout th1s! 4h!!!
#h4lp
PORRIM: Yo+u can pretend to+ misunderstand all yo+u want, but we've

talked abo+ut this befo+re and I kno+w yo+u're smarter abo+ut this than yo+u let o+n. We were raised in what was a fo+rmally "matriarchal so+ciety", which has always been used as a shield to+ do+wnplay clear instances o+f female o+ppressio+n and o+bfuscate the relevance o+f gender ro+les, particularly where they're weighted against females. But anyo+ne who+'s lo+o+ked at o+ur so+ciety mo+re ho+nestly can see that while, yes, it is superficially o+bserved as a matriarchy o+n a fuschia-do+wn basis, o+n a practical level all o+f the enfo+rcement and po+litical po+wer go+verning mo+st classes was delegated to+ the higher CIPs, which were generally male-do+minated castes. They go+t to+ co+ntro+l the agenda and dictate the so+cial co+nventio+ns, and anyo+ne who+ dared to+ o+bject o+r bring light to+ this co+uld always be co+untered with "Hey! Matriarchy! End o+f discussio+n."
#Fuschia do+wn matriarchy #Purple do+wn patriarchy
LATULA: grl, pl34s3. dont t3ll m3 your3 go1ng full v4nt4s on m3 h3r3.
PORRIM: No+, if I were getting my Vantas o+n, we'd o+nly be getting warmed up. But that's really all I have to+ say o+n the matter.
LATULA: wh3w!
PORRIM: I just think yo+u sho+uld be yo+urself mo+re o+ften. We already kno+w yo+u are stro+ng and go+o+d at games and all that. Yo+u have no+thing to+ pro+ve.
LATULA: y34h. your3 prob4bly r1ght.
LATULA: 1ts k1nd of str3ssful som3t1m3s, k33p1ng 1t up! som3t1m3s 1 forg3t to put z33s on th3 3nd of words, 4nd 1 r34lly str3ss out 4bout 1t.
#sp3c14lly wh3n 1m off my m3ds
LATULA: you know, 1 4lw4ys d1d f33l b3tt3r t4lk1ng to you. l1k3 1 could t4k3 th3 3dg3 off my r4d th1ng, 4nd r3l4x 4 l1ttl3 mor3.
PORRIM: Then let's make it mo+re o+f a habit, shall we?
#:)
LATULA: h3ckz y3s!!!
LATULA: h3y, th4nks for th3 p3pt4lk, popo m3rryg4mz.
PORRIM: That nickname.
PORRIM: It
PORRIM: It is just so+ awful.
LATULA: oh whoopz.
LATULA: w4nt m3 to sw1tch b4ck to pornst4r???
PORRIM: ...
PORRIM: Merrygamz will be fine.

**** Back down west and south to Kankri and Karkat***

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> Talk to Kankri.
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LATULA: bro!!!! 1 h34r youv3 b33n h4ssl1ng th3 n3w k1dz. wh4t 1s UP w1th th4t???
KANKRI: Hassling? Far fr9m it. I've merely disc9vered a new and far less ungrateful fl9ck which has n9t yet 6ec9me w9efully jaded t9 my messages 9f p9sitive s9cial change.
#New f9ll9wers
LATULA: you c4nt fool m3 k4nkz. you 4r3 bor1ng th4t poor dud3 to d34th. you just w4nt to m4k3 4 ghost out of h1m so you c4n k33p h1m h3r3 for3v3r.

KARKAT:
LATULA: wh1ch 41nt r1ght! you h4v3 to l3t th4t bro d13 of h1s own M4D VOL1T1ONZ.
#r3: #m1st4k3s #l1k3 us
KANKRI: Can y9u sc99t away 9n y9ur little wheeled t9y f9r immature wigglers? I was in the middle 9f a serm9n.
#I mean, c9nversati9n.
LATULA: why dont you s4v3 h1m som3 gr13f 4nd g1v3 h1m on3 of your old m3moz?
LATULA: 4h4h4h, r3m3mb3r thoz3??? how m4ny sw33ps d1d you sp3nd try1ng to forc3 us to r34d th4t tr4sh?
#fru1ty r1ght3ous blowh4rd f4ctory
KANKRI: I d9n't remem6er. And n9, I w9n't 6e sharing my 9ld mem9s with him. They were written very p99rly, and my meth9ds 9f argumentati9n were flawed and extremely childish. I've deleted m9st 9f th9se mem9ries fr9m these 6u66les, s9 d9n't 69ther r99ting ar9und f9r them. Frankly, they stunk.
LATULA: h3y!
#>8[
KANKRI: 9h, man, I'm s9rry. I c9mpletely f9rg9t that "stunk" was an a6leist slur. Please f9rgive my insensitivity t9ward y9ur disa6ility.
#tw #tw #tw #s9rry #tw #a6leism
LATULA: 1tz ch1ll, 1 w4s only 4ct1ng off3nd3d to bug you.
KANKRI: N9, really, it was inexcusa6le 9f me. I sh9uld have at least preceded my call9us remark with a trigger warning.
#Trigger warning: #Em6arrassed retracti9ns ahead
KANKRI: I have n9 6usiness making light 9f y9ur impairment, thus failing t9 check my nasal privilege, and p9tentially 6ringing 6ack painful and devastatingly triggering mem9ries 9f the 9ld cycle 9f revenge 6etween y9u and s9me friends which resulted in the l9ss 9f y9ur 9lfact9ry sense. I have t9 admit, I was skeptical at first a69ut whether that really qualified as a true disa6ility warranting sensitivity and the pr9m9ti9n 9f awareness, 6ut 6eing cl9se t9 y9u as a friend and carefully examining my privilege has really 9pened my eyes. 99ps, that euphemism is slightly a6leist t9 the 6lind, what I meant was "6r9adened my h9riz9ns 9n the nature 9f disa6ility." S9rry.
#Nasal privilege #H9riz9ns #6r9adness #H9riz9ntal width l9ngenning
LATULA: y34h! th4ts funny, c4us3 1t n3v3r would h4v3 occurr3d to m3 to t4k3 1t 4ll th4t s3r1ously 4s 4 h4nd1c4p w1thout you m4k1ng 4 f3d3r4l c4s3 out of 1t for so long on my b3h4lf. so, th4nkz k4nk!!!
#MAD d1s4dv4nt4g3d brot1m3z
KANKRI: My pleasure. Really, it is truly amazing that y9u have managed t9 triumph 9ver such adversity t9 6ec9me a great r9le m9del f9r 9thers, excellent at vide9 games, and a t9tally stellar skate69arding pers9n, all while 6eing a girl, n9 less.
KARKAT:

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> Be Kankri.
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KANKRI: 6e me? I...
KANKRI: I'm n9t sure if that's...

LATULA: 4w com3 on k4nkl3z!!! pl33333334z3???
KANKRI: Well...
KANKRI: 9k. I'll interrupt my imperative m9n9l...dial9gue just this 9nce.
KANKRI: F9r y9u.

**** As Kankri...***

> Talk to Karkat:

KANKRI: 9ne m9ment please, Karkat. I'm g9ing t9 wander ar9und 6riefly, in an aut9n9m9us fashi9n. I kn9w y9u're very excited t9 c9ntinue 9ur discussi9n, and I pr9mise I'll return very sh9rtly s9 that we may resume. Just remain standing here in this exact sp9t, while y9u take time t9 let the wisd9m 9f my w9rds take r99t in y9ur heart, and try n9t t9 wander 9ff with any69dy, 9k? 6e right 6ack.
#"6r6"
KARKAT:

> Talk to Latula.

KANKRI: 9h, hey, Latula. I th9ught I heard y9ur device grinding 9n vari9us surfaces near6y.
KANKRI: H9w are y9ur athletic t9y stunts g9ing? Are y9u getting a l9t 9f... a l9t 9f "air"? Am I saying that right?
#Did y9u hang... #Hang 10? #N9 that can't 6e right...
LATULA: you knowz 1t bro!!!
LATULA: you c4nt 3v3n TOUCH th1s. 1m 3sc4p1ng to th3 s1d3, from 4bov3, from 3v3ry wh1ch w4y b4s1c4lly!!!!
KANKRI: Well, I wasn't g9ing t9 attempt t9 make any s9rt 9f physical c9ntact with y9u, and even if I did, I have n9 d9u6t that y9u w9uld 6e a6le t9 maneuver away fr9m my grasp 9n y9ur speedy little platf9rm. Either way, I'm m9re than c9ntent t9 let y9u escape in any directi9n 9f y9ur ch99sing, if that's y9ur wish.
LATULA: dud3. just wh3n 1 th1nk youv3 4lr34dy s41d th3 squ4r3st th1ng poss1bl3, you go 4nd s4y som3th1ng l1k3 th4t.
KANKRI: Haha. I guess. Y9u kn9w, it's really nice we can talk like this.
LATULA: 1t 1s...
#?
KANKRI: Yes. I was just thinking lately, a69ut 9ur new p9st-scratch friends. Particularly the y9ung Vantas and Pyr9pe iterati9ns 9n their team, and h9w they're pretty similar t9 us, 6ut als9 really different.
LATULA: y34h. l1l m3 1s bl1nd! d1d u 3v3n KNOW th4t??
#h4v3 u s33n h3r l1l dr4gon su1t?? 3333! #SO cut3 >8]
KANKRI: Yes, 6ut that's n9t really what I'm talking a69ut.
KANKRI: She and Karkat have a different relati9nship fr9m the 9ne we have. Theirs is much m9re tur6ulent, which is fueled presuma6ly 6y r9mantic tensi9n. I'm picking up 9n s9me maj9r vascillati9n vi6es fr9m their situati9n. It's kind 9f unf9rtunate, 6ut it makes me grateful that we never g9t t9 that p9int.
LATULA: h3llz y34h. who n33ds th4t?
KANKRI: I'm sure it's m9stly due t9 the fact that we've stayed entirely away fr9m the sting6ug's nest 9f r9mantic entanglement. Which 9f c9urse is related t9 my 9ath 9f celi6acy, which as y9u kn9w is just a pers9nal ch9ice, 9ne which f9r s9me reas9n my p9st-scratch adult self eventually

strayed fr9m... with... Meulin, 9f all pe9ple? 6ut that's neither here n9r there.
#Seri9usly. #I mean, she's nice, 6ut... #Really?
LATULA: h4h4h4h4... you 4nd m3uz. st1ll cr4cks m3 up... H4H4H4H4H4H4!!!!
#:3 #h3h3h3h
KANKRI: Yes. 6ut regardless. What I'm saying is, it's great we stayed away fr9m that. It's helped me appreciate y9u as a friend, and admire all y9ur g99d qualities. Plat9nically, 9f c9urse.
LATULA: your3 r1ght! 1ts b33n pr3tty r4d wh3n you put 1t th4t w4y.
KANKRI: Like h9w y9u never 69ught int9 the usual r9les 9f y9ur caste, as an aqua, n9t even the m9re "well intended" s9cial c9nventi9ns 9f y9ur privileged arist9cratic 6l99dline. Y9u never l99ked d9wn 9n any69dy, 9r saw it as y9ur civil duty t9 care f9r 9r "impr9ve" the warmer classes, falling prey t9 unf9rtunate tendencies inv9lving cerulean savi9r c9mplex, 9r the "6lue 6l99d's 6urden" (trigger warning 9n that, 96vi9usly) which sadly 6ecame s9 insepera6le fr9m the fa6ric 9f the spectral 9rder, with each class c9nditi9ned t9 view th9se 6el9w it the same way, the 96stacles t9 raising awareness were alm9st insurm9unta6le. 6ut unlike the c99ler hues 9n 9ur team m9re priviliged than y9u, like y9ur Serkets, y9ur Zahhaks, y9ur Amp9ras... I never g9t the sense that y9u put the slightest 6it 9f st9ck in any 9f that, and I think that's pretty amazing.
#Cerulean savi9rs #Teal templars #Vi9let valiants #Purple paladins
LATULA: uh... y34h! th4t sh1tz 4 dr4g, why would 1 both3r w1th 4ny of th4t? 1 m34n, 1ll h3lp low bloods l34rn stunts 4nd ch34t cod3z 1f th3y w4nt, but th4ts 1t!!!
KANKRI: Right. And I'm just saying if my head was ever cl9uded 6y r9mantic feelings f9r y9u, I pr96a6ly w9uldn't 6e a6le t9 appreciate that a69ut y9u.
KANKRI: Just like I w9uldn't 6e a6le t9 appreciate the fairly c99l "zees" y9u put at the end 9f many w9rds, 9r say things l9udly and with enthusiasm, even if it's n9t particularly warranted.
#It rarely is
LATULA: h3h3h. y34h!!!!
#woo!
KANKRI: 9r the way y9ur hair fl9ws in the wind when y9u sc99t 9ver s9me s9rt 9f 96stactle 9n y9ur device really fast.
KANKRI: 9r the way y9u make this funny little n9ise just as y9u c9nnect with 9ne 9f y9ur c9pi9us high fives, which can 9nly 6e heard 9ver the l9ud slap if y9u listen really cl9sely.
LATULA: um, y34h... 1 not1c3d... som3 stuff l1k3 th4t...
LATULA: 4bout you too 1 gu3ss?
LATULA: h3h.
#uh...
KANKRI: 9r the way y9u have always sh9wn kindness t9 pe9ple wh9 needed help, with9ut making them feel tragic 9r helpless f9r accepting it.
KANKRI: 9r the way y9u still manage t9 l99k stylish even with9ut y9ur c99l shades, 9r s9metimes when they're pr9pped up 9n y9ur head just in fr9nt 9f y9ur h9rns.

LATULA: wh...
#1... #hm
KANKRI: 9r, I d9n't kn9w if y9u remem6er, that time Meenah 6aked every69dy a cake. It was the first sweep anniversary 9f entering the game, 9ne 9f the rare m9ments 9f s9lidarity and g99d cheer am9ng 9ur entire team at 9nce. Every9ne was raving a69ut h9w g99d the fresh 6aked cake smelled, s9 y9u t99k a 6ig sniff, I guess f9rgetting f9r a m9ment y9u c9uldn't smell. Then y9u quickly caught y9urself, and played it c99l making sure n9 9ne n9ticed, which n9 9ne did. 6ut I n9ticed. And I just th9ught that was kind 9f endearing.
LATULA:
KANKRI: Anyway, I think all that w9uld have 6een c9mpletely l9st 9n me if we didn't have this str9ng plat9nic 69nd. I just th9ught I'd say that. Guess I'll get g9ing n9w.
KANKRI: See y9u ar9und, Latula.
LATULA:

**** round the steps to Porrim***

> Talk to Porrim.

KANKRI: In the future, I'll thank y9u n9t t9 em6arrass me in fr9nt 9f my new disciples. Friends. I mean friends.
#Wait, what did I say? #Definitely meant friends
KANKRI: I really d9n't need y9u p9licing my awareness-raising rhet9ric. Y9u are n9t my "human m9ther".
#Weird human familial structures
PORRIM: What do+es that even mean??
KANKRI: Y9u w9uld understand if y9u spent time actually researching 9ther cultures t9 gain a m9re c9mprehensive f9undati9nal perspective 9n 9ur systemic pr96lems instead 9f meddling in 9ther pe9ple's enlightening and en9rm9us c9nversati9ns.
#I mean... #en9rm9us in pr9gressive virtue
PORRIM: All these sweeps and yo+u still act like such a wiggler so+metimes. Hey... is that...
PORRIM: Is that grub sauce o+n yo+ur face?
KANKRI: What? N9.
PORRIM: Yes it is. Yo+u have a big smudge o+f sauce, right there. Yo+u're a mess, Kanny. Co+me here.
KANKRI: N9! N9, st9p. D9n't t9uch me, I g9t it!
#SEE??? #It's fine
PORRIM: Do+n't wipe it o+ff with yo+ur sleeve! Oh my Go+d. I JUST washed that fo+r yo+u.
#Gho+st laundry
KANKRI: I d9n't care. I didn't ask y9u t9 wash my sweater. I keep telling y9u, I have n9 interest in 6ef9ran p9ssessi9ns.
#9r Alternian #9r Earthly
PORRIM: We aren't o+n Befo+rus anymo+re. I wo+rked hard o+n that sweater, and I'm no+t go+ing to+ stand by while yo+u encrust it in grub sauce.
KANKRI: I was perfectly happy with9ut the sweater! T9 6e h9nest, I'm less than thrilled with h9w it 96scures my pant line.

#Y9u can't even see my nice 6elt
PORRIM: Sigh...
#Yo+u make me sigh so+ much #I'm almo+st left sighless
PORRIM: Why are yo+u always so+ co+ntrary with me? To+ be ho+nest, I think yo+ur need to+ "rebel" against whatever I suggest is what drives yo+ur dismissal o+f my views mo+re than anything abo+ut the views themselves.
KANKRI: I d9n't dismiss y9ur views. I respect them. I have T9LD y9u this.
KANKRI: I think the r9le 9f gender in 6ef9ran s9ciety is pr96a6ly a really fascinating and advanced su6ject t9 expl9re. See, y9u and I can appreciate the su6ject, 9f c9urse. I just d9n't think any9ne is ready f9r that yet. There are s9 many 9ther hurdles t9 9verc9me first.
PORRIM: Hurdles? Kanny, yo+u sho+uld serio+usly sto+p o+verthinking this stuff. Even I do+n't kno+w what yo+u're talking abo+ut mo+st o+f the time.
KANKRI: L99k, I'm just saying, it's a huge risk 9pening that can 9f dirt n99dles, trying t9 educate pe9ple 9n that su6ject 9n t9p 9f everything else. I just d9n't want t9 distract fr9m all the m9re glaring issues that desperately need the full attenti9n 9f 9ur pe9ple if we are g9ing t9 make any pr9gress as a civilizati9n.
PORRIM: Pro+gress as a civilizatio+n?
PORRIM: Kankri. Our peo+ple are extinct, and yo+u're wo+rried abo+ut "distracting fro+m the mo+re glaring issues"??
PORRIM: EVERYONE IS DEAD!!!
KANKRI: P9rrim, I'm very disapp9inted t9 hear y9u say that.
KANKRI: That was an extremely c9rp9realn9rmative remark. #C9rp9realn9rmativity #M9rtality privilege #S9ul shaming
PORRIM: ...

**** Down the steps to Meenah***

> Talk to Meenah.

KANKRI: Wh9a, Meenah. I didn't see y9u c9me in. Y9u sh9uld have c9me say hell9.
MEENAH: oh
MEENAH: yeah i didnt wanna bother you and shoutier you over there #or talk to or listen to or be around you
KANKRI: It w9uld have 6een alright. Karkat and I were 9nly a few h9urs fr9m wrapping up 9ur first 9f what I'm presuming will 6e many, many sessi9ns t9gether.
#s9 many
KANKRI: Y9u and I have s9 much t9 discuss. I've really crystallized s9me pr96lems. Eternity has really helped me make s9me pr9gress 9n issues that matter t9 every69dy. Even gr9ups 9f pe9ple wh9 d9n't technically exist.
KANKRI: I've had a l9t 9f time t9 think. A69ut that, and a69ut us. 9ur team, I mean, and the mistakes we've made which were pr96a6ly 6lessings in disguise. I kn9w we had 9ur differences, with y9u claiming the r9le as s9rt 9f 9ur defact9 leader, in terms 9f strategy and executi9n... literal executi9n, I supp9se. While I r9se t9 pr9minence am9ng 9ur peers as the undisputed spiritual shepherd 9f the gr9up.

#Herding all these g9ddamn w99l6easts #Fuckin pain in the ass
MEENAH: uh
MEENAH: whatever you say
#undisputed spiritual shepherd? #ahahahahaha
KANKRI: I've als9 heard y9u're recruiting mem6ers f9r a militia? An9ther 69ld endeav9r. N9t surprising, th9ugh. 6ef9re y9u em6ark, I d9 h9pe y9u'll set aside at least several sweeps t9 listen t9 s9me 9f my...
MEENAH: hey vantas
MEENAH: i really want to hear more of your garbage and lisfin to it all with hella baited breath
#baited like worms and such #fishin #38)
MEENAH: like i really really missed that you have no idea
MEENAH: but i have to go do
MEENAH: a thing
#uh #yeah
MEENAH: reel quick
KANKRI: 9h.
MEENAH: can you wait
MEENAH: like right H-ER-E
MEENAH: exactly this spot
MEENAH: for a few minutes
KANKRI: A6s9lutely!
KANKRI: Really, n9 hurry, I'll take the time t9 prepare s9me 9f my 9pening statements t9 6etter c9ntextualize my pr9hi6itively l9quaci9us harangue. I mean friendly 6anter.
MEENAH: brb dog

Be Meenah?

> Yes

**** so now Kankri is away, return to Karkat***

> Talk to Karkat.

MEENAH: (psst!)
MEENAH: (hey vantas)
KARKAT: (what.)
MEENAH: (nows yer chance)
MEENAH: (lets blow this nautical stand)
#nautical/popsicle... #eh close enough
KARKAT: (oh...)
KARKAT: (i don't think i'm supposed to.)
MEENAH: (shouty you cant let that boring nerd tell you how to roll)
MEENAH: (you wanna stand here lisfinin to his shellf important abaloney all day???)
KARKAT: (not really.)
#SHELLF IMPORTANT ABALONEY? #GODDAMN SEADWELLERS
MEENAH: (then COM-E ON!)

> Rebubble this memory

You rebubble this memory, and it gets almost no likes OR hates.

People seem to have no opinion about it at all. Which is actually

the worst imaginable outcome. It is a fate 10 times worse than death, and 100 times worse than second death.

**** go back to the locked door***

> Open door.

MEENAH: vantas gimme your password
KARKAT: (huh?)
MEENAH: this is your door aint it
KARKAT: (what makes you say that.)
MEENAH: the symbol on the doors the same as on your fuckin shirt
MEENAH: come on it aint blastoff device science
#pchooo
KARKAT: (ok, yeah, it's mine. maybe i got tired of interloping shitbags traipsing through my PRIVATE and PERSONAL memories.)
MEENAH: you dont need to whisper anymore aint no one around
KARKAT: OH
MEENAH: now whats the password
KARKAT: MOVE OVER, I'LL TYPE IT FOR YOU.
MEENAH: no just tell me shouty!!!
KARKAT: OH MY GOD, THAT IS SO UNREASONABLE. HOW IS IT NOT PRETTY MUCH THE MOST REASONABLE FUCKING THING IN THE WORLD TO LET ME JUST TYPE MY OWN PASSWORD???
MEENAH: dude you want kankri to find you and talk yer nubs off again
KARKAT: NO!!! ANYTHING BUT THAT.
#OH DEAR GOD
KARKAT: ALRIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU, JUST...
KARKAT: DON'T GO BLABBING IT AROUND.
KARKAT: THE PASSWORD IS...
* tiny text
MEENAH: wuh
#?
* tiny text
MEENAH: bro you gotta speak up
KARKAT: IF I HATE MYSELF SO MUCH, THEN WHY DON'T I HATEMARRY MYSELF!!!!!!!
#WHAT ARE YOU DEAF
MEENAH: T)(ATS your p word
MEENAH: what in glubs name does that mean
KARKAT: NOTHING. IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS.
KARKAT: IT'S JUST SOMETHING THAT REMINDS ME OF AN OLD FRIEND. ALRIGHT?! CAN WE GET GOING NOW?
MEENAH: fuck yeah! this way shouty
MEENAH: you will not regret hitchin your wagon to my starfish
KARKAT:

> Rebubble this memory

Congratulations! That was the rebubble that pushed you over the edge. You are now OFFICIALLY BUBBLR FAMOUS!

**** Now it's time to cash in the horse-hitcher, because we get an extra secret in the last room if Hussie is with us***

**** Go all the way back to Hussie in the first area...***

> Talk.

HUSSIE: Oh my god, you didn't.
HUSSIE: You DIDN'T.....
#could it be?
HUSSIE: _YOU DID_
HUSSIE: YOU BROUGHT ME A HORSE!
HUSSIE: Look at this glorious, knotted up horse hitcher. This is the most amazing present I have ever received. I will cherish it forever.
HUSSIE: So uh, hey...
HUSSIE: Do you come here often?
#Vriska WHO?????
MEENAH: oh my cod
HUSSIE: Well, a deal is a deal.
HUSSIE: I am now at your command.
MEENAH: why...
MEENAH: WHY did i have to bring this idiot that horse hitcher

**** Hussie will follow you around from now on. Return to Karkat's door. Enter the final area...***

MEENAH: so shouty
MEENAH: or... kankrat was it?
MEENAH: been meaning to axe you... HEY!
MEENAH: whered he go?
#sigh
MEENAH: its so hard makin friends

**** north-east to special bonus chest***

You got a 2010 SPIRITED HORSE CALENDAR!
You flip through it and... yep. Hearts Boxcars is still farming all those goddamn horses.

#fuckin pain in the red cheeks

**** west to Aranea's exposition booth***

> Talk. **EXPOSITION 5 BOONBUCKS THE SYLPH IS IN** > Hey you see where louder Vantas went?

ARANEA: Yes, I saw him scurry 8y a moment ago. He went that way, into a memory of his old neigh8orhood.
MEENAH: man what gives
MEENAH: does my breath stink or
#do i need a fish mint
ARANEA: I think he just wants to 8e alone. He tried to lock his memories away from others, I guess without realizing these 8u88les can 8e very permea8le. If the memory is 8ig enough, people will 8e a8le to wander into it from many directions.
ARANEA: He pro8a8ly won't 8e too happy to find more of our friends hanging out there.
MEENAH: oh shit more of the old gang is that way
MEENAH: guess i better go talk to them too
#yay more useless tools

MEENAH: probably have to bail shouty out YET AGAIN
MEENAH: damn kid makes you work
ARANEA: That's pro8a8ly why you're o8sessed with him.
MEENAH: shut up

```
> Serket water u doin.
```

MEENAH: yo what is this shit
MEENAH: you sellin somefin here
MEENAH: if so i should warn you im a little low on funds these days
ARANEA: I am offering explanations! I will explain anything you desire.
MEENAH: ahahaha you must be out of your seasponge if you think ima part with anyfin of value for a shitty speech
ARANEA: Oh, no! You misunderstand. It is I who will pay YOU five 8oon8ucks if you listen to an explanation on any topic of your choosing!
MEENAH: oh
#good grief
ARANEA: So what topic will it 8e?
MEENAH: hang on!
#im thinking
ARANEA: Can't decide on a topic?
MEENAH: no cant decide if its worth listening to you even if you pay me
ARANEA: >::::(
ARANEA: Now I know you're messing with me. I know you can't say no to easy money.
MEENAH: yeah youre right
#if i fall asleep do i still get paid
MEENAH: lay it on me

```
> Tell me about Kankri Vantas.
```

ARANEA: The Seer of 8lood played quite a different role on our team from that of his successor, though his potential as a 8lood player went similarly unrealized. It was only when he grew up on Alternia did he 8egin to tap into his a8ilities, triggering recollection of our lives on 8eforus, and what we all went through.
ARANEA: He remem8ered our more peaceful way of life, and his desire to unite people. As an adult he was a8le to do this much more effectively and maturely. Heroically, even. He learned how to inspire others, and 8e a true leader, even when the odds were stacked against him in his violent culture. It cost him his life, 8ut his message lived on. I 8elieve the Knight of 8lood now carries his 8urden, whether he has decided to accept it or not.
ARANEA: Many of us on Alternia grew up to 8ecome secret followers of his teachings. Just as many of us now follow them, though I'd say with a 8it more detachment. 8ecause we're dead! Speaking personally, I'd refer to myself as more of a "fan" of his story, and what it represents. 8oth the hidden potential in our friend he never quite found, and the hidden potential in all our people.
ARANEA: During our session, Kankri's trials as a leader were just as frustrating as those of his successor. He found it very hard to get others to take him seriously. While you would often try to divide us with your trou8lemaking, and turn us against each other to make us stronger -

unsuccessfully I might add - he would try to unite us through proselytizing and lecture, just as unsuccessfully.

MEENAH: wow that sure was a bunch of stuff i already knew

ARANEA: Yes! And now it is fresher in your memory than ever. Thank you for listening, and here are your five 8oondollars!

MEENAH: pleasure doin business with you

```
> Tell me about Latula Pyrope.
```

ARANEA: The Knight of Mind, to even the most casual o8server, is clearly the more "radical" instance of the two Pyropes. 8oth of course have disa8ilities which, if discovered, would slate each for culling in their respective cultures. Culling of course means something quite different on 8eforus. It means she would have 8een selected 8y a mem8er of a higher caste for adoption, and coddled excessively. 8ut for someone with a lifestyle as radical as hers, I'm sure you will agree that would have 8een a fate worse than death.

MEENAH: serket yo this exposition is some straight up redonkulous junk even by your standards

ARANEA: Would you like to make some money, or not?

MEENAH: you know me i am all about the boonjamins

ARANEA: Then please stand there quietly while I continue.

MEENAH: urrrhn fin

#*fine

ARANEA: After the tragic accident which left her nasally impaired, her mighty dragon lusus, ancient and wise 8eyond our comprehension, 8egan to teach her "new ways to smell." To reinvent the sense, using other sense organs such as eyes and ears, awakening completely new experiences in her mind. She was truly an inspiration, and proved 8eyond a shadow of a dou8t that any handicap can 8e overcome, and doesn't have to stop you from 8eing as rad as you can truly 8e.

MEENAH: wuuut

MEENAH: serket are you whistlin through my blowhole with his idiotic shit

ARANEA: Yes, that last part was a joke. Lighten up, Peixes!

MEENAH: yeah yeah what do we have to do to seal this deal here

#seal #you know #the marine barkbeast

ARANEA: Well.....

MEENAH: Just tell me the bare minimum a what i need to hear to snag ma boonies and run

ARANEA: Ok. Even though Latula has 8een dating Mituna steadily for eons, it's hardly a secret to anyone that she and Kankri have had complicated unrequited feelings for even longer. So really, much like their descendants. Aaaaaaaand, we're done! Here you go.

MEENAH: fuckin score

```
> Tell me about Porrim Maryam.
```

ARANEA: The Maid of Space was of course our all-important Space player and Stoker of the Forge, 8ut as you know, we never made much progress on the frog 8reeding front, or really any aspect of the game 8efore the reckoning. Way too disorganized, way too much teen drama. Much of that drama of course centered around Kankri, and Porrim tended to 8e the one to keep him out of trou8le. This relationship persisted in their lives on

Alternia, which... unfortunately didn't work out too well for her in the end. I'd address my involvement with that, 8ut you seem to 8e tapping your foot so I think I'll just skip over that part of the story!
ARANEA: On 8eforus, well 8efore her drinker a8ilities had awakened, she grew up in the caste almost solely devoted to tending to the mother gru8, hatching the young and proliferating the 8rood. The jade 8loods were also an almost exclusively female caste, and she 8egan to resent the roles she was hatched into, designated for 8oth her class and gender. She challenged these roles wherever they existed in 8eforan society, as well as where she found them woven into our session, in kingdoms, class assignments, consort culture and the like.
ARANEA: 8ut over the sweeps in our failed session, she found within herself a renewed interest in the duty that came with her 8loodline, which was of course the persistence of our people, a 8urden which her descendant now must 8ear. All life on 8eforus had 8een wiped out, and we'd failed our game, so she helped me search for a way to reset the...
MEENAH: zzzzzz
ARANEA: I was almost finished!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: your just tellin me shit i know serk she was sorta my friend too remember
MEENAH: cant you spice this jam up
ARANEA: I don't.....
MEENAH: didnt she like sleep with erybody
MEENAH: gimme all the dirt on that
ARANEA: What?
ARANEA: No, Meenah. I am not paying you so that you can listen to me indulge in such scandalous gossip.
ARANEA: Now what was I talking a8out? Gosh, I've lost my train of thought.....
MEENAH: ahahaha why you blushin girl
MEENAH: omigawd you and she...???????
#??????????? #NOODLES OF INTENSE CURIOSITY
ARANEA:
MEENAH: ho man why didnt you ever tell me i thought we was fronds
ARANEA: Look. Three sweeps is a long time to spend in a failed, pointless session!
ARANEA: You look into the future and see a life lasting for may8e thousands of sweeps, with nothing to look forward to, and.....
MEENAH: aaaand????
ARANEA: It was just... kind of a phase! Just a little red fling, ok? It 8arely even lasted half a sweep, and...
ARANEA: Hey, if I give you TEN 8oon8ucks, can we stop talking talking a8out this????????
MEENAH: make it a cool hunnid and you got a deal
ARANEA: Argh, fine! Just take it!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: her imperious condescension thanks you for your generous contribution to the new empire
ARANEA: I'm glad you're a good guy this time. You really were hatched to 8e SUCH A 8ITCH!!!!!!!!

```
> Peace out.
* go west
This leads to the end of the game. Are you sure you're done here?
> Yes.
That's the end. Continue playing on the next page.
```

[If game doesn't play, try another browser. Chrome or Firefox Recommended.]

[WALKTHROUGH | MAP]

```
[S] Act 6 Intermission 3 FAQ/Walkthrough by Radiation
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Room 1

Start by going south. Head down the staircase and continue east of Aradia.
After going down another staircase, make your way to the beach on the bottom
right.

Room 2

Go through the beach to Derse on the bottom right and then keep walking left
along the castle-like area. When you run into Dave, head south down the bridge.

Room 3

Make your way through the room until you encounter Latula. Talk to her.

- Choose "Be Latual" and get her skateboard.
- Be Porrim and talk to the blue orb next to where Porrim was standing. This
will create a staircase.
- Talk to Meenah and Be Meenah.
- Try to walk down the newly-created staircase. You will now grind on it.
- Be Latula.
- While Latula, go to Kankri.
- Be Kankri.
- As Kankri, talk to Meenah. Select "Yes" and Be Meenah.
- Talk to Karkat.
- With Karkat, you can now open the door in the northeastern part of the
screen.

Room 4

- Exit to the northeast.
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**06/09/12**

```
PAUSE
```

You pause your adventure through the afterlife because you've been at it for way too long already. You'll get back to this in a little while. You just know more of your dead loser friends are lurking in this area. You can feel their lameness emanating from beyond the grave. You can also feel it emanating from within the grave, which is good, because that's where you are. The grave.

What we REALLY need to do is see what John's been up to. It almost feels like it's been a year since we saw him. Hell, it's probably his birthday again. When is it ever NOT John's birthday???

## [A6I3] ==>

**06/09/12**

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YEAR 2

**[A6I3] ==>**
**06/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
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**08/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**09/09/12**
dialoglogJOHN: jade...

**[A6I3] ==>**
**09/09/12**
dialoglogJADE: hm?

**[A6I3] ==>**
**09/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: i think i just realized something.

## [A6I3] ==>

**09/09/12**

dialoglogJADE: what?

## [A6I3] ==>

**09/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: THIS MOVIE FUCKING SUCKS!!!

## [A6I3] ==>

**11/09/12**

dialoglogJADE: whaaat
JADE: but you love this movie!
JOHN: yeah, i know.
JOHN: i mean... i thought i did.
JOHN: it's been kind of a long time since i last saw it. i really remember it being a lot better than this!
JOHN: but now everything just seems so cheesy and stupid.
JADE: but you were making such a big deal about finally getting me to watch it with you on your birthday!
JADE: you were going on and on about how i wouldnt be disappointed... but now youre saying you dont like it?
JOHN: i don't know. i'm trying to like it. i WANT to like it.
JOHN: i want to feel the same magic that was there all the other times i watched it.
JOHN: but i can't, because...
JOHN: it's just...
JOHN: not...
JOHN: good. :(
JADE: really?
JADE: i was actually kind of enjoying it!
JADE: its very silly
JADE: i really dont think its the kind of movie youre supposed to take all that seriously john
JOHN: but i DID take it seriously!!!
JOHN: i guess maybe that's kind of the point.
JOHN: i always thought all this hokey bullshit was legitimately awesome and compelling.
JOHN: what was i even thinking!
JADE: i dunno....
JADE: but people can change their minds about things
JADE: i think youre allowed to change your mind about a silly movie
JADE: i used to LOVE the squiddles show when i was really young
JADE: but as i got older i started to realize it wasnt as great as i thought it was
JADE: i was just too young to see how it was actually a flagrant vehicle for selling merchandise
JADE: and if you believed the conspiracy theorists it might have even been pushing some other dark hidden agendas.....
JADE: so i stopped liking the show itself as much but that didnt change the fact that i had a lot of fond memories about it

JADE: i still loved all the cute characters and could enjoy it on a nostalgic level
JOHN: well, maybe later i'll be able to rekindle some nostalgic feelings about it.
JOHN: but right now, i just feel like a dope for talking this up so hard.
JADE: what is even the problem with it?
JADE: ive just been watching this and thinking, yup, i can see why john was so obsessed with this movie...
JADE: its funny!
JOHN: it's just non stop terrible action movie cliches!

## [A6I3] ==>

**11/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: look.
JOHN: i love nic cage. he is basically my hero, ok?
JOHN: but i'm kind of just realizing now that he is EMBARRASSINGLY BAD in this movie!
JOHN: he is just doing this corny parody of a southern guy who is down on his luck, and acts "charming" with his goofy accent and stuff.
JOHN: some things i used to think were so badass are just coming off as ridiculous now.
JOHN: can you believe that one time we were watching this movie, when he said "put the bunny back in the box" i actually high fived my dad?
JOHN: this time that line just made me roll my eyes.
JOHN: there's so much crappy dialogue!
JOHN: "cyrus, this is your barbecue, and it tastes good..." arrgh!
JADE: but he was trying to sound like a hardened criminal to win the trust of john malkovich!
JOHN: jade, please. it was a cheesy line, don't be so naive.
JADE: what!!
JADE: you spent your whole life worshiping this dumb movie and now youre calling ME naive????
JOHN: ok, i'm sorry. i guess in fairness to you, you have only just begun to climb the steep learning curve of this vexing and hypnotic film.
JOHN: but i am no longer bound by its spell, jade.
JADE: oh god
JADE: vexing and hypnotic??
JADE: its a movie full of explosions about a guy with a mullet
JADE: what is with you lately? you seem to be in such a crappy mood these days
JOHN: i am fine. this MOVIE is what's crappy these days.
JADE: oh bluh bluh
JADE: can we just finish the rest of the movie?

## [A6I3] ==>

**11/09/12**

dialoglogJADE: look you made us miss a whole bunch of stuff!
JADE: hang on im going to rewind it...
JOHN: who even cares what we missed.
JOHN: just cameron stupid poe in his idiot wife beater babbling some more southern home spun heroic nonsense.
JOHN: heart of gold my ass!!!!!
JOHN: everything dave ever said about this movie was right! i can't believe i used to think he was

just trolling me.
JOHN: the stupid junkyard scene where cyrus makes a little model out of rocks and stuff, just so he could tell the criminals to surround some army guys and shoot them... that was pointless!
JOHN: and all this heavy handed scoring. oh my god. the music makes every little thing into such a federal issue!
JOHN: like... oh man, SOME MINOR CHARACTERS BEING INTRODUCED IN SLOW MOTION! dun-dun dun-dun DUN DUN DUN!!!
JOHN: there. now you officially know they are all badasses.
JOHN: also, i somehow didn't even remember dave chappelle being in this movie. he was pointless too.
JADE: whos dave chappelle?
JOHN: and you know the malloy guy, the dick head cop who we're supposed to hate, because of how he gives john cusack a hard time and makes asshole decisions with a helicopter?
JOHN: well screw that! he wasn't so bad. so what if he was a little grumpy? he was just trying to do his job. he had one of the best lines in the movie actually, which was another thing we were supposed to hate him for.
JOHN: what was it? about how cusack was probably out saving a tree and recycling his sandals or some shit? HAHAHA! now that i think about it, i fucking LOVE malloy.
JOHN: i'm going to rewind it to watch that scene again...
JADE: no!!!
JADE: dont touch the remote
JOHN: oh, and we're supposed to be like "YEAH" when cusack wrecks malloy's awesome sports car.
JOHN: but that was a nice car! john cusack shouldn't have ruined it like that for laughs.
JOHN: i know *I* wasn't laughing, were you?
JADE: YES :p
JOHN: john cusack was such a terrible character in this movie now that i think about it. i don't really get what he added to it?
JOHN: he was like the second hero... but dorkier? what did he even really do? he scampered around the junkyard for a while goofing off, and then when it was his time to shine...
JOHN: HE DEMONSTRATED HIS MASTERY OVER HEAVY MACHINERY! wow, he can operate a crane! i am thrilled by the exploits of this pedantic weenie.
JOHN: i guess he's actually like cage's estranged sidekick? almost like the robin that batman never realized he had.
JOHN: now that i think about it, this movie was always an oddly poignant tale of bromance between cage and cusack. just two bros separated by destiny, waiting to be united.
JOHN: when they finally come together to kick some ass, it is arguably more moving than when he reunites with his wife and daughter!
JOHN: i wonder if i'll think that scene sucks now too? it used to move me to tears, but now i'll probably think it's so lame, i'm almost afraid to watch it. maybe i should try to leave at least SOME memories untainted.
JADE: john you are kind of sounding like a crazy person here
JOHN: yeah right! crazy like a fOWWW!
JADE: what???
JOHN: oh...
JOHN: i guess there was a stray feather clinging to my pajamas and it just poked me in the ass.

## [A6I3] ==>

**11/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: god damn dave sprite.
JOHN: that guy molts like it's going out of style.
JADE: oh...
JADE: heh
JADE: yeah
JOHN: where is he anyway?
JOHN: i specifically told dave sprite several times when my party would start, because i knew he would do this.
JOHN: he's already missed half the movie!
JADE: why do you always call him dave sprite?
JOHN: um... because that's his name?
JOHN: dave sprite.
JADE: no, i mean why do you always say it like that? with the space between words?
JADE: its not dave sprite, its just davesprite
JOHN: what ever.
JOHN: i can't believe he's standing me up on my birthday.
JOHN: maybe he doesn't want to hang out with jaspers?
JOHN: jaspers, i hope you're not going to start chasing him around again when he gets here.
JASPERSPRITE: Hisssss!
JOHN: dude, shut up.
JADE: yeah.... john
JADE: i dont think davesprite is coming tonight

## [A6I3] ==>

**11/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: aw, man. really?
JOHN: i knew we shouldn't have invited both him and jaspers.
JOHN: that's just party planning BASICS.
JADE: no...
JADE: it has nothing to do with jaspers
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: then why?
JADE: he uh...
JADE: kind of broke up with me
JOHN: what!!!

## [A6I3] ==>

**13/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: when did that happen?
JADE: a couple days ago
JOHN: no. no way.
JOHN: i cannot accept this!
JADE: john its ok you dont have t...
JOHN: you and dave sprite were like the glue holding everything together on this miserable road

trip!
JADE: we were?
JOHN: yes, jade.
JOHN: you were our rock.
JADE: your rock??
JADE: what are you talking about?
JOHN: come on, jade.
JOHN: you and dave sprite were like... an INSTITUTION on this stupid golden battleship.
JADE: we were not an institution!
JADE: you are just saying meaningless things now
JOHN: why did he break up with you?!
JADE: um...
JADE: its complicated
JADE: basically hes just going through a lot of stuff right now
JOHN: stuff??
JOHN: what stuff.
JOHN: jade, we are all going through stuff. you don't see me flying off the handle and breaking up with MY girlfriend.
JADE: do uh...
JADE: you have a girlfriend?
JOHN: that is not the point.
JOHN: the point is that dave sprite is a douche.
JADE: i dont think hes a douche, hes just...
JOHN: no, he's an orange feathery douche.

## [A6I3] ==>

**13/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: why is he such a basket case? he's like regular dave, but like, aloof enigma edition.
JOHN: maybe it's because he's part bird? i think becoming a bird and a sprite did something weird to him.
JADE: i dont think being a bird ever bothered him
JADE: like i said... its all more complicated than that
JOHN: normal dave was so much more level headed.
JOHN: i have to admit, i spend a lot of time wondering what he and rose are up to.
JADE: me too
JOHN: ehh...
JOHN: maybe it's for the best he broke up with you.
JADE: why?
JOHN: well, what kind of future do you think you would have with him?
JOHN: he's a sprite. like really, what even is a sprite? how long do they live? will he still be around if we win the new game we are allegedly trying to get to?
JADE: i dont know
JOHN: there are a lot of things we don't know.
JOHN: and also...
JOHN: how do things even work if you marry a sprite?
JADE: what do you mean

JOHN: i mean...
JOHN: ok, he has a ghost butt, for one thing.
JADE: uh
JADE: so
JOHN: a GHOST BUTT, jade!
JADE: SO WHAT IF HE HAS A GHOST BUTT!!!!!
JOHN: i'm just saying...
JADE: WHATEVER YOURE JUST SAYING, JUST STOP SAYING IT!
JADE: and whatever youre trying to gesture with your hands there, stop doing that too!
JOHN: what? no, i was just...
JADE: nope!!! totally not talking about this
JOHN: but
JADE: put your hands down john

## [A6I3] ==>

**16/09/12**

```
bored shitless
ghost butt
? ? ?
```

dialoglogJOHN: ok, fine.
JADE: thats not down, thats up!
JADE: oh well, at least youre not making those unsettling gestures...
JADE: john...
JADE: what are you doing?
JOHN: nothing!
JADE: i hope youre not entertaining some awkward train of thought about, uh...
JOHN: no!!!
JADE: what is with you??
JADE: today is your birthday, youre supposed to be having fun!
JADE: but youve been so testy, as if youre committed to not having a good time
JOHN: well, maybe i'm just getting a little tired of being stuck on this lame boat!
JOHN: don't you think it's gotten kind of old?
JADE: yeah, i can see how you might find it a little slow here
JADE: i dunno, i havent minded much... maybe its different for me though because i used to live all alone?
JOHN: oh sure, i'm sure it's GREAT for you. you get to spend your days smooching and breaking up with dave sprite and what not, and you can shrink down to any old planet you feel like, any time. whereas i have to make this whole big deal of ASKING you to shrink or unshrink me, and...
JADE: but i dont mind doing that any time!!!
JOHN: i know, but you think i want to bug you about that at the drop of a hat? when you're busy and on dates and stuff? i just happen to have respect for something called PERSONAL BOUNDARIES, jade.
JOHN: and it's not like there's really anyone else to talk to, except the inscrutable chess people and a bunch of brainless consorts and an idiot cat princess. oh and also nanna, but i mean, she's my grandmother, and she's great, but a guy can only spend so much quality time with his grandmother before he starts to feel like kind of a loser whose friends are too busy to spend time with him!

JADE: john... if you told me this earlier i would have...
JOHN: and i still never visit any interesting dream bubbles, and we can't even finish our cool planet quests because the moment we broke through the window all our denizens decided to go back to sleep, and...
JOHN: i guess what i'm saying is, i'm MORE than ready to get to the other window and meet our friends and other new people and stuff.
JOHN: are you sure you can't make the ship go faster???
JADE: were already going as fast as i can make us go
JOHN: and how fast is that again?
JADE: about the speed of light!
JOHN: well, can't you use your space powers and bump it up a notch?
JADE: no! nothing can go faster than light john
JADE: unless you teleport of course
JOHN: and why can't you teleport us again?
JADE: i already explained this! i cant do that here, its not within the domain of the green sun which gives me those powers!
JOHN: is that why we can't go faster than light either?
JADE: no thats just a regular law of physics!!! jeez
JOHN: ok, i mean, i know that. but this isn't really a regular place, right?
JOHN: isn't the speed of light like a thousand miles a second? so what does that really mean here? are miles and seconds the same here as on earth? how does this nonsense dimension we're racing through jive with all the relativity mumbo jumbo?
JADE: ok first of all, thats not even close to the speed of light
JADE: light travels at a hundred and eighty six thousand miles per second no matter what frame of reference youre in... even this one!
JADE: second of all special relativity and comparing laws of physics between different frames of reference, those are tricky issues to talk about!
JADE: but id be more than happy to talk about them if youd like. actually i would enjoy that because i never really get to talk about science wi...
JOHN: no, i don't want to talk about physics! i don't know anything about the laws of physics, because they are hard and boring.
JOHN: i simply would like them to behave in a way that is most convenient to ME and MY LIFE! is that really asking too much?
JADE: yes as a matter of fact it is!
JOHN: well, guess what? SCIENCE IS STUPID BULLSHIT!!!
JADE: you take that back!!!!!
JOHN: no.
JOHN: magic is awesome.
JOHN: science blows.
JOHN: the end.
JADE: john.....
JADE: what is that?

**[A6I3] ==>**
**16/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: what?
JADE: under your hood...
JADE: looks like a piece of paper stuck to your back?
JOHN: huh?

## [A6I3] ==>

**16/09/12**

my darling son if you are reading this it means you finally came to your senses on a way shitty movie. by realizing cage sucks you have taken your first and biggest step toward not being a total embarrassment to the egbert family name. speaking of which you might want to crack into one of my metric fucking tons of shaving cream i have for some reason and bust -- OVER

dialoglogJOHN: oh god dammit.

## [A6I3] ==>

**16/09/12**

that nigh invisible teen stache before it starts to become a problem. egbert men dont cotton to whiskers as you know good and god damn well. i didnt bust my fatherly ass to raise no bigfoot. im proud as shit youre my son or whatever. next stop : figuring our mcconaughey is trash. you can do it junior.

dialoglogJOHN: STRIIIIIIDEEEERRRRRRRR!!!!!

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: THAT BASTARD!!!
JADE: what?
JOHN: THIS IS TOTALLY OUTRAGEOUS.
JADE: what is it??
JOHN: I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS.
JOHN: IT IS THE LAST FUCKING STRAW!!!
JOHN: RAAARARRAAUUUAAAAUUAGHGHGGHGGGGHHGH!

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/09/12**

dialoglogJADE: where are you going?
JOHN: I'M GOING TO GO KICK HIS ASS!
JADE: what! john, no...
JOHN: POSING AS MY DEAD FATHER BY MIMICKING ONE OF HIS GREAT FATHERLY NOTES HE USED TO HIDE AROUND THE HOUSE???
JOHN: AND ON THE TWO YEAR ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAY HE WAS SLAIN BY JACK NOIR, A *FACT* OF WHICH THAT CHEEKY ORANGE ASSHOLE IS PLAINLY

AWARE??????
JOHN: THIS IS A NEW LOW, EVEN FOR DAVE SPRITE!

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/09/12**

dialoglogJADE: ok yes, that practical joke is in poor taste, but you should try to calm down and...
JOHN: NO, SCREW THAT, I AM SUPER PISSED OFF ABOUT THIS!
JOHN: THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO SETTLE THIS, AND THAT IS WITH AN OLD FASHIONED BEATDOWN.
JOHN: WHERE'S MY HAMMER!!!!!
JADE: um
JADE: which one?
JOHN: ANY OLD HAMMER!
JOHN: WHATEVER. IT COULD BE A HAMMER FROM THE BARGAIN BIN OF A HARDWARE STORE FOR ALL I CARE.
JOHN: JUST GIVE ME ANYTHING THAT'S FIT FOR CLOBBERING A GHOST BOTTOMED DICK FACE WHO'S ALSO A BIRD.
JADE: sigh

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: I'M COMING FOR YOU, DAVE SPRITE!
JOHN: DO YOU HEAR ME, YOU MAGICAL SON OF A BITCH? I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!
JOHN: THAT STUNT WASN'T COOL! *YOU'RE* NOT COOL!
JOHN: LIKE IT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH YOU DUMPED JADE FOR NO REASON. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU!
JOHN: YOU AND JADE WERE OUR ROCK ON THIS SHIP! YOU HEAR ME?? OUR ROOOOOOOOCK!!!
JADE: :|
JOHN: AND NOW *THIS* BULLSHIT??? WHAT THE HELL, MAN.
JOHN: I DON'T GO AROUND LEAVING FAKE PUZZLES FOR YOU LIKE FROM THE MOVIE SAW, DO I? HAVE YOU EVER HEARD ME SAY I WANT TO PLAY A GAME EVEN *ONCE*?? WELL, HAVE YOU????
JOHN: NO, BECAUSE THAT WOULD STIR UP PAINFUL MEMORIES OF A DEARLY DEPARTED LOVED ONE, AND THEREFORE WOULD BE UNBELIEVABLY SHITTY OF ME!!!!!!!!

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: HEY! I SEE YOU THERE!
JOHN: GET DOWN FROM THERE RIGHT NOW, WISE GUY!
JOHN: OH NO, DON'T PLAY DUMB. I CAN SEE YOU PLAIN AS DAY. I'M ON TO YOU, BUDDY.
JOHN: STOP VAGUELY WATERMARKING THE SKY WITH YOUR SMUG DOUCHEY FACE THIS INSTANT AND FIGHT ME LIKE A MAN!!!

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: YEAH SURE, LAUGH IT UP! THAT MAKES YOU SEEM LIKE WAY LESS OF A TOOL. NICE GOING BRO!
JOHN: EVERYONE ON THIS BOAT IS SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR BULLSHIT! WHY DON'T YOU JUST FLY AWAY AND LEAVE US ALONE?
JOHN: HOW CAN YOU BE SO MUCH MORE OF A PRICK THAN THE REAL DAVE? YOU ARE THE MOST PISS POOR SUBSTITUTE FOR A BEST FRIEND A GUY EVER HAD.
JOHN: I CAN'T *WAIT* TO MEET UP WITH THE REAL DAVE AGAIN. THAT WAY WE CAN ALL GO BACK TO THE AWESOME STATUS QUO OF PRETENDING YOU NEVER EXISTED IN THE FIRST PLACE!
JADE: john...
JADE: theres no one there

## [A6I3] ==>

**21/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: oh he's THERE alright.
JOHN: he's probably just using some sprite magic so only i can see him.
JOHN: don't you see, jade? he's antagonizing ME PERSONALLY, not you. he's done with you, remember?
JOHN: he already used you like a rented mule, and now he is moving on to greener pastures.
JADE: what pastures
JOHN: it's me.
JOHN: I'M the pastures.
JOHN: and now his mule is grazing all over them, while he has a good laugh.
JADE: what
JADE: wasnt i supposed to be the mule?
JADE: i dont think i understand your analogy
JOHN: no, you see, it's...
JOHN: the mule represented, like...
JOHN: i don't know, like the spirit animal of his douchey ways. or something.
JADE: ....
JOHN: augh, WHO CAAARES.

## [A6I3] ==>

**21/09/12**

dialoglogJOHN: who cares about mules, or pastures, or dave sprite's stupid ephemeral sky visage.
JOHN: who cares about anything!!!
JOHN: who cares about my birthday, or nic cage, or this boat full of idiots.
JOHN: JUST.
JOHN: WHO.
JOHN: CARES.
JADE: john i think youre officially throwing a tantrum here
JADE: ...
JADE: john?

## [A6I3] ==>

**21/09/12**

```
JOHN: _
```

dialoglogJADE: john...
JADE: are you asleep?
JADE: please dont tell me you just fell asleep in your driveway

## [S][A6I3] ==>

**24/09/12**

```
* Credit: meme descriptions courtesy of kwinse * Plea: if someone
can read sign language, I'd love to know what Meulin/Kurloz say?
```

**** click top-right icon***

```
Use the arrow keys or WASD to move, and space to interact.
```

**** try door directly to your north***

```
> Examine
The door is locked. You knock, but no one answers.
This seems to be an Alternian neighborhood. Aside from all the
violence, Alternian culture seems like it must have been pretty
similar to life on Beforus, lawn rings and all. Then again, as a
spoiled runaway princess, you never did spend much time in the
burbs, so what do you know.
```

**** there's a bin to the west***

```
> Examine
An ordinary domestic DROSS COFFER. It's full of smelly garbage,
but it hasn't been dragged outside the ring yet. Maybe the waste
collection drone isn't scheduled to make a pickup tonight?
```

**** and a hose***

```
> Examine
No self respecting Alternian troll kid would dare keep a dry,
unwatered lawn ring. Letting the grass outside your hive turn
yellow is just begging to get yourself culled. Harsh, but fair,
you think. God life on Alternia was so great.
```

**** to the east, some eyes in the bushes***

```
> Examine
Better leave it alone. Might have the troll rabies.
```

**** and a chest***

```
> Open
You got an ALTERNIAN SOFT DRINK!
You're not really up on Alternian history, but apparently at some
point the empress got fed up with the Subjugglators' stranglehold
```

on the soda market, and released a drink that was said to be more loaded with sugar than even the wicked elixir itself. The Highbloods considered such marketing reports to be blasphemous lies, however. And they were right. The beverage actually contained zero calories, which she secretly mandated so as to preserve her slim figure. But all the lowblood suckers guzzled cans down by the billions none the wiser, while the crafty Condesce raked in the cash.

If someone actually told you this story, you'd spend the next ten minutes fangirling on the floor.

**** go down steps to southwest, visit seahorse lusus***

> Examine

The hovering maritime stallion issues a stern, fatherly neigh.

#seahorse dad

**** go to Cronus***

> Talk to Cronos

CRONUS: wvell vwell wvelvlw...
MEENAH: ...
CRONUS: GLO8ES.
MEENAH: wha
#38?
CRONUS: i sawv you vwalking my vway, and i had this smooth line all ready to go.
CRONUS: but for some reason i decided to open it vwith a tongue tvwister?
CRONUS: vwery nice ampora, starting your killer line with three consecutivwe 'W' vwords in a rowv.
#W's are hard #theyre hard and no one understands #(V's too)
MEENAH: what uh
MEENAH: was your killer pickup line goin to be
MEENAH: or should i ask
#no
CRONUS: sigh, nevwer evwen MIND, its so ruined nowv.
#just nevwer EVWEN
CRONUS: i just sawv you strutting in my direction, vwith all of your impressivwe moxy and confidence, for the first time in, howv long?
CRONUS: and i got a little excited. i vwas going to blowv you out of the vwater vwith that line, but, i guess nothings changed?
MEENAH: guess not
MEENAH: sounds like youre still the bard of tries too hard
CRONUS: oh, nice. you alvways knewv howv to tvwist the fork.
CRONUS: actually, all you girls are quite adept at tvwisting your respectivwe utensils.
#utensilkind
CRONUS: the guys too, now that i think about it. can i ask you a question? why do all you pretentious scenester types enjoy being so cruel to

especially sensitivwe and artistic people?
MEENAH: so i take it even after a billion sweeps here with a boat load of eligible spook shorties to mack on
MEENAH: you still never got any action
CRONUS: first you tvwist the fork, then you use it to pry into my personal life? thats really just so svwell of you, meenah.
CRONUS: vwithout commenting specifically on that, (because seriously, VWHAT? so rude), i vwill say that it gets vwery frustrating after the first fewv epochs trying to make heads or tails vwhat people are evwen LOOKING for. i mean, in ANY quadrant.
CRONUS: nowv, please don't tell anyone i said so, but you and i both knowv pretty much all these people should feel honored to go out vwith a guy like me.
CRONUS: vwhat being royalty and all, and not evwen slightly put off by dating dowvn on the spectrum. i mean, really, howv much more evwident can i make it to evweryone that im really a cool, progressivwe, easy going dude, vwho doesnt take the social order seriously or buy into any of the stereotypes? first of all, as if the hemospectrum scene isnt 8EYOND played out.
#you should be sticking your fork in THAT
CRONUS: i barely EVWER evwen bring up my high social status. it couldnt be LESS of a big deal to me, but i think people maybe are still intimidated by it? theyre probably putting me on a pedestal, in spite of all my easy going assurances that my royal lineage is something i nevwer evwen think about. like, no friend, i am just like you. vwe laugh at the same jokes, listen to, vwell, to some extent, the same music...
#i at least USED to listen to music you like #does that count?
CRONUS: all these cats and kittens, im telling you. theyre alvways drawvn to the freaks and rejects. you havwe to be 8ROKEN in some vway to get a little concupiscent attention.
#cats #kittens #freaks #rejects #broken
CRONUS: they nevwer seem to givwe the time of day to a guy vwhos sensitivwe, and listens to people, and sticks to his poetry and music, and i guess... just someone vwho tries to be there for them.
#sensitivwe #listens #poetry #music #there for them
CRONUS: hovwevwer, the bright side of my vwarious rejections is that is has helped me craft a privwate list of people vwho are objectivwely fucking terrible, vwhich id be happy to share vw...
CRONUS: meenah? vwhered you go?
CRONUS: crud, she vwalked avway vwhile i vwas saying stuff.
CRONUS: really blewv that one in record time.

```
> Ask Cronus to join
```

MEENAH: gonna make this quick
MEENAH: and this aint like a diving board for you to launch off about your feelins and romprobs
MEENAH: just gimme a straight answer
MEENAH: im gettin a posse together to kill an invincible monster you want in y/n
#yolo #even though #you can die twice?? #w/e

CRONUS: vwhoa, NICE. just got here, and youre already going diabolical, thats the tops.
CRONUS: id lovwe to help. you knowv howv i lovwe to help out, and be there for attractivwe people. thats kind of my thing?
CRONUS: but...
MEENAH: ugh here we go
CRONUS: meenah, i just dont think im in that kind of space nowv in my life. or afterlife, i mean.
MEENAH: what space
CRONUS: an aggressivwe space. ivwe been trying to cool it, be more introspectivwe, search my feelings, vwork on my music.
#grease my hair
CRONUS: i dont think id be much good in a fight. ivwe been trying to get in touch vwith vwho, or i guess vwhat, i really am, and i think ivwe been making some nice breakthroughs.
CRONUS: im telling you this in confidence, but i think im approaching a kind of avwakening, especially since i first started learning about humans. i think i actually might be...
MEENAH: nope
MEENAH: nope nope nope nopenopenope
#uh uh
MEENAH: stop saying whatever that was do not care
CRONUS: youre right, i shouldnt burden you vwith my problems.
CRONUS: forget i said anything. i vwouldnt vwant to compromise our friendship, not evwen to speak of the potential for us to devwelop into something more than just friends.
#by vwhich i mean twvo people vwho freely engage in sexual intercourse
CRONUS: oh, RIGHT. you asked me howv my music vwas going these days, didnt you?
MEENAH: no
CRONUS: its going pretty nicely, i think. been messing vwith dual sawvtooth vwavweforms, i think i really could be hitting on my signature sound.
#if not my signature shape at the vwery least
CRONUS: here, listen to this track. i vwrote it in anticipation of your arrivwal.
[ punkin cravwings (bubstep mix) Click to play ]
MEENAH: not clickin that
CRONUS: um, i see. then, vwhat about...
[ punkin party in sea hipsters vwater apocalypse Click to play ]
MEENAH: nah
[ lunar lust Click to play ]
[ aquasex renegade Click to play ]
[ less pale more pail Click to play ]
MEENAH: ew
#creep
CRONUS: vwait... i probably shouldnt havwe showvn you those. ok, hold on. i knowv i havwe something here youll dig.
[ giwve him another look Click to play ]

[ under your fins all along Click to play ]
[ vwe put the us in royal flushes Click to play ]
MEENAH: so that was a no to my invite then
MEENAH: which got rescinded halfway thru this convo anyways
MEENAH: time to jet before before you sketch me out some more crotimes

> Where's Karkat?

CRONUS: oh, the vwantas lookalike?
CRONUS: yeah he came by this vway. i tried to start a friendly convwersation vwith him, but he just flipped me off and locked himself in that hivwe up there.
#barely evwen had the chance to hit on him #so rude
CRONUS: looks like he conjured the memory of some sort of complicated puzzle door from some ancient ruins. i tried to open it but it looks totally impossible. the kid sure knovws howv to givwe a guy the cold shoulder.
CRONUS: vwhat do you vwant vwith him anyvway?
MEENAH: nofin bye
CRONUS: ah. i see howv it is. cronus gets the shaft, vwhile you scurry avway to flirt vwith some infantile loudmouth. vwhy am i not surprised?
CRONUS: guess im neither mentally unstable or a big enough asshole to catch your eye. no big deal, ill just record my feelings on the subject through a bit of slam poetry and bubble my sorrowvs throughout the... and, yep. looks like im talking to myself again. shes gone.

> Be Cronos

Ew, no. There's not a snowbubble's chance in monster hell you're being this guy.

**** chest to east of puzzle door***

> Open

You got a DIAMOND KEY!

**** go to door***

> Use diamond key

**** grub on porch to east***

> Examine

What?? Some careless soul has left this poor infant grub all alone to fend for itself!
So in other words, just like all grubs on Alternia. Big whoop.

**** north to chest at rear of house***

> Open

You got a CLAWSICKLE!
You absolutely love this due to its nautical nature. Also, hoarding items such as this will nicely complement your increasingly manic obsession with Karkat.

#so, #there's that too

**** follow path east to next house, chest***

> Open

You got a whole bunch of SEA DWELLER BLING!
It's pretty obvious this all belongs to Cronus over there. He's just not wearing it right now so he can convince everyone he doesn't feel like his royalty status is a big deal, even though he does.
You have no problem whatsoever selling this shit to the highest bidder though. You pocket the gaudy loot while giggling.

**** try the door***

> Examine

BANG BANG BANG! Is anybody home??? you say. But of course no one is, because most of these hives are just memory projections.

**** chest outside east of house***

> Open

You got AHAB'S CROSSHAIRS!
You raise this awesome legendary weapon to the heavens and watch it sparkle a bit...
Just before you bring it down on your knee and snap it in half, while laughing maniacally. You hear a muffled sob from Ampora's direction.

**** south along river to new room...***

**** south to the three Prospitians***

> Examine

Is it... could it be???
IT IS! IT'S PROBLEM SLEUTH, ACE DICK, AND PICKLE INSPECTOR, IN THEIR ORIGINAL PROSPITIAN ATTIRE! YOU KNEW IT! YOU KNEW YOU WOULD FIND THEM EVENTUALLY! IT'S SO GREAT TO MEET ...
Wait.
This is not Problem Sleuth, Ace Dick, and Pickle Inspector. These are just some random Prospitians who are similarly proportioned.

#proportioned prospitians #.....

You're beginning to think you'll never run into them.

**** back north, chest by the purple bridge***

> Open

You got GAME GRUB MAGAZINE!
This publication is absolutely dripping with exclusive grub leaks. Actually it's a pretty disgusting magazine.

**** cross bridge, Mituna fails his grind, go visit him***

> Talk to Mituna

MEENAH: hey bro
MEENAH: pretty nice stunt there
MEENAH: i offered a highfive but you sorta missed

#by about ten feet
MITUNA: W4HH FFFF 5H17H1H7 5H17
#FFFFFFFFFFFTHTFHTFTHFF
MEENAH: uh its cool g dont wig out
MEENAH: just take a rain check on it
MEENAH: more hand slaps where that came from you know?
MITUNA: N0 LE7H5 D00 7H1G5
MITUNA: GR0D
MITUNA: D344NM 17 1 F3L3L D0WN 4G41N
#LKGH;V451D4031NJDN01GP3
MEENAH: uh no seriously
MEENAH: forget the highfive i dont wanna be responsible for you hurtin yourself
MITUNA: G00 F1LL37 UR N00K
MEENAH: dude you are foul and unpleasant as ever
MEENAH: thought dyin might have took the edge off but guess not
MITUNA: K17H5 MY CH4GR1N 7UNK3L Y0U 5N4NK 4ZZ CHUM8UCK357
MEENAH: man why you got to hate
MEENAH: and listen bro you better watch it with those slurs
#or tag em at least
MEENAH: unless you want kankri giving you tha biz
MITUNA: 1M 50RRY
MEENAH: ill keep this quick
MEENAH: come right out and ask
MEENAH: you ever get god tier tunaboy
MITUNA: WH4H47
MITUNA: N0G3
MITUNA: M4Y83 1 M347
MITUNA: 1 D0N7 D0N7
#??/??/////5
MEENAH: okaaay
MEENAH: look take off your rad shirt deal and lemme see if you got wings
MITUNA: 3H3HH3H7H37H37H3 YY35
MITUNA: 7H0NGH7 Y0DU N3V3R 45K
MITUNA: 817HCH 4C4M3 4R0UN57 70 MY W1L135 MU7H4FUCK5!
#W1L135 #MUH #FUX
MITUNA: W417 H3LUP
#!!!!!!!!!!
MITUNA: H3LP H0W D01 74K3 0FF MY CL07H37H 4G41N?
#8(
MEENAH: yeah keep your shirt on you made that exchange beyond awful
M1TUN4: 1M 50RRY
MEENAH: you know of anyone else who might be god tier in secret
MITUNA: N08U7 1 CL0UD GR0G4N1Z3 4 8088L3 W1D3 57HR1P534RCH
MITUNA: 574R71NG W17H Y0U0 3H37H3H3737H3
#8008Y34H!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: you are
MEENAH: the worst

> Ask Mituna to join

MEENAH: hey tuna you want to help me go kill haha i cant even finish this question while staying serious
MITUNA: N0 8U7H WH47 1 D0 W4NK
MITUNA: 17H 70 M4N741N7 PR3C4R10U5 8U7 M057HL3Y 5U5741N3D 84L4NC3 0N MY 71GH7 4ZZ F4LLD0WN 5L47
MITUNA: M4YF3 GR1N D0N 50M3 5H17
#5P0RN75
MEENAH: what will you grind on
MITUNA: 1 V0LUN733R
MITUNA: 7H47 7H1NG 70 83
MITUNA: U0YU0U
MEENAH: gross bro
MEENAH: dunno how latula even deals
MITUNA: 1M 50RRY
MITUNA: 8U73 4L50
MITUNA: FUCH Y0UR 4ND Y0UR FUCKY CHUMPHY 5UCKYFUCK FR0NGHUMPH1NG 8R1ND3 573M R1G7H UP3 Y0UR 5H17F7Y PH3L5M504K3D PR083CHU7H3 71L7 1Z 5UCK 4ZZ 8171CH 15 5UCKKY 5UCHY FUCK37Y 5UCKH0L3 FUCKY FCUK3Y FUCK FUCK FUCK
#!
MEENAH: holy mackerel
MEENAH: them was sick fires mostly
#at least the parts that were actual words
MEENAH: hey isnt the afterlife supposed to heal people or
MEENAH: i dont undersand
MEENAH: why is it that pyrope still cant smell
MEENAH: and you still got horrible brain problems
#dont tell me leijons still deaf
MEENAH: i give up on figuring out the existential mysteries
MITUNA: W4D3R
MEENAH: )(-EY FUCK YOU!!!
KANKRI: I feel I sh9uld jump in here at this m9ment, 6ef9re this escalates any further, and we start thr9wing ar9und hateful rhet9ric that we can't take 6ack.
MEENAH:
#aw shell no
KANKRI: Mituna, I kn9w y9u 9ften struggle with this, 6ut y9u just used an extremely der9gat9ry and hurtful caste-specific slur, which as y9u pr96a6ly kn9w was 9nce c9mm9nly used t9 disparage sea-dwelling mem6ers 9f 9ur s9ciety, 9r land-dwelling castes wh9 were especially c9mplicit in furthering the 9ppressive Fuscia-D9wn p9wer structure. N9w, we all need t9 realize that R9yal-Vs and th9se rare few wh9 are even higher such as Meenah, as mem6ers 9f the arist9cracy enj9y a tremend9us p9siti9n 9f privilege 9ver 9thers, and theref9re we cann9t view such ver6al transgressi9ns against them as equivalent t9 th9se targeting the underprivileged, 6ut it needs t9 6e p9inted 9ut that such radi9active language is a6s9lutely the w9rst kind 9f well-p9is9ning which is n9thing 6ut c9unterpr9ductive when 9thers are trying t9 pursue an h9nest dial9gue a69ut critically imp9rtant s9cial pr96lems.

#slurs #hurtful #struggle #radi9active #well p9is9ning #c9unterpr9ductive #pr96lems
MITUNA: .....,....
KANKRI: And Meenah, while I can understand y9ur frustrati9n 9ver 6eing ver6ally assaulted under any circumstance, it is incum6ent 9n me t9 remind y9u that Mituna requires a certain am9unt 9f special c9nsiderati9n and m9re than a little patience. Please try t9 resist taking his 6ait, which I'm guessing is m9stly well intended(?), 6ef9re its c9ntenti9us undert9w pulls y9u further int9 an exchange laden with deeply pr96lematic expressi9ns 9f a6leism, a6leist slurs, and 9ther such manifestati9ns 9f unc9nsci9na6ly unchecked a6ility privilege.
#a6leism #a6ility privilege #6ait #undert9w #are the aquatic terms helping?
MEENAH: vantas what the actual fuck are you doing here
MEENAH: how are you even in this chat yo
MEENAH: you arent even remotely in the same corporeal vicinity as us like i literally do not understand how you just jumped into the conversation like that
MEENAH: can you maybe get lost?
#make like a clam and scray
KANKRI: 9n the 9ther hand, if I'm 6eing h9nest, I've f9und Mituna's entire existence t9 6e a pretty pr96lematic impediment t9 the advancement and 9verall awareness 9f a6leism and its painful manif9ld c9nsequences f9r una6ilitied pers9ns. The speech impediment, frankly, I c9uld d9 with9ut, and I'm 6y n9 means ecstatic 9ver his t9rrential 6ig9try and h9stility. 9n the 9ne hand, I want t9 6e sensitive t9 him as a pers9n and as a friend, 6ut 9n the 9ther, what kind 9f message d9es his 6ehavi9r send? And frankly, I'm n9t crazy a69ut the helmet, either.
MITUNA: W4LT5 WR00NG W17H MY H4ML37 8(
KANKRI: N9thing, friend, it's a really c99l helmet and it's a g99d l99k f9r y9u. 6ut are we n9w t9 assume that all th9se wh9 are stricken with y9ur particular disadvantage9n will 6e similarly pr9ne t9 require such headgear, due t9 falling d9wn and hitting their heads frequently?
MITUNA: 8U7H 1 D0 F4LL D0WN 4ND H157 MY H34D FR3QUN3UN74NY
KANKRI: 9h, I kn9w y9u d9, and I think y9u sh9uld c9ntinue wearing it f9r y9ur safety, particularly if y9u c9ntinue t9 insist 9n fl9undering a69ut 9n y9ur danger9us t9y. It's m9re a69ut the unf9rtunate message y9u are sending 9verall, with certain aspects 9f y9ur pers9nality and existence, that's all.
MITUNA: 1M 50RRY
KANKRI: As a friend, I w9uldn't want t9 change anything a69ut y9u, well, n9t m9st things. I just think y9u may n9t 6e d9ing y9urself 9r th9se wh9 are similarly disadvantaged any fav9rs with, what I'm h9ping, is a perfectly inn9cent array 9f traits and mannerisms. 8ut again, I say this with all due sensitivity.
MEENAH: vantas youre being a shit dont talk about him like that
KANKRI: Anyway, I didn't mean t9 derail. I'll 6e 9n my way. Please c9ntinue y9ur discussi9n, and try t9 keep s9me 9f the issues I descri6ed

at length in mind.

MEENAH: i hate all of my friends so fucking much

> Be Mituna ♫ Alright bros, are you ready? It's time for the one, the only, Game Bro! ♫ He's comin' to your screen, straight from the magazine, ♫ the mix-meister of master swords and mushrooms, ♫ Are you sure you're ready for this? ♫ Well come on, get ready, get set, and here we go! ♫ The Game Bro's here and he's got the games, ♫ all you other lame-brainers better feel the shame! ♫ He can bend the rules, he's too cool for school, ♫ and he's got just a few cheat codes for you. ♫ There ain't nothin' that'll ever hold this bad boy down! ♫ That hat that he's wearin's like his personal crown. ♫ He's got every game beat, his skills are that sweet, ♫ but if you want in his crew, you gotta be elite! ♫ You gotta be on the spot, on the dot, we're just sayin' ♫ You gotta be ready to go, if you're too slow, thanks for playin' ♫ You gotta know where it's at, who's at bat, and if you don't, then ♫ well then you know just who to call! ♫ It's Game Bro! ♫ When you're outta quarters, he's got your back! ♫ He'd never ever betray you man, and that's a fact! ♫ Yo he's your best friend, and never a foe, ♫ so let's fuckin go! ♫ Uh uh ♫ Do it, do it! ♫ Uh uh uh ♫ Do it, do it! ♫ Uh uh ♫ Do it, do it! ♫ Uh uh uh uh uh uh ♫ Alright! ♫ The games will never stop, the games will never stop! ♫ Think flash! ♫ The games will never stop, the games will never stop! ♫ The game will stop!

> Talk to Meenah

MEENAH: dogg before you even start with your junk i just wanna point out i can barely understand a word you say

MITUNA: 1M 50RRY

MEENAH: like between your codawful quirk

MEENAH: and your variety of weird conflicting speech impediments

MEENAH: and the fact that even aside from all the shitty numbers you stick in words youre still misspellin half a what you say

MEENAH: i just gtfu

#give STRAIT the fuck up yo #uncle motherglubber

MITUNA: 817H1CH WH4Y D0N7 Y0U 5H00V3 M0Y R4D 1NJURJY P4N3L 1N7H0 URR N457H7Y 53XXXU4L3 PR1V457 P4R7H 0RF P3R3RF3R3R4NC3

MEENAH: thank fuck you were never a major playa at least from my personal vantage over the course a this ridicu huge narrative

#way minor character yo

MEENAH: probably woulda offed my shellf even schooner if i had to hear you talk much

#really too bad since you got the bestest fishiest name of anyone #38(

MITUNA: ..,.,..,,...,..,.,.

MITUNA: 50RRY

**** visit bicyclops lusus***

> Examine

This custodian really has his hands full, taking care of that guy. You kind of feel for the hideous monster.

#biclops dad

Or at least that's your observation if you're being Meenah right now. If you're being Mituna, you beg your enormous parental unit for some mind honey. The huge beast grunts dismissively and bops you on the helmet. You fall on your ass and throw a tantrum.

#but what if im cronus? #lets not worry about that ok

**** try going north***

Where do you think YOU'RE going! This is Meenah's interactive quest through the afterlife. You can only leave this area if you're being her!

#nice try

**** chest in corner***

> Open

You got a CLUB KEY!

**** south, west back across bridge and along to the puzzle door***

> Use club key

**** south, and walk west into the bushes below the steps - there's a hidden chest***

> Open

Can't open it! Maybe if you try with someone else...

**** go visit Cronus***

> Talk to Cronus

CRONUS: hey, chief. looking good today. is that a newv helmet?

MITUNA: N0 U FUCFK7H7H7HHH

#1GLVNWLDN01Z1XJ01N0V4

CRONUS: easy there, it vwas a joke. of course its not a newv helmet. vwhat, do you think im retar... um, short on common sense?

MITUNA: N0

CRONUS: did you see meenah go by?

MITUNA: N0

CRONUS: she vwent that vway, didnt she?

MITUNA: N0

CRONUS: are you sure?

MITUNA: N0

CRONUS: listen mate, i dont mean to call you a liar, but i sawv her vwalk up to you.

#liar

MITUNA: N0

#N0

CRONUS: i vwas spying on both of you from behind the hivwe ovwer there. i sawv you do a seriously groovwy face plant off the railing.

MITUNA: N0 N0 N0 N0 N0 N0 N0 N0 N0 N0 N0 N0 N0 N0
#N0 #N0 #N0 #N0 #N0 #N0 #N0 #N0 #N0 #N0 #N0
CRONUS: hahaha. youre really priceless, captor. havwe i evwer told you vwhat a cool cat i think you are?
MITUNA: WHY 4R3 Y0U 70UCH1N9 M3?
CRONUS: i really feel like youre one of the only people i can open up to about my feelings. i guess it really does help to confide in someone vwho basically lacks the ability to repeat vwhat you say vwith any clarity or coherence, or evwen understand vwhat you said in the first place.
MITUNA: Y0UR3 571LL 70UCH1NG M3 4ND 1 D0N7 UND3R574ND WHY 7H15 15 H4PP3PP1NG
CRONUS: but truth be told, i alvways felt that vway about you before you evwen started havwing, vwell, your issues. vwe alvways had a good thing together, didnt vwe?
MITUNA: 1 D0N7 W4N7 Y0UR H4ND 7H3R3
CRONUS: dont get me vwrong, i knowv you and latula are in a vwery committed matespritship, though lets face facts, she could obvwiously do better. and i mean much better. really she is just in a totally different league, she is charming and gorgeous, vwhereas you are, vwell... you, unfortunately. and i vwouldnt dare to intrude on your longstanding moirallegiance vwith kurloz, and not because he scares the shit out of me either. that just really seems to vwork, you and him, doesnt it? i dont get a peep out of him of course, not evwen if im super nice and compliment his hideous hair, and obvwiously i receivwe nothing but disgusting horseshit out of your mouth evwery time you open it. but you seem to bring good qualities out of each other, no? is it true, the rumor that you are actually lucid vwhen you talk to him, instead of behavwing like a babbling, vwertigo stricken imbecile?
MITUNA: WHY W0N7 7H3 W31RD 70UCH1NG 570P
#8(
CRONUS: but vwhat im trying to say is, you dont judge like the others. vwell, ok, you do, but i cant really take your vwitriol that seriously because you are so obvwiously retar... reticent vwith your true emotions. like for instance, vwho could i confide in vwhen i began to fully come to terms vwith this feeling deep inside that i vwas actually a human "born" in the body of a troll, but nevwer realized it until learning about the humans? nobody. except you, of course. you dont care that i am humankin. you dont mock me for it and trivwialize my tragic existence. vwell, you do, but the point im trying to make is that vwhen you mock me it doesnt actually mean anything, because evwerything you say is such putrid nonsense. #friendship
MITUNA: 1 W4N7 7H47 Y0UR H4ND 70 N07 83 0N MY 80DY PL3453
CRONUS: vwhat? no, come on guy. im just givwing you a friendly little shoulder massage, vwith one hand, like this. see? in a vway that seems vwery casual, like "bros" do. please dont make this more awvkvward than it needs to be.
MITUNA: 1M 50RRY
CRONUS: i forgivwe you.
CRONUS: nowv hold that thought. im going to see if i can go catch up

vwith meenah. dont followv me, because obvwiously youre going to cramp my style. hovw does my hair look? nevwer mind, you dont knowv vwhat youre talking about, ill just use your reflectivwe vwisor to check myself out. yes, looking great.

#coolscar

MITUNA: C4N 1 C0M3 W17H Y0U

CRONUS: jeepers, youre a thick headed fella. i just told you to stay put. im going to try out some especially bold movwes on peixes ovwer there, really put out the vwibe, you dig? i dont think i need to remind you that your presence vwill be like spraying the area vwith libidocide.

MITUNA: WH47

CRONUS: uh, beforus to captor. hello, this is mission control, is anything getting through that helmet? i am saying that your presence is sexual poison, and if you are drooling nearby vwhile i chat her up, she vwill become distracted and havwe trouble picturing me naked. as a vwing man, i must say, you are a true fucking disgrace.

#true #fucking #disgrace

MITUNA: 1M 50RRY

#8(

CRONUS: please stop apologizing so much, its really unattractivwe. at this point evwen IM not sure if i vwant to sleep vwith you.

CRONUS: nowv before i go, i just need to think of a good vway to break the ice. oh, ivwe got it! ill open vwith some jokes about howv hilarious it vwas vwhen you fell on your face ovwer there, and vwhat absolutely incredible fuckup you are on evwery levwel.

CRONUS: thank you for the inspiration, friend.

Be Cronus?

> Yes > Talk to Mituna

CRONUS: oh, i almost forgot. ivwe been vworking on a song i think you might...

MITUNA: Y0UR MU51C 15 5H17 4ND 1 FUCK1NG H473 Y0U

CRONUS: vwowv, hahaha. fair enough.

CRONUS: really, thats totally fair. hurtful beyond my ability to capture vwith language, but fair.

CRONUS: but seriously, stay here. im going to go vwork my "magic" on peixes. not literally of course, because as i learned through a series of crushing revwelations during my adolescence, magic isnt real.

#just so OVWER the vwizarding scene

CRONUS: vwait here, try not to fall dowvn, and ABOVWE ALL, try not to be seen.

MITUNA: 4LR1GH7H

**** as before, go west into bushes under the steps***

> Open

HUSSIE: Hey Eridan! Or whatever your name is! I'll go on a date with you!!!

CRONUS: you vwill?

HUSSIE: Absolutely. I find you attractive, and your personality is basically

tolerable to me.

CRONUS: um... alright, sure. guess beggars cant be choosers.

**** lead Hussie to the seahorse lusus***

> Examine

HUSSIE: Sorry bro, I was only using you to get close to your beautiful floating seahorse!

HUSSIE: Giddyup, seahorse dad. Up, up, and away!

#NYEIGH

CRONUS: this is literally the vworst case scenario for my feelings.

**** go east over the bridge***

Wait... where'd she go? Dang it. Looks like she ditched you again.

#story of your life #this is probably CAPTAIN HELMET'S fault

#you should go grill him

**** back west to where you left Mituna***

> Grill Mituna

CRONUS: HEY! i thought i told you to stay put.

MITUNA: W7HF7F?

CRONUS: i told you to stay here in exactly this spot.

MITUNA: 1 D1

#D

CRONUS: vwell, she vwas gone. SOMEONE must havwe frightened her avway.

CRONUS: you must havwe spaced out and vwandered into vwiewv briefly. she probably got one look at you and couldnt split fast enough.

MITUNA: N0 1 S7H4Y3D H3R3 L1K3 Y0U 7H41D

CRONUS: vwonderful. this is just exactly vwhat i needed, vwhat vwith all my frayed emotions lately. thanks a lot, "buddy."

MITUNA: 1M 50RRY

CRONUS: no youre not. youre lying.

CRONUS: your vwhole bifurcated demeanor is such an act. half the time you are noxious and incomprehensible, and the other half you are mild and contrite? sure, "PAL."

CRONUS: as if im not SO on to you. you only pretend to say youre sorry to get girls to like you more. sure seems like pyropes a sucker for the ruse. like im not familiar vwith THOSE tactics. vwho do you think vwrote the book on that??

MITUNA: 1 D0N7 NK0W W0W WR073 7H3 800K

CRONUS: be quiet. i really dislike the sound of you.

CRONUS: do you realize because of you, it may be EPOCHS before i get another shot vwith her? you just had to crawvl out of the bushes and shit your space suit in plain sight.

MITUNA: 1M 50RRY

CRONUS: i said shut up. do you havwe any idea vwhat a man of my class vwould do if a mustard blood like you spoke to me this vway on alternia? honestly, sometimes i think i vwas hatched in the vwrong univwerse, let ALONE the vwrong body.

CRONUS: i am so sick of havwing to pretend to treat you vwith the dignity

you vwouldnt deservwe evwen if you COULD count the scars on my forehead. you couldnt tell me the ansvwer if i asked vwhat your favworite number vwas.
MITUNA: 7W0!!11!!!!111!!!!!1111111
CRONUS: dont interrupt. youre a horrible friend and a horrible person.
* MITUNA: (sad Mituna)
CRONUS: latula is only vwith you out of pity. she doesnt havwe real feelings for you. no one could.
* MITUNA: (sad Mituna)
CRONUS: you are a brain damaged reject on a team full of rejects. a rejects reject. i vwould havwe culled you myself if that vword meant vwhat it should havwe on our planet.
MEENAH: A)(-EM
CRONUS: vwhoah uh
CRONUS: meenah!
CRONUS: vwowv... hmm.
CRONUS: VWOWV
CRONUS: howv long uh...
CRONUS: vwere you standing there?
MEENAH: douche

> Talk to Mituna

CRONUS: vwelp.
CRONUS: i fucked up vwith her, probably beyond repair this time.
MITUNA: 4H4H4H4HH44H4H
#L4UGUH #L4GUHG #LUGH4HGH #4LU4GH #LU4HGGUH4
CRONUS: guess ill attempt ghost suicide YET AGAIN.
CRONUS: of course by vwhich i mean, tell people i did, to vwin sympathy points.
MITUNA: D0357H H47 W0RK
CRONUS: not really.
MITUNA: WHY D0NK Y0U 7RY 17
CRONUS: vwhat... vwith you?
MITUNA: Y37H
CRONUS: vwell, this is clearly absurd, but nyeh, vwhat the heck.
CRONUS: mituna, i just cant take it anymore. i think my ghost is going to kill itself.
MITUNA: WH0W4H L375 FUCK!!!!!
CRONUS: vwait...
CRONUS: really?
MITUNA: N0 0Y0 P135H3 0FF 1ND107 FUGG1NG G4R484G3
#FUCKY0UFUCKY0UFUCKY0UFUCKY0UFUCKY0U
CRONUS: oh.

> Talk to Meenah

MEENAH: yo that was some scuzzy repartee there even for you crodog
CRONUS: the last thing my feelings need is your harsh judgment. i just cant handle that, on top of evwerything else youvwe done to me.
MEENAH: what the fuck else i done to you??
CRONUS: you ignored me.
MEENAH: ugh

CRONUS: this is serious. please dont dismiss my emotions like that.
CRONUS: look, i havwe an especially tortured and confused sole. i reelly cant afjord anemone more greef from you.
#eh? #ehhhh?
MEENAH: i cannot
MEENAH: B-ELI-EV-E
MEENAH: you are doing my fish pun thing while youre still tryin to hit on me
CRONUS: nyeh. vworth a shot.
MEENAH: dont ever say a fish thing again or ill gut you
CRONUS: you knowv, youre being a bit hypocritical here, dont you think?
MEENAH: what
CRONUS: taking me to task for ripping captor a sorely deservwed newv nook.
CRONUS: like you arent evwen more guilty of abusing the poor fella.
MEENAH: youre such a glubbin liar
CRONUS: oh am i?
CRONUS: tell me, pray tell, vwho vwas it exactly, in vwhich alternate univwerse, that used growvnup captor as a livwing vwarp drivwe in her spaceship for millenia?
#helmsman
MEENAH: hey that wasnt me
MEENAH: i mean
MEENAH: not yet... uh
MEENAH: alternate ways
#38|
CRONUS: oh sure. no grub sauce on your hands!
MEENAH: wow you did it
MEENAH: ampora you totally changed my mind about you lets start makin out immediately
#not
CRONUS: just admit it. you havwe it vwithin you to be just as harsh to our behelmeted buddy as i am, if not more.
#helmchan
MEENAH: man
MEENAH: a girls gotta have fuel for her pimp ride know what im sayin
MEENAH: like
MEENAH: i probably took care of him good
MEENAH: you know how it is someones gotta take care of the guy anyways
MEENAH: and... yeah
#38(
CRONUS: oh, howv the rationalizations begin to flowv vwhen it suits your ovwerinflated ego. so vwery typical of the kind of people vwho reject me.
#i.e. literally evweryone
MEENAH: at least i dont think im an alien
CRONUS: vwhat? vwhat are you talking about?
MEENAH: look at you all frontin in that stupid getup
MEENAH: with your slicked hair and that dumb little wand in your mouth

CRONUS: excuse me. its not a vwand. you knovw perfectly vwell my vwizarding days are behind me. its called a "human cigarette" and apparently youre supposed to set it on fire.
CRONUS: although if you ask me, burning it seems like a vwaste of a perfectly good and cool "cigarette."
MEENAH: i heard a rumor you think youre a human now
MEENAH: that true
CRONUS: its a privwate matter. i dont see vwhy i should havwe to talk about it vwith you, and open myself up to more of your judgmental scorn.
MEENAH: sounds like another desperate cry for attention imo
KANKRI: I feel I sh9uld jump in here at this m9ment, Meenah, 6ef9re y9u inadvertently shame Cr9nus f9r his extremely delicate feelings 9f species dysph9ria.
CRONUS: no, kankri... man, you dont need to jump in here and defend me like this. i got it.
MEENAH: aaaand im gone
MEENAH: you bros can figure out your boring feelings without me
CRONUS: meenah vwait... awv man. just like that, shes out of my life again. you had to go and fuck it up for me, didnt you? some "friends" i havwe.
KANKRI: Listen, I was d9ing y9u a fav9r. Y9u d9n't need t9 6e dating any9ne wh9 can't appreciate y9u f9r wh9 y9u really are, 9r m9re imp9rtantly, which fantasy versi9n 9f y9urself y9u m9st str9ngly identify with.
CRONUS: yeah, youre probably right. she doesnt appreciate me. so fevw of you cats do, really.
#evwen the ones vwho literally identify as cats
CRONUS: to be honest, she might be right. sometimes i think i might only be saying im a human to get attention. maybe i should givwe it up.
KANKRI: I'd 6e extremely disapp9inted t9 hear that, if it were true. That w9uld 6e such a slap in the face t9 all th9se wh9 kn9w themselves t9 6e an alien while trapped in the pedestrian 69dy 9f their 9wn race. It w9uld 6e unspeaka6ly invalidating 9f their struggles and massively triggering t9 their em9ti9ns.
#TW #invalidated struggles #triggered em9ti9ns
KANKRI: 6ut f9rtunately, I kn9w y9u w9uld never st99p as l9w as that. Y9u understanda6ly have d9u6ts a69ut y9ur feelings and pr96a6ly d9wnplay them as a defense mechanism, since s9 few are prepared t9 rec9gnize the legitimacy 9f y9ur plight. 6ut I am, and I just wanted y9u t9 kn9w that I'm here f9r y9u, and am prepared t9 lecture t9 y9u extensively, I mean, listen t9 y9u extensively, a69ut y9ur ultra-imp9rtant pr96lem.
CRONUS: vwowv. thanks, pal.
CRONUS: youre right. my feelings really are real. not fake, like the huge disappointing fraud that magic turned out to be.
CRONUS: i guess the truth is, deep dowvn i alvways knewv i vwas a 1950s-style human greaser.
CRONUS: i just needed to finally be introduced to human culture to make sense of those feelings.

KANKRI: W9nderful. I'm s9 happy y9u have f9und the light 9f truth within y9urself. N9w j9in me in tagging 9ur discussi9n with righte9us warnings, as we c9nsecrate y9ur disadvantage in the h9ly annals 9f Pr96lematics.

> Be Mituna > Talk to Cronos

MITUNA: H3Y 8R0 W4N7H0 H3R3 S0M3 57HL4M P037RY 1 M4D3
MITUNA: H3 JU57 8R0K3 MY 5K4T3 804RD 1N H4LF 4ND W4LK3D 4W4Y

> Be Meenah

**** go back east across the bridge and north to a new room...***

**** chest to your south east***

> Open

You got a TAROT DECK!
Any aspiring seer would be crazy not to keep one of these on hand. Maybe you'll try selling it to Kankri later, or that talkative broad in the orange nightgown.

#highly desirable merchandise

**** north to second lilypad, dream bubble***

> Examine

This does not contain your memory. Only Meulin can access this bubble.

**** north to Kurloz lilypad***

> Talk to Kurloz

MEENAH: yo freak remember me
KURLOZ:
#:o)
MEENAH: so
MEENAH: so what kinda conversation could we even have that wouldnt be weird and awkward
KURLOZ:
#:o)
MEENAH: i sea
MEENAH: got anyfin for me other than an eerie glare and a gross stiched up smile
KURLOZ:
#:o)
MEENAH: whats the wicked word these days
KURLOZ:
#:o)
MEENAH: shit be cold home skillet

> Ask Kurloz to join

MEENAH: so i guess i want you to join my army
MEENAH: maybe
MEENAH: if you promise you aint gonna be too capricious or clown ass batshit or whatever
KURLOZ:
#:o)
MEENAH: well least your honest about it

MEENAH: got any crazy chucklevoodoo tips on how to kill a cherub?
KURLOZ:
#:o)
MEENAH: so
MEENAH: nothing to say as usual then
KURLOZ:
#:o)
MEENAH: its awesome we had this talk

> Be Kurloz

You wouldn't even know how to BEGIN being this oddball. Best to just leave him alone.

**** chest on lilypad to west***

> Open

You got a JUJU!
A VOODOO DOLL to be exact. You wonder what happens if you pull one of these pins...
Nah, better leave them be. Got a bad feeling about this thing. Really bad, uh... what's the word you're looking for. Bad... Mojo?

#whatever you say

**** chest on Kurloz lilypad***

> Open

You got a SPADE KEY!

**** another chest two lilypads north***

> Open

You got a JUJU!
Looks to be a CHESS SET, to be specific. It's quite lovely. But... A bunch of the pieces are missing. :(

**** north to cat lusus***

EXAMINE:
mrrrrr...

#cat mom

**** three chests on north edge of lilypad***

> Open

You got an OLIVE POTION!
This is supposed to be a love potion. Just one sip and AUGH, IT'S JUST MORE NASTY TROLL BLOOD. What the hell is going on here? Who is even bottling this stuff?
Oh well, you'll hang on to it anyway. Maybe you'll be able to con some lovestruck sucker out of a whole mess of boonies for this slop.

#hustlin

: (OTOH, if you're not Meenah right now you just chuck it off the lily pad.)

> Open

You got a TEA POT!

mmmm

chameowmile

#:3

> Open

You got a pair of ACTION CLAWS!

Whoa, easy there... you could accidentally grab one of them firmly, and then drag it across your face diagonally if you're not careful.

**** north west to last lilypad, try the bubble***

> Examine

This does not contain your memory. Only Kurloz can access this bubble.

**** chest***

> Open

You got a HEART KEY!

**** visit Meulin***

> Talk to Meulin

MEENAH: sup meu
MEULIN: (=`ω´=) < 33333333333!!!!!!!!!
MEULIN: (^ · ω · ^ ) < GOMGOMGOGOMGOGMMGOMGOMGOGMOGMOGMOG. MOG!!!
#EM #OH #G33
MEENAH: whoa leijon
MEENAH: your rumble spheres
MEENAH: clam those suckas this instant
MEULIN: (^ · x · ^) < NO.
MEULIN: (=^·^=) < I WILL NOT CLAM THEM.
MEULIN: ヽ(=^·ω·^=)丿 < THEY WILL STAY WILDLY AND GL33FURRY UNCLAMMED, BECAUSE, AND I REPEAT:
MEULIN: (^·o·^)ノ < MOG.
MEENAH: mog
MEULIN: (=^·^=) < MOG, M33NAH.
MEULIN: ~(=^‥^)ノ < _MOG_!!!!!!!!!
#:33
MEENAH: idgi
MEULIN: (^._.^)ノ < M33NAH. MOG COULD NOT BE ANY SIMPLER.
#UNLESS SPELLED CORRECTLY
MEENAH: dude fuck mog
MEENAH: oh wait you mean omg
MEULIN: (=^·ω·^=) < (=^-ω-^=)

MEENAH: well fuck that too
MEENAH: i know you cant physically monitor the volume of your piercing fangirly shrieks but try to keep it down
MEENAH: like just be normal excited for once
MEULIN: (^._.^)
MEENAH: or
MEENAH: should i say
MEENAH: "fur pounce"
#3;)
MEULIN: (=^ω^=) < 33333333333333333333333333333333!!!!!!!!!
#SO MANY 33'S
MEULIN: (^·o·^) < M33NAH I MISSED YOU SOOOOOOO MUUUUUUUUCH! WHY DIDN'T WE EVER HANG OUT WHEN WE WERE ALIVE???
MEULIN: (=^··^=) < I HAD SO MUCH TIME TO PAWNDER THAT AND IT'S ONE OF MY D33PEST REGRETS.
MEENAH: it was probably cause you didnt like me very much
MEENAH: but s'chool no one really did
MEULIN: (=^·ɪ·^=) < WHAAAT. THAT'S NOT TRUE! I'M SURE I LIKED YOU! DIDN'T I?
#YOU WERE INVOLVED IN SOME OF MY FINEST SHIPS!
MEENAH: i mean i did try to kill you a couple times
MEULIN: (^ · x · ^) < YOU DID? I DON'T REMEMBER THAT...
MEENAH: water under the crossing trestle
MEULIN: (^·o·^) < YES!!!
MEULIN: (^._.^)/ < BUT, UM, IF YOU TRIED TO KILL ME, SHOULDN'T I BE THE ONE TO SAY THAT TO YOU?
MEENAH: ...
MEENAH: lejayjay how about you shut up and go back to being excited to see me
#feel free to unclam those tatas
MEULIN: (=ᴛɪᴛ=) < 33333333333333333333333333333333333333333!!!!!!!!!
* MEULIN: mime (Marceline of Adventure Time holding her head and swaying happily) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* MEULIN: mime (Stephen Colbert dancing) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* MEULIN: mime (Usagi Tsukino and Minako Aino of Sailor Moon with hearts for eyes) (TODO: what is she signing?)
MEENAH: can we plz cool it on the shitty mimes tho
MEENAH: seriously cant understand what your tryin to say half the time
#the literal worst form of communication ever
MEULIN: (=^·ω·^=) < WE HAVE TO CATCH UP RIGHT AWAY. YOU MISSED OUT ON SO MUCH WHILE YOU WERE GONE!
#"CATCH" #!!! #LIKE A FISH! #S33 I'M YOUR FRIEND!!!
MEENAH: did i really
MEENAH: to be conchnest that sounds mad unlikely
MEENAH: you would not even believe the boring conversations i just slogged through with some a you glubbin windbaggers
#even ones where i technically wasnt even "being me"
MEULIN: (=^·^=) < YOU SOOO DID THOUGH. WE'VE ALL B33N

THROUGH A LOT TOGETHER SINCE WE DIED. I BELIEVE WE'VE MADE A LOT OF PROGRESS IN DEALING WITH OUR PURRSONAL ISSUES AND PUTTING OUR OLD DIFURRENCES BEHIND US.
#ETERNITY HAS ONLY STRENGTHENED MY COMMITMENT TO CAT PUNS!!!
#:33
MEENAH: dont sound like you put much time into your fightin skills though
MEENAH: yall do realize you might be on the verge of dying AGAIN right?
MEULIN: (=^·ɪ·^=) < AND THE SHIPPING!!!!!!!!!
MEULIN: \(=^··^)/ < OMG M33NAH, THE SHIIIIIIIIIPPING! (=; ɪ; =) ˇ (=°·°=)ﾉ (^ · ω · ^ )
MEULIN: (^ · ω · ^ ) < YOU WON'T EVEN _BELIEVE_ WHO GOT TOGETHER OVER THE SW33PS. AND THE QUADRANTS! THE QUADRANTS THEY PAIRED UP IN... IT WILL _BLOW_. _YOUR_. _MIND_.
MEULIN: (=^·^=) < I DON'T THINK I CAN EVEN CONVEY HOW MUCH... I JUST...
#DON'T #I...
MEULIN: (^ · x · ^) < I CAN'T.
#NO #THAT'S IT
MEULIN: └(=^··^=)┐ < I AM COMPLETELY UNABLE TO CAN RIGHT NOW.
#HAVE EXACTLY ZERO CANS
MEENAH: 38|
MEULIN: (=; ɪ; =) < YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, M33NAH. THE F33LS.
MEULIN: (=T ω T=) < THE F333333333LS!!!!!!!!!
#MIMES INCOMING!!!
* MEULIN: mime (Boxes superimposed with "FEELS" falling on a man) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* MEULIN: mime (Ellen holding a hand over her eyes) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* MEULIN: mime (Cole Phelps from L.A. Noire falling backwards down some stairs with "#FEELINGS" superimposed above) (TODO: what is she signing?)
MEENAH: had a suspicion this chat would devolve into gossip about who banged who
MEENAH: let me know if you wanna catch up on actual relevant shit some time
#heres ma math #yall got shell phones here right
MEENAH: holla at ya girl meumix

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> Ask Meulin to join
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MEENAH: so tell me
MEENAH: what exactlys the bullshit reason you cant join me to go fight lord bad guy
MEULIN: (^._.^) < YOU WANT ME TO GO FIGHT _THAT GUY_ WITH YOU???
MEULIN: (^·o·^) < OH BUT I DO NOT THINK THAT WILL BE FLEASIBLE...
MEENAH: noooooo shit
MEULIN: (=^··^=) < I DON'T WANT TO COMPLETELY WASH MY PAWS OF THE IDEA, BUT I JUST HAVE SO MANY BALLS OF YARN IN THE AIR RIGHT NOW.
MEULIN: \(=^··^)/ < SO MANY POTENTIAL SHIPS TO JUGGLE. A BUSY

HYPOTHETICAL MATCHMAKER'S JOB IS NEVER DONE!
MEENAH: that isnt anything even close to resemblin a real responsibility
MEULIN: (=^･ｴ･^=) < I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I DON'T GIVE A LICK ABOUT JOINING YOUR FIGHT, BUT I JUST DON'T THINK I WILL BE VERY USEFUL!
MEULIN: ~(=^‥^)ノ < BY THE WAY, "LICK" WAS A SUBTLE CAT PUN.
MEENAH: dunno it doesnt sound like you give much a carp about anyfin that isnt shipping or sayin cat things
MEENAH: btw "sound" was a subtle pun pertainin to oceanic geography #also #'carp' is a fish #and 'anyfin' is just a thing i say all the time duh
MEULIN: (^・ω・^ ) < COME OOOOOOOOON M33NAH, DON'T YOU WANT TO RELAX JUST A NIP BEFORE YOU GO RIGHT OFF TO ROUGHHIVE SOME MORE?
MEULIN: (^･o･^) < I HEARD YOU HAVE TAKEN A K33N INTEREST IN KANKRI'S ANCESTOR.
MEENAH: sunnuva fish
MEULIN: ヽ(^‥^=ゝ) < WELL, M33NAH? IS THAT TRUE? #HMMM?????????
MEENAH: even if it was true
MEENAH: which it is the very definition of AINT
MEENAH: how the shit could you have even heard something like that already
#not literally heard #w ur ears #yaknowatimean
MEULIN: (=^ω^=) < H3333333! IT'S TRUE, I JUST KNOW IT!!!!!!!!!
MEULIN: (=ｘ ｴ ｘ=) < _DIES_
#*IS DEAD*
MEENAH: yes please do that
MEULIN: ゞ(=゜･゜=)ﾉ < DO YOU WANT ME TO SET YOU UP WITH HIM? BEFORE YOU SAY NO, I URGE YOU NOT TO UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF MY ROMANTIC SORCERIES.
MEULIN: (^･o･^)ﾉ < YOU HAVE B33N OUT OF THE LOOP FOR A LONG TIME, SO YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT KIND OF MIRACLES HAVE B33N WROUGHT BY THE MAGE OF HEART!
MEULIN: (=^-ω-^=) < NOW, BEFORE I WORK MY MAGIC, WE SHOULD GET ONE THING CLEAR. IS YOUR YEARNING RED OR BLACK?
MEULIN: (=ｔ ω ｔ=) < I AM ONLY ASKING TO BE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN, BUT METHINKS THERE IS BARELY ANY DOUBT ABOUT IT. SOMMMEONE IS WAXING SCARLET FOR A LOUD, YOUNGER KANKRI, HMMMMMMMMM?
MEENAH: leijon
MEENAH: are you readin my lips
MEENAH: pretend you can hear me and that im saying this so loud your kittycat ears hurt
MEENAH: shhhut thhhe fuuuuck uuup
MEULIN: (^･ω･^)
MEENAH: dont set me up with anemonebouy kay #anemonebouy #<<how fishpuns be DONE #bouyeah
MEENAH: just keep it in your friendfics
MEENAH: write about us doin it or whatever just S)(UT UP
MEULIN: (^･o･^) < OHHH. G333. EMMM.

MEULIN: (=^·^=) < I HAVE THE _BEST_ IDEA FOR A FIC LIKE THAT.
MEULIN: ~(=^··^)ノ < BUT DON'T WORRY, MY POLICKSY WITH SUCH LICENTIOUS MATERIAL IS THE SAME AS IT'S ALWAYS B33N. I WILL NOT SHOW A SOUL UNTIL I HAVE SHOWN IT TO YOU AND THE YOUNGER VANTAS, AND YOU BOTH APPURRVE. I PROMISE!!!
MEENAH: yay another worthless conversation under ma belt!
#belt w a bedazzled fuchsia strap and a solid gold buckle
MEENAH: TIM-E TO BOUNC-E

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> Be Meulin > Talk to Meenah
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MEENAH: what
MEULIN: (=^·ω·^) < OH!!!!!!!!! I MEANT TO ASK...
MEULIN: ヽ(=^·ω·^=)丿 < HAVE YOU MET THE HUMANS YET?
MEENAH: yeah
MEULIN: (=^-ω-^=) < OMG AREN'T THE JUST SO PERF???
MEENAH: nah
MEENAH: dont see what the big deal with em is
MEULIN: (^ · x · ^) < M33NAH, NO.
MEULIN: (^-人-^) < THEY ARE ALL SO PERFECTLY ADORABLE.
MEULIN: (^ · ω · ^ ) < EACH IS LITTERALLY MORE PRECIOUS AND PURRFECT THAN THE LAST.
MEENAH: if only you could hear how bonkers you sound
MEULIN: ~(=^··^)/ < M33NAH. M33NAH. NO.
#M33NAH.
MEULIN: (^._.^)ノ < YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
MEULIN: ヾ(=゜·゜=)ノ < THEY ARE MY BABIES.
MEENAH: wtfs a babie
MEULIN: (=^·^=) < THEY ARE MY PERFECT PRECIOUS GAY LITTLE BABIES!!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: uh
MEENAH: whats gay
MEULIN: (=^ω^=) < IT'S A THING THAT HUMAN BABIES ARE SOMETIMES I THINK!
MEENAH: cant even deal w this meu
#failing to can #when it comes to dealin w it
MEULIN: (^·o·^) < OH AND DO YOU EVEN HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHAT THE SHIPPING IMPLICATPUNS ARE???
MEULIN: ヽ(=^·ω·^=)丿 < BY ADDING THE HUMANS INTO THE PICTURE, BOTH PRE-SCRATCH AND SCRATCH-POST, IT HAS INCREASED THE PAIRING PAWSIBILITIES EXPOUNCENENTIALLY!
MEULIN: (^-人-^) < IT'S REALLY B33N OVERWHELMING, I CAN'T EVEN...
MEULIN: (^ · x · ^) < I JUST
#NO
MEULIN: (=゜·゜=) < THAT'S IT.
#I CAN'T
MEULIN: (=ㅜㅍㅜ=) < I'M SO DONE.
* MEULIN: mime (Guy steps out window next to superimposed "I'M DONE") (TODO: what is she signing?)
* MEULIN: mime (Sea creature walking along waterbed under a superimposed "NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE") (TODO: what is she signing?)<

* MEULIN: mime (Abraham Simpson of The Simpsons walks in, notices Bart Simpson, and walks out again) (TODO: what is she signing?)
MEENAH: hate to change the subject
#not really
MEENAH: but i kinda side stepped past kurloz back there whilst granting him a wide berth
#didnt wanna get tangled up in his hair
MEENAH: he obviously wont say a thing to me which is probs for tha best
MEENAH: but since he actually talks to you maybe you can answer stuff
MEULIN: (=^ω^=) < LIKE WHAT!
#HAIR POOFING TIPS?
MEENAH: like do you know if hes god tier
MEENAH: im building this army and its going horribubbly so far and im sure it would be unimaginably horrendous havin him along but i needs all the muscle i can get know what im sayin
MEULIN: (=^··^) < I ACTUALLY DON'T KNOW!
MEULIN: (=^·ω·^=) < YES WE ARE PRETTY CLOSE, BUT YOU KNOW HOW HE IS. HE'S STILL VERY SNEAKRETIVE AND STILL LOVES MAKING RIDDLES OUT OF EVERYTHING.
MEULIN: (=^·ω·^=) < HE'S B33N VERY EXCITED LATELY. HE F33LS THAT SO MANY OF HIS SPOOKY RELIGION'S PROPHECIES ARE ON THE VERGE OF COMING TRUE, AND THE STARS ARE COMING INTO FELINEMENT.
MEULIN: (=^·ω·^=) < REMEMBER HOW HE USED TO GO ON AND ON ABOUT THE MESSIAHS, ANGELS OF DOUBLE DEATH, AND ALL THAT WACKY STUFF?
MEENAH: yeah we always had way waaay too many religious nutjobs in our party
MEENAH: so i always tuna'd him trout
#moar slammin puns #or should i say... #salmon
MEENAH: back when he could talk at least
MEENAH: then he did us all the psycho favor of sewing his mouth shut so it was win win
#angels of double win more like
MEULIN: (^··^) < HEH. I SUPPOSE.
MEENAH: please dont take this for interest in shippin talk
MEENAH: but you and he arent a red item anymore right
MEULIN: (=^ω^=) < OH NO NO NO THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.
MEULIN: (=^ω^=) < WE'RE JUST REALLY GOOD FRIENDS NOW. WE HANG OUT AND JOKE AROUND ALL THE TIME. HE EVEN HELPS ME WITH MY GRIDS!
MEULIN: ~(=^··^)ノ < GENERALLY I STICK TO THE RED MATCHUPS WHILE HE ADVISES ON BLACK. HE'S 33RILY TALENTED AT PICKING BLACKROM PAIRS! PROBABLY EVEN BETTER THAN ME...
MEENAH: dag what a boring fact
MEENAH: but its cool youre good fronds still
MEENAH: i thought i picked up heavy planktonic vibes from you
MEENAH: now why dontcha run along and talk to him
MEENAH: make use a your mutually compatible disabilities for communicatin and whatnot

#unabilitied mofos errywhere
* MEENAH: mime (Batman puts a glass tube over his head while "CONVERSATION OVER" appears)

***south to Kurloz***

> Talk to Kurloz

* MEULIN: mime (Totodile of Pokemon with hearts for eyes) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* KURLOZ: mime (Man dancing with a knife in his mouth and playing cards in his hands) (TODO: what is he signing?)
#:o)
* MEULIN: mime (Zooming in on a surprised-looking bird) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* KURLOZ: mime (Man opens door and reacts very negatively to what he sees) (TODO: what is he signing?)
#:o)
* MEULIN: mime (A woman high-fives herself and points off-camera) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* KURLOZ: mime (From Ewoks: The Battle for Endor, an Ewok named Wicket hugging Cindel Towani) (TODO: what is he signing?)
#:o)
* MEULIN: mime (Usagi Tsukino of Sailor Moon with a very odd look on her face.) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* MEULIN: mime (Button labelled "UNSEE" being pressed repeatedly) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* KURLOZ: mime (The Doctor from Doctor Who standing in the rain with a sad look on his face) (TODO: what is he signing?)
#:o)
* KURLOZ: mime (Gamzee's cod piece) (TODO: what is he signing?)
#:o)

You don't have a COD PIECE! You have not obtained such exquisite finery yet. Perhaps you should do a bit more treasure hunting?

***south to dream bubble***

> Examine

You remember spending a fair amount of your time hopping around these lily pads. Once you stumbled on a treasure so rare, so incredible, you could find neither the words nor the mimes to describe it. Alas, you lost it. Could this be the gateway to that special memory?

***down remembered stairs to chest***

> Open

You got a COD PIECE!
So soft, so inviting... you are fighting the temptation to wear it right now with all your might. If the crotch was any more forgiving, it would be canonized by the Vatican.

***talk to Kurloz again, and this time***

Give Kurloz a COD PIECE?

> Yes

KURLOZ: EXCELLENT WORK, MY MAGE
KURLOZ: WITH THIS MOST RIGHTEOUS MOTHER FUCKIN PELVIC APPAREL, THE WICKED ENSEMBLE IS NOW COMPLETE
KURLOZ: IT MUST BE DELIVERED TO THE BARD OF RAGE AT ONCE, SO THAT HE MAY CONTINUE OUR MIRTHFUL MOTHER FUCKIN WORK
MEULIN: (=°·°=) < ALL HAIL THE ONE TRUE MESSIAH.
#OTM #RYDAS AND NINJETTES REPRESENT
KURLOZ: LONG LIVE THE ANGEL OF DOUBLE DEATH
MEULIN: (=°·°=) < MAY THE BARD'S RIOTOUS CHUCKLEVOODOOS INSPIRE NIGHTMARES IN ALL WHO WOULD OPPAWS CALICORN, AND MAY THE JOCULARKITTY OF HIS VAST HONK RING LOUD AND MOTHER FUCKIN TRUE ALL THE WAY TO SHANGRI LOL.
#MUCH CLOWN LOVE
KURLOZ: CHURCH. OK, THATS ENOUGH OF MOTHER FUCKIN THAT PIOUS NOISE
KURLOZ: TIME TO RENDEZVOUS WITH MY HOMIE KILLA AND DROP THE SPECIAL SCIENCE ON HIM
MEULIN: (=°·°=) < MAY THIS LUDICROUS PAIR OF SHORTS ASSNIFFST HIS HOLY MISSION, AND FLUMMOX ALL WHO WOULD CATST THEIR UNWORTHY GAZE PON ITS FRESH FUCKIN BULGE.
KURLOZ: AY MOTHER FUCKIN MEN, MY WICKED KITTYBITCH

> Talk to Meulin

KURLOZ: :o)
MEULIN: ヾ(=°·°=)ノ < WHEW...
MEULIN: (^._.^) < KURZORZ, MY HEAD F33LS REALLY FOGGY.
MEULIN: (^._.^) < WHAT JUST HAPPENED? I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WALKING OVER HERE.
#DID WE JUST TOKE ON SOME BAD NIP OR SOMETHING?
* KURLOZ: mime (The Joker from The Dark Knight clapping) (TODO: what is he signing?)
#:o)
MEULIN: (=^ω^=) < H33H33H33!!! YOU'RE RIGHT, I SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
* MEULIN: mime (Madara of Natsume Yuujinchou dancing) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* KURLOZ: mime (The G-Man of Half-Life with arms spazzing and knocking a computer off a desk) (TODO: what is he signing?)
#:o)
* MEULIN: mime (Princess Bubblegum of Adventure Time flipping a table with a potted plant on it) (TODO: what is she signing?)
* KURLOZ: mime (A woman watches a man kick over a potted plant, then turns to the camera with a sad look on her face) (TODO: what is he signing?)
#:o)
* MEULIN: mime (A performer kisses her hand and points out to the audience) (TODO: what is she signing?)
KURLOZ: :o)
MEULIN: ~(=^··^) < WHAT'S THAT? YOU HAVE TO GO RUN AN ERRAND?

MEULIN: (=^-ω-^=) < OK33DOK33, HAVE FUN!

* KURLOZ: mime (Homer Simpson of The Simpsons backing into a bush) (TODO: what is he signing?)

**** back north, and approach Meenah***

KURLOZ: THERE IS NO NEED TO APPROACH THE YOUNG MISGUIDED EMPRESS

KURLOZ: SHE REMAINS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE MACHINATIONS WHICH TRANSPIRE BETWEEN THE HEROES OF RAGE

KURLOZ: LET HER TRY TO RAISE HER PATHETIC ARMY OF SOULS. SHE WILL BE DOUBLE SLAIN BY OUR LORD LIKE ALL THE OTHER MIRTHLESS HERETICS

KURLOZ: HONK

KURLOZ: *HONK*

**** access dream bubble***

```
> Examine
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```
You've kept many secrets from your friends. Secrets to you were
always the most beautiful miracles of all. They are the private
answers to a bunch of riddles no one ever asked.
But since this place is made of memories, you've had to be extra
careful with your secrets. You've carved out an extensive network
of virtual catacombs throughout the bubbles, leading to hidden
treasures, black recollections, and perhaps one or two illicit
dropoff points.
```

**** enter remembered archway to new room...***

**** left-hand chest***

```
> Open
```

```
You got a JUJU BREAKER!
This is an extremely rare, dangerous, and particularly blasphemous
item. The thought of destroying a precious juju makes your blood
boil. This must be guarded carefully. You cannot let it fall into
the wrong hands.
```

**** right-hand chest***

```
> Open
```

```
You got a JUJU CHEST!
Only a cherub can open it. You would be double-dying of curiosity
to know what's inside, except for the fact that it would be heresy
to even wonder. And you would bite your tongue for having the
thought, if you hadn't already chewed it off long ago.
```

**** south...***

KURLOZ: I COME BEARING THEE FINAL JOLLY ACCOUTREMENT MY FAITHFUL INVERTEBROTHER

KURLOZ: THY BARDLY REGALIA IS DONE AND FUCKING DUSTED BY THE SPECIAL STARS THEMSELVES

KURLOZ: ON THIS DAY THE DARK CARNIVAL REJOICED AND SAID IT WAS MONEY

KURLOZ: NOW BRING TO LIFE OUR WICKED RUSE WITH APLOMB MY NINJA
KURLOZ: OUT LORD AWAITS YOUR SERVITUDE AND TUTELAGE AT ONCE
KURLOZ: WE SHALL NOW BUST OPEN THESE BITCHIN ELIXIR FORTIES
KURLOZ: AND POUR SOME SWEET SWILL OUT FOR THE SOULS WHO SOON WONT BE NO MORE
#:o)
GAMZEE: shut your mother fucking mouth and give me the cod piece
* KURLOZ: (miss zuipperlips)

**** you are now Meenah once more, return south and west to the puzzle door***

> Use spade key > Use heart key

**** a last talk with Mituna***

> Talk to Mituna

MEENAH: dont let the haters get you down kid
MITUNA: F15CHY FUCK3Y 815QU3 4ZZ H4G
MEENAH: oh well yall cant say i didnt try to treat you nice
* MITUNA: mime - "you tried" gold star
MEENAH: ey!
MEENAH: i should be the one to condescend to YOU with that mime
MEENAH: what considerin your uber flagrant mental probs
MEENAH: you be shells of aggravatin captor
MEENAH: i seriously gotta ditch this fuckin area and get on with my lil adventure deal

**** a last word with Cronos***

> Talk to Cronos

MEENAH: nope

**** go through the opened puzzle door to a new room...***

**** visit lusus***

> Examine

GRUUUUUMMBLE
Looks like SOMEONE'S custodian is in a permanently surly mood today, as well as all other days.

#crab dad

**** visit shouty***

> Talk to Karkat

KARKAT: HEY, GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY... OH. IT'S YOU AGAIN.
KARKAT: SORRY, FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT ERIDAN'S AWFUL ANCESTOR FOUND HIS WAY IN HERE.
KARKAT: I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT WAS POSSIBLE TO BE MORE OF A SHITBAG THAN THAT GUY, BUT SOMEHOW AMPORA TEEN-SENIOR PULLS IT OFF?
KARKAT: I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I DIDN'T ABSORB IT WITH MY OWN AGGRAVATION SPONGE. JUST INCREDIBLE.
MEENAH: yeah vantas im gonna clue you in on somefin
MEENAH: mosta my crew is hecks of dreadful to be around

KARKAT: I KNOW!!!
KARKAT: HOW IS IT EVEN POSSIBLE FOR A GROUP OF PEOPLE TO SUCK SO MUCH, WHEN THEY'RE PRESUMABLY ALMOST GENETICALLY IDENTICAL TO A BUNCH OF PEOPLE I LIKE?
KARKAT: MAYBE IT'S THE AGE DIFFERENCE? OR THE FACT THAT THEY ALL GREW UP ON A PLANET FOR LAME PANSIES WHO ARE CIVICALLY OBLIGATED TO WET THEMSELVES DAILY.
MEENAH: ahahahahaha
KARKAT: I HAVE TO ADMIT, MEETING ALL OUR ANCESTORS LIKE THIS HAS BEEN KIND OF OVERWHELMING.
KARKAT: I KIND OF HAD TO GET AWAY FROM EVERYONE AND BE ALONE FOR A WHILE. HOPEFULLY I'LL JUST FUCKING WAKE UP SOON.
MEENAH: oh uh
MEENAH: you want i should step off
KARKAT: UH
KARKAT: NO, THAT'S OK.
KARKAT: YOU'RE ACTUALLY FINE, MOSTLY. I JUST COULDN'T TAKE ANOTHER ENCOUNTER WITH RED SWEATER GUY.
KARKAT: HE'S LEFT MY HEAD SPINNING, AND NOT JUST BECAUSE HE NEVER SHUTS THE FUCK UP.
KARKAT: FOR A LONG TIME, I DIDN'T EVEN BELIEVE WE HAD ANCESTORS. I THOUGHT EVEN THE CONCEPT OF ANCESTORS WAS JUST SUPERSTITIOUS, EGO-STROKING ARISTOCRATIC BULLSHIT.
KARKAT: BUT NOT ONLY DOES IT TURN OUT YOU'RE ALL REAL, BUT APPARENTLY YOU HAD THIS WHOLE DIFFERENT CULTURE IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE BEFORE US? SORRY, THAT'S A LOT TO TAKE IN.
KARKAT: WAIT...
KARKAT: OH, NO. NO, FUCK ME. HOLY FUCK.
KARKAT: "BEFORE US?" GOD DAMMIT. I *JUST* GOT THAT.
KARKAT: SEE? THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT. MEETING YOU GUYS HAS MADE ME HAVE LITTLE INFURIATING REVELATIONS LIKE THAT ALMOST CONSTANTLY.
KARKAT: LIKE, NOW IT CASTS THE NAME OF MY OWN PLANET IN A WHOLE NEW STUPID LIGHT. ALTERNIA? AS IN, ALTERNATE? ALTERNATE TO WHAT. TURNS OUT IT IS THE *ALTERNATIVE* TO A PLANET CALLED BEFORUS! THE PLANET WHICH CAME *BEFOOOORE* US. HAHAHA! GET IT?
KARKAT: WHATEVER JOKERS NAMED THESE PLANETS WERE COMPLETE FUCKING MORONS.
MEENAH: well fwiw
MEENAH: alternias da bomb compared to my planet
MEENAH: and im not just saying that because grownup me ran the joint 38D
KARKAT: HEY, DON'T LET ANYONE KID YOU. ALTERNIA WAS FUCKING GREAT.
KARKAT: I DON'T EVEN CARE THAT MY BLOOD MADE ME A PARIAH. IT WAS WORTH TO IT LIVE ON SUCH A BADASS PLANET.
KARKAT: SOME PEOPLE LIKED TO TALK SHIT ABOUT THE EMPRESS. AND IT'S TRUE, SHE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE CULLED THE SHIT OUT OF ME

ON SIGHT. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? I ALWAYS RESPECTED HER AS A STRONG LEADER.
KARKAT: SHE KNEW HOW TO GET SHIT DONE AND DIDN'T PUT UP WITH DISSENSION FROM WORTHLESS IDIOTS. AND ALL SHE DID WAS, YOU KNOW... TAKE OVER THE ENTIRE FUCKING GALAXY. NOT TOO SHABBY.
KARKAT: I USED TO HAVE THIS KIND OF EMBARRASSING FANTASY THAT I WOULD GROW UP ONE DAY AND BECOME A THRESHECUTIONER. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT IS?
MEENAH: ?
KARKAT: THEY WERE LIKE THE DEADLIEST SQUAD OF INTERSTELLAR FIGHTERS UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE EMPRESS. THEY HELPED CONQUER MORE PLANETS THAN ANY OTHER IMPERIAL FORCE. BUT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO MAKE THE CUT, BECAUSE OF MY BLOOD. SO I USED TO THINK OF ALL THESE ELABORATE SCENARIOS TO HIDE MY BLOOD COLOR. OR IN THE MORE RIDICULOUS FANTASIES, MAYBE I COULD EVEN PROVE MY WORTH AS A SOLDIER? LIKE JUST BE SO AWESOME WITH A SICKLE, THEY WOULD JUST HAVE TO MAKE AN EXCEPTION. MAYBE EVEN BE LIKE A FOLK HERO AND RISE THROUGH THE RANKS TO BECOME THE LEADER. HAHA.
KARKAT: THOSE WERE OBVIOUSLY JUST SOME CHILDISH DAY DREAMS. I'VE LEARNED A LOT ABOUT WHAT BEING A LEADER REALLY MEANS SINCE THEN. MAINLY THAT IT'S A LOT HARDER THAN EVERYONE THINKS.
KARKAT: SO I GUESS I LEARNED TO RESPECT WHO YOU TURNED OUT TO BE ON MY WORLD EVEN MORE THAN I DID ALREADY, BECAUSE OF THAT.
MEENAH: yeah
MEENAH: the leadership thing is hard as globes
MEENAH: could barely get anyone to lift a flippin finger in my session
MEENAH: and now its like that all over again trying to raise this army
MEENAH: i reely dunno how sexy bitch grownup me pulled it off
KARKAT: OH YEAH. HOW IS THAT GOING?
KARKAT: HOW MANY RECRUITS DO YOU HAVE?
MEENAH: want to take a guess
KARKAT: OH. STILL ZERO, HUH? YEAH, THAT SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT. SERIOUSLY, FUCK LEADERSHIP.
MEENAH: i know!!!!!!
KARKAT: WELL LOOK, HOW ABOUT THIS. LATER ON, WHEN I'M AWAKE OBVIOUSLY, MAYBE OUR METEOR WILL HIT A RENDEZVOUS POINT WITH YOU AGAIN.
KARKAT: IF BY THEN, YOU'RE STILL LOOKING FOR RECRUITS, I'LL LIKE... HOP OFF THE METEOR OR SOMETHING. AND JOIN YOUR ARMY.
MEENAH:
KARKAT: THEN WE, I MEAN YOU AND ME AND WHATEVER OTHER IDIOTS YOU'VE ROUNDED UP, CAN ALL GO FIGHT THE INVINCIBLE DEMON.
MEENAH:
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW WHY EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND, I'M UP AGAINST AN INVINCIBLE DEMON OF ONE SORT OR ANOTHER. I GUESS THAT'S JUST THE IMPOSSIBLE KIND OF THING PARADOX SPACE WANTS ME TO DO TO PROVE I'M NOT SOME HORRIBLE MISTAKE OF NATURE. ANYWAY, DOES THAT SOUND GOOD?

MEENAH:
KARKAT: OH, BUT ON ONE CONDITION. AS THE NEW EMPRESS, YOU HAVE TO APPOINT ME AS GRAND THRESHECUTIONER OF YOUR ARMY. DO WE HAVE A DEAL?
MEENAH: oh yes yes you got it yessss
KARKAT: GOOD. OK, THAT'S SETTLED.
KARKAT: NOW I'M GOING TO GO FOR A WALK, DO SOME MORE THINKING. ALONE. OK?
KARKAT: JUST UH... MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME HERE... IN THIS STRANGE MEMORY PROJECTION OF MY ROOM. I'D TELL YOU NOT TO RIFLE THROUGH MY SHIT, BUT NONE OF IT IS EVEN REAL. SO GO NUTS. WHATEVER.
KARKAT: I'M LEAVING.

Be Karkat?

> Yes > Talk to Meenah

KARKAT: LIKE I SAID, MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.
KARKAT: FEEL FREE TO HANG OUT WITH MY LUSUS THERE. THOUGH I SHOULD WARN YOU, HE'S NEVER MET ANOTHER KID HE DIDN'T MAKE AT LEAST SOME VAGUE ATTEMPT TO EAT.

**** go north through door to another room...***

**** follow stairs up and around, down to west, down south, down east, to the dragon cosplayer***

> Talk to Terezi

KARKAT: TEREZI, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ASLEEP.
TEREZI: SHRUG
KARKAT: WHY ARE YOU HERE ALL ALONE IN THE WOODS? OR THE PRETEND WOODS, I GUESS.
KARKAT: AND WHY DO YOU HAVE YOUR DRAGON COSPLAY PULLED DOWN LIKE THAT? IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?
TEREZI: NO
TEREZI: 1M F1N3
KARKAT: YOU DON'T SOUND FINE. DON'T BULLSHIT ME LIKE THAT, I KNOW WHEN SOMETHING'S UP WITH YOU.
TEREZI: K4RK4T PL34S3 JUST L34V3 M3 4LON3
KARKAT: OK, I GET IT IF YOU WANT SOME ALONE TIME. I MEAN, I ACTUALLY JUST GOT DONE SULKING THE FUCK OUT MYSELF JUST NOW.
KARKAT: BUT IT REALLY HELPS TO TALK TO SOMEBODY. YOU CAN TALK TO ME ABOUT STUFF, YOU KNOW THAT RIGHT?
TEREZI: Y34H, 1 GU3SS
KARKAT: IS IT DAVE? DID HE DO SOMETHING DOUCHEY AGAIN?
TEREZI: ...
KARKAT: DID HE BREAK UP WITH YOU? HE BROKE UP WITH YOU, DIDN'T HE. I KNEW IT, I COULD JUST SEE THE WRITING ON THE WA...
TEREZI: H3 D1DNT BR34K UP W1TH M3!!!
TEREZI: 1T H4S NOTH1NG TO DO W1TH D4V3
KARKAT: OK THEN WHAT
TEREZI: 1TS

TEREZI: MY 4NC3STOR
KARKAT: YEAH? WHAT ABOUT HER.
TEREZI: SH3
TEREZI: SH3S JUST
TEREZI: SO
TEREZI: R4D1C4L >:[
KARKAT: HUH?
TEREZI: 1 JUST D1D NOT KNOW 1T W4S 3V3N POSS1BL3
TEREZI: TO B3 SO R4D
TEREZI: 1 4LMOST C4NT H4NDL3 1T K4RK4T
TEREZI: TH3 R4DN3SS
TEREZI: HOW DO3S SH3 DO 1T?
KARKAT: WELL, LET'S SEE. SHE RIDES A FUCKING SKATEBOARD. AND THAT'S IT. PRETTY MUCH END OF THE EXPLANATION.
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK 1T 1S SO MUCH MOR3 TH4N TH4T
TEREZI: 3V3RYON3 LOV3S H3R
TEREZI: SH3 1S SO S4SSY 4ND FUN, SH3S TH3 B3ST 4T G4M3S, 4ND 4LL H3R STUNTS 4R3 1NCR3D1BL3
TEREZI: HOW 4M 1 SUPPOS3D TO M34SUR3 UP TO TH4T?
KARKAT: OH COME ON
KARKAT: DON'T TELL ME THIS IS GOING TO BE A THING WITH YOU NOW.
TEREZI: WH4T TH1NG?
KARKAT: A SELF ESTEEM THING.
KARKAT: YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T BE LIKE THAT, IT'S JUST SO UNWARRANTED.
TEREZI: W3LL TH4TS HOW 1 F33L, SO TOO B4D!!!
KARKAT: TEREZI, I CAN'T STRESS THIS ENOUGH. YOU ARE *NOT* IN ANYONE'S SHADOW.
KARKAT: LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT OUR ANCESTORS.
KARKAT: THEY'RE ALL ASSHOLES!!!
TEREZI: >:|
TEREZI: SH3 1S NOT 4N 4SSHOL3
KARKAT: NO, SHE IS. TRUST ME.
KARKAT: THEY ALL ARE. AT LEAST THE VAST MAJORITY.
KARKAT: THEY PRACTICALLY AREN'T EVEN PEOPLE. THEY'RE WALKING, TALKING, LIKE...
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PUT IT. ALMOST LIKE LIVING PARODIES OF HORRIBLE, CLICHED BEHAVIOR PATTERNS.
TEREZI: WH4T, YOU M34N L1K3...
TEREZI: T33N4G3RS?
KARKAT: YES.
KARKAT: BUT IT'S MORE THAN JUST THAT. TAKE MY ANCESTOR FOR EXAMPLE.
KARKAT: TOTAL ASSHOLE! PROBABLY THE WORST ASSHOLE THERE IS.
KARKAT: YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IT RIGHT AWAY BECAUSE I GUESS HE DOESN'T YELL AT PEOPLE LIKE ME? BUT THAT PROBABLY MAKES IT WORSE.
KARKAT: HE JUST GOES ON AND ON ABOUT THE MOST SANCTIMONIOUS, INCOMPREHENSIBLE GARBAGE YOU EVER HEARD. HE THINKS HE'S

BETTER THAN EVERYONE BUT THEN DRESSES IT UP IN THIS BOGUS HYPER-ACADEMIC HUMILITY. HE TRIES TO DEFEND PEOPLE WITH "PROBLEMS" BUT JUST WINDS UP INSULTING THOSE PEOPLE IN BACKHANDED WAYS. HE LECTURES PEOPLE ENDLESSLY, AND WHENEVER HE RISES TO THE "DEFENSE" OF HIS FRIENDS HE USUALLY ENDS UP GIVING THEM A BIG FUCK YOU BY BEING IMPLICITLY JUDGMENTAL.
KARKAT: I COULD REALLY GO ON FOREVER ABOUT HIM, BUT I WON'T, BECAUSE THEN I'D BE STOOPING TO HIS LEVEL.
TEREZI: H3H3...
KARKAT: AND YOUR ANCESTOR? YEAH, SHE'S "FUN" I GUESS. BUT TALK ABOUT A PHONY.
KARKAT: OH AND I DON'T GIVE A *FUCK* WHAT ANYONE SAYS, LOSING YOUR SENSE OF SMELL IS NOT A REAL DISABILITY!!!
KARKAT: HER RAD GIRL THING IS SUCH AN OBVIOUS ACT. SHE'S CLEARLY WORKED FOR SWEEPS ON PERFECTING IT, AND QUITE APPARENTLY REVELS IN THE ATTENTION IT GETS HER.
KARKAT: BUT THE FACT THAT SHE WORKS SO HARD ON IT IS EXACTLY WHY YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.
KARKAT: YOU DON'T EVEN NEED TO TRY TO BE THE GOOD PERSON YOU ALREADY ARE.
KARKAT: SEE, YOU ALREADY KNOW HOW TO HAVE FUN AND BE LIKABLE BY JUST BEING YOURSELF. IT DOESN'T NEED TO BE PART OF SOME OVER THE TOP SCHTICK TO IMPRESS PEOPLE. WHEN SHE DOES THE RAD GIRL THING IT'S LIKE A DISGUISE, PROBABLY COVERING UP SOME PART OF HERSELF SHE'S UNHAPPY WITH. BUT WHEN YOU WITHDRAW AND COVER YOURSELF UP LIKE THAT, YOU'RE ACTUALLY JUST PREVENTING PEOPLE FROM SEEING SOMEONE WHO'S ALREADY BEAUTIFUL.
TEREZI: ...
KARKAT: I KNOW I COMPLETELY FUCKED UP WITH YOU. THIS ISN'T, UH... OK. I'M NOT LIKE TRYING TO REDEEM MYSELF HERE. I MADE MY RECUPERACOON AND NOW I HAVE TO WRIGGLE AROUND IN ITS SLIME. I TOTALLY ACCEPT THAT. BUT AS YOUR FRIEND I REALLY DON'T WANT YOU TO START FEELING BAD ABOUT YOURSELF BECAUSE OF ONE OF THESE SHALLOW, TWO DIMENSIONAL DIPSHITS. BUT I TOTALLY CONCEDE THAT YOU MADE YOUR CHOICE ABOUT ME, AND I RESPECT YOUR DECISION. I JUST WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY IS ALL.
TEREZI: ...
KARKAT: OK, I'M PROBABLY JUST STICKING MY FOOT IN MY FUCKING TALK BLASTER YET AGAIN, AND I'M PROBABLY MAKING YOU UNCOMFORTABLE. I GUESS I'LL GO BACK TO MY ROOM NOW. I HOPE YOU TAKE AT LEAST SOME OF WHAT I SAID SERIOUSLY THOUGH.
KARKAT: UM. YEAH. OK, BYE.

**** take moment to compose self after extreme feels***

**** go back up the steps, you'll switch to being Terezi***

**** chest***

> Open

You got a sack full of EMBEZZLED BEETLES!

It is the absolute perfect currency for bribing corrupt prosecutors when you find yourself in the hot seat with the law. Their greedy snouts simply cannot resist. Just make sure the terrifying brainless monster judge doesn't catch you in the act! You have to wait for His Tyranny to be distracted by something besides the judicial proceedings. This is an occurrence that is far from infrequent.

**** climb the stairs to the chest***

You got a STABBING CANE!

It would be really unfortunate to be blind and walk around without having a reliable instrument to help you stab where you're going.

**** go back in the door, to a new room...***

> Talk to Meenah

TEREZI: OH... H3Y
TEREZI: 1TS YOU
TEREZI: WH4T 4R3 YOU DO1NG 1N MY H1V3?
MEENAH: shit pyrope dont sniff at me
MEENAH: i was standin around in shoutkats place when it all dream switched on me outta nowhere
TEREZI: D1D YOU S33 H1M COM3 1N H3R3?
MEENAH: naw
MEENAH: wait you lookin for him now too?
TEREZI: Y3S
MEENAH: good luck with that the guys slippery as a goddamn eel
MEENAH: spent all day tracking him down myself
MEENAH: but i finally caught up with him a while ago
TEREZI: OH?
MEENAH: yeah
MEENAH: and i think
MEENAH: we might be goin on a date later?
TEREZI: WH4T
MEENAH: i mean
MEENAH: maybe
MEENAH: i dunno if im misreadin his intent there
MEENAH: you might know better than me
TEREZI: WH4T D1D H3 S4Y?
MEENAH: well whatever the case is later hes goin to hop off the meteor and fight lord invincible with me
MEENAH: whatta you think am i readin too much into shit or
TEREZI: UMM...
TEREZI: SHRUG >:|
MEENAH: yeah guess well sea
MEENAH: anyway im out
MEENAH: this hive you got is craycray pyrope
MEENAH: can appreciate a girl with a gaudy sense a design

Be Meenah?

> Yes > Talk to Terezi

MEENAH: ps ur dragon outfit rules

TEREZI: >:]

**** exit the door, and go visit Aranea's exposition booth***

> Talk **EXPOSITION 5 BOONBUCKS THE SYLPH IS IN** > Ask Aranea about Cherubquest

ARANEA: I...

ARANEA: Still haven't found her quite yet.

MEENAH: any leads or

ARANEA: Not really.

ARANEA: She's apparently very well hidden!

MEENAH: um yeah sure

MEENAH: but

MEENAH: have you even really been lookin

ARANEA: Um...

MEENAH: or have you been fucking around with your lil exposition stand

ARANEA: I have 8een dividing my time efficiently. 8ut thank you for your concern.

MEENAH: it wasnt even that long ago we talked about other boring stuff

MEENAH: you had to drag your stand over to the top of this tree

MEENAH: like all waitin for me up here

MEENAH: how long did that take

ARANEA: Never mind a8out that!

ARANEA: And yes, I did stop along the way to explain some important things to people.

ARANEA: People are curious a8out information, Meenah. They want to KNOW things, alright?

MEENAH: they want to know...

MEENAH: or you want to tell them?

ARANEA: 8oth!!!!!!!!

MEENAH: ok lemme ask this

MEENAH: did you pay them so you could explain stuff

ARANEA: ...

ARANEA: Yes.

ARANEA: SO????????

MEENAH: so how long would you estimate you spent cherub hunting in between your splainins

ARANEA: I...

ARANEA: Look. Finding this cheru8 was always going to 8e a slow 8urning quest. It is an intricate, layered mystery that can't 8e rushed. I'm working up to it!!!!!!!!

MEENAH: aranea serket i have somefin to explain to you at no expense

MEENAH: i find your humorously ineffective approach to this quest to be max adorbs

ARANEA:

> Tell me about Cronos Ampora

ARANEA: The 8ard of Hope may seem a little jaded these days, 8ut he once had a deeply a8iding faith in magic, and dedicated himself to 8ecoming a great wizard. He 8ecame convinced he was hatched to defeat

an extraordinarily evil magician, one he swore the angels foretold of. Though when pressed for the name of the man, he would not say it, claiming it was too dangerous to even enunciate. Part of his self-aggrandizing mythos was that this magician once somehow from afar tried to strike him down at a young age, so he would never have to face him. 8ut the evil spell was deflected, sealing the magician's spirit away in a series of unassuming vessels until he could find some other cunning way to enter our universe. The attack supposedly left him with his distinctive scar, which he was not reluctant to point out when trying to hit on me. Uh, I mean, he wasn't reluctant to mention it in casual conversation.

ARANEA: 8ut at some point he 8ecame disillusioned with magic. If there ever was any truth to his far fetched vision, the legacy of defeating the evil magician would have to 8e passed on to his descendant, or if his descendant proved to 8e as much of a failure as he did, then perhaps on to some other Hero of Hope. I'm unsure why he suffered this crisis of faith, aside from the o8vious reasons having to do with an overall lack of character, or any other redeeming qualities. Perhaps someone talked him out of his 8eliefs. May8e a friend close to him. Or, if one is to 8elieve his fantasy held any water, perhaps someone who was in league with the evil magician. Whatever the case, it was pro8a8ly for the 8est, since pretty much everyone who had half a think pan thought it was all a 8unch of ridiculous nonsense.

MEENAH: serket why do you got to hate on other peoples religions

MEENAH: dont you kno they just as much a load of crackpotty bunk as all your spiritual bullfuck

ARANEA: 8ut I.....

ARANEA: Yes, I guess I was out of line.

ARANEA: Sorry, I was just trying to riff with you little on a mutually disliked acquaintance. Is that really so 8ad? Why do you have to take every opportunity to knock my personal 8eliefs?

ARANEA: You can really 8e so mean sometimes.

MEENAH: can i have my money now

ARANEA: Yes. Here.

```
> Tell me about Mituna Captor
```

ARANEA: The Heir of Doom was once a powerful psionic. He was gifted with vision twofold, and had strong prophetic insights wherever a 8leak future was concerned. He had much to say when it came to warning us a8out the path of doom and destruction we were all headed for, 8ut no one took him very seriously. 8ut one day he lost all those a8ilities when he 8adly overexerted himself. It's hard to get any specifics from him, 8ut indications are that he applied every last 8it of energy he had toward some great act of heroism, saving us all from some looming threat. Not only did his exertion permanently 8urn out his psychic a8ilities, 8ut it left him somewhat... er. Incoherent.

MEENAH: yeah i always wondered what happened there

MEENAH: anyone ever get to the bottom a that

ARANEA: No. The entire incident is shrouded in mystery. From his limited and scattered accounts of what happened, it seems very likely that Kurloz was with him at the time, as the only eye witness. And of course it's

impossi8le to get any relia8le information out of him. I guess we may never know, sadly.

MEENAH: hey this was actually kinda interesting

MEENAH: it was W-ELL worth taking the money youre givin me to put up with it

ARANEA: Agreed! ::::D

```
> Tell me about Kurloz Makara
```

ARANEA: Prince of Rage actually used to 8e quite talkative. That is, until he had a nightmare which prompted a 8izarre incident, after which he would never speak again. He took a sort of spiritual vow of silence, which I'm sure was pro8a8ly related to his esoteric faith. Thereafter he 8ecame infuriatingly enigmatic. I've found it impossi8le to get any info out of him, 8etween his am8iguous mimes and penchant for riddles. It's very frustrating, especially for someone like me, who has a passion for gathering as many facts a8out our story as possi8le.

ARANEA: Want to know a secret? Please don't tell anyone, 8ut I really can't stand the guy.

ARANEA: It's pro8a8ly unfair to him 8ecause he is o8viously such a sweet and harmless fellow. 8ut something a8out him ru8s me the wrong way. I guess I can just 8e a little petty sometimes.

MEENAH: yeah...

MEENAH: wow serket

MEENAH: just wow so rude

MEENAH: poor clown

ARANEA: Don't give me that! I seem to remem8er you having more than a few unkind words for him 8ehind his 8ack.

MEENAH: yeah im messin witchu he sux

MEENAH: so

MEENAH: conversation over?

ARANEA: Yes.

MEENAH: ka

MEENAH: ching

```
> Tell me about Meulin Leijon
```

ARANEA: Mage of Heart as you know is an ardent disciple of the romantic sciences. She has a well earned reputation as a miracle worker when it comes to match making. 8ut her own romantic history ironically has 8een riddled with trou8le and heart8reak.

ARANEA: Once, well 8efore our session 8egan, she and Kurloz were in a very loving matespritship. It really seemed to everyone they were made for each other. One day, they fell asleep together. Kurloz then had a nightmare so terrifying, he released the most dreadful sound imagina8le. It truly echoed the horror of the Vast Honk itself. The noise was so loud and so awful, Meulin went completely deaf, and her hearing never recovered. Kurloz was undou8tedly devastated 8y what he'd done to her. He was so distraught, he sewed his mouth shut, and has never spoken a word since.

ARANEA: Though they drifted apart as matesprits, Meulin never held it against him, and even seemed to take delight in learning new ways to communicate. They continued to remain very close to this day. May8e a

little too close, if you ask me. It's clear that her sympathies have 8een gradually swayed in support of the High8lood's cult. She stays private a8out her 8eliefs, 8ut now and then I'll notice she lets some tenet of mirthful doctrine slip out. I suppose I shouldn't 8e too concerned though, since it's almost certainly a lot of harmless superstition.

MEENAH: )(ONK

ARANEA: Honk honk! ::::)

MEENAH: lol im glad we can both agree that clowny fuckin soda cult is the dumbest shit ever

ARANEA: Yes. Now here is your money. Thanks for listening!

MEENAH: serks do you even know how silly yall are

MEENAH: <3

```
> Peace out
```

```
* cross the bridge east
```

```
This leads to the end of the game. Are you sure you're done here?
```

[If game doesn't play, try another browser. Chrome or Firefox Recommended.]

[MAP]

**[A6I3] ==>**

**25/09/12**

```
PAUSE
```

After, what... another hour? Another hour of bumbling through the afterlife with very little to show for your efforts, you decide to pause the game again. You can only spend so long powering through the dead troll equivalent of an unpleasant high school reunion without making a trip to the load gaper, or fixing yourself a little snack from the hunger trunk.

There's definitely someone else we should be checking in with right now. Someone we are all desperate for an update on. And that someone is...

**[A6I3] ==>**

**25/09/12**

THIS GUY!

This is the guy who you are now being.

**[A6I3] ==>**

**25/09/12**

The feisty mailwoman is still chasing you. Unbelievable. She hardly seems to care at all that something is causing reality to shatter around you. For a moment, you thought you and she might be able to reach an uneasy truce. To stand together if only for a moment and assess the ominous cracks spreading through the void. Maybe even take some time to get to know each other a little, and try to bury the hatchet? You are so tired of running.

But no. She is as furious as ever. What did you even do? Just a couple of routine murders, which was TWO YEARS AGO already. The ring hath no fury, you swear. She is never going to stop. Her delivery is justice, and as you know all too well, nothing stops the mail.

You need to find somewhere to hide and rest for a while.

**[A6I3] ==>**

**25/09/12**

There.

**[A6I3] ==>**

**26/09/12**

**[A6I3] ==>**

**26/09/12**

**[A6I3] ==>**

**26/09/12**

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**[A6I3] ==>**

**27/09/12**

**[A6I3] ==>**

**27/09/12**

**[A6I3] ==>**

**27/09/12**

```
You got a POP-A-MATIC VRILLYHOO HAMMER!
```

**[A6I3] ==>**
**27/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**27/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**27/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
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**28/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**28/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**28/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**29/09/12**

```
SWEET CATCH
```

**[A6I3] ==>**
**29/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**29/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**30/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**30/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**30/09/12**
**[A6I3] ==>**
**01/10/12**

```
CLOBBER
```

## [A6I3] ==>
**01/10/12**
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```
JOHN: ?
BEC NOIR: ?
```

## [A6I3] ==>
**01/10/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**01/10/12**

```
Bec Noir: ? ? ?
```

## [A6I3] ==>
**01/10/12**

```
distaction
```

## [A6I3] ==>
**01/10/12**

```
8ONK.
```

## [A6I3] ==>
**02/10/12**

```
HEALTH VIAL

1 PONY STAMPEDE
2 T-REX
3 ELF
4 PRANK
5 REROLLX2
6 MCCONAUGHEY
```

```
7 NAPTIME
8 RIDICULOUS HAT
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**02/10/12**

```
RIDICULOUS HAT

        6    1
     2        3
  6      7
   5          4
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**02/10/12**

## [A6I3] ==>

**03/10/12**

## [A6I3] ==>

**03/10/12**

dialoglogJOHN: hehe...

## [A6I3] ==>

**03/10/12**

## [A6I3] ==>

**03/10/12**

## [A6I3] ==>

**06/10/12**

```
FACEPAW x1
  COMBO!
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**06/10/12**

## [A6I3] ==>

**06/10/12**

## [A6I3] ==>

**07/10/12**

```
PSYCHE
```

## [A6I3] ==>
**08/10/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**08/10/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**08/10/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**08/10/12**
## [S][A6I3] ==>
**09/10/12**
## [S][A6I3] ==>
**09/10/12**
## [S][A6I3] ==>
**09/10/12**
## [S][A6I3] ==>
**11/10/12**
## [S][A6I3] ==>
**11/10/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**11/10/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**11/10/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**11/10/12**

```
TAVROS: Z
```

## [A6I3] ==>
**11/10/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**11/10/12**
dialoglogTAVROS: i SAW IT FIRST,

## [A6I3] ==>
**12/10/12**
dialoglogJOHN: huh?
TAVROS: gIVE IT TO ME,
JOHN: what... the ring?
TAVROS: yES, iT'S MINE,
JOHN: who are you?
TAVROS: i'M, yOUR WORST BAD DREAM, iF YOU DON'T RETURN MY TREASURE,
TAVROS: i FOUND IT, sNUGGLED IN THE SAND, bEING PRETTY AND GOLD AND BY ITSELF, aND i WANT IT BACK,
JOHN: so you found it here, like exactly where i just found it... but then instead of picking it up, you fell asleep?
TAVROS: wHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, i SOUND STUPID,

TAVROS: bUT, yES,
JOHN: sorry buddy. as the age old saying goes, you snooze, you lose.
TAVROS: i NEVER HEARD THAT AGE OLD SAYING, iN MY CULTURE, sO, fUCK YOUR LINGUAL HERITAGE, aND GIVE ME THE RING,
JOHN: why were you even asleep?
TAVROS: i WAS TIRED,
TAVROS: dUH,
JOHN: this is such a dumb place to fall asleep, dude.
TAVROS: tREASURE HUNTING IS HARD,
TAVROS: sHE HAS ME WORKING LIKE A BARKFIEND,
JOHN: who?
TAVROS: mY MATESPRIT,
TAVROS: tHAT MEANS GIRLFRIEND, yOU IGNORAMUS,
JOHN: i know what it means!
JOHN: no offense, but you seem like kind of a lame troll. i don't think we ever talked before, did we?
TAVROS: wHO CARES, gIVE ME MY TREASURE,
JOHN: no way! it's mine bro.
TAVROS: sHIT!
TAVROS: oKAY,
TAVROS: mAYBE WE CAN WORK OUT SOME KIND OF DEAL,
JOHN: i dunno. this ring is pretty sweet. the price would have to be pretty steep.
TAVROS: wOW,
TAVROS: yOU ARE REALLY PUTTING ME, iN AN UNCOMFORTABLE AND CHALLENGING SITUATION,
JOHN: why do you want this desert ring so bad. is it magic?
JOHN: i don't really feel magic wearing it...
JOHN: i mean, not any more than usual.
TAVROS: i DON'T KNOW, iF IT'S MAGIC,
TAVROS: tHAT'S NOT WHY i WANT IT,
JOHN: well, i'm not giving it to you unless you have a really good reason.

## [A6I3] ==>

**12/10/12**

dialoglogTAVROS: iT'S FOR PRIVATE SENTIMENTAL PURPOSES,
TAVROS: i DON'T WANT TO SAY,
JOHN: that's cool. guess i will just enjoy this ring forever, as my property.
TAVROS: oKAAAAAY,
TAVROS: i'LL TELL YOU,
TAVROS: yOU'RE AN AWFUL HUMAN, bY THE WAY,
JOHN: yeah right, dude. would an awful guy be wearing such a sweet, priceless ring? i don't think so!
TAVROS: oH MY GOD, tHAT'S SUCH BAD LOGIC, tHAT YOU'RE KNOWINGLY USING TO BE A WORSE ENEMY,
JOHN: yeah...
JOHN: you sure did explain that, i guess.

TAVROS: i WANT THE RING BECAUSE,
TAVROS: tHIS REQUIRES SOME LABORIOUS EXPLANATION,
TAVROS: iT PERTAINS TO HUMAN CUSTOMS, WHICH i HAVE TAKEN TIME TO STUDY AS AN ETERNAL GHOST,
TAVROS: tHE TREASURE IS NEEDED, TO COMPLETE A SORT OF RITUALIZED PACT,
TAVROS: hAVING TO DO WITH HUMAN MATING,
TAVROS: tO CEMENT IN STONE THE ROMANTIC MATRIMONIES,
JOHN: oh!
JOHN: you want to use it to propose to your girlfriend?
TAVROS: yEAH,
TAVROS: wHATEVER,
JOHN: heh... that is not really what i was expecting to hear.
JOHN: i thought you were just being a greedy treasure grubbing douche.
TAVROS: yOU MEAN,
TAVROS: lIKE YOU???
JOHN: yes.
JOHN: but that's a pretty good reason.
JOHN: i guess i can let you have it, if it is going to result in a happy marriage.
TAVROS: oKAY, tHEN HURRY, aND GIVE IT TO ME,
JOHN: who is the lucky lady, anyway?
TAVROS: oH NO, hURRY uP, tHERE'S NO TIME,
VRISKA: Taaaaaaavros!
TAVROS: sHE'S COMING!
JOHN: who??
TAVROS: gIVE IT TO ME,
TAVROS: sHE CAN'T SEE IT YET, iT HAS TO BE A SURPRISE!
TAVROS: aLSO, i DON'T WANT HER TO KNOW i GOT IT, fROM A LOSER LIKE YOU,
JOHN: hey!
VRISKA: Taaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaavros!!!!!!!!
TAVROS: oH MY GOD,

## [A6I3] ==>

**14/10/12**

dialoglogVRISKA: TAAAAAAAAVR..... Oh!
VRISKA: Hi John.
VRISKA: Tavros, I didn't know you were hanging out with John. You should have come told me.
TAVROS: bUT, i JUST WOKE UP FROM THE SAND PILE, aND FOUND HIM HERE,
TAVROS: i HAD LITERALLY NO TIME TO GO TELL YOU, bECAUSE OF AN ARGUMENT,
VRISKA: What? What were you arguing a8out?
TAVROS: uHHH,
VRISKA: W8..... what do you mean woke up? Why were you asleep?
TAVROS: uHHH,
VRISKA: Dammit, Tavros. You can't 8e slacking off like that.
VRISKA: I told you, we aren't fucking around anymore. This is serious 8usiness.
JOHN: hey...
JOHN: excuse me, but

JOHN: are you...
JOHN: vriska?

## [A6I3] ==>

**14/10/12**

hide

dialoglogVRISKA: Yeah!
VRISKA: Oh, sorry. I really should have introduced myself. I guess I forgot I technically never met this version of you.
JOHN: uh. that's alright. nice to meet you.
JOHN: wait...
JOHN: are you a ghost too?
VRISKA: Yep.
JOHN: so... you're dead?
VRISKA: Yes, John. That's what 8eing a ghost means.
JOHN: ok, i'm still confused though...
JOHN: sorry if i sound dumb, but dream bubbles are still kind of baffling to me.
JOHN: you're, uh... "REALLY" dead?
JOHN: as in, the real you? i mean... dang, what the hell am i even trying to ask here...
VRISKA: No, I get what you're asking.
VRISKA: Yes, the real me. The actual, legit, fully authentic alpha timeline Vriska. Dead. Gone. Fuckin' toast.
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: so when i meet up with everyone on your troll meteor in a year, that means...
JOHN: you'll be...
VRISKA: A corpse!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: That's assuming my 8ody was sufficiently preserved during the trip.
VRISKA: Which, now that I think a8out it, I guess it was? It must have 8een, 8ecause otherwise that unspeaka8le prototyping atrocity couldn't have happened.
VRISKA: That piece of shit clown. I still have no idea what the deal with that was! He's completely lost his mind. Anyway, that's neither here nor there.
VRISKA: Honestly, I'm surprised you hadn't already heard I was dead, one way or another. It's kind of old news?
VRISKA: Then again, these things are all relative. So who knows.
JOHN: ...
VRISKA: Are you ok? You seem sad.
JOHN: well,
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: it's always sad to hear a friend died. even if you find out about it from their ghost.
VRISKA: I guess so.
JOHN: also, i had kind of thought that when we all arrived at the new session, that...
JOHN: we were going to like... hang out. or something.
VRISKA: Oh yeah! That's right. We were.
VRISKA: 8ut then I got sta88ed through the 8ack. Which to 8e fair, was for the good of the party, so the meteor could make the trip in the first place, and keep this whole crazy sequence of events

intact.
VRISKA: Not gonna lie. I made some mistakes.
JOHN: wow. what even happened out there?
VRISKA: Just some pointless, deadly teen drama. Mostly 8rought on 8y ourselves, all acting like juvenile idiots. Like I said, old news.
VRISKA: VERY old for me. I've 8een here a pretty long time now.
VRISKA: A lot has happened since I died. John, did you know the little rendezvous we planned sort of already happened? I mean, in a way.
JOHN: what? it did?
VRISKA: Yes. With your ghost.
JOHN: huh??
VRISKA: I mean, the ghost of one of your altern8te selves, who died along the way doing some stupid thing.
VRISKA: Actually, he and I d8ted for a little while.
TAVROS: wHOA, hOLD ON,
TAVROS: wHAT'S THIS, aBOUT DATING WHO?
VRISKA: Groan. Here we go.
TAVROS: wHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME, aBOUT THAT,
VRISKA: Tavros, I have led a rich and complic8ted life and death. I can hardly 8e expected to tell you a8out every little thing that I've 8een through.
VRISKA: 8esides, you should have already known this a8out me.
TAVROS: wHY,
VRISKA: 8ecause we shared a sprite 8ody once!!!!!!!! We 8riefly had access to all each others memories and feelings.
VRISKA: So if you didn't take the chance to dig that out of my memory, you only have yourself to 8lame.
TAVROS: nO, bUT, tHAT HARDLY LASTED ANY TIME AT ALL,
TAVROS: aND THERE WERE A LOT, oF OVERWHELMING EXPERIENCES ALL HAPPENING AT ONCE,
TAVROS: hOW COULD i TRY TO REMEMBER ALL YOUR MEMORIES BEFORE WE EXPLODED,
VRISKA: Well, all I can say is, I managed! I took the opportunity to remem8er pretty much all YOUR memories.
VRISKA: I was in and out like a 8andit, and now all your life experiences are mine.
TAVROS: tHAT'S NOT FAIR,
TAVROS: bECAUSE, yOU'RE SMARTER THAN ME, aND MORE CUNNING,
VRISKA: Them's the 8r8ks!!!!!!!!
JOHN: wait, i'm with tavros here, i think we should back this up a bit.
JOHN: so, my alternate reality ghost dated you?

## [A6I3] ==>

**14/10/12**

```
slap slap swat swat

grab grab grope grope
```

dialoglogVRISKA: Yes.
JOHN: that...
JOHN: but...
VRISKA: What?
JOHN: vriska, this is a very bizarre and unsettling fact to me!
VRISKA: Why?
JOHN: because...
JOHN: man, i don't know, it just is!
JOHN: you say we dated for a while, but like, i don't even get to remember doing that?
JOHN: i think that's mostly what's weird about it.
VRISKA: Hey, we apparently don't get to remem8er the results of a lot of choices we didn't actually make!
VRISKA: Again, see: the 8r8ks.
JOHN: well...
JOHN: can you at least tell me what happened there? like, how did that go?
VRISKA: It was fine. For a while.
VRISKA: It didn't really work out.
JOHN: oh.
VRISKA: We crossed paths every now and then after that.
VRISKA: Things stayed pretty friendly 8etween us.
VRISKA: Until he died.
JOHN: what??
JOHN: what do you mean he died?
VRISKA: He was murdered.
JOHN: you mean... his GHOST died?
VRISKA: Yes.
JOHN: as in, he just doesn't exist at all anymore? like DEAD dead?
VRISKA: Yes! Dead dead. For good.
JOHN: i don't... how does that even...
JOHN: who killed him???
JOHN: was it jack?
VRISKA: Jack? Are you kidding? No, John.
VRISKA: Jack is 8arely in the picture as a threat anymore. He's just more old news.
JOHN: he is not old news though!
JOHN: he's still as strong and menacing as ever.
JOHN: i just had an awesome battle with him in this very dream bubble!
VRISKA: You did?
JOHN: yeah. i found him skulking around a memory of my dead dad, and i got pissed off, so i really let him have it.
JOHN: oh, i even used the cool hammer you helped me make. remember that?
VRISKA: Oh yeah!
VRISKA: Those were good times, when I helped you 8e gr8. ::::)
JOHN: yes.
JOHN: the last time i faced him was kind of embarrassing. i let him get the drop on me, and he just stabbed me right away.
JOHN: but this time i think i held my own pretty well. i even got in one good hit against him!

JOHN: i gave him a solid bop on the head, and the dice roll made him wear a silly hat.
VRISKA: That's awesome!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: One time in an altern8te reality, I came pretty close to killing him apparently.
JOHN: oh really?
VRISKA: You 8et. Too 8ad that was in a timeline that didn't really count. 8ut it's always reassuring to know you can put up a good fight against a strong adversary if you ever needed to. Now I guess you know you can too.
JOHN: i guess so!
VRISKA: What happened after you 8onked him on the head? I 8et he was mad.
JOHN: yeah, he sure was. but our fight was interrupted by like... another taller, white jack dressed in rags.
VRISKA: A white Jack?
JOHN: well, no, it wasn't actually a jack, it was someone different altogether, who just looked like him. with wings and a sword and everything.
JOHN: i think the white jack was probably a girl? i'm not sure, but that was my hunch. i didn't talk to her or anything. she looked really angry.
JOHN: anyway, he seemed scared of her, so he flew away, and she chased him.
JOHN: do you know who she was?
VRISKA: No fucking clue.
JOHN: whatever jack's doing out here in dream bubble land, he seems to have his hands full with her on his tail.
JOHN: but as you can see, he is FAR from out of the picture.
VRISKA: Ok, that may 8e, 8ut it sure wasn't Jack who killed a whole shitload of ghosts out here, including one of yours.
VRISKA: I really dou8t Jack can even kill ghosts. In fact, I don't think anyone can except for this guy.
JOHN: what guy?
VRISKA: Lord English.
JOHN: who??
VRISKA: Wow, John. Really?
VRISKA: Wow.
VRISKA: Time to get a clue!

## [A6I3] ==>

**15/10/12**

dialoglogVRISKA: Hasn't it ever occurred to you to wonder who the ultim8 8ad guy of this adventure was going to 8e?
JOHN: ultimate bad guy?
JOHN: you mean like the last boss?
VRISKA: Man, even that way of putting it is a little too pedestrian.
VRISKA: I mean, I already 8eat a last 8oss! The 8lack king was the officially sanctioned last 8oss of our session, and I killed him. This is different.
VRISKA: There's always someone stronger w8ing to 8e revealed. Jack showed up shortly after that, and he was MUCH stronger.
VRISKA: Eventually the curtains get pulled 8ack, and you find out who was 8ehind every terri8le thing that happened all along. Someone who is invaria8ly stronger than all other adversaries 8y a

wide margin. The supreme villain!
VRISKA: To 8e honest, I was always kind of w8ing for that guy to show up, whoever he was. For the other shoe to drop, you know? There's always a 8ig 8ad 8ehind everything. A true gamer sees stuff like this coming a mile away.
JOHN: ok. if you say so.
JOHN: i always kind of thought jack was evil and strong enough to be our main antagonist. but if you say there is someone even stronger and more evil, then... wow.
VRISKA: Yes, I'll admit, I was fooled 8y Jack 8riefly.
VRISKA: For a little while, I thought he was the supreme menace, and I would have to face him in a final showdown.
VRISKA: 8ut it turned out that was just a 8it of standard misdirection. He was just another step up in a typical pattern of escal8tion involving increasingly "insurmounta8le" threats, which legendary heroes like us have to overcome to achieve total victory over everything.
VRISKA: Also, let's face it. I don't think Jack is all that evil, so much as he's just a murderous asshole. Trust me, I know the type.
VRISKA: 8ut English, that guy is as evil as they come. He's the real deal!!!!!!!!
TAVROS: oKAY, cAN i JUST SAY SOMETHING,
TAVROS: i STILL DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO SURE, hE'S THE FINAL VILLAIN,
TAVROS: bECAUSE, yOU YOURSELF SAID, tHERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE STRONGER, rIGHT,
TAVROS: sO, i'M PERCEIVING A CONTRADICTION ABOUT YOUR FACTS,
VRISKA: Tavros, come on. We've already talked a8out this ad nauseum.
VRISKA: He's the 8ig 8ad!!!!!!!! It's so o8vious. I mean, MAY8E there's someone stronger out there in paradox space? Who knows.
VRISKA: 8ut whoever that is has nothing to fucking do with this massive extended multiverse-spanning campaign!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: English was the guy who stacked the whole deck against us from the start, rigging shit to go haywire, wiping out our race, 8lowing up universes, exterimin8ting ghosts, slaughtering dark gods, and shattering reality itself. Pretty sure we reached the top floor, 8uddy!
TAVROS: oKAY, bUT ALL i'M SAYING IS, wHAT IF,
TAVROS: tHERE'S SOMEONE EVEN WORSE THAN THAT, dUE TO SPECULATION,
VRISKA: Un8elieva8le.
VRISKA: John, just ignore him. He tends to 8e contrary just for the sake of 8eing contrary. It's just what he does these days.
VRISKA: He seems to think it's how you show confidence and assertiveness. The key to high self esteem is apparently just saying "nuh uh!" all the time.
TAVROS: nO, tHAT'S NOT TRUE,
VRISKA: See?
VRISKA: This was apparently the 8ig lesson he learned from sharing a 8rain with me for a few minutes. In order to feel good a8out yourself, just 8e a constant pain in the ass!!!!!!!!
TAVROS: nO, tHAT'S NOT WHAT i LEARNED,
JOHN: haha.
JOHN: i see what you mean.
TAVROS: nO,
TAVROS: nO,
TAVROS: nO, oKAY, i REALIZE ALL i'M SAYING IS NO, WHICH IS JUST HELPING MAKE

YOU LOOK AS RIGHT AS POSSIBLE ABOUT MAKING FUN OF ME,
TAVROS: bUT i LEARNED IN YOUR BRAIN THAT YOU AREN'T ALWAYS RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING,
TAVROS: yOU WERE WRONG ABOUT LOTS OF THINGS,
TAVROS: yOU WERE WRONG ABOUT RUFIO!
TAVROS: rUFIO WAS REAL ALL ALONG, }:D
VRISKA: Alright, granted, there did in fact exist a person 8y that name.
VRISKA: You aren't spelling it right, though.
TAVROS: hOW DO YOU KNOW HOW i'M SPELLING IT, wHEN i'M JUST TALKING, iNSTEAD OF USING LETTERS,
VRISKA: 8ecause that's how you spelled it when we used to chat online, dum8ass!!!!!!!! You weren't using enough letters.
TAVROS: sO,
VRISKA: And in any case, he doesn't actually represent your self esteem. He's just some dude.
TAVROS: bUT, hE MAKES ME FEEL BETTER ABOUT MYSELF wHEN i THINK OF HIM, sO THE REALITY IS EFFECTIVELY EQUIVALENT TO MY FRAUDULENT CHILDHOOD SUPERSTITION,
VRISKA: Lol. Whatever floats your 8oat.
JOHN: you both seem a bit testy with each other. it's kind of funny.
JOHN: actually it's a little hard to believe you and he are...
VRISKA: What?
JOHN: er...
JOHN: never mind, actually.
VRISKA: ???????!

## [A6I3] ==>

**15/10/12**

dialoglogJOHN: i take it you were pretty good friends back on your planet?
VRISKA: You could say that.
VRISKA: There's a pretty loaded history 8etween us. It's pro8a8ly 8est not to get into it.
VRISKA: None of that matters anymore anyway, it was so long ago. You know how it is.
JOHN: um. sure?
VRISKA: Issues 8etween people seem like such a 8ig deal when they're happening. 8ut then you die, and time just goes on, and on..... then on some more.
VRISKA: If enough time passes, shit that used to 8e a 8ig deal kind of stops mattering.
VRISKA: Ok, full disclosure. I used to do a lot of terri8le things to Tavros.
VRISKA: Once I launched him off a cliff and paralyzed him. And if that wasn't 8ad enough, I spent sweeps mocking him for the disa8ility I caused! Haha.
VRISKA: Oh yeah. Then I killed him.
JOHN: oh, right. i remember you said you killed someone that you cared about. i guess this is him?
VRISKA: Mm hm.
VRISKA: 8ut like I said, that's suuuuuuuuch old news now, it might as well not have even happened.
VRISKA: Tavros doesn't give a shit a8out that stuff anymore.
TAVROS: hEY, wAIT, mAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T, SPEAK FOR ME?
TAVROS: i STILL KIND OF THINK THAT STUFF WAS ALL PRETTY MEAN, eVEN

THOUGH IT WAS FOREVER AGO,
TAVROS: iT'S JUST, i HAVE CHOSEN TO BE THE BIGGER MAN, aND NOT HOLD IT AGAINST LIKING YOU,
VRISKA: Hahahaha! John, can you 8elieve this guy?
VRISKA: This is the kind of shit I have to deal with all the time.
TAVROS: oH GOD,
TAVROS: nO, tIME OUT, i'M FLAGGING THIS, vRISKA, aS TERRIBLE BEHAVIOR,
VRISKA: Tavros, the 8igger man is only ACTUALLY the 8igger man if he doesn't refer to himself as the 8igger man. That's kind of the point?
VRISKA: Unless the intent is to produce some form of socially awkward comic relief, which let's face it, is what you're all a8out.
VRISKA: 8ut that's what I like a8out you.
TAVROS: yES, }:)
JOHN: hmm, i feel like... maybe we got sidetracked there?
JOHN: maybe you should tell me more about this english guy.
JOHN: frankly, it seems like i'm usually one of the last people to learn about stuff like this, and it's starting to make me feel like a bit of a tool.

## [A6I3] ==>

**15/10/12**

dialoglogVRISKA: He's just some huge overpowered green freak. A time traveling monster, supposedly invinci8le.
VRISKA: Who he is, what he is, where he came from, none of that really matters.
VRISKA: What matters is how we're going to defeat him.
VRISKA: That's what Tavros and I have 8een working on here for some time now.
JOHN: working on what?
VRISKA: Treasure hunting!
JOHN: oh yeah?
JOHN: what treasure?
VRISKA: Yes. Ok, I should explain.
VRISKA: There's sort of a plan in motion to 8eat English. It's a three pronged approach.
VRISKA: A num8er of people out here in the furthest ring are working on different prongs of the strategy independently.
VRISKA: The first is a quest to find the lost ghost of some alien girl. She's said to 8e one of the keys to defeating him in some way.
VRISKA: Other people are allegedly out there working on that right now. If you ask me, it sounds like a really 8oring approach to defeating him. Who knows if it's even true.
TAVROS: (gIVe it tO me,)
JOHN: (stop that!)
JOHN: (keep your hands to yourself.)
VRISKA: The second is a quest to raise an army of ghosts to challenge him directly in some kind of huge 8attle royale, I guess.
VRISKA: From what I understand, some yahoo out there is 8usy rounding people up. I really have no idea how that's going. I usually just hear stuff through the grapevine.
VRISKA: That approach doesn't really interest me either. Gonna file it under "8oring" as well. Seems a little heavy handed, not to mention too slow.

TAVROS: (gIve Me thE riNG,)
JOHN: (no!)
TAVROS: (yes, yOu ASs,)
JOHN: (dude, you suck at whispering!)
TAVROS: (you sAiD you'D GIve it to me,)
JOHN: (i changed my mind!)
VRISKA: The third prong is what Tavros and I are 8usy with. The aforementioned treasure hunt.
VRISKA: The legend says there's some mystical ancient treasure hidden somewhere out here in the furthest ring.
VRISKA: I'm assuming it's some kind of weapon. It's said that if you use it, or like, activ8te it in some way, he can 8e defeated forever.
VRISKA: The nature of the treasure is pretty vague, actually. 8ut the first rule of treasure hunting, which I'm admittedly just making up now, is that it doesn't fucking matter what the treasure is.
TAVROS: (wE had a deAl,)
JOHN: (quit it!)
TAVROS: (why Are you sUcH a liar,)
JOHN: (shut up. i'm keeping it.)
TAVROS: (thiS is noT cOOl,)
TAVROS: (you're PrevenTing joYful human sTYled matrimonY frOM happEning,)
JOHN: (yeah right. like she would even say yes.)
JOHN: (i don't even think she's really your girlfriend. i think you made that up!)
TAVROS: (wow, no, wOw,)
TAVROS: (you wEnt thERE,)
VRISKA: These three goals are all tied to the same legend which I've uncovered clues a8out over time. Legendary shit is everywhere out here. I'm seriously up to my ass in legend. Hell, I probably even qualify as a legend myself!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: When it comes to solving a 8ig mystery like this, it doesn't hurt that everywhere we go, places are composed of the collective memories of many different adventurers.
VRISKA: We've explored ancient crypts, networks of 8urial mounds, dusty old tom8s, giant pyramids, you name it. Hints a8out the endgame are hidden all over the place.
VRISKA: Really, everyone's pretty lucky I died so I could do all the dirty work on this. Let's get real, no8ody's 8etter prepared to take on the treasure hunting duties than I am.
TAVROS: (unhAnd the treasurE,)
TAVROS: (it's prEcious to Me, jUst liKe, My beautiful GIRLFRIEND,)
JOHN: (you are so full of shit!)
TAVROS: (we're in LOVE toGetHEr, aSSHole,)
JOHN: (there's no way you're getting this ring.)
TAVROS: (fUCk, YoU,)
VRISKA: Not that I'd have it any other way. This just sounds like the 8est plan to me. Why 8other messing around with an army of ghostly dipshits, or some shy magic alien when you can go str8 for the ultim8 weapon?
VRISKA: Hell, may8e I'll just walk right up to him, one-shot the guy and end it all right there.
VRISKA: That's how a real pro goes a8out 8usiness. You take any shortcut you find.
JOHN: (i am going to wish as super hard as i can that i wake up with this ring.)
JOHN: (it's probably magic, so i bet it makes my wish come true!)
TAVROS: (i doubT that From happeNing,)

JOHN: (if i wish hard enough, that will make it slightly less impossible!)
TAVROS: (oh, you bastARD, you arE gOOd,)
JOHN: (i think some day i will use it to propose to *MY* girlfriend. what do you think about THAT, wise guy?)
TAVROS: (noOO!!!)
TAVROS: (gIMme,)
JOHN: (this is pathetic.)
JOHN: (stop grabbing at me! we're missing what she's saying!)
JOHN: (she's going to think we're idiots, won't you STOP?)
VRISKA: Are you fuckers even listening to me???????? God DAMN it.
JOHN: yes!
VRISKA: No you're not. You're squa88ling with Tavros and his loud shitty whispering a8out some 8ullshit.
VRISKA: Come on, guys. Am I really 8eing that 8oring?
VRISKA: I'm really starting to understand how my ancestor must have felt sometimes. No8ody ever respects an important explan8tion!!!!!!!!
TAVROS: (i've alReadY heARd yoUR explANAtions, tHough,)
VRISKA: Why are you still whispering jackass?!
TAVROS: oHH,
TAVROS: sORRY,
VRISKA: Sigh.
VRISKA: 8oth of you just keep your damn hands to yourselves, shut up, and let me finish my story.
VRISKA: Tavros! 8ring me the treasure maps!!!!!!!!
TAVROS: yES,
TAVROS: rIGHT AWAY,

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/10/12**

dialoglogVRISKA: Yes, that's it. Dump them all over the floor a8out ten feet away from me, just like that.
VRISKA: The sloppier the pile and the further away from me the 8etter. Gr8 jo8, Tavros.
TAVROS: tHANK YOU,

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/10/12**

dialoglogVRISKA: John, come take a look at this.
JOHN: those are all treasure maps?
VRISKA: Sort of! Pro8a8ly not like any maps you've seen.
VRISKA: Check it out. This ought to help you understand how frustr8ting this treasure hunt really is.

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/10/12**

dialoglogVRISKA: John, tell me what you see here.
JOHN: um...
JOHN: where?
VRISKA: Right here.

VRISKA: What is this? This thing I'm holding?
JOHN: a black piece of paper?
VRISKA: No, John.
VRISKA: This is 8ULLSHIT is what it is.
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: yes, clearly.
VRISKA: This is what a map looks like in the furthest ring.
VRISKA: This is what ALL maps look like out here.
VRISKA: Turns out plotting the relative geographical features of an infinite 8lack expanse of pure void is every 8it as moronic as it sounds. 8ut that didn't stop some ancient eldritch chucklefuck from doing exactly that.
VRISKA: For the longest time, this is all we've had to go on when it came to deciphering the clues and figuring out the coordin8tes of the legendary treasure.
VRISKA: Do you have any idea how hard it is to pin down the physical location of something out here? Never mind the fact that physical location in the furthest ring is already a mallea8le concept. Just imagine what it's like giving someone directions! What do you tell them?
VRISKA: Proceed in a str8 line shaped like a perpetually shifting torus knot until you feel a sense of despair transcending all mortal comprehension, then hang a right at the next octopus?
VRISKA: There's nothing static out there. No landmarks, no points of reference. Nothing!
VRISKA: If you want to make any headway in this gr8 8ig field of fuckall, SOMEONE has got to start wrecking some shit.
JOHN: would that someone be you?
VRISKA: Haha. I wish I had that kind of firepower. 8ut no.

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/10/12**

dialoglogVRISKA: You wouldn't 8elieve my luck.
VRISKA: You see, recently someone's 8een doing that dirty work for us.
VRISKA: Want to know what the kicker is?

## [A6I3] ==>

**19/10/12**

dialoglogVRISKA: The guy who's 8een fucking shit up is the 8ig 8ad himself!
VRISKA: Every time he destroys another dream 8u88le, he does a little more damage to the furthest ring, inexplica8ly shattering the essence of all-encompassing nothingness.
VRISKA: As the cracks spread across the void, new points of reference show up on our maps!
VRISKA: Then we look at the angles and intersections and all the shapes formed 8y the cracks, and compare them to our notes from the various riddles and clues we've discovered a8out the path to the treasure.
VRISKA: It's actually a little like how in old times on Alternia, pir8s used to navig8 8y shapes the stars made. Constell8tions used to have a lot of significance in our culture, not just guiding explorers on their journeys to physical destin8tions, 8ut guiding them on the choices they made in life, pertaining to f8 and all that. Not that humans would really understand anything like that.
VRISKA: I actually find the situ8tion to 8e pretty funny. This guy's ego must 8e astronomical. Classic case of unchecked hu8ris paving the way for his own downfall.
VRISKA: I didn't even need to 8uild a we8 to trap him. He just went ahead and started 8uilding his

own.
VRISKA: Talk a8out a lucky 8r8k!!!!!!!!

## [A6I3] ==>

**20/10/12**

dialoglogJOHN: that is pretty neat.
JOHN: so does that mean you know where the treasure is now?
VRISKA: No, 8ecause the map isn't complete yet!
VRISKA: Needs more cracks so we can plot the rest of the course. All we're a8le to do now is head in the right general direction.
VRISKA: So ironically in order to prevent reality from 8eing destroyed, we need to w8 for it to 8e damaged further. In fact, we're 8etter off encouraging it!
JOHN: encouraging it?
JOHN: what, you mean like, making him mad so he breaks more... uh...
JOHN: nothingness?
VRISKA: Yes, 8ut it has to 8e strategic. We have to somehow lead him in the direction of the places we want him to damage.
VRISKA: Specifically, the places where the route dead-ends. Wherever we need new points of reference to keep going.
JOHN: so that means you have to piss him off i guess.
VRISKA: Not really. He's already pissed off. I think he's just permanently that way?
VRISKA: It's more a8out getting his attention. Using the right 88! Like going fishing.
VRISKA: 8ut to do that, you gotta know what he really wants. Like what motiv8tes him. I mean, 8esides indiscrimin8tely killing dead children and huge tentacle monsters.
JOHN: i am guessing you have an idea what that might be?
VRISKA: Sure. The rumor is he's trying to find that dead alien girl I mentioned, and kill her ghost for good.
VRISKA: If he catches on to the fact that some of us are looking for her too, and thinks we're hot on her trail, he'll pro8a8ly start following us around and wreaking havoc wherever we go.
VRISKA: We just have to make sure we're in the right place when he tries to kill us. Oh, also try not to actually die again while we're at it. Haha.
JOHN: so the bait is really you.
VRISKA: Sort of! It's actually more the 8ogus idea that we'll lead him to the cheru8, 8ecause we're looking for her too. Which we're o8viously not.
VRISKA: There's some manipul8tion involved.
JOHN: ok. how do you know he'll go for it? i mean, how will he actually know you're "looking" for her?
VRISKA: That's a pretty good question. Have to admit, I don't have everything quite figured out yet.
TAVROS: yEEAAAAAAAAAAH,
VRISKA: Shhhhhhh! I'm still talking!
TAVROS: bUT, tHAT'S NEVER NOT BEING THE CASE, aLWAYS,
VRISKA: Nice sentence, genius! Anyway, like I was saying.....
VRISKA: I'm hoping my exploits can spread throughout the ring 8y word of mouth. Tales of my legend, you know?
VRISKA: Then once he catches on, he'll come looking for us, and then presuma8ly go apeshit with

his rain8ow laser 8reath. Metaphysical cataclysm ensues.
JOHN: that sounds... optimistic?
TAVROS: yEAH, eXACTLY,
TAVROS: sEE, tHIS TO ME, mAYBE SPEAKS TO THE DANGER,
TAVROS: oF HAVING SELF ESTEEM THAT IS UNREASONABLY HIGH,
JOHN: heh.
VRISKA: Oh, shut up.
VRISKA: I said it's a work in progress!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: We might need to make a 8igger spectacle of ourselves somehow. Get more people involved. I don't know.
VRISKA: It does seems like he's more drawn toward gr8ter concentr8tions of ghosts.
VRISKA: There's still plenty of time to figure it out. That's one thing a8out 8eing dead. There's always more time.
VRISKA: Plus, needless to say, lady luck will ALWAYS 8e on our side! ::::)

## [A6I3] ==>

**20/10/12**

dialoglogJOHN: well...
JOHN: cool!
JOHN: that was actually a very interesting story, vriska.
JOHN: you're a pretty good story teller!
VRISKA: You think so?
TAVROS: oH, yES, i THINK SO TOO,
TAVROS: sHE'S GOTTEN MUCH BETTER AT STORIES, aS A RECREATIONAL LONG TERM DEATH HOBBY,
JOHN: oh yeah?
TAVROS: sURE, wE'VE BOTH LOOKED AT LESSONS FROM OUR ANCESTORS, tO IMPROVE OUR SOULS,
TAVROS: hER ANCESTRAL AWAKENING HAS TO DO WITH UNDERSTANDING HER DESTINY, tO TELL LONG STORIES TO PEOPLE, aND MAKE THEM LISTEN TO ALL THE WORDS IRREGARDLESS OF THEIR INTEREST, bY ANY MEANS NECESSARY,
TAVROS: tHE ART OF SAYING OPTIMAL TALES BY MY UNDERSTANDING, iS TO CHARGE THROUGH ALL CONCEIVABLE DETAILS AND EXCESSIVE MINUTIA, uNTIL THEY ARE EXHAUSTED COMPLETELY, mUCH LIKE IT IS A SPIRITUAL PRACTICE, aND EXTRANEOUS INFORMATION IS TREATED LIKE THE RELIGIOUS WORDS YOU SAY OVER AND OVER AGAIN UNTIL BRAIN PEACE HAPPENS,
JOHN: that's... one way of looking at it.
JOHN: i don't know about excessive minutia or brain peace, but i was hanging on every word!
VRISKA: Aw, you guys. You're making me 8lush.
JOHN: i wish i could hang out with you longer and maybe even help you with your treasure hunt.
JOHN: but i just know i'm gonna be waking up soon.
JOHN: darn. who even knows how long it will be before we meet again in another bubble?
TAVROS: yEAH, wELL,
TAVROS: tHEM'S THE BREAKS, aHA, aHA,
TAVROS: (soOn, iT wilL be MIne,)
VRISKA: Don't mind him, John. He's just 8eing weird and tooly again.

VRISKA: It was nice to see you and catch up like this. If we don't meet in another dream soon, don't worry.
VRISKA: I have a feeling we'll 8e crossing paths again 8efore this is all over!

## [S][A6I3] ==>

**21/10/12**

**** click top-right icon***

Use the arrow keys or WASD to move, and space to interact.

**** click disk icon***

Warning : this feature is experimental. Use it only if you're having stability issues and want to keep your place should the application crash. Save files are discarded when the browser is closed.

**** chest***

> Open

You got some FIDUSPAWN CARDS! Gotta hatch em all!!!!!
Is advice you should follow if you want way too many fiduspawn crawling around. For safety reasons, the manufacturer recommends that you only hatch some.

> Talk to Rufioh.

MEENAH: sup nitram
RUFIOH: oh, hey doll... you were gone a crazy long t1me...
RUFIOH: good to have you back, though... yo, that bomb stunt you pulled was some crazy sh*t.
#thought you were hatch1ng a sweet f1duspawn w1th that th1ng tbh...
MEENAH: wasnt no thang
RUFIOH: don't sell yourself short... 1 don't th1nk 1 could have done that. you're pretty gangsta, pe1xes.
MEENAH: yeah i know
MEENAH: hey lets stop talking about how badbass i am a minute and talk about you
#wanna axe you things
RUFIOH: shoot, doll...
MEENAH: those wings
MEENAH: you was hatched with em right
MEENAH: or i guess pupated them
#when you hit puperty??
RUFIOH: ha, yeah that's r1ght... 1'm a "m*tant"... don't tell kankr1 1 sa1d that! he's my boy, but you know how he's not down w1th l1ngo l1ke that...
#lingo like... #you know... #regular words
MEENAH: ug dont even say it he will like teleport into our conversation with ghost magic just to shoosh you
RUFIOH: yeah... he does that to you too, huh... that's some crazy sh*t!
MEENAH: ok so you always had wings then

MEENAH: then i guess you arent secretly a god tier or
RUFIOH: nah... m1ght have been cool to go full on rogue... hey, maybe you coulda g1ven me l1ke, steal1ng po1nters... what as a th1ef and all!
RUFIOH: but naw, 1 don't th1nk 1 could have gone through w1th that... not 1ntent1onally 1 mean...
MEENAH: what why not
RUFIOH: 1 don't know... k1ll1ng yourself, that's... a heavy th1ng to do. 1'm not l1ke you, meenah... 1 don't th1nk anyone 1s... well maybe damara 1s k1nda... but maybe we shouldn't go 1nto that, hahaha. let unhatched f1duspawn l1e, you know...
MEENAH: ...
RUFIOH: what 1'm say1ng 1s, you got game... and 1 can d1g that... but 1 was never as brave as people always thought... 1 don't know why they always thought that about me. maybe 1t's my w1ngs or my mohawk... or when 1 shout bangarang somet1mes real loud? makes 1t seem l1ke 1'm the sh1t, w1th b1g self esteem... but my self esteem 1s noth1ng really to crow about... 1 dunno...
MEENAH: alright so you never god tiered but i still dont get somefin
MEENAH: didnt you have a totally fuckin stupid robot body at some point or did i just imagine that
MEENAH: that whole period of time in our session was reel foggy to me i guess because i was dead for a while there
#maybe i got the ghost madness #could SWEAR you was a metal horse tho
RUFIOH: yeaaah...
RUFIOH: no, the robot body was def1n1tely a th1ng... 1 k1nd of blocked that out of my memory too, haha... that was... that sh*t was someth1ng else, yo! crazy...
RUFIOH: 1'm sure you remember how all that started... back when damara and 1 were st1ll dat1ng... r1ng any bells?
MEENAH: yeah
MEENAH: fuckin megido
MEENAH: do we really need to rehash that ancient bullshit drama
#bull #lol #wait... #why dont you ever do bull puns? #FAIL
RUFIOH: no, no... heh, just say1ng 1s all... 1t was that whole th1ng... anyway, that's when horuss was k1nd of mack1ng on me, remember... and 1 wasn't all about to vac1llate w1th h1m and her cause 1 knew how she was... d*mn, so jealous... so f***1ng crazy...
RUFIOH: so she made me a cr*pple, remember?
MEENAH: tag that shit homie
#abaloneism
RUFIOH: d*mn, yeah... 1 mean, she busted me up... couldn't move a muscle... well, could st1ll flap my w1ngs well enough, haha...
RUFIOH: really, 1 thought 1t would be alr1ght, just flapp1ng w1ngs around... 1 could st1ll fly and just hang there l1mp... m1ght have been a dope look!
RUFIOH: but nah... horuss thought better of 1t. bu1lt me the robo-bod, wh1ch was pretty t1ght...
#l1ke l1terally... #screwed that sh*t together T1GHT! #dude 1s good

RUFIOH: lost my w1ngs though wh1ch sucked... and k1nd of awkward just hav1ng a real guy's head on top of a b1g metal body and mak1ng all those d*mn legs move the r1ght way, you know... trott1ng 1s hard work yo.

#espec1ally on sta1rs... #}:(

RUFIOH: better than be1ng a cr*pple though. 1 mean a quadr1pleg1c, oops, haha... but 1 guess you d1dn't know what happened after that, s1nce you and damara were k1ll1ng each other and all...

MEENAH: no what

RUFIOH: well... 1 d1ed. yeah... but...

RUFIOH: that's l1ke... wow, long story... guess you never heard... 1'll tell you some other t1me, 1t's th1s whole crazy th1ng. but...

RUFIOH: 1 was dead, r1ght? and horuss k1ssed me back to l1fe... but just my head 1 th1nk... he was probably stand1ng on some mounta1n str1k1ng a pose l1ke a f***1ng gangsta, probably f1ght1ng a hoofbeast w1th a flam1ng mane and all...

#hope someone pa1nted that sh*t... #1nstant masterp1ece

RUFIOH: so yeah, next you saw me 1 had my normal body aga1n... 1t was cool of h1m to help me all the ways he has.

RUFIOH: and yeah, we went out, me and h1m... for a long t1me after that, k1nda off and on, even after we d1ed... 1n case you were gonna ask...

MEENAH: i wasnt

RUFIOH: r1ght... haha... too much 1format1on 1 guess? sorry doll.

RUFIOH: 1 always wanted to thank you for stand1ng up for me... you know, when she cr*ppled me... even though 1t cost ya... that was pure class, pe1xes, 1'll never forget 1t.

MEENAH: man i wouldnt have had to if you could just stand up for yourself sometimes

MEENAH: i mean being paralyzed notfishstanding

RUFIOH: heh... yeah... 1 guess...

MEENAH: you are the only guy in our group who was ever even close to being pretty cool

MEENAH: everyone else sucks but you were almost alright

MEENAH: you were always such a pushover though

MEENAH: pretty lame bro

#TW #CRIPPLE ENTENDRE #suck it

KANKRI: Excuse me. Meenah, "lame" is an a6leist slur, which in this c9ntext is REALLY inappr9priate. Tagging y9ur j9kes with "ir9nic" trigger warnings really d9es n9t excuse the 6ehavi9r. I'll thank y9u t9 refrain fr9m using such terms in the future.

#Als9, when walking, 6e careful n9t t9 flaunt the health 9f y9ur legs.

MEENAH: AAAAAUG)(A

```
> Ask Rufioh to join.
```

MEENAH: i probubbly shouldnt even ask this since youre not as brave as people make out with you to be

MEENAH: i mean make you out to be

#wait #what did i say? #nm

MEENAH: but would you want to come away with me to...

RUFIOH: whoa, man... not you too!!! ahaha...
MEENAH: wut
RUFIOH: 1t's f1ne... 1t's alr1ght that you d1g me, 1'm flattered... you were just the last person who hadn't h1t on me yet... and 1 k1nda dug that about you, you know?
MEENAH: i wasnt asking you out dope
RUFIOH: oh... wow... sh*t! sorry, guess 1 got the wrong 1dea...
RUFIOH: 1t's just k1nd of a reflex, doll... you know? everybody h1ts on me all the t1me, and 1 don't know why... sh*t 1s crazy...
RUFIOH: just the other day, get th1s... some orange guy 1n a green sh1rt jumped out of some bushes and tr1ed to k1ss me... and 1'm l1ke whaaat... step off jolly man, haha...
MEENAH: maybe its cause youre a bishie ass glubberfucker with a kickin hawk
RUFIOH: yo, that's cool of you to say... you've got k1nda th1s otenba b1shojo th1ng go1ng on yourself, g1rl... your style rocks, 1 always thought you looked pretty slamm1n...
#1 could g1ve you mohawk dy1ng t1ps... #you'd rock the sh*t out of that look!!!
MEENAH: for what its worth
MEENAH: i would be your moe dere dere waifu in the beat of a pump biscuit
MEENAH: if i was remotely attracted to you or found your personality more appealing
MEENAH: and also if i shared your dumb passion for troll anime and didnt think it clogged massive blowhole
RUFIOH: ahaha, bangarang! that's a scenar1o 1'd be alr1ght w1th...
RUFIOH: no one really to talk to anymore about my stor1es, yo... s1nce th1ngs got so ch1lly w1th my ex...
MEENAH: goddamn witch
RUFIOH: seriously... she crazy...
RUFIOH: so what were you go1ng to ask me... uh, 1f not on a date? #and 1f not what brand of mohawk dye 1 use?
MEENAH: never mind
MEENAH: youre not even gonna agree anyway cause this team suuuuucks
MEENAH: later ruf

```
> Be Rufioh.
```

RUFIOH: oh sh*t... you want to be me? ok that's pretty dope 1 guess.
RUFIOH: but can 1t wa1t? my lusus 1s m1ss1ng aga1n and 1 can't th1nk stra1ght w1thout h1m... he's my happy thought!!! haha...
RUFIOH: 1 hope damara d1dn't do someth1ng w1th h1m... she l1kes to f*** w1th me somet1mes by stash1ng the l1ttle guy somewhere... she's bonkers!!!

**** east across bridge to plush***

```
> Examine
```

```
It's a happy looking HOST PLUSH! It won't be so happy anymore if
you hatch a FIDUSPAWN EGG near it. Maybe you'll be able to find
```

some eggs in this area if you keep searching. Then the REAL fun can begin.

#You start humming the fiduspawn theme song.

**** chest***

> Open

You got a BUSTED ROBOT HEAD!
There was a rumor going around that once, through an elaborate courtship process, Horuss sent Rufioh a robotic duplicate of himself to spar with, piece by piece. The last part he sent was supposedly the head.
That's almost certainly a myth. Horuss is a pretty strange dude, but he would have to be a total lunatic to do something like that. The anecdote strains plausibility.

**** east across bridge to chest***

> Open

You got a pair of DUTTON BUBBLE GOGGLES!
You can see into infinity for eternity.
Just the way Charles Dutton would have wanted it.

> It's Mituna!

D'aw, looks like he's all tuckered out under the brain tree.

#Falling is hard work!

**** try gray chest***

> Open

This chest appears to have an extremely complicated lock. There's no way you can open it. You'll need to find someone who's handy with gadgets.

**** back west, and south-east***

> Talk to Horuss.

HORUSS: 8=D < Your Harness... I mean Hayness. Highness I mean.
HORUSS: 8=D < F*DDLEST*%. Please pardon my utterly e%ecrable language, and unforgivable stammering, your Horseness.
#Sh*ot! #I mean Hayness! #Whew.
HORUSS: 8=D < I am a bale of nerves in your royal presence, and it has been so long.
HORUSS: 8=D < And when I am so spooked, you must know how that causes me to even more firmly identify with the majestic hoofbeast.
MEENAH: hey uh
MEENAH: horuss what...
MEENAH: what the fuck is that thing youre prefixing all your talkin with
HORUSS: 8=D < Oh, this? What, you don't recognize it?
MEENAH: no and its weirding me out
HORUSS: 8=D < Why, it is my smiling face, you s*lly, utterly superior person, you. Goggles and all. Can't you see?

MEENAH: i
MEENAH: guess??
MEENAH: its disturbin as heck to me for whatever reason
HORUSS: 8=D < The last thing I desire is to disconcert our prodigal empress.
HORUSS: 8=D < I just thought I would try smiling permanently and uncompromisingly, rather than resnorting to all those disgruntled e%pressions I usually trot out.
#I've been cutting back on the horse puns too, as you can see.
MEENAH: why the eff would you want to do that
HORUSS: 8=D < It was on Meulin's suggestion, actually.
#8=3
MEENAH: huh??
HORUSS: 8=D < Oh, I guess you must not have herd. She and I have developed quite a STRONG and stable moirallegiance recently.
MEENAH: daaaang
#disclamer: #less impressed than i sound
MEENAH: that matchup makes no glubbin sense dude
#cats+horse #ftw
HORUSS: 8=D < E%actly. Whoof would have thought? If you a%ed me before we all died whether I would consider romantically pairing with a r*d*culous midb100d, let alone Ms. Leijon of all people, I'd probably have died regardless, due to laughter-induced asphy%iation.
#If you're going to go #Go out with a smile #8=D
HORUSS: 8=D < But do you know what it was that finally cleared the sweat steam-induced fog from my goggles? It was meeting our post-scratch counterparts.
#Dancestors #Or shall I say #Dressagecestors?
HORUSS: 8=D < Seeing our corresponding young Alternians, why it threatened to produce a tear-induced f100d on the inside of my goggles.
#Which naturally I would drain right away through the custom sweat valves
HORUSS: 8=D < Their relationship in spite of the STRONG class disparity I found to be so moving, so pure. It made me reconsider my perspective on Meulin entirely, who horsenestly I'd hardly ever given a second thought.
HORUSS: 8=D < It's funny, don't you think? How our young ancestors took to a completely different social configuration, making for some rather odd pairings, both platonic and otherwise. A whole host of counterintuitive minglings, up and down the hemospectrum with no regard for class compatibility. And yet it all seems to make a strange amount of sense. Neigh, I might go as far as saying it's all oddly rather...
HORUSS: 8=D < T*tillating? Or no, perhaps what I mean is some of their Alternian indiscretions feel a bit, I don't know...
HORUSS: 8=D < Naughty?
HORUSS: 8=D < Oh ph**ey, that's not what I mean either. (Pardon my p*ttymouth.) Now you'll probably mistake me for some kind of r*scally deviant.
#My mouth is quite the l*ad g*per today.

MEENAH: man why yall still act like you give a heap of manure about dating down on the spectrum
MEENAH: you and nitram been a thing for how long now
HORUSS: 8=D < Yes, but no one was supposed to know about that!
HORUSS: 8=D < That was always to be my own private, um, e%ploration. I had no intention of creating such a stirrup.
#Though I have literally smithed such items before, pun notwithstanding.
HORUSS: 8=D < It was only to be a very private, fleeting dalliance with a BUOY, but the whole thing became so quickly scandalized.
#A spur of the moment affair, really.
HORUSS: 8=D < And soon others were whisked into it such as you and the vengeful rust b100d, and... well, imagine my embarrassment. Trust me, the last thing I wanted was for royalty such as yourself to know I was pursuing forbidden b100d. To be caught with my hoof in the chocolate jar, so to nicker.
MEENAH: ill
HORUSS: 8=D < And I suppose I would have clopped my hands of the matter after the big k*rfuffle, but...
HORUSS: 8=D < I guess I didn't e%pect to fall in love.
MEENAH:
HORUSS: 8=D < It's true. I am not ashamed to say it. I fell mane over hooves. Phantom snout over phantom hind quarters. He...
HORUSS: 8=D < He stole my breath away.
#With but a roguish glance.
MEENAH: wow life story alert do not care
HORUSS: 8=D < My apologies, your E%cellency.
MEENAH: just tell me why paling up with meu means you have to make that terrible face now
HORUSS: 8=D < She's taught me to get in touch with my anger. Through a moderately discernible series of enthusiastic mimes, she has made it clear that it is much healthier to crush all negative emotions beneath a stampede of positivity, and to always be cheerful and upbeat no matter what, even if projecting that facade is at times physically painful.
#Such as #All times.
MEENAH: that is some shitsauce advice and you should give it up homes
HORUSS: 8=D < Um, yes. Very well.
HORUSS: (;≧Д≦) < Is this better?
MEENAH: much

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> Ask Horuss to join.
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HORUSS: 8=D < Respectfully, your Superlative Magnificency, I do not think that would be advisable.
MEENAH: whoa shocker of the centaury
#HORSE PUN #DIS GIRL #ON FIYA
HORUSS: 8=D < Of course, I will if you order me to without hesitation. But lately I've been attempting to canter down a trail of nonviolence.
HORUSS: 8=D < I've been saddled for so long with anger and hostility, and now my focus is on solving problems in ways that do not involve confrontation or physical STRENGTH.
#Soon I may even be able to say STRENGTH without shouting.

HORUSS: 8=D < Technology can solve so many problems, for instance. Do you have any idea how much energy is stored in sweat which may be released through its steam?
HORUSS: 8=D < Have you any clue as to the MIGHT of a quadrupedal automaton powered by raging currents of steam coursing through its e%quisite horizontal torso, and finally jetting through a perfect pair of metal nostrils? I could build as many as you like, my Empress.
MEENAH: um no think i will pass on taking an army of snorting horsebots with me
#unless you build those suckas out of gold
MEENAH: so thats all you do is build stupid shit that runs on your sweat now?
MEENAH: cause i could really use a guy with muscle
MEENAH: i dunno if you seen this skull dude but he is RIPP-ED
#kinda hot actually
HORUSS: 8=D < Oh no, that's far from my only preoccupation. I have also taken some time to perfect the art of humor.
HORUSS: 8=D < Would you like to hear a joke?
MEENAH: oh noes...
#fine
HORUSS: 8=D < A horse trots into a thirst shanty. His muscular shoulders slouched, his noble head hanging low.
HORUSS: 8=D < The dairyjerk observes that the great beast is clearly despondent, and asks:
HORUSS: 8=========D < Why the long face?
MEENAH: euurergh
MEENAH: zahhak god damn it i am royally orderin you to stop doing that face forever
HORUSS: 8=o < At once, my lady.
HORUSS: 8o < My formerly perky visage withdraws, while my fully erect posture shrivels at your regal disapproval.
HORUSS: (ʊ益ʊ;) < I shall henceforth emote in my customary manner, as such.
MEENAH: respect

> Be Horuss.

HORUSS: ᘓ(ò д ó ˇ)ᘐ < Bring me a horse, and I am yours forever.

**** south-west, chest***

> Open

You got some more BOONDOLLARS!
A little while ago you would have been pumped to score this dough, but now this is just pocket change to you.
You sneer with contempt at the pitiable sum of money and let it slip through your fingers to the forest below. Let the beggars and peasants scrounge for it, you say.

**** down steps south-west to grass, east to bubble***

> Examine bubble.

This bubble contains Damara's memory of a huge quartz obstacle. Only she can remove it. Stinkin' witch. She never makes it easy, does she?

> Yeah I have no idea what I'm doing here.

Click the MAP link below the game for HOT TIPS!!!

**** back west***

> Talk to Damara.

MEENAH: sooooo
MEENAH: megido
MEENAH: here we are again
MEENAH: i guess
DAMARA:
MEENAH: please tell me this reunion is as awkward for you as it is for me
DAMARA:
MEENAH: not gonna say nofin huh
MEENAH: just going to stand there and leave me wrigglin on the hook during this frosty silence
MEENAH: come on you nutty bitch at least do SOM-EFIN to break the ice
DAMARA:
MEENAH: T)(ANK you
MEENAH: hey you didnt by any chance kidnap nitrams lusus did you
MEENAH: or steal all his dorky fiduspawn loot
MEENAH: i thought we were past this
MEENAH: dont tell me youre still tormenting the guy even after eternity
DAMARA: あなたのデュアルフォークを取る。二回自分自身をファック。 [Take your dual fork. Fuck yourself twice.]
MEENAH: do what to myself twice with my double W)(AT exactly??
MEENAH: cod damn your weird accent is thick as ever
DAMARA: あなたに性的快感を与えるために十分な厚さではない。[It is not thick enough to give sexual pleasure to you.]
DAMARA: あなたはあなたの言葉で私を退屈続けるのだろうか? または。あなたは私の服を脱ぐのだろうか? [Will you continue boring me with your words? Or will you take off my clothes?]
DAMARA: 私はあなたの歯の間に私の乳首を感じるようにしたい。[I want to feel my nipples between your teeth.]
MEENAH: wha
MEENAH: did you just tell me to bite something or
MEENAH: screw it i give up
MEENAH: language barrier be a fuckin motherglubber
DAMARA:

> Ask Damara to join.

MEENAH: hey so guess what! im building an army to kill lord ahahahaha
MEENAH: S)(-ELL O)( S)(-ELL
#aka #sea lol
MEENAH: like you could give a fuck about saving reality and or wouldnt just be a huge backstabbin liability out there
DAMARA: 十分に公平。[Fair enough.]
MEENAH: but just for shits an cuttles uh

MEENAH: been sorta wondering
MEENAH: back when we like
MEENAH: kind of ruined each others shit
MEENAH: because of that whole cycle of revenge deal
MEENAH: and i ended up dyin and god tiering and all
MEENAH: remember that
DAMARA: 私が覚えている。[I remember.]
DAMARA: 時々私は、そのメモリに自慰行為。[Sometimes I masturbate to that memory.]
MEENAH: aight not sure i followed that but ill assume it was more weird skanky sass
MEENAH: but what i want to know is
MEENAH: after the fight
MEENAH: did i hurt you bad enough that you maybe
MEENAH: crawled off and died somewhere
MEENAH: like in a quest cocoon
DAMARA: ...
MEENAH: were you maybe all bloodied up from all those forkins
MEENAH: and then maybe along comes a friend with a maddening inability to hold a grudge against you for the ways you fucked him over
MEENAH: maybe trotting along in his new robo horse body and swooped your bloody torso up on his back
MEENAH: galloped off to your cocoon and draped you on the slab while probly not havin the nerve to finish you off
MEENAH: this ringin any bells
#like the ones in your batty as fuck goddamn belfry?
DAMARA: 性交あなたは何を話している? 白痴雌犬。[What the fuck you're talking about? Bitch idiot.]
MEENAH: IM AXING IF YOU AR-E A GOD TI-ER YOU INSCRUTABL-E FIS) (WIF-E
MEENAH: holy mackerel gettin info outta yous like prying a pearl from a slutty murderous clam
DAMARA: ハマグリは、真珠を生成しません。あなたは海の何も知らない。[Clam will not produce the pearl. You do not know anything of the sea.]
MEENAH: yeah i know clams dont make pearls!!! look i just misspoke it was a hasty burn ok
MEENAH: dont be calling out my authority on the ocean dmeg you know i got all watery junk on LOCK
MEENAH: who you think you tryin to rile up with that amateur noise
DAMARA: あなたは非常に怒っているように見える。性交をチルアウト。のはお互いに触れてみましょう。私と一緒に投石入手してください。[You seem to be very angry. Chill the fuck out. Let's touch each other. Please get stoned with me.]
MEENAH: omg i cant understand you
MEENAH: chill out and do W)(AT with you...
MEENAH: going to ask again as simple as i can
MEENAH: M-EGIDO AR-E YOU A MAGIC IMMORTAL TIM-E FAIRYWITC) ( WIT)( S-ECR-ET BUTT-ERFLY WINGS: Y-ES OR NO
DAMARA: 正確にどのくらいの。あなたは知りたいですか? 水のビッチ。[Exactly how much. Do you want to know? Bitch of water.]

MEENAH: damara
MEENAH: if horrible conversations was a video game you would truly be last boss
MEENAH: now where the fucks aranea and her lil windbag stand lets just get this jam over with already

> Be Damara.

DAMARA: あなたは私になりたいですか？ [Do you want to be me?]
DAMARA: あなたは私にはできません。あなたは私を理解できない場合。[You can not be me. If you can not understand me.]
DAMARA: さらに。あなたは私にはできません。あなたは私を性交することができない場合。[In addition. You can not be me. If you can not fuck me.]
MEENAH: ummm yeah no idea what you said
MEENAH: guess someone who speaks your gibberish needs to ask

**** gray chest***

> Open

What's that sound? You listen closely to the chest. You hear something flapping around in there. This thing looks air tight. Whatever's in there might run out of ghost oxygen soon. Alas, this chest appears to have an extremely complicated lock. There's no way you can open it. You'll need to find someone who's handy with gadgets.

**** chest under the tree***

> Open

You got some FIDUSPAWN EGGS!!!
You can go use one of these on the HOST PLUSH back there! It honestly sounds like a childish waste of time, but little do you know that Fiduspawn's key demographic is your age group. You are the suckerfish. It's you.

**** return north-east, north to host***

> Use Fiduspawn egg on host plush. > Examine

Blech. What a disgusting, friendly mess. His sacrifice was not in vain though. He was brutally murdered from within, so that a new friend could be born.

#You hum the fiduspawn theme song while gently weeping.

**** visit newly hatched friend***

> Examine

What an utterly magnificent specimen. But if you train HORSAPONI hard enough, one day he may become HORSARONI. By which I mean, he will grow slightly bigger, and gain no measurable advantages in combat. You will however be required to feed him more.

> Take Horsaponi to Horuss.

**** duh, south-east***

> Give Horsaponi to Horuss.

HORUSS: 8=D < You did it! You brought me a fine, young stallion!
HORUSS: 8=D < What a beautiful gesture of friendship. I am so f*dging happy, you have no idea.
HORUSS: (;≧皿≦) < Wh**ps, so happy, I have become loose with foul language, and forgot I wasn't supposed to make that face anymore.
HORUSS: (;¬д¬) < You are of course free to be me whenever you wish, my lady.

Be Horuss?

> Yes

**** check in on friend***

> Examine

Dear, sweet, beautiful, dear, precious, sweet, sweet, dear, sweet HORSEAPONI.

#neigh

> Talk to Meenah.

MEENAH: hozak
MEENAH: serious question
HORUSS: (ノ♂益♂)ノ < Yes, my peerless, e%alted Eminency?
MEENAH: when did you decide you were a horse
KANKRI: *PHWEEEEEEEEEEEEEET!!!*
KANKRI: H9ld up there, Meenah. The questi9n y9u just asked was in fact a severe micr9aggressi9n against th9se wh9 are stricken with deeply plightened feelings 9f species dysph9ria. Y9ur questi9n was inn9cent en9ugh, s9 I'm n9t a69ut t9 g9 d9wn the peril9us r9ad 9f trigger shaming, 6ut Meenah, my g99dness, what y9u just said was catastr9phically triggering. P99r H9russ here will likely feel triggered f9r weeks 6ecause 9f y9ur th9ughtless questi9n. Hell, even I'm feeling a little triggered 6y it, and I'm n9t even under the impressi9n I'm a h9rse. I think every9ne within earsh9t was triggered 6y that. Y9u feel triggered, right H9russ?
HORUSS: (o皿o;) < Trigger sounds like a wonderful name for a hoofbeast.
KANKRI: See? T9tally triggered. N9w let's let the healing 6egin.
MEENAH: 38(
#so done
KANKRI: Meenah, his 6elief that he is actually a majestic h99f6east is n9t characterized 6y ch9ice. In fact, it is n9t even a 6elief. It is a FACT, which we must strive t9 respect as FACTUAL, in n9 small part due t9 his hyperimp9rtant feelings a69ut it. Tail9ring factual reality ar9und pe9ple's critical feelings is a c9rnerst9ne 9f Pr96lematics, and failure t9 d9 s9 can 9nly result in the release 9f devastating payl9ads 9f c9rrecti9nal w9rds depl9yed t9 educate, heal, and rhet9rically 9verwhelm.
KANKRI: When y9u asked "when did y9u decide y9u were a h9rse," y9u implied that he made a ch9ice t9 craft this feature 9f his identity, as 9pp9sed t9 listening carefully t9 the fauna within, heeding the call 9f the l9ng, gh9stly sn9ut his 69dy has tragically denied him, whilst feeling the su6tle tingling 9f his phant9m h9rsey p9steri9r.

HORUSS: 8=D < So true, friend. Your wisdom truly transcends your degenerate, mildly nauseating mutant b100d.
KANKRI: Thank y9u. N9w, y9u kn9w h9w I hate t9 derail c9nversati9ns, 6ut I think this 9ccasi9n calls f9r a th9r9ugh, unrelenting educati9n 9n the t9pic. And n9w I shall 6egin my crushing harangue 9n this delicate su6ject, as thusly:
*KANKRI: so much red text*
KANKRI: 6lah 6lah
HORUSS: Omg yes
MEENAH: sneak away

***north-west, north-east, to gray chest***

> Open

You got a PRICELESS WORK OF FINE ART!!!
You spend a few moments solemnly contemplating the artistic merits of the splendid classical sculpture.

***Horuss holds enormous blue artwork, pixels obscure an area to its right***

Wait, no...
Hang on, don't move. The pixelation is missing its mark...

***try again...***

Damn it! Still not quite right... ok, hold your horses.

***the pixels finally cover the artwork***

Perfect! Whew, crisis averted. That was a close call.
You very nearly caught a glimpse of a horse penis and began to cry.

***back to Damara***

> Talk to Damara.

HORUSS: 8=D < Oh, hello Damara. I heard you were having a mechanical issue with your chest over here. Mind if I take a 100k?
DAMARA: あなたは私の胸をいつでも表示することができます。[You can view my chest at any time.]
HORUSS: 8=D < I... think you said yes? Sorry, I really struggle with your coarse lowb100d accent.
DAMARA: 私のおっぱいの上にミルクを注いでください。[Please pour milk on top of my boobs.]
HORUSS: 8=D < I didn't quite understand that either. Something about milk? Served to you in a particular way?
HORUSS: 8=D < Yes, if you would like some milk, I can bring you some later. I'll just need to equip my steam powered deSTRENGTHening gloves so that I may hand you the glass without shattering it.
DAMARA: ない。手袋を着用しないでください。私はそれがラフ好きです。私の体を押しつぶす。馬男。[No. Please do not wear gloves. I like it rough. Crush my body. Horse man.]
HORUSS: 8=D < I really need to finish my universal translation device so we can have a more coherent conversation. It's just so difficult to get the circuitry to function correctly when one insists on relying on steam power.

DAMARA: あなたは、幽霊のような私の性器が性的クライマックスを持っていることを確認してください。あなたの幻の馬のペニスでそれを行う必要があります。[You, please make sure that my genitals ghostly have a sexual climax. You must do it with your phantom horse's penis.]

HORUSS: 8=D < You want me to bring your what to what e%actly with my what?

DAMARA: 私の裸の底にあなたの汗まみれの顔をこする。[Rub your sweaty face on the bottom of my naked.]

HORUSS: 8=D < Hmm. I...

HORUSS: 8=D < Sure?

DAMARA: 私はあなたのアジアの女子高生です。ズタズタに私の服を減らすことができます。あなたは私を喜ばせる必要があります。あなたのホーンを使用してください。[I'm your Asian schoolgirl. You can reduce my clothes to shreds. You need to please me. Please use your horn.]

HORUSS: 8=D < Do what with your schoolgirl uniform?

HORUSS: 8=D < I wouldn't want to do anything to ruin it. It's quite nice.

HORUSS: 8=D < But perhaps I could craft a robotic avatar for you, emulating your fashion choices. Actually, if I did that, I could install more sensible speech algorithms, so that I could understand you for a change.

DAMARA: 静かにしています。黙って私をファック。[Keep quiet. Fuck me in silence.]

HORUSS: 8=D < Um. *Cough.*

DAMARA: 私の体内に入る。または。私はあなたを破壊するだろう。[Go into my body. Or. I will destroy you.]

HORUSS: 8=D < Damara, forgive me if I'm leaping to conclusions, but has the nature of your cryptic remarks been leaning... well...

HORUSS: 8=D < A little b100?

DAMARA:

> Be Damara.

DAMARA: あなたは私になりたいですか？ [Do you want to be me?]

DAMARA: あなたは私にはできません。あなたは私を理解できない場合。[You can not be me. If you can not understand me.]

DAMARA: さらに。あなたは私にはできません。あなたは私を性交することができない場合。[In addition. You can not be me. If you can not fuck me.]

HORUSS: 8=D < Come again?

HORUSS: 8=D < I suppose Rufioh should ask. He's always been the only one who can parse your vulgar, peasant tongue.

**** gray chest***

> Open

You got RUFIOH'S LUSUS!!!

The poor little guy is gasping for breath. Who could have locked him in here? Who could be so cruel?

You glance at Damara suspiciously. She doesn't bother to look at you, and takes another drag.

**** return to Rufioh***

> Talk to Rufioh.

RUFIOH: hey man. oh, heh... st1ll mak1ng that face 1 see...

HORUSS: 8=D < Yes, I really enjoy making this face. It really helps

remind me through persistent facial discomfort that appearing to be happy should always be one's top priority.
HORUSS: 8=O < Why? You don't find it displeasing, do you?
RUFIOH: um... no... 1t's uh... yeah, 1t's alr1ght horuss. the look 1s really, uh... someth1ng else. wow.
HORUSS: 8=D < Really, I could stop making the face. Meenah recently ordered me to stop making it in her presence, and I of course instantly complied. I would just as readily do the same for someone as important to me as you.
RUFIOH: err... haha. that's cool... but yeah, that's f1ne. really 1 can d1g the look, 1 guess. just do whatever you're feel1ng w1th 1t... #except for maybe #po1nt1ng 1t at me so much...
HORUSS: 8=D < Rufioh, your affable malleability continues to be your finest quality. It is the jewel in your mohawk. A true diamond in the Ruf. You always were the ideal embodiment of your aspect, as pleasantly wayward and fickle as The Breeze itself.
RUFIOH: yeah... uh... thanks. 1 should probably try to work on that though...
HORUSS: 8=D < Of course. We always strive to hone our craft, ever pounding at the iron to make the shoe a perfect shape. I know well how much work it takes.
RUFIOH: no, 1 d1dn't mean, l1ke... be MORE l1ke that... 1 mean... uh, sorry to 1nterrupt... go ahead?
HORUSS: 8=D < My path was similarly governed by my aspect. For the longest time, I felt as if I was a blank sheet of paper. Like I had to make myself out of nothing.
HORUSS: 8=D < And so I began to listen closely to the void within myself and corral the various personal attributes I herd calling to me.
HORUSS: 8=D < Much like assembling a comple% machine, I began to piece together a STRONG identity, which of course included discovering a passion for mechani% itself.
HORUSS: 8=D < And needless to say, what also galloped out of the void in my soul was the realization that I am obviously a noble hoofbeast, though my physical appearance cruelly betrays this fact.
RUFIOH: hey, uh... horuss... 1 th1nk...
RUFIOH: we need to talk.
RUFIOH: 1 mean, when you get a m1nute...
HORUSS: 8=D < And in following sweeps I would keep turning my mechanically augmented, acute equine ear back to the abyss within, and continue to discover more about myself. I would learn that I was more complicated than I ever imagined. More complicated than any mortal mind could understand a person to be.
HORUSS: 8=D < Knowing myself to be hoofbeastkin was only grazing the surface of the pasture. Merely skimming the cream from the top of the milk. I was so much more.
RUFIOH: 1 th1nk maybe we should l1ke...
RUFIOH: uh... see other...
HORUSS: 8=D < It turns out my body was merely the host to a highly intricate system of entities of any sort you could name, biological or

mechanical, sentient or nonsentient, physical or metaphysical. My inner field of e%perience is shared by the souls of ancient legendary musclebeasts, a range of devices such as hivehold appliances, a number of cosmological features such as planets, star systems, even several universes, and a variety of abstract concepts which sentient beings have not yet formed the language to e%press.

RUFIOH: l1ke... don't get me wrong... we had some good t1mes together... 1t's been great really...

RUFIOH: but maybe 1t's t1me to uh... 1 dunno.

HORUSS: 8=D < But as much as I learned about myself, I could never find a way to become whole.

HORUSS: 8=D < The void was never filled until you came along, Rufioh.

RUFIOH: wow man. that's...

RUFIOH: wow.

HORUSS: 8=D < If there is any lesson I would like people to take from my story, it is a lesson that is a multiple system consisting of two distinct lessons.

HORUSS: 8=D < The first is how love heals all wounds, even ones consisting of the infinite essence of void permeating your entire e%istence and role as a legendary hero.

HORUSS: 8=D < The second is how if you are faced with any crisis of identity whatsoever, it's really important to do your best to manufacture esoteric features of your personality and believe in them very STRONGLY and tell people about those things as frequently as possible.

HORUSS: 8=D < I can assure you right now, the labor involved in smithing my personality into one that is interesting and complicated was rather intensive.

HORUSS: 8=D~~ < I really worked up a good sweat in the process.

HORUSS: 8=D~~~~ < (That is the sweat dripping from my face.)

RUFIOH: hey... yo... that...

RUFIOH: that's some freaky sh*t dog!

HORUSS: 8=D < Anyway, I apologize for talking so much. You know how you have a way of drawing the breath out of people.

HORUSS: 8=D < What were you trying to tell me?

RUFIOH: oh... yeah.

RUFIOH: uh...

RUFIOH: never m1nd.

> Give Rufioh his lusus.

RUFIOH: oh SH*T! you found h1m... thank you so much!!!

RUFIOH: 1 was so worr1ed... but now he's back, and so are my happy thoughts.

RUFIOH: got all k1nds of conf1dence now... heh, you wanna be me? my self esteem can totally accommodate that yo!!!

Be Rufioh?

> Yes > Talk to Horuss.

RUFIOH: yo yo, horuss my gangsta, how you feel?

RUFIOH: can 1 get a way gentle f1st bump from my boy? heh, yeah... just l1ke that... f*ck yes.

#actually that st1ll k1nda hurt...

RUFIOH: anyway 1've been mean1ng to talk to you about someth1ng... someth1ng uh... pretty 1mportant.
RUFIOH: about us and the future and all that... you got a m1nute?
RUFIOH: ok, cool. so... d*mn... where do 1 even start...
RUFIOH: you know we've had noth1ng but good t1mes together... 1t's been the bomb.
RUFIOH: well, maybe not everyth1ng... sh*t got d1cey at the start... w1th my crazy ex and... yeah. that's not the po1nt.
RUFIOH: remember the way you used to be... before you all started be1ng 1nterested 1n me... man you thought 1 sucked! haha, just another lowblood not worth your t1me.
RUFIOH: you were so p1ssed at people l1ke me and damara... so angry, damn. sh*t was scary... and damara... she used to be n1ce as can be... dunno what happened there. talk about a personal1ty sw1tch... for both of ya...
RUFIOH: but then for whatever reason... 1 guess you wanted to reach out to me? 1 mean... 1n secret, 1 know. you d1dn't want to be all shamed out of your h1ghbrow CIP club, 1 could always d1g that. 1 understood, you know?
RUFIOH: so you came to my woods... never told anybody... we hung out. that meant a lot to me. 1 want you to know that.
RUFIOH: people always had crazy 1deas about me. l1ke 1 was th1s brave adventure guy all up 1n th1s forest be1ng a bad*ss and sh*t. people l1ke... they always wanted to be w1th me, or... maybe even wanted to BE me? 1t was all k1nd of whack... even damara when we were go1ng out d1dn't really get me, 1 th1nk... she put me on th1s pedestal, 1 mean, back before she snapped.
RUFIOH: but you saw me for who 1 was. wh1ch was... not a perfect guy.
RUFIOH: l1ke, 1 wasn't really sure about myself, and you saw that... so you actually helped me.
RUFIOH: when we were 1n the woods together, you taught me to f1ght... taught me to fly... taught me to crow!
RUFIOH: well, not l1terally. 1 mean... 1 knew how to do those th1ngs. 1 knew techn1cally how to flap my w1ngs and fly through the a1r. 1 knew how to say "bangarang" all loud 1f 1 really wanted to... but that was the th1ng. 1 was scared! 1 was scared of fly1ng and fall1ng... 1 was scared of f1ght1ng and fa1l1ng... and 1 was scared of crow1ng and... sound1ng l1ke a f***1ng 1d1ot 1 guess! lol...
RUFIOH: but you helped me not be so scared, or self consc1ous maybe... you just helped me be myself. l1ke... to just be ok w1th not be1ng perfect, or l1v1ng up to whatever people th1nk 1 should be.
RUFIOH: maybe 1t's just nostalg1a... there was someth1ng better about those t1mes... just you and me ch1ll1ng 1n the woods. but then we entered the game.
RUFIOH: and for some reason... st1ll don't know why... damara just started go1ng a l1ttle more nuts every day... gett1ng more and more jealous when she knew we were hang1ng out...
RUFIOH: then she found out 1t was more than just hang1ng out... and 1 guess the rest was h1story.

RUFIOH: and yada yada... then we all d1ed... and we been together ever s1nce. all th1s t1me as ghosts...
RUFIOH: wh1ch 1s... a long t1me, you know?
RUFIOH: and 1'll always be grateful for what we had together... but... 1 guess people change.
RUFIOH: even as ghosts, they change, 1f you g1ve em long enough... they start want1ng d1fferent th1ngs...
RUFIOH: aw man! 1'm go1ng about th1s all wrong... say1ng way too much, but not what 1 want to say... sh*t, haha.
RUFIOH: 1 should just use the bravery you helped me understand 1 always had, and just say 1t...
RUFIOH: 1 th1nk we should break up.
RUFIOH: ...
#...
RUFIOH: uh...
RUFIOH: you ok, bro?
HORUSS: 8=D < Oh! I'm sorry, what did you say?
HORUSS: 8=D < My ear valves filled up with sweat, and I didn't catch most of that.
RUFIOH: ...
HORUSS: 8=D < Hey, why don't we participate in an enjoyable activity together later, as romantic afterlife partners? We could play one of those foreign card games you seem to like. What's that one called again? Fiddlespoon?
RUFIOH: um. yeah... we can do that... 1 guess. that sounds... uh... dope.
HORUSS: 8=D < I know I'm not the best partner to share your e%otic and somewhat childish interests with, but I do my best to try to understand them and enjoy them with you. The most important thing is that we spend time together, and maintain a STRONG relationship.
RUFIOH: ...
RUFIOH: bangarang.

**** return to Meenah***

> Talk to Meenah.

RUFIOH: d*mn... thank god 1 got my lusus back... dunno what 1'd do w1thout the l1ttle guy!
MEENAH: is he even uh
MEENAH: "reel"
MEENAH: ya know
MEENAH: like the ghost of your actual lusus or
RUFIOH: er... know what? not sure, doll!
RUFIOH: he could just be a memory f1gment or someth1ng l1ke that. or maybe he's really h1s ghost...
RUFIOH: when damara acc1dentally dropped a hunger trunk on h1m way back... crushed h1s l1ttle body... 1 always dreamed 1 m1ght meet up w1th h1m aga1n 1n the afterl1fe.
RUFIOH: so when 1 found h1m here... guess 1 d1dn't th1nk about 1t much? 1 was just happy to see h1m.
RUFIOH: he 1s my happy thought after all. 1 can't really br1ng myself to do much w1thout h1m... l1ke fly... f1ght... crow...

#you know... the bas1cs?
MEENAH: truth
RUFIOH: 1 remember when 1 was young... just a l1ttle runt out there try1ng to make 1t 1n the world... people would look at me funny cause my w1ngs were grow1ng 1n, and that really freaked people out yo!
RUFIOH: so 1 got way self consc1ous and d1dn't feel at home out there... w1th everybody eye1ng me up l1ke that...
RUFIOH: so one n1ght my lusus led me 1nto the woods...
RUFIOH: and 1 found th1s whole baller v1llage of f***ck1n tree houses and rope ladders and 1 was l1ke D*MN!
#shouted bangarang SO LOUD you don't even KNOW!
RUFIOH: that's when 1 became an off1c1al member of the lost weeaboos.
MEENAH: hey ok so...
MEENAH: can we not actually talk about the lost weeaboos
MEENAH: can that just be not a conversation we have
RUFIOH: uh...
MEENAH: ruf listen your storys cool but theres some junk thats just so silly i cant even try to abide
RUFIOH: yeah 1 guess... heh.
RUFIOH: but anyway, they were my boys... a better posse you couldn't hope to ch1ll w1th, k1ck the sh*t on troll an1me... all that.
MEENAH: aw fer glub sake
#no
RUFIOH: f1rst bumped 1nto damara out there... crazy t1mes!
RUFIOH: 1 th1nk those were format1ve sweeps for me... learned to love a lotta th1ngs 1 st1ll do to th1s day.
RUFIOH: between you and me... 1 m1ss the days 1 could just jam w1th her about troll an1me... but now... you know how 1t 1s...
MEENAH: ok why do you stinkin nerds insist on calling it troll anime
MEENAH: i gotta ask
MEENAH: dont you realize prefacing anything with 'troll' inside the context a troll culture is redundant as fuck
MEENAH: why dont you just call them cartoons
RUFIOH: yeah... 1 d1g that. never thought about that... huh.
#deep...
RUFIOH: 1t's ok, 1 get that the stuff 1 l1ke 1sn't for everyone.
RUFIOH: people say 1t's just for w1gglers... and 1 k1nd of assumed one day 1'd grow out of 1t, but guess 1 never d1d?
RUFIOH: then aga1n... we all d1ed... and now we really are all young forever...
RUFIOH: just l1ke the prophecy of the lost weeaboos sa1d...
RUFIOH: whoa spooky... 1 always thought that was a load of bs!!!
MEENAH: whoops you just said lost weeaboos again thus failing the conversation
MEENAH: in the immortal hand gestured words of the late great meulin leijon:
MEENAH: IM SO DON-E

**** and on to Damara***

> Talk to Damara.

RUFIOH: hey doll... don't suppose you had anyth1ng to do w1th the recent d1sappearance of my lusus, d1d you?
DAMARA: もちろんそんなことはない。あなたの告発は言語道断。 [Of course there is no such a thing. Your accusation is outrageous.]
RUFIOH: yeah... sure... l1ke 1 bel1eve that!
RUFIOH: l1ke 1'm not so on to your tr1cks by now...
DAMARA: 黙れ。そう。あなたはまだ彼と別れたのですか? [Silence. So. Are you broke up with him yet?]
RUFIOH: no... not yet...
RUFIOH: 1 tr1ed... but 1 just couldn't do 1t... 1t's hard, you know?
DAMARA: あなたは、どういう意味ですか。それは恋人があなたを裏切ったときに感じる? はい、私は知っている。[Are you mean? It feels when the lover has betrayed you? Yes I know.]
RUFIOH: d*mn... so cold, g1rl. why can't you let the past go?
RUFIOH: anyway... once 1 actually do get up the nerve to break 1t to h1m... don't be th1nk1ng th1s 1s your b1g chance w1th me!
RUFIOH: 1t's over between us for good... k1nda for obv1ous reasons... so just fr1ends, you d1g?
DAMARA: 右。我々が表示されます。[Right. We will see.]
RUFIOH: haha... yeah, 1 f1gured you'd be l1ke that.
RUFIOH: anyway, meenah k1nd of needs to keep go1ng through th1s bubble... 1 know you l1ke to make sh*t d1ff1cult for everyone all the t1me, but...
RUFIOH: you th1nk you could get r1d of that b1g *ss 1ceberg th1ng you dropped there?
DAMARA: いいえクソ方法。[No fucking way.]
RUFIOH: aw, come on... do 1t for me, damara?
DAMARA:罰金。しかし、あなたは私に借りがある。性的な接待。[Fine. But you owe me. Sexual favors.]
RUFIOH: hahahaha... wow... alr1ght uh... maybe? just go...

```
> Be Damara.
```

***east to the bubble***

```
> Remove quartz glacier
```

***east into new room...***

***east and north to closed door***

```
> Examine door
```

```
Wait... there's something different about this door. You think it
might be a real door! It's not someone's memory, like the rest of
this place is.
The meteor must be physically passing through the dream bubble
again. You'd love to get in here and snoop around somehow, but the
door is password protected. There's got to be someone around here
who knows the password...
```

***east to the rainbow drinkers***

```
> Eavesdrop.
```

PORRIM: Damara, do+ yo+u mind? We're having a private co+nversatio+n here.

DAMARA:
PORRIM: Please. Leave us alo+ne. We'll talk later, o+k?
KANAYA: ...
KANAYA: (shes making me slightly uncomfortable)
PORRIM: (that's her specialty. just igno+re her until she go+es away.)

**** back west, return to Rufioh***

> Talk to Rufioh.

RUFIOH: gotta be honest damara... 1 been feel1ng pretty bad...
DAMARA: なぜですか？ [Why is?]
RUFIOH: um... you can keep a secret, r1ght?
DAMARA: はい、もちろん。私はあなたの友達です。[Yes, of course. I am your friend.]
RUFIOH: yeah...
RUFIOH: 1t's horuss... and you know... been th1nk1ng about break1ng 1t off w1th h1m...
DAMARA: 何を壊す？ 彼のホーン？ [What you break? His horn?]
RUFIOH: hahaha! naw... that wouldn't do much good...
RUFIOH: 1 mean... 1 feel l1ke a chump for even th1nk1ng about 1t... he's been so cool...
RUFIOH: but d*mn! etern1ty 1s a long f***1ng t1me!!! 1 dunno 1f a relat1onsh1p should really last that long...
DAMARA: あなたのセックスライフはどうですか？ [How is your sex life?]
RUFIOH: whoa, uh... k1nda personal quest1on? anyway that's not 1t...
RUFIOH: 1 feel gu1lty for say1ng so... 1'm just not 1nto 1t... so many repet1t1ve dates over the m1llen1a... so much l1ke... talk1ng about l1vestock and b1g muscular an1mals and... 1 dunno. those aren't really my 1nterests...
RUFIOH: maybe we were never that compat1ble and 1 just never had the guts to say so?
DAMARA: RUFIOH 。私はあなたにこのことを告げた。毎日。永遠に。[RUFIOH. I told you this thing. Every day. Forever.]
RUFIOH: 1 know, 1 know... 1 d1dn't l1sten to you... 1 f1gured you were st1ll all mad and jealous!!!
DAMARA: 私は怒って嫉妬した。[I was jealous and angry.]
RUFIOH: r1ght... 1 just don't know what to do.
RUFIOH: he's great... but he's so cl1ngy! 1 don't know how he keeps that up after all th1s t1me... dude's got stam1na... 1'm just l1ke... romant1cally exhausted. you get me, doll?
DAMARA: はい。愛が私には死んでいる。ので、誰かがずっと前に、心臓を介して私を刺した。[Yes. Love is dead to me. So long ago, someone stabbed me through the heart.]
RUFIOH: heh, touche.
RUFIOH: but for real... 1 just don't want to hurt h1s feel1ngs...
DAMARA: あなたは私が彼を殺したいですか？ 再び？ [Do you want me to kill him? Again?]
RUFIOH: no!!! god, no... don't hurt anyone... let's not go there aga1n!
DAMARA: 私が彼を誘惑したいですか？ [I want to seduce him?]
RUFIOH: er... 1 guess 1f the two of you are l1ke... um. that's really between you and h1m? not sure he would go for that... anyway, 1 don't

th1nk that would actually help me...
DAMARA: 私は彼の魂を消費するために悪魔をもたらすでしょう。[I'll bring the devil to consume his soul.]
RUFIOH: man, no! 1 told you, please don't feed anyone's soul to ANYBODY!!!
RUFIOH: you've got to keep crazy talk l1ke that down, damara!
RUFIOH: 1f people knew some of the sh*t you sa1d... how you say crazy sh*t l1ke you want to serve h1m... f***!
RUFIOH: 1t wouldn't be cool... people would fl1p...
RUFIOH: h*ll, d1dn't you hear meenah was try1ng to ra1se an army to k1ll h1m?
RUFIOH: 1f she could hear some of the th1ngs you told me... sh*t... 1 can't ever let her f1nd out...
RUFIOH: 1f she knew, you'd both start f1ght1ng aga1n...
#}:(
DAMARA: あなたは必然だけを遅らせる。[You're only delaying the inevitable.]
DAMARA: 私たちの終了時間が近いです。[The end of our time is near.]

**** visit Horuss***

> Talk to Horuss.

DAMARA: これ以上のゲームはありません。馬男。今私をファック。[There are no more games. Horse man. Fuck me now.]
HORUSS: 8=D < E%cuse me?
DAMARA: HORSEAPONI またがっ私を曲げる。あなたは私がハードファック。HORSEY スタイル。[I bend across HORSEAPONI. You fuck me hard. HORSEY style.]
HORUSS: 8=D < Oh! I see you've taken an interest in this fine, albeit diminutive steed given to me as a gift earlier.
HORUSS: 8=D < Isn't it wonderful? I shall feed it many an apple and it will grow to be STRONG.
DAMARA: 私にリンゴを養う。その後、私の髪をつかむ。あなたはチャンピオンのように私に乗るだろう。[Feed me apple. Then, grab my hair. You will ride me like a champ.]
HORUSS: 8=D < I don't... do what with your horns? Ride what, now?
DAMARA: のバケツを埋めることができます。その後、内容がスプラッシュ。私の体の上にすべての。次に干し草の山に私を投げる。[You can fill the bucket. Then, the contents of the splash. All over my body. Then throw me in a pile of hay.]
HORUSS: 8=D < You want me to... something about... hay? Hm.
DAMARA: 私はあなたのホーンを吸うことができます。同時に、あなたは私のお尻を平手打ち。リズミカルにそれを行う。また。いななく。[I can suck your horn. At the same time, you slap my ass. Do it rhythmically. Also. Neigh.]
HORUSS: 8=D < You would like me to perform... what rhythmic behavior, e%actly? While making which animal noise?
DAMARA: 私のすべての反復をファック。性的エクスタシーを体験する私たちのすべてを引き起こす。私たちは一斉にオーガズムましょう。[Fuck my all iterations. Cause all of us to experience sexual ecstasy. We try to orgasm in unison.]
HORUSS: 8=D < Do what with... wait... all of you? Wouldn't that be quite a lot of Damaras, regardless of the activity you are trying to describe?
DAMARA: 清潔なタオルで私を包んでください。私は農場の動物のようにうめき声をしなければならない。[Please wrap me with a clean towel. I must moan like farm animals.]

DAMARA: 私の足の間に腹立たしそうに鼻を鳴らす。私は殺された子羊のように悲鳴を上げるでしょう。[Snort angrily between my legs. I would scream like a lamb that was killed.]
DAMARA: 私たちは一緒に私たちのお尻を持ってみましょう。共通のオーガズムに参加。すべての終わりでは、私たちを取り囲んでいる。[Let us have our ass together. Participate in the common orgasm. At the end of all that surrounds us.]
HORUSS: 8=D < Trying to decode your speech is quite agitating, you know.
HORUSS: 8=D < Whenever I talk to you, my system gets a little switchy.
HORUSS: 8=D < I begin to faintly channel an ancient soul from Alterniasia, and I come very close to understanding you. But then it vanishes just as quickly, and my host vessel is left with nothing but an overwhelming e%perience of perspiration.
HORUSS: 8=D < Not that I would e%pect a lowly rust b100ded singleton like you to understand.
DAMARA: もっと私を低下させる。私はほとんどそこにいる。[Degrade me more. I'm almost there.]
DAMARA: フリーク。[Freak.]

**** go to where Mituna is***

> It's Mituna!

LATULA: h3y d4mz!!!!
LATULA: 1f you go 4nywh3r3 n34r h1m, 1 w1ll fuck1ng k1ll you!

**** and finally to Meenah***

> Talk to Meenah.

DAMARA: あなたは時間の領主に挑戦します。[You challenge the lord of time.]
DAMARA: あなたの哀れな軍隊は失敗しなければならない。[Your pathetic army must fail.]
DAMARA: 彼はあなたの幽霊を食べるようになる。彼は現実そのものを消費するからである。[He will eat your ghost. For he consumes reality itself.]
MEENAH: i think...
MEENAH: it sounded like...
MEENAH: youre tryin to wish me luck in my upcoming battle?
MEENAH: hey thanks megido
MEENAH: maybe i had you all wrong
DAMARA: ない。あなたはそうしなかった。[No. You did not.]
MEENAH: aw ive probably been a bitch to you for no reason
MEENAH: lets forget all that shit ever happened
MEENAH: hey how about a hug
MEENAH: whoa watch where youre puttin that hand!!!
DAMARA: 私は何も後悔はありません。[I do not regret anything.]
MEENAH: apology accepted
MEENAH: hey you get around to moving that huge quartz glacier yet
MEENAH: kind of in a hurry here

> Be Meenah.

**** go back around and west passed where the glacier was***

**** there's a chest***

> Open.

You got an EAST BEFORAN SCROLL!

It is covered in mysterious runes. If only there were some way for laypersons to translate this absurd gibberish.

#tinyurl.com/damaramegido

**** west to the rainbow drinkers...***

> Listen in on conversation.

PORRIM: Ah, seems we have co+mpany. Guess we sho+uld wrap this up!
PORRIM: I'm very happy yo+u came to+ see me. I ho+pe yo+u'll bear in mind what I said.
KANAYA: Yes I Surely Will
KANAYA: And Im Happy Too
KANAYA: About
KANAYA: Yes
PORRIM: Yo+u have impo+rtant wo+rk ahead o+f yo+u. The legacy o+f o+ur race is in yo+ur hands.
PORRIM: I kno+w yo+u will make me pro+ud.
KANAYA: Okay Thank You

> Ask Kanaya for password.

MEENAH: aw snapperfish its popo merrygams and maryam lookalike kid
MEENAH: water you ladies glubbin about over here
KANAYA: Nothing I Was Just Leaving
MEENAH: oh yeah where to
MEENAH: back into your meteor right cause thats where im headed
MEENAH: cant get through the door tho
MEENAH: can i get your password
KANAYA: Pardon Me
KANAYA: No
MEENAH: come on
PORRIM: Meenah, what are yo+u do+ing? Do+n't hassle her fo+r private info+rmatio+n. It's rude.
MEENAH: COM-E OOOOON
MEENAH: im being nice about it
KANAYA: Are You Actually
MEENAH: im fuckin smiling aint i???
KANAYA: Well I Was Going In There Anyway
KANAYA: I Wont Give You My Password But You Can Follow Me I Guess
KANAYA: But You Can Only Remain As Long As Im Escorting You
MEENAH: da fuck
MEENAH: why
KANAYA: Because I Dont Trust You
MEENAH: aw man
MEENAH: but im cool
MEENAH: you should wise the fuck up and start thinking im cool
KANAYA: Youre Right With A Sales Pitch Like That I Would Have To Be An Imbecile Not To Crave Your Company
#Human Sarcasm
MEENAH: what you got against me maryam clone
KANAYA: I Think Youre Probably A Sociopath
KANAYA: Ive Given Enough Of My Time To Such Characters In The Past

MEENAH: you got me all wrong girl
MEENAH: what i gotta do to make you my frond maryam the sequel
KANAYA: My Name Is Kanaya!
MEENAH: aight aight kanaya it is
MEENAH: some day ill come up with a good fish pun way of saying that
MEENAH: thats how you know our shit will be TIG)(T
KANAYA:
MEENAH: just lead the way ill be well behaved and win you over
MEENAH: YOULL S-EA

Be Kanaya?

> Yes > Talk to Porrim

PORRIM: Let's stay in to+uch, Kanaya. Co+me lo+o+king fo+r me in yo+ur dreams any time yo+u like.
PORRIM: And be sure no+t to+ let that o+ne to+o+ far o+ut o+f yo+ur sight.
MEENAH: scrod dammit
MEENAH: kids got no respect for royalty these days and i about haddock up to here
PORRIM: Please. Yo+u aren't even mad. Yo+u just wanted an excuse to+ use mo+re fish puns.
MEENAH: merrygams stop bein such an astute judge a character

**** to the door***

> Enter password.

**** north to a new room...***

**** north up the steps, north through the little room, chest***

> Open

You got a CAN OF EARTH TAB!
The mayor had a couple of these stowed in his rags for safe keeping. He has decided to store them in chests now, which unbeknownst to him are the opposite of safe keeping.
You crack it open and chug it. You are overwhelmed by the intense rush of sugar. This high will surely last for hours.

TaB a product of the Coca Cola Company

Nutrition Facts

Serving Size 1 can Amount Per Serving **Calories** : 0 Calories from Fat 0 % Daily Values* **Total Fat** 0g 0% Saturated Fat 0g 0% **Cholesterol** 0mg 0% **Sodium** 40mg 2% **Total Carbohydrate** 0g 0% Dietary Fiber 0g 0% Sugars 0g

**Total Carbohydrate** 0g 0% Dietary Fiber 0g 0% Sugars 0g

Sugars 0g

**** west, and north into another room...***

> Examine snoozing Karkat.

MEENAH: !!!!!

Hey, it's your newly recruited Grand Threshecutioner! Looks like he hasn't woken up from the same nap he was having last time you talked to him. The guy must have been really tired.

Why's he sleeping in this massive pile of horns? That can't be too comfortable. Maybe you should wake him up. Then as long as he's awake, might as well see if he's ready to pack his bags and head off to war.

Hold on. Maryam is eying you suspiciously. She isn't on to your plan, is she? How could she know? This girl is really cramping your style. You'd try to shake her loose, but as a rainbow drinker she seems to have an absolutely insane fastness attribute.

KANAYA: Whatever Youre Thinking Dont Even Try It

MEENAH: what!!!

MEENAH: wasnt thinkin nofin

KANAYA: Lets Keep Moving

**** back south, round to west, up steps north-east to chest***

> Open.

You got a BOONBUCK!

Ok, you can't even pretend to be excited about this. You get the feeling that whoever was stocking these chests just started running out of treasure assets.

You put the phoned-in item back in the chest. But a little later, Meenah sneaks back over here, takes the boonbuck, and stashes it in her nautically themed, hot pink clam shell shaped purse, which we have never seen her rendered with, but is totally is something that exists in the most canonical way possible. There, now you know.

**** back west, south, round to another chest***

> Open.

EEEUUUGHH MORE TROLL BLOOD, WHY???

As you prepare to lob it into the dark shaft below, you catch a whiff of it. Hold on... it smells... fruity?

You guess it was a false alarm. This appears to be some form of delicious juice. Your bad.

**** round south, east, north up purple carpet to rug area, there's a chest below steps in north east***

> Open.

You got an EMPTY BOTTLE!

You guess... you'll just kinda...

Put it over there with the other bottles.

#boring treasure

**** up steps and round to east, another chest***

> Open.

You got a...

Hey what even is this thing?

Whatever it is, you got it.

**** back down steps to the rug rats***

> Talk to Rose

ROSE: What happened!
KANAYA: What
ROSE: You're not glowing anymore!
KANAYA: Oh Right
KANAYA: I Became So Absorbed In A Conversation With My Ancestor I Already Forgot She Taught Me How To
KANAYA: Switch Off
ROSE: Oh, so you did go talk to her?
KANAYA: Yes
ROSE: That's great! How did it go?
KANAYA: Very Well
KANAYA: She Is Very Nice And As A Person Is As Impressive As I Was Imagining Her To Be
KANAYA: But Not Nearly As Intimidating Really
ROSE: I knew you wouldn't regret it if you got up the nerve to talk to her.
ROSE: What did she say, besides a few vampire-to-vampire skin-dimming pointers?
KANAYA: Many Things
KANAYA: Primarily Encouraging Me To Pursue My Prior Obligation To My People
ROSE: Oh?
KANAYA: She Said She Used To Eschew Her Role Rather Vehemently
KANAYA: The Duties Of Our Caste Were Quite Limiting In Both Worlds It Seems
KANAYA: So She Renounced Them Completely And Wanted A Different Life
KANAYA: But She Also Said Something To The Effect That
KANAYA: She Found That It Wasnt Really Necessary To Reject That Role Completely
KANAYA: And The Same Is True For Me
KANAYA: As Long As I Know Within That I Am Free
KANAYA: And If My Decision Is To Embrace My Path Then It Can Be A Source Of Strength
ROSE: Then you want to try to restore your race again?
ROSE: I had begun to think you'd lost hope in that possibility.
KANAYA: Its True Theres No Orb Anymore
KANAYA: She Said It May Be Very Difficult
KANAYA: But Theres No Hope If I Dont Try
ROSE: That's true.
KANAYA: I Dont Know How Im Going To Do It Yet
KANAYA: But Such Is The Nature Of Adventures
KANAYA: You Cant Be Scared Of Adventures

KANAYA: I Think Im Excited About It Now
ROSE: I can tell.
ROSE: We can work on it together when we arrive. Maybe the session we're about to explore will offer some answers.
KANAYA: I Hope So
ROSE: Hey,
ROSE: You aren't permanently de-glowed now, are you?
KANAYA: Oh No I Can Flip It Back On
KANAYA: See
KANAYA: Turns Out Its Just
KANAYA: A Silly Biological Parlor Trick
ROSE: Oh, good. You had me worried there for a moment.
KANAYA: Sorry
KANAYA: I Know How You Enjoy A Good Source Of Light
ROSE: Light is one of my favorite things.
ROSE: Please don't take these as fighting words, but my aspect is simply the best there is.

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> Talk to Dave.
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DAVE: sup
DAVE: wait whats going on
DAVE: is the meteor passing through another dream bubble
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: Hence The Ghost Who Is Following Me
DAVE: oh
DAVE: hey
MEENAH:
DAVE: what you dont talk now?
DAVE: you were pretty spunky before what happened
KANAYA: She Is Exhibiting Her Best Behavior While On This Tour
KANAYA: Shes Actually Doing Very Well So Far
DAVE: ok whatever
DAVE: so what are we just not even bothering to care anymore when we pass through dream bubbles now
DAVE: like no warning or alert or getting into our facetious battle stations or anything
DAVE: eh who cares actually
DAVE: i probably wont even leave the room this time
DAVE: getting a little bored of ghosts actually
DAVE: no offense sea troll
MEENAH: (hornless dirtscraper)
KANAYA: Shh!
MEENAH: 38(
KANAYA: So What Were You Just Mumbling Over Here Before I Interrupted You
DAVE: oh just some raps
DAVE: been working on my raps
DAVE: youve heard my raps right
DAVE: want to hear some raps
KANAYA: ...

DAVE: wait do you know what rap is
DAVE: its this fly human tradition where you drop a beat and talk hard
DAVE: if the flow checks out and your rhymes are dope enough then the police start unholstering their guns
DAVE: they cant help it its like reflexive
DAVE: thats how you know youre doing it right
KANAYA: I Know What Your Raps Are Theyre Basically The Same As The Ancient Artform Of Alternian Slam Poetry
KANAYA: But More Primitive And Generally Involving Less Lyrics About Towering Muscular Livestock
DAVE: slam poetry
DAVE: why didnt you tell me about this
KANAYA: I Dont Know I Dont Really Have Much Interest In The Subject
DAVE: yeah but
DAVE: it should have come up
DAVE: wait now that i think about it
DAVE: i remember some weird troll was rapping at me once
KANAYA: Well There You Go
DAVE: but i mean we could have been talking about rap all this time
DAVE: you and me i mean
DAVE: it would have come up i think if we talked more
DAVE: kanaya we should talk more we dont really talk enough
DAVE: like really just
DAVE: get down to fucking business
DAVE: just the two of us
DAVE: all conversationally and such
KANAYA: Um
DAVE: really like
DAVE: flesh out this dynamic
DAVE: see whats THERE
DAVE: we goddamn WILL squeeze blood from this stone
DAVE: this awkwardly quiet ghost troll as my witness
KANAYA: If You Are Successful In Extracting Blood From The Geological Material In Question Can I Have It
DAVE: aw man
DAVE: kinda semi self deprecating vampire jokes this is a good start i like it
KANAYA: I Dont Know How Sincere Youre Being Dave
KANAYA: Probably Only Somewhat Since The Rule Is That Everything Has To Be At Least Partially A Joke Right
DAVE: yes exactly
KANAYA: But If You Actually Want To Converse And Exchange Views On Our Respective Cultures Then Okay I Guess Thats Fine
KANAYA: I Might Be Able To Dig Up Some Classic Texts By Some Famous Slam Poets
DAVE: oh man yes
DAVE: that would be so fucking perfect
KANAYA: Ok I Will See What I Can Do
DAVE: youll have to read the troll gibberish to me

DAVE: itll be just like storytime with karkat
DAVE: kanaya edition
KANAYA: Heh Sure
DAVE: but youll have to rap the words
KANAYA: Oh
DAVE: pump up the bass and slaughter the mic
DAVE: i want to goddamn FEEL that slam poetry
KANAYA: Is It Too Late To Back Out Of This
MEENAH: yes

> Be Dave.

**** go back to the horn pile room***

> Examine snoozing Karkat.

So many horns. You've always wondered what the elusive juggalo troll even needs with so many horns? You think he may have some sort of problem. Also what is with trolls and their weird tendency to be found sleeping in horn piles? You can't even imagine a less comfortable place to nap. There are some things you will never understand.

> Talk to Karkat.

KARKAT: OK, THIS IS JUST FUCKING STUPID NOW.
DAVE: what
KARKAT: I'M ASLEEP, BUT I GUESS THE METEOR IS PHYSICALLY PASSING THROUGH THE BUBBLE I'M DREAMING IN?
KARKAT: AND NOW MY "DREAM PHANTOM", OR WHATEVER THE FUCK YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO CALL THIS VERSION OF YOURSELF, IS ACTUALLY IN THE SAME PHYSICAL LOCATION AS MY SLEEPING BODY.
KARKAT: I'VE JUST BEEN STANDING HERE WATCHING MYSELF SLEEP ON THE HORN PILE. IT'S OFFICIAL. WE'VE BREACHED A CRITICAL THRESHOLD OF BULGE NUMBING IDIOCY.
DAVE: huh
KARKAT: WHAT DO WE EVEN CALL THIS DREAMING INSTANCE OF OURSELVES? IT CAN'T BE "DREAM SELF" BECAUSE THAT'S ALREADY A THING. AS IN THE VERSION OF YOURSELF ON DERSE OR PROSPIT.
KARKAT: BUT THAT WAS MORE LIKE A PHYSICAL, REAL SELF, THAT JUST HAPPENED TO SERVE AS A BACKUP LIFE. THIS IS SOMETHING TOTALLY DIFFERENT, LIKE A WEIRD HOLOGRAM.
KARKAT: HEY, AM I TANGIBLE TO YOU?
DAVE: uh
KARKAT: TOUCH ME.
DAVE: what
KARKAT: JUST GIVE ME A LITTLE POKE.
DAVE: no
KARKAT: DON'T BE LIKE THAT, JUST MAN UP AND TOUCH ME. MAYBE JUST BRUSH MY CHEEK GENTLY WITH THE BACK OF YOUR HAND. SOMETHING UNAMBIGUOUSLY PLATONIC LIKE THAT.
DAVE: no fuck you
DAVE: im not caressing your dream hologram
KARKAT: YOU HAVE A REALLY TRAGICALLY UNDER-INQUISITIVE MIND,

DAVE. THIS IS FOR SCIENCE. IF SCIENCE WAS UP TO YOU, HUMANITY NEVER WOULD HAVE COME ANYWHERE CLOSE TO RISING TO THE LEVEL OF PATHETIC INFERIORITY IT WAS BARELY ABLE TO ACHIEVE AS IT WAS.
DAVE: you look really tired man
DAVE: your sleep phantom should curl up with your napping meat torso in the horn pile and try to score some shuteye
KARKAT: YEAH, WELL MAYBE I'LL DO JUST THAT, ASSHOLE!
DAVE: ok
DAVE: hop to it
KARKAT: NO. NOT WHILE YOU'RE WATCHING.
DAVE: man
DAVE: our conversations can be so embarrassing
DAVE: im so glad we manage to have most of them in private
KARKAT: YEAH
KARKAT: ME TOO

**** return to the rug room***

> Talk to Kanaya.

DAVE: (you shattered the ring but theres more cracks in your rap)
DAVE: (ima top off your glass cause devastations on tap)
DAVE: (wait no)
DAVE: (your act couldnt suck more dick with a puppet in your lap)
DAVE: (what)
DAVE: (puppet... man where that come from)
DAVE: (you shattered the ring but theres more cracks in your rap)
DAVE: (your flows like warm milk that goes good with a nap)
DAVE: (haha yes)
DAVE: (shit lets be rails ill be the shoosh to your pap)
DAVE: (wait that makes no fuckin sense)
DAVE: (naw ill stick with the milk one)
DAVE: (yall claimin to be the lord of time)
DAVE: (all ya makin me feel is bored with your rhymes)
DAVE: (thats ok i guess)
DAVE: (still feel like i should work puppets into this)
DAVE: (no idea why)
DAVE: (what rhymes with puppets)
DAVE: (uh)
DAVE: (smuppets)
DAVE: (dave no thats the same fuckin thing)
DAVE: (muppets)
DAVE: (what the fuck)
DAVE: (the only thing that rhymes with puppets is different kinds of puppets!!!)
KANAYA: ...
DAVE: whoa
DAVE: hey uh
DAVE: how much of that did you hear
KANAYA: By The Tenor Of The Question Ill Assume More Than You Would Prefer
DAVE: all that shit was a work in progress

DAVE: aint fit for hype yet
DAVE: why you gotta be eavesdroppin
KANAYA: I Wasnt
KANAYA: I Was Just Standing Here And You Slowly Wandered Over In A Totally Oblivious Stupor
KANAYA: You Were Mumbling Your Rhymes And Walked Right Up To Me And Did Not Notice Me Until Now
DAVE: shit
DAVE: was i
DAVE: sorry i guess i just got caught up in my raps
MEENAH: do more!
DAVE: what
DAVE: no
DAVE: i cant those rhymes are still too rough around the edges
MEENAH: come on
DAVE: no itll suck
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: i could freestyle a bit i guess
DAVE: i dont know if i got a live performance in me now
DAVE: maybe it could work if someone dropped a beat
DAVE: need a good beat i could probably kill it with a fly beat
MEENAH: aheh hem...
MEENAH: dum dum PS)( ba dum dum PS)(
#no wait wait...
MEENAH: chum chum FIS)( ba chum chum FIS)(
DAVE: awwwww yeah
DAVE: that fish beat is the shizzle
DAVE: thats what i am TALKING about
DAVE: alright settle down motherfuckers here we go
KANAYA: They Then Proceeded To Have One Of The Most Ambiguously Rated Rap Offs In The History Of Paradox Space While I Stood By And Regarded It Neutrally

```
> Talk to Rose.
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DAVE: rose quit all the clanking around over here i cant concentrate on my raps
DAVE: what in the sweet religious name of jesus h dick are you doing with all these bottles
ROSE: Just a little alchemy.
DAVE: alchemy
DAVE: what kind of shitty thing are you alchemizing with this crap
DAVE: are you alchemizing bottles with other bottles to make like
DAVE: superbottles
#rose_ebottles
ROSE: No. Believe it or not, I'm actually focused the contents of the bottles.
DAVE: youre a pretty good hike from the alchemiters
ROSE: The alchemy I'm practicing is a little more old fashioned.
ROSE: You know, there was a time on Earth when alchemy didn't refer to a process whereby a large device used game constructs to materialize

some idealized version of an object out of thin air.
ROSE: Alchemists used to experiment with various substances to transmute them into something more valuable.
ROSE: Its more pedestrian and scientifically credible cousin would be chemistry, which I guess is the technical term for mixing shit together.
ROSE: Which strictly speaking more accurately describes what I'm doing.
DAVE: so what your doing science now
DAVE: who do you think you are your mom
DAVE: wait that sounded like lame burn again
DAVE: every time i talk about your mom it sounds like a burn
DAVE: who do you think you are my mom
DAVE: wait scratch that
DAVE: every time we start talking about her as my mom things just start snowballing down our dumb conversational ski slope and suddenly sigmund freud and king oedipus start banging each others hot moms at some kind of depraved sexy momswap party
ROSE: Thanks for the imagery. It was almost as graphic as it made no sense.
DAVE: so what are you making
ROSE: Beverages.
DAVE: beverages what kind of beverages
ROSE: Tasty beverages, I hope.
DAVE: apple juice???
DAVE: please let it be aj please let it be aj please let it be aj
ROSE: I'll see what I can do.
DAVE: omg
DAVE: omg
#omg
DAVE: fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck yes

> Be Rose.

**** visit the hornpile room***

> Examine snoozing Karkat.

"ZZZZZZZZZZZZZ," Karkat said from atop the towering heap of hilarious clown accessories.

> Talk to Gamzee.

ROSE: You better not let Kanaya find you in here.
ROSE: She still hates you, you know.
ROSE: And not in "that way." I think she still truly would like to kill you.
GAMZEE: yeah, i all up and motherfuckin know that already.
ROSE: I've wondered, doesn't it ever get confusing? Trying to differentiate between platonic, malicious intent, and gestures of black romance?
GAMZEE: NO.
GAMZEE: like i'd even give a dayglow chainsaw bitch like that on my time of day up in any quadrant.
GAMZEE: BESIDES, ALREADY GOT MY BLACK ROM ON WITH ANOTHER MOTHERFUCKER.
GAMZEE: been dating somebody in the motherfuckin shadows. getting pretty nasty between us. all experiencing the shit out of the dark miracle

called hatebliss.
ROSE: Wait, really?
ROSE: Who?
GAMZEE: :o)
ROSE: Karkat?
GAMZEE: no.
ROSE: Dave??
GAMZEE: NO.
ROSE: Not... the Mayor???
GAMZEE: no.
ROSE: Wait...
ROSE: Terezi?
GAMZEE: HONK.
ROSE: Are you serious?
GAMZEE: do i mother fucking look like i'd motherfuckin joke around with a mother fucker?
ROSE: I...
ROSE: I can't even parse that relationship as something meaningful.
ROSE: What...
GAMZEE: IT'S SIMPLE.
GAMZEE: mother fucker.
GAMZEE: SHE ALL GETS ON HER HATE OF ME QUITE UNDERSTANDABLY, SEEING AS TO WHAT A VILE PIECE OF CLOWN ASS TRASH I'M ALL IS.
GAMZEE: but doesn't quite hate me enough to want to kill me. :o)
ROSE: This is a really startling revelation, I must say.
ROSE: It's a game changer.
GAMZEE: HEY.
GAMZEE: please don't all tell at this noise to anyone.
GAMZEE: IF KARKAT MOTHER FUCKIN KNEW ON THIS...
GAMZEE: he actually would want to kill me. :o(
ROSE: Yes, I can see the dilemma you're in.
ROSE: Your social dynamics really begin to get complicated once your quadrants start to fill up, don't they?
GAMZEE: MOTHER FUCK YEAH THEY MOTHER FUCKING DO.
ROSE: Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me.
ROSE: Now shoo. Back into the ventilation system with you, before you're spotted.

**** return to the rugs***

> Talk to Dave.

DAVE: whats up with the fish punk troll following kanaya around
ROSE: Seems she's passing through. Kanaya doesn't want her to cause trouble.
DAVE: cause trouble
DAVE: what the fuck could she even do here
DAVE: like kick over an old pile of garbage and cause the property value to fall even lower than jack shit
DAVE: i say let her go nuts
ROSE: Feel free to take it up with Kanaya.
ROSE: But if you authorize her to flip a bitch, just make sure she's

nowhere near my chemistry table.
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: cant be droppin your vials and shit all over the floor
DAVE: the only one whos got clearance to drop science is me
ROSE: Dork.
DAVE: dont even hate
DAVE: been shoring up my muthafuckin CRAFT over here
ROSE: I know. I've been in the same room, right over there, listening to you mumble lyrics to yourself for the last couple hours.
DAVE: rose you know what sucks
ROSE: Yes.
ROSE: To which sucky thing are you referring?
DAVE: it kinda just occurred to me
DAVE: while i was spitting ill verse to no end
DAVE: i got this weird feeling that i might be getting like
DAVE: a little dated?
ROSE: Is this about Terezi?
DAVE: what
DAVE: no no
DAVE: dont be disingenuous word girl you know what im saying
DAVE: i mean sorta passe
DAVE: like a lumbering pop reference dinosaur
DAVE: remember we are both kind of stuck in 2009
DAVE: so im like popculturally frozen in that period
DAVE: all my references feel like they might be getting a little stale
DAVE: even though the earth ended and all and there was no culture after that point anyway
DAVE: but still
DAVE: i can feel it
DAVE: like in my bones
DAVE: i just know on some hypothetical earth that kept going my shit is starting to get so lame
DAVE: and i know it doesnt matter because its just us here so who cares
DAVE: but i care
DAVE: its a matter of integrity i am a fucking artist
DAVE: like i think if i make one more rap about like some fucking dane cook movie from 2008 to piss karkat off or some tired bullshit like that im going to
DAVE: i dont know
DAVE: ill just start feeling like a fraud
DAVE: my game might be drying up rose
DAVE: but its not my fault like im totally hostage to this freezedried backlog of cultural garbage that can never move forward again
DAVE: so i have to pick through it like im looting a fucking tomb while still all tryin to act RAP SASSY
DAVE: like YEAH take THAT motherfuckers
DAVE: OF THE PAST
DAVE: all in your mass graves somewhere in a dead frogiverse
DAVE: i be representing some god damn STANDARDS about your media

do you feel me
DAVE: im depressing myself here
DAVE: all im saying is it would be cool to have some fresh shit to work with
DAVE: like just to know
DAVE: to know what the world would be like in the year it would be for us now
DAVE: which would be 2011 i guess
DAVE: wow 2011 really
DAVE: damn
DAVE: i just want to know what would have happened
DAVE: theres so much shit we were primed for
DAVE: it was gonna be exciting
DAVE: like barack obama just turned president remember that
DAVE: we never got to see if he fixed the economy
DAVE: remember how you were dying to see if he would fix the economy you were asking me about it every damn day
DAVE: just joking nobody gave a shit about that
DAVE: but like
DAVE: i never got to check out the next batch of stiller jams and see how bad i could mock them
DAVE: we never got to find out how the midnight crew adventure ended
DAVE: if ever
DAVE: rose
DAVE: ROSE??
DAVE: what the fuck man
DAVE: whyd you go back to your bottles and shit i was right in the thick of hella elocution
DAVE: dont give me that
DAVE: yes
DAVE: uh yeah
DAVE: yes i do ACTUALLY want you to come back over here
DAVE: im waiting
ROSE: Fine. Here I am.
DAVE: wow was that so hard
DAVE: this is what civilized people do rose they fucking talk to each other like actually in each others fucking vicinities
ROSE: You just have a tendency to go on for a while. I assumed we progressed to the traditional mumbling monologue stage of Striderian discourse.
DAVE: no thats not even a thing
DAVE: i was actually like
DAVE: trying to get your take
ROSE: Take on what.
DAVE: i dont even know
DAVE: i bet john would have stuff to say
DAVE: hes probably going through the same frozen fucking caveman from 2009 syndrome as me
DAVE: actually what am i saying the dude is a caveman from 1997

DAVE: hahaha like he could give a shit as long as hes got his cage dvds
ROSE: Oh! I saw him the other night.
DAVE: what
ROSE: In a dream. It was very brief, only a few minutes. I waved to him and then woke up.
DAVE: whoa what was he doing
ROSE: He was fighting Jack. Actually, he was doing quite well!
DAVE: oh man
DAVE: you have to tell me all about this
ROSE: I will. Later, though. I'd like to get back to work.
DAVE: ok when
DAVE: tonight?
ROSE: I have plans tonight. How about tomorrow.
DAVE: plans
DAVE: what plans
ROSE: Just some plans.
DAVE: can i come
ROSE: No!
DAVE: fuck fine
DAVE: tomorrow then
DAVE: maybe ill just dream up my own john tonight and well have an awesome time without you what do you think about that
ROSE: ...
DAVE: fu

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> Talk to Kanaya.
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ROSE: Not to harp on the issue, but,
ROSE: Now that you can switch on and off, so to speak, how often do you think you'll resort to phosphorescence?
KANAYA: I Dont Know
KANAYA: What Do You Think
ROSE: Well, which state is more comfortable?
KANAYA: I Could Go Either Way
KANAYA: Ill Probably Switch On If Im Walking Through A Dark Corridor
KANAYA: Now That I Think About It
KANAYA: Its Been A Long Time Since I Could Even Be In The Dark
KANAYA: Maybe Ill Leave It Off For A While And Refamiliarize Myself With The Experience Of Nonillumination
ROSE: Makes sense.
ROSE: Was this a biological feature common to other trolls?
KANAYA: Um
ROSE: I'm sorry. I'm really pestering you about this, aren't I?
ROSE: We've never talked about it. I guess I was trying to be polite, but I've been really curious about it.
KANAYA: No Thats Ok
KANAYA: Im Told Its A Trait Confined To Those Of My Caste
KANAYA: They Tended To Spend A Lot Of Time In The Brooding Caverns Where A Convenient Source Of Light Was Often Handy
KANAYA: That Part Of It Makes Sense To Me But I Have No Idea What The Evolutionary Purpose Was For The Sort Of Thirst Which Accompanies This

Perk
KANAYA: Strikes Me As An Odd Liability But What Do I Know
ROSE: Maybe to frighten predators away from innocent grubs?
KANAYA: Maybe
KANAYA: Or Perhaps It Was A Measured Defect Imposed On Us
KANAYA: To Keep The Auxiliatrices On A Short Leash
ROSE: I'll agree with that assessment, on the grounds that I've always been a sucker for a good conspiracy theory.
KANAYA: The Condition Was Often Glamorized In Certain Works Of Literature
KANAYA: But Theres Really Nothing That Great About It
KANAYA: Not Nearly As Useful As Other Abilities Like The Psychic Gifts Which Some Lowbloods Are Predisposed To
KANAYA: Though I Guess Its Pretty Useful If You Want To Keep The Plans You Made After Someone Punches A Hole Through Your Gut
ROSE: I can see how that could present a whole world of convenience.
ROSE: Speaking of plans, doing anything later?
KANAYA: Not Really
ROSE: I'm working on some stuff right now, but later, maybe once you're finished escorting your guest around, would you like to do something?
KANAYA: Sure
KANAYA: Anything In Particular That You Have In Mind
ROSE: Not really. Just to hang out. If you're up for it!
KANAYA: Yeah That Sounds Okay
MEENAH: (holy mackerel get a fuckin room)

> Be Kanaya

**** take the exit at the far west to another room...***

**** exposition booth time***

> Status report.

MEENAH: welp
#kelp
MEENAH: im a total failure
MEENAH: didnt recruit a single ghost for my army
MEENAH: except for one guy but he was asleep
ARANEA: Don't lose hope! I know our group of friends is a 8it lackluster in the motivation department, 8ut there are plenty of other souls out there.
ARANEA: You just need to find someone with the right amount of moxy to get you started. Then I'm sure more will follow.
ARANEA: Who knows, if you keep exploring, may8e someone like that will 8e right around the corner!
MEENAH: you seem more psyched about my army plan than you did before
MEENAH: whats with the change of tuna
ARANEA: I've started to 8elieve that what you're doing may 8e important. Just a feeling.
ARANEA: It could 8e every 8it as critical as my quest to find the cheru8. I think it all could 8e related. Like legs of a stool that won't stand unless all are in place.
#Or, prongs of a fork, if you will.

MEENAH: how is cherubquest goin btw
ARANEA: Uh... ok.
ARANEA: I've still 8een..... a little preoccupied.
MEENAH: girl please
MEENAH: you been draggin your talking booth around to hassle people with facts aintcha
ARANEA: This is my last session, I swear!!!!!!!!
ARANEA: After this, I promised myself I would retire the exposition stand for good. May8e I'll put it up for sale, and try to recoup some of the su8stantial losses required to operate it.
MEENAH: aranea we are such failures at stuff together
MEENAH: why are we such a couple of gorgeous and sexy failures at things
ARANEA: I don't know, 8ut we can't give up!
ARANEA: Once I close down shop here, I will redou8le my efforts to find that cheru8.
ARANEA: The first thing to do will 8e to figure out her name. It's 8een so maddeningly elusive, almost as if someone's taken care to scru8 any reference to it throughout paradox space, whether in memories or reality.
MEENAH: ok then how about this
MEENAH: while im out there fishin for recruits ill keep an ear out for clues about her
MEENAH: and while youre out there cherub hunting maybe you can see if anyone wants to serve the lil condesce in her slammin new imperial army
MEENAH: itll be
MEENAH: teamfork
ARANEA: That sounds like a great plan!
ARANEA: Now let's hurry this up so we can get started on that. What would you like me to tell you a8out in exchange for the precious few 8oon8ucks I have left?

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> Tell me about Rufioh Nitram.
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ARANEA: The Rogue of 8reath was always a very popular mem8er of our group. Pro8a8ly the most popular, I'd say. Sort of the anti-me, in that respect. Ever the recipient of romantic solicitations whichever way he turned. Sort of the anti-Cronus, in that respect.
MEENAH: aw yeah sick ampora burn outta nowhere hi 5
ARANEA: Indeed. His mutation made him an outcast, though. To avoid the unwanted attention his wings would 8ring him, he took refuge in the forest among those who welcomed his differences, and learned their ways.
ARANEA: The Lost Weea8oos was a guild of youthful tree-dwelling troll otakus with a zeal for fisticuffs, flight, and various forms of exotic eastern theater. 8ane to the enemies of hijinks, scourge to the seafaring classes who...
MEENAH: NOP-E
MEENAH: NOT LISFININ TO T)(IS LA LA LA GLUB GLUB GLUB
ARANEA: (GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB) centuries of feuding with the Kemonomimi tri8es (GLUB GLUB GLUB LA LA LA LA GLUB GLUB GLUB) ceremonial torchlight yaoi festivals (LA LA LA LA GLUB GLUB LA LA LA) tsundere quadrant vacillation (GLUUUUUB GLUBGLUBGLUBGLUB

GLUUUUUUUUUB) threw down a daggerlance to challenge the guild's high seme for dominance (NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO) ultimately served like a shonen on Shitsuji Island.

MEENAH: hey serket

MEENAH: how much i gotta pay you to zip yer blowhole on this shit so tight you never bring it up again

ARANEA: For such a service, I will require nothing short of the large gold statue in your palace. I think you know which one I'm talking a8out.

MEENAH: you drive a hard bargain serks

MEENAH: but you got a deal

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> Tell me about Horuss Zahnak.
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ARANEA: The Page of Void was a self taught master of mechanics, an avid patron of the fine arts, a passionate 8ody 8uilder, archer, am8rosia collector and steamwright. A poet, a scholar, a warrior, a lover, he was all that his caste demanded and more. A true troll Renaissance man. His name means "He Who Stalks With The Muscle8easts."

ARANEA: 8ut all of his proficiencies were hard won, 8uilt from the 8lank slate as his aspect would imply, advancing at the slow pace his class would as well. Yet in spite of all he worked to make something of himself, he amounted to very little. Responsi8le for neither great feats of heroism nor acts of villainy, he was just another game piece to 8e moved a8out the 8oard. The aspect ruling his life would always conspire to dampen his relevance.

ARANEA: Void is easily the most mysterious aspect, the one which inherently defies rational understanding. This makes it particularly fascinating, and just as frustrating, to light players such as myself. Casting illumination upon nothing itself is futile. For to truly know void is to paradoxically cause it not to 8e!

ARANEA: The role of the void player is to somehow em8race nothingness, to 8ecome one with it. And yet in total contradiction with this, to make use of the power it grants and serve a role of relevance, one must find a way to overcome it! To see the limitless potential in the void. To find everything within nothing, and 8ring it into 8eing.

MEENAH: zzzzzzzzzzz

ARANEA: Hey!!!!!!!!

MEENAH: wuh

ARANEA: This is a perfect case in point, regarding the path of the void player. So resistant is his story to having a relevant 8earing on anything, you fell asleep and didnt hear a word.

MEENAH: yeah thats nice

MEENAH: WH-ER-E MA MON-EY

ARANEA: You don't get any. Your slum8er voided the transaction.

MEENAH: dag

```
> Tell me about Damara Megido.
```

ARANEA: The Witch of Time was not always the party's 8iggest trou8lemaker. If you recall, you wore that tiara for a long time. ::::)

MEENAH: yeah yeah

ARANEA: Once she was as meek as can 8e. Hailing from the eastern provinces, she migrated across the seas and settled near the forest

concealing Rufioh's guild. The two of them 8ecame quite fond of each other, and shared many interests!
ARANEA: He secretly 8egan seeing someone else, 8elieving she knew nothing. 8ut she always suspected his infidelity, and over time grew quite distraught. 8ut her sadness never quite turned to rage and malevolence. Not until you... involved yourself.
MEENAH: ugh do we really have to go through this
ARANEA: If you'd like to earn your money, then yes!
MEENAH: bleh fine
ARANEA: After we 8egan our game, you quickly determined that winning was going to 8e an uphill 8attle with our team. Everyone was so preoccupied with their interpersonal issues, and no one seemed in any shape to 8e fighting major 8attles. Sound familiar?
MEENAH: deja vus a bitch serk
ARANEA: So you did your 8est to rile up the crew any way you could. Appealing to peoples insecurities, 8uried hostilities, 8rewing rivalries... needling anyone you could into confrontation with others. Your theory was that increasing everyone's state of aggression would make them 8etter equipped to play the game. And you were sort of right a8out that! 8ut the Alternians would prove it. Not our group, sadly.
ARANEA: The poor girl who took the 8runt of your 8ullying tactics was Damara Megido. You talked up her matesprit's 8etrayal making her feel even more dreadful, while pushing him further into the arms of her rival, until she simply snapped. She attacked him, paralyzing him from the neck down. You finally got the aggressive confrontation you were looking for. Unfortunately, you unleashed something even you weren't prepared for, and you had to deal with her yourself. After a long 8loody duel, she killed you. And you would have stayed dead if not for me!
ARANEA: You never listened to me. You just kept needling and fussing and meddling until eventually you paid the price, and I had to 8ail you out.
MEENAH: (arg how bad do i even want this stupid money...)
ARANEA: Damara has 8een unhinged ever since. 8y increasing her violent tendencies, instead of 8eing an asset in the game, she 8ecame a loose canon, ar8itrarily showing up at key moments throughout the timeline to sa8otage us.
ARANEA: So radical was her shift in personality, I've had a hard time 8elieving your incitement was solely to 8lame. It always seemed like other forces were in play, as if her acts, though apparently haphazard, were in keeping with some inscruta8le agenda. Of course it doesn't help that it's so hard to understand her even on a good day.
ARANEA: Strangely, the only time she was eager to help us was when we were preparing to initiate the Scratch. And it's a good thing she was, since I'm not sure anyone else would have had the a8ility to do that kind of damage to the Cardinal Movement and release its energy.
ARANEA: It was almost a little eerie how happily she complied with our plan. What did Rufioh say she said? Something a8out how we would all finally get what we deserved...
ARANEA: Which at the time, I thought sounded chilling. 8ut there's really two ways of looking at it. One is how the Scratch re8ooted our world into

a state of pure chaos, culminating in the annihilation of our universe. 8ut on the other hand, we all got the chance to live out our wildest fantasies as adults on Alternia!

ARANEA: At least you and I sure did. And I wouldn't dou8t she feels the same way.

MEENAH: so

MEENAH: we done?

ARANEA: That's it!

MEENAH: toughest 5 bucks i ever made

**** chest***

> Open.

You got an ALTERNIAN JOURNAL!

It's a bit wordy. Though some of the material here strikes you as pretty risque. Actually... quite a lot of the material.

You surreptitiously pocket the overwrought diary for later reading.

**** go west to the final room...***

**** chest to the north west***

> Open.

You got a BROKEN 8 BALL!

You remember seeing a bunch of these earlier. What was the context again? You just had so many long weird conversations it's all kind of a jumble now.

You feel unlucky just looking at this thing. You toss it in the bushes.

**** south across the bridge, another chest***

> Open.

You got the FLUORITE OCTET!

Feeling lucky, punk????????

#:::;)

**** north-west across the bridge, another two chests***

> Open.

You got a pair of ROCKET BOOTS!

#pshoooes

What would a ghost need with rocket boots, anyway? Can't all ghosts fly?

Or maybe that's just dead god tiers, who can generally fly anyway. Or dead dream selves? Actually you don't know what the flying rules are and you don't really care.

> Open.

You got a HEAP OF PRICELESS TREASURE!

Huh. Actual treasure, inside a treasure chest.

Now you've seen everything.

**** south across two bridges***

**** who's that behind the rock...?***

> This guy again?

HUSSIE: Oh. It's you. Scram kid!

MEENAH: hey orange dude

MEENAH: tell me your deal already

HUSSIE: I said get lost Feferi!!!!

#Do. Not. Fuck with me.

MEENAH: whoferi???

HUSSIE: Alright. I see what's going on here. You clearly have developed feelings for me. I understand. I led you on.

HUSSIE: Remember when I said bring me a horse and I am yours forever?

HUSSIE: Total lie!

HUSSIE: Sorry, but my heart is still set on Vriska. She will be my wife.

MEENAH: whos vriska

HUSSIE: That girl over there. No, don't look! Shhhhhhhhhh. Let's try to keep it down, ok? You're going to ruin this for me.

MEENAH: her??

MEENAH: dog aint she a little young for you

HUSSIE: No, but that's the thing! She's spent like however many years being a ghost, so she's older now! That means it's not creepy.

HUSSIE: Who even knows how many years she spent here? Maybe 100??? Hell, she might even be older than me now! See? Totally not creepy anymore. Case closed!

MEENAH: i dont know what yer talkin about but you sound like an asshole

HUSSIE: Just need to find the right moment to make my move. Only problem is, I lost the ring.

HUSSIE: John FUCKING Egbert has it. Doesn't look like he's gonna let it go either, the bastard.

HUSSIE: Gotta make a plan. Think, imagination, think. Argh, the one time I really need you!

MEENAH: yo i got boatloads a bling

MEENAH: i could sell you a ring

HUSSIE: You could??? Oh man, perfect. How much?

MEENAH: $2,485,506 pledged of $700,000 goal

HUSSIE: ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS.

HUSSIE: What makes you think I've got that kind of dough just lying around?!

MEENAH: thats my price pumpkin skin you want the ring or not

HUSSIE: Alright. Fine. Guess I've got no choice but to pony up.

HUSSIE: Just... don't tell anyone, ok? I kind of promised I would use this money for something else.

MEENAH: none ma biz homes deal or no deal

HUSSIE: Yeah. Here.

MEENAH: awwwww yeah check them mad staxx

MEENAH: here you go loverboy

HUSSIE: Thanks!

HUSSIE: Wait...
HUSSIE: Is this ring...
HUSSIE: Did you steal this...
HUSSIE: From Cronus?
MEENAH: fo sho
HUSSIE: ...
HUSSIE: Ew.
MEENAH: NO R-EFUNDS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
HUSSIE: :(

**** head toward Vriska, Tavros and John***

This leads to the end of the game. Are you sure you're done here?

> No!

**** some secrets before the Serkets... go all the way back to Damara in the first area...***

> Be Damara

**** now we can go through the door that Kanaya left open***

**** first, visit the hornpile***

> What have we here?

DAMARA: .....

> It's Terezi!

TEREZI: H3Y D4MZ!!!!
TEREZI: 1F YOU GO 4NYWH3R3 N34R H1M, 1 W1LL FUCK1NG K1LL YOU!
DAMARA:

**** now go to the rug area***

> Talk to Dave.

DAVE: hey
DAVE: who the fuck are you
DAVE: dont think you belong in here
DAMARA: I VERY HAPPY.
DAMARA: MEET HUMAN.
DAMARA: SAY MUCH DELIGHT.
DAVE: meh you seem harmless enough
DAVE: what do i even care
DAVE: go fuck some shit up japanese schoolgirl troll

> Talk to Rose.

ROSE: Hello. I don't think we've met.
DAMARA:
ROSE: You seem confused. Are you lost?
ROSE: Maybe you shouldn't be wandering around here.
DAMARA: PLEASE. APOLOGY.
DAMARA: NOT WANT. DISTURB YOU.
ROSE: Aw. You seem so sweet.
ROSE: Please, feel free to stay as long as you like.

**** now go to the exposition booth and say hi to its new owner***

> SAY WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAT?

HUSSIE: Damara!!! What the hell are you doing this deep into the game! Good grief, you are such a teen delinquent. I never should have let you

out of Doc Scratch's pervert chamber in the alternate universe.

DAMAR--

HUSSIE: WHOOPS, nooooooooo no no no.

HUSSIE: I'm not gonna let you respond. You're just going say something totally filthy in Japanese again and make everyone uncomfortable.

HUSSIE: WHOA CUT THAT OUT!

HUSSIE: Sheesh. I guess this is what happens when you don't have a proper upbringing by a decent guardian. Or at least one who isn't a four foot tall asshole in suspenders, who's kind of like a creepy puppet uncle.

HUSSIE: Look, let's all just chill out here. No more lewd Asian shenanigans, got it?? You may notice I bought a new franchise recently.

HUSSIE: Cost me a fortune! I had to pawn a ring that used to belong to some dirtbag just to make the down payment.

HUSSIE: But I should be able to recoup the losses, if I just tweak the business model a little. Hear me out. Instead of giving people money to listen to my shit? I think I might actually start CHARGING people for the service. Crazy, I know, right?

HUSSIE: I've been thinking of dividing up my offers into a series of handsomely priced explanation bundles called EXPOSITION PAKS where I would...

DAMARA:

HUSSIE: Oh kaaay, guess you're not down with that?

HUSSIE: What would you pay for an explanation? Want to make an offer?

HUSSIE: Yeah you're not gonna pay me a goddamn penny, are you.

DAMARA:

HUSSIE: Ok fine. I'll give you these explanations for free. Let's call it a loss leader. You'll tell your friends, maybe they'll tell their friends, then the dead presidents start rolling in.

HUSSIE: Yes? Yes???

DAMARA:

HUSSIE: Aw fuck it. Just tell me what you wanna know.

HUSSIE: But just a heads up, these stories are gonna be pretty shitty! I ain't no light player.

```
> Hey, before we start...
```

HUSSIE: Did you get here with Damara before you got here with Meenah? If you did I think I'm going to flip my shit. That is one cracked way of going through this game. Stop talking to me right now and go come back as Meenah.

```
> Tell me about Damara Megido.
```

HUSSIE: You want me to tell you about YOU??? Talk about self absorbed, but alright.

HUSSIE: You say stuff in Japanese, and when people who actually speak Japanese read it they probably laugh because the Japanese is so shitty. Sorry to burst your bubble Damara but the things you say started out in English, went through the google translator, and then out again so that it vaguely makes sense when translated back to English. So you aren't really authentic troll Japanese, you're fake troll Japanese.

DAMARA:

HUSSIE: Whoa don't kill the messenger! Relax. Everyone thinks you're

great. In fact, there's probably someone out there RIGHT NOW drawing some weird porn of you.

DAMARA: ???

```
> Tell me about Mituna Captor.
```

HUSSIE: Mega Man Sollux has some problems. He falls down and stuff and talks on a 4chan background, because of 4chan. But in spite of that, he's brave and does his best and everyone loves him. Also no one can read a damn thing he says. His quirk is the least legible of all quirks, with Damara's coming in at a close second.

```
> Tell me about Rufioh Nitram.
```

HUSSIE: With apologies to Dante Basco. Dante, I'm sorry about this. All of this. I am so, so sorry. You were leading the regular, modest life of a Hollywood superstar, then this shit happened. Everything is broken forever. I liked your work in The Last Airbender. You know what's funny is how there are probably some people who are reading this right now who have no idea what the fuck I'm talking about. But you know what? What the FUCK else is even new.

HUSSIE: Anyway. Bangarang, dude.

HUSSIE: Bangarang.

#rufiozuko.tumblr.com

```
> Tell me about Kankri Vantas.
```

HUSSIE: Did you know: it is a Homestuck fact that 99 percent of all readers didn't read or care about anything Kankri said. So in other words, he is exactly like all terrible social justice bloggers. Some social justice bloggers get angry at the joke that he is, but those are the terrible ones, and being terrible is why they get angry. They want to be terrible in peace without being mocked. That is what it is like to be a justified target of ridicule. You feel sad and angry all the time and you don't know why.

HUSSIE: Kankri wears a cute red sweater and is otherwise fairly adorable. Porrim acts like his mom which is also cute as hell.

```
> Tell me about Meulin Leijon
```

HUSSIE: Meulin is the deaf Nepeta in this kickass smorgasbord of disabled characters. She speaks in ASL to say memes which are called mimes because it's one letter away and therefore a play on words. But you can't actually use ASL to say animated tumblr gifs, you can only say words. She otherwise reads lips, which is funny because her bff sewed his damn mouth shut so they just sign memes to each other all day while stoned. It is implied that they smoke catnip together, as if it were marijuana, which is an especially amusing notion to people who like drugs. Moving on??

```
> Tell me about Latula Pyrope.
```

HUSSIE: Latula is the gamegrl to Mituna's gamebro. Gamebros and gamegrls aren't really "types of people" so much as they are hollow cliches which are patronizing to multiple groups of people on multiple levels. So in other words, perfect attributes for some 1.5 dimensional NPC-caliber characters stocking a fun jrpg style walkaround game. Wait what was I talking about? Oh yeah Latula.

HUSSIE: Latula's so rad but she can't smell. I think I agree with Karkat, that's not a disability. That's just like having a cold all the time, but

without any actual symptoms or problems. Who cares. Latula likes to high five people all the time, but doesn't like to be left hanging. That's a pun, because Redglare liked to hang people with nooses. Mindfang ultimately left Redglare hanging that way too. I'm explaining jokes here. What? I told you these stories would suck. You get what you pay for.

```
> Tell me about Porrim Maryam.
```

HUSSIE: Porrim is better at social justice than Kankri because she isn't a boring asshole. Some social justice people should try looking into that. Porrim wants there to be equality for ladies. Not everybody cares about that though, which makes it hard for people like Porrim. That's the way it is in the real world. CHALLENGES. But in any case, she is a vampire with cool tattoos. End of story.

```
> Tell me about Aranea Serket.
```

HUSSIE: Aranea is a blabbermouth, just like Mindfang. She says long things both as a teen and as a sexy pirate adult that make people ask what am I even reading? It's about time I took over this exposition stand. The way I describe shit is a million times better. She sure charged me enough for it. God I took a bath on this thing. Why was it so expensive??? IT'S MADE OF FUCKING CARDBOARD.

```
> Tell me about Horrus Zahhak.
```

HUSSIE: This dude is just Equius on horse steroids. The end.

```
> Tell me about Kurloz Makara.
```

HUSSIE: He chewed off his tongue and sewed his mouth shut because he's a weirdo in cahoots with Gamzee and English. Who even knows what they're up to. It's probably just a lot of stupid bullshit. Meaningless, clownish nonsense. Want to know why they're assembling the wicked ensemble? They probably just think it's funny. Kurloz speaks in bones when he does his clown hypnosis shit but otherwise he mimes everything because get this: he's pretty much literally a mime. Also a juggalo. Because that's exactly what Homestuck needed. Another fucking juggalo. Homestuck needed another juggalo like it needed...

HUSSIE: Well, another twelve trolls I guess.

```
> Tell me about Cronus Ampora.
```

HUSSIE: Cronus is the worst character in Homestuck by a nautical mile. Any questions?

```
> Tell me about Meenah Peixes.
```

HUSSIE: Meenah is kind of throwing a bone to the pisces people who got stuck with Feferi. Feferi didn't really do anything and then she died. Meenah is a cool sassy punk who has more important stuff to do than Feferi ever did. You just spent like the last three hours playing through these games from her POV so obviously you know that. You're probably sick of fish puns by now. After a while you start running out of fish puns. You can overdo it with fish puns, much like you can overfish the ocean. You start literally running out of fucking fish. Be careful out there.

HUSSIE: Meenah discovered that raising and army is hard. But you know what's really hard? What's really hard is making games. Games disguise the effort that go into them probably like few other crafts. In order to make a game that is even slightly better than mediocre, someone

probably had to die in the process. Like building pyramids. Nobody actually died while making these games though, hence they were just ok. But still if you add up all the work done collectively on these last three games, it probably was comparable to the manhours that went into [S] Cascade. You know what that is? That's a silly ass fact.

**** go west as Damara for a shortcut back to the first room. You can go complete the game as Meenah now if you like.***

[If game doesn't play, try another browser. Chrome or Firefox Recommended.]

[MAP]

```
A - GET EGGS
B - USE ON PLUSH
C - BRING HORSAPONI TO HORUSS
D - BE HORUSS
E - GET LUSUS
F - BRING LUSUS TO RUFIOH, BE HIM
G - BE DAMARA
H - REMOVE GLACIER
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**23/10/12**

```
PAUSE

TAVROS: ?
JOHN: ?
```

You reach the end of the game to find an intriguing convergence of outrageous personalities. You are just dying to see what these heavyweights of badittude have to say to each other, but somehow you discover within yourself the superhuman restraint to hit pause.

There is a whole world of fucking around going on with the meteor crew during the second year of their voyage, and it would be a criminal act of negligence to end this intermission without at least having a peek at their tomfoolery. A weaker person would just want to see what happens with Meenah and Vriska right away. Thank goodness you are a player with a strong sense of responsibility and discipline.

## [A6I3] ==>

**23/10/12**

```
YEAR 2

* |  1  |  2  |  3  |
* |    -X-    |     |
* O     |    --o    O
* |     |     |     |
```

dialoglogDAVE: (pshh psh bumBUM)
DAVE: (pshh psh bumBUM BUM psh)
DAVE: (*yeah*)
DAVE: (uh huh)
DAVE: (no wait)
DAVE: (more like...)

DAVE: (uh)
DAVE: (pshh psh *chch* bumBUM)
DAVE: (TCH)
DAVE: (pshh psh *chch* bumBUM BUM psh)
DAVE: (yeah thats right)
DAVE: (we are droppin it)
DAVE: (lets do this)
DAVE: (we are like)
DAVE: (in tha PROCESS)
DAVE: (right now)
DAVE: (droppin it like)
DAVE: (a thanksgiving turkey)
DAVE: (tripped over something and shit just got away from me)
DAVE: (my butterballs in freefall motherfuckers)
DAVE: (look out be GOD DAMN LOW)

## [A6I3] ==>

**23/10/12**

```
raps

--inanimate-shit-be-slippin-from-my-mitts--
--my-digits-cant-commit-to-a-legitimate-grip--
nah

pchoo
penis sunset

swole →
peg
```

dialoglogDAVE: (yeah)
DAVE: (*yeah*)
DAVE: (droppin everything today)
DAVE: (making it rain)
DAVE: (precipitatin straight up mayhem)
DAVE: (HELLS of weather patterns closing in)
DAVE: (inanimate shit be slippin from my mitts)
DAVE: (my digits cant commit to a legitimate grip)
DAVE: (wait)
DAVE: (nah ima start over)
DAVE: (feel this flow out a lil more)
DAVE: (about how im droppin things today)
DAVE: (just left and right)
DAVE: (things of all shapes sizes and dubious metaphorical merit)
DAVE: (things aint even being held)
DAVE: (by chumps who cant be assed to show up)
DAVE: (droppin shit on yo BEHALF)
DAVE: (you name it)
DAVE: (ima let it go)

DAVE: (drop it like a frivolous lawsuit)
DAVE: (oh snap)
DAVE: (get out of my courtroom bitch)
DAVE: (WASTE OF TAXPAYER MONEY YO)
DAVE: (drop it like the most expensive fucking christmas ornament)
DAVE: (step on that glass with your bare ass feet)
DAVE: (christmas is RUINED motherfucker)
DAVE: (drop it like the mug in usual suspects)
DAVE: (kobayashi was your cup you dumb fuck)
DAVE: (lmao)
DAVE: (drop it like unemployment figures under the obama administrations bold economic policies)
DAVE: (drop it like cargo on a space getaway)
DAVE: (just)
DAVE: (jettison that motherfucker)
DAVE: (this rap is blasting off)
DAVE: (drop it like a bunch of firewood i just gathered)
DAVE: (gonna rub a couple muthafuckin sticks together)
DAVE: (just sittin here whippin up sick lyrical friction)
DAVE: (if you start smellin smoke you caught a whiff of my diction)
DAVE: (shits gettin warm but i wont stop til its hot)
DAVE: (warm just dont cut it when shits gettin dropped)
DAVE: (tell me how you feel)
DAVE: (about shit getting dropped)
DAVE: (how hot do you want it)
DAVE: (when i let go of the fire)
DAVE: (just say when)
DAVE: (what)
DAVE: (i cant hear you)
DAVE: (I SAID SAY WHEN MUTHAFUCKS SHIT IS BURNIN MY HANDS!)
DAVE: (eff it)
DAVE: (here we go)

## [A6I3] ==>

**23/10/12**

dialoglogDAVE: (just dropped that shit like a bad phone connection)
DAVE: (i put gravity in charge of its downward direction)
DAVE: (unfettered descents what it considers perfection)
DAVE: (shit thinks of the ground and it gets an erection)
DAVE: (best hope its carpet bound in its downward spiral)
DAVE: (cause linoleums frowned on, met with an eyeroll)
DAVE: (landin on grass is just the course that its par for)
DAVE: (but hardwood fuckin floors what its woods gettin hard for)
DAVE: (guess i should mention stead a motherfuckin hardons)
DAVE: (how my motherfuckin french could use a presidential pardon)
DAVE: (KICK IT BARACK)

DAVE: (heres where obamas rap solo comes in)
DAVE: (no but how dope would that be!)
DAVE: (oh fuck me that would own)
ROSE: SLUUUUUUUUUURRRRP.

## [A6I3] ==>

**23/10/12**

dialoglogDAVE: dammit
DAVE: rose dont drink so loud its messing up my raps
DAVE: i can actually hear your sips through my headphones
ROSE: Yea well,,
ROSE: I can her your rasps through your whipsers.
ROSE: *Whipspers...
ROSE: *Whip..
ROSE: .....
ROSE: Zers.
ROSE: ;)
ROSE: HIC!!!
DAVE: oh my god
DAVE: you are so fucking hammered
DAVE: how strong did you even make that stuff

## [A6I3] ==>

**24/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: Iss,
ROSE: Prehhhhtay strong I geush?
ROSE: Whups. Guesh?
ROSE: *Guessss.
ROSE: Eheh.
DAVE: pretty strong
DAVE: rose you just bootlegged some fucking rubbing alcohol
ROSE: Pshf. ..
ROSE: Overaeact much?
ROSE: I'm yam completally in command of my faculities.
DAVE: faculity isnt a word check mate
DAVE: this kinda strikes me as a sort of misappropriation of alchemy
DAVE: like fucking with the mystical technology of creation to whip up some moonshine just seems
DAVE: i dunno man
DAVE: tell me you at least alchemized a bathtub first to stir this shit in
DAVE: at least that would be hilarious
ROSE: Iii,
ROSE: Omg, you're right, I messed a golden opportutiny for a puticularly humoroush approach to this endeavor... :(
DAVE: and where the FUCK is my applejuice rose
DAVE: gotta say

DAVE: you really let me down on the aj front
ROSE: I tried!!
ROSE: I tried making it...
ROSE: Is was HARD, Dave.
ROSE: (Sluuurp.)
DAVE: bullshit it was hard
DAVE: whats so hard about applejuice its like
DAVE: the most basic goddamn juice
DAVE: like the square one of juice
ROSE: Yes, tha's the POINT!
ROSE: Apples are stalartingly difficulf to reproduce.
ROSE: We take for granned our ability to take idealized intsances ofeven quie comlicated objects and conshure them from the void.
ROSE: But compalexity implies a heavilly recombinatife nature.. So.. so many things are synesthized from a series of mushh simpler ideas!
ROSE: To those ennities capable of, of conceshualization and absraction, an apple is as closed to being a noshushnally irredushible object as it gets....
ROSE: Ahem. **Notionally*,
ROSE: **Irr, ed, *ducible*.
ROSE: Tell me, hoch shot, what ideas would you combide to make and apple?
DAVE: uh
ROSE: Exaaalley/.
ROSE: Thusis why apples are sush indivisible symbols, when it comes to thefield of ideas and their reducshunistHIC!!!!! reductionishtic essence from the perispective of humans in paticular.
ROSE: Both from a stantpoint of cultrulal and mytholurgical singificence,, and from a pratical one a swell, if you happen to fine yourself acshualy trying to ENGINEEEer one.
ROSE: Why do you thing, HIC!!! Why do you think Adam mand Eve were punished for biting in to one??
ROSE: They attemped to pentetrate an indivisible unit, uf fundamenetal knowledge. To consume the interior of a thought whish cantot be reduced any further.
ROSE: This knowleshe was for BIDDEN..! Hic. So humanity was forever bandished to live in sin, and, hass strive ever sinse to redeem isself from the hubrinse of this innallectual foily.
ROSE: Hahaha! , Foily.
ROSE: **FOLLY.* :)
ROSE: Or what about, the tale of Isaac Newdon under the tree?? He was BONKED on the head by an apple.
ROSE: Not reallyan apple though... an atomic idea. An emlemental unit of inspripation itself, id clocked him right on then noggin.
ROSE: And this indivisible notion colliding with hish awareness, much like.. . a high speed partical fired to create a nuculear chain reacation, jarred from the void a more profund unnerstand, HIC, ing of the intrinsic nature of nothiness. Thatis,. Gravivitation.
ROSE: Of course thess stories are acutually bullshit. They didn't happen in realaity. But thef act that they'rare bullshit makes them more inshresting.
ROSE: Men have crefted many stories that are bullshit out of symbols risen from the abyss of coinsciousness withou necesharily knowing whath e fuck they were doing or saying, as they flounered around for some truth.

ROSE: Bust in spite of themseleves they would for howefer briefly cross through a ray of light regarless. Becuss of the sbymbols. Dave.. The symbols hol dall the power.
DAVE: well shit
DAVE: looks like i wandered into a really weird uncharted side of town tonight
DAVE: its called the drunk rose district
DAVE: and i am scared out of my fucking mind
ROSE: For a guay whos's supposedly, an I quote, "so cool,"
ROSE: You relly are almost comically up tight.
ROSE: Here, why don't you have some...
DAVE: no!
ROSE: What a prune.
ROSE: *Prude.
ROSE: Hic.
DAVE: i told you i dont want any of your experimental fucking spacewizard booze
DAVE: id rather not go blind
DAVE: then terezi will have to teach me to lick shit to see
DAVE: is that what you want do you want me licking everything in sight
DAVE: like oh hey mayor SLURP oh fuck youre not the mayor youre my goddamn sister
ROSE: AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! ;D

## [A6I3] ==>

**24/10/12**

dialoglogDAVE: oh my god
DAVE: you laughed way too hard at that it wasnt anywhere close to that funny
DAVE: i think youve had enough
ROSE: *Siiip.*
ROSE: Whaa?
DAVE: good lord
DAVE: i still dont know why you were so bent on making this liquor
DAVE: i thought you werent really that down with the drinkin
DAVE: you never liked it when your mom drank what happened to that
ROSE: Meh. .
ROSE: Sheh was a lonelay single mom.
ROSE: I forgafe her.
DAVE: ok so why
DAVE: why tonight do you just decide to get completely wasted before you
DAVE: like
DAVE: are you nervous about your date with kanaya is that it
ROSE: I's a date??
DAVE: uh
DAVE: yes
ROSE: Howww do yoi figure,
ROSE: It' sa date.
DAVE: rose
DAVE: you are wearing a friggin prom dress
DAVE: and nervously drinking your ass off

DAVE: while you are waiting for kanaya to arrive
DAVE: for a goddamn DATE
ROSE: Can't a girl jush look her best once an awhile?
DAVE: this is infuriating
DAVE: why do you even bother with this stupid charade
DAVE: you could be at like a drive in movie making out with each other
DAVE: all exchanging class rings while giving birth to each others fucking children
DAVE: and you would still be all coy like IS IT A DATE OR ISNT IT HMMMM WHO CAN REALLY SAY FOR SURE???
ROSE: Ok....
ROSE: Mebey,
ROSE: I took a liltle sip totake the edge off?
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: that turned out to be one hell of a sip
DAVE: maybe you should just reschedule
ROSE: NoooooHIC!
ROSE: *No :(
DAVE: just sleep it off there are more hot dates where that came from
ROSE: It's cool I'm, cool.
ROSE: Really!
DAVE: im just not sure youre gonna make the best impression like this
DAVE: come on lets just find you a suitably soft pile of objects to sleep in before she
DAVE: aw shit
ROSE: Mmm?
DAVE: shes here
ROSE: !!

## [A6I3] ==>

**24/10/12**

dialoglogKANAYA: Good Evening
ROSE: HIC!!!!!!!
DAVE: omfg i cant even deal
KANAYA: Oh
KANAYA: Hmm
ROSE: Whas is it?
KANAYA: Am I
KANAYA: Underdressed For The Occasion
ROSE: No!,
ROSE: You look sho great.
KANAYA: If Id Known You Wanted To Dress In More Elegant Attire I Would Have Happily Uh
KANAYA: Hmmm
ROSE: :)
KANAYA: Well
KANAYA: If Um
KANAYA: You Think Im Fine Like This Then Okay
DAVE: (rose i think you started drinking way too early)

DAVE: (i think you just like)
DAVE: (completely fucking forgot to tell kanaya you were dressing up)
ROSE: Yeah, I.. ..Ha ha, wow.
ROSE: Yo'ure prolaby right.
ROSE: I sarted soooo...
ROSE: Sooooooooooo,
ROSE: Whennid I start?
ROSE: What even time isit.
DAVE: (man youre gonna make her so uncomfortable all dolled up like that not to mention three sheets to the fucking wind)
DAVE: (this date is going to be so awkward)
ROSE: (Its'snottaDATE!!)
DAVE: (yeah sure)
KANAYA: Rose
KANAYA: Are You Feeling Alright
ROSE: Whay do you ask?
ROSE: Becouse if,
ROSE: You want to kno, I relay fell,
ROSE: Quiiiiiiie fabuloush!
KANAYA: Ah
KANAYA: It Seems You May Have Imbibed One Of Your Experimental Human Soporifics
ROSE: HIC!!!!!!!!!!!!
KANAYA: Whoah
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: Well Then
KANAYA: I Guess That Would Explain It
ROSE: Esplain what?
KANAYA: The Lethargy You Possibly Experienced When It Came To Completing Our Rendezvous In A Timely Manner
ROSE: Our,
ROSE: Wait..
ROSE: Waat.
KANAYA: I Was Waiting For You In The Common Area For A Couple Hours But You Did Not Show Up
KANAYA: So
KANAYA: I Came To Find You
DAVE: (SMH)
ROSE: Oh,
ROSE: Oh*hhhhh*.,
ROSE: Oh mey god.....

## [A6I3] ==>

**24/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: *I FORGOD ABOUT OUR DATE!!!!!!!!!!!!*
ROSE: hic :c

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogKANAYA: Our Date
KANAYA: Then
KANAYA: You Did Intend For The Plans We Made To Be A Date
KANAYA: Which Is To Say One That Was Romantically Oriented
DAVE: holy shit we got a room full of smooth operators here tonight
DAVE: yes kanaya it was going to be a romantically oriented date
ROSE: I'm so sorry aaaah..!
DAVE: but as you can see rose is hooched to the fucking max
DAVE: so i think youre better off going out another time
ROSE: No!
ROSE: I said I swas stilt up for it.
ROSE: I aready, HIC, fucked up, by loshing track of time.
ROSE: I'mnot going to blow it again!!
DAVE: ugh
DAVE: you seriously still wanna go through with this
KANAYA: Well
KANAYA: Im Still Amenable To An Evening Of
KANAYA: Whatever
ROSE: :D
KANAYA: But
KANAYA: Is There Some Reason Why You Would Advise Otherwise Dave
KANAYA: I Will Have To Plead Ignorance On The Subject Of Human Courtship And Its Customs When It Involves One Or More Intoxicated Participants
KANAYA: Is There A Problem
DAVE: a problem
DAVE: uh
DAVE: i dunno if youre cool with your date slurring words and making no damn sense about apples then
DAVE: i guess not???
KANAYA: ...
DAVE: why are you both looking at me
DAVE: stop that
ROSE: ;D
DAVE: no dont
DAVE: hey i am not your fucking life coach here
DAVE: if you want to go on a drunkdate what do i care
DAVE: man what do i even know about "human courtship" anyway
DAVE: not like i ever dated a fuckin human
DAVE: so i guess have at it
KANAYA: Alright
DAVE: awesome
DAVE: datenite with drunky it is
DAVE: go apeshit i guess

DAVE: uh so
DAVE: what should i do here
DAVE: you want me to pack up my raps and leave you alone or
ROSE: Ohn no, you don't have to do than...
ROSE: We can leaf you tou your slam poems in peace.
ROSE: Kayaya, why don't we go for a walk?
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: After You
KANAYA: If You Can Actually
KANAYA: Manage To
KANAYA: Whoa There!
KANAYA: Maintain Your Balance
KANAYA: Okay
KANAYA: Are You Good
KANAYA: Okay Good
KANAYA: Lets Go

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogKANAYA: Since Its Now Clear That Your Premeditated Designs On This Evening Exceeded My Own By A Wide Margin
KANAYA: Insofar As You Intended This To Be A Date With Fancy Clothes Whereas I Showed Up Looking Like Something The Lusus Dragged In
KANAYA: Maybe You Can Tell Me Now Exactly What You Had In Mind
KANAYA: I Mean
KANAYA: As Far As Specific Activities Are Concerned
ROSE: Noupe!
KANAYA: Noupe
KANAYA: I Mean Nope
KANAYA: Nope What
ROSE: I honessly had not drafted blueprins for the evening.
ROSE: Assine from.,
ROSE: Gettin prettied up, aaand,
ROSE: Actually, you know... being puncutual abou my commiment.
ROSE: Wohoops.
KANAYA: Its Really Okay Though
KANAYA: I Admit I Was Irked For A Moment But Then Realized It Was So Unlike You That Extenuating Circumstances Were Most Likely In Play
KANAYA: So I Went To Find You And Lo And Behold
KANAYA: Extenuation Was What I Found To Be Taking Place
ROSE: Omg.
ROSE: Kangaya,.
ROSE: I 'm.
ROSE: Soooo extenuated righ now.
ROSE: Hic.
GAMZEE: honk
ROSE: !

KANAYA: What
ROSE: Dish you hear something?
KANAYA: No Hear What
ROSE: Hum.
ROSE: Maybe youshould turn the lighst on...

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogKANAYA: That Better
ROSE: Yes.
ROSE: Shhh!
ROSE: ..
ROSE: . .
ROSE: ...
ROSE: .,
ROSE: ,..
KANAYA: (what are we listening for)
ROSE: Erh, nothing I gues.
ROSE: Annyway.
ROSE: I just thouh that,
ROSE: Tonight...
ROSE: We could just walk a round for a while an talk.
ROSE: About relly anything. Like...
ROSE: Our worls, or, the fushure, or,
ROSE: How you'are going to save your speshies. :)
KANAYA: Yes That Sounds Nice
ROSE: Just have a casusal, spoptaneous evening. I don' .. hic, I don't ses why dates have to alayways be,
ROSE: A felderal fucking eschew. Dono't you agree?
GAMZEE: HONK
ROSE: !!

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: Kaynaya.

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: Can you kep a secret?
KANAYA: Yes

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: I learned somethin earlier today.
ROSE: It was trobuling.
ROSE: Something about,
ROSE: Teresi.
ROSE: Aand,

ROSE: ...
KANAYA: And What
ROSE: And Gamshee.
KANAYA: !!!
ROSE: See...
ROSE: I bumped into him earliar.
KANAYA: You Did
KANAYA: Where??
ROSE: No no please, pleeasse don't get angry, and. ..
ROSE: Go on another vengeful clown hunting espedition, I...
ROSE: This is the point, this is was troubling me abou this.
ROSE: I don't want anyone to fight!
KANAYA: Actually
KANAYA: Theres No Need To Worry About That
KANAYA: I Think Im Done Trying To Kill Him
ROSE: You are?
KANAYA: Yeah
KANAYA: He Has Achieved Victory Through The Gambit Of Cowards Default
KANAYA: Dont Get Me Wrong He Is Still Utterly Awful
KANAYA: But Sometimes You Just Have To Let A Thing Go
KANAYA: You Know
ROSE: Yeahhh,
KANAYA: What Were You Saying About Terezi And Gamzee
ROSE: Righ, well apparenly they..
ROSE: Are.
ROSE: An item?
ROSE: Blackways, I mean.
KANAYA: What
ROSE: The y'are spades dating. In theh shadowns... nobody knows. But me. An now,
ROSE: You.
KANAYA: Are You Serious
ROSE: Yesh!!
ROSE: And it's been troubling me, the more I thing about it.
ROSE: All lot.
KANAYA: Why
ROSE: Because it presends a prickly prolitical sishuation.
ROSE: Terezi's relationship with Karkant is already somewhat tenuous, with their... well from, what I've gathered, about their hishtory.
ROSE: And Dave! His involovment makes in even more complicated, and,
ROSE: I think, with Karkat being moirails to Gamzee, if he finds out Gamzee iss spades with Tetreezi, then...
ROSE: Correct me if I'm wrong but isin't that whole arrangemen getting into territory of social taboob?
ROSE: * Tabob. Escuse me.
KANAYA: That Could Be Very Awkward Yes

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: Right!!
ROSE: I don't no if it's my ser powers or what, but, HIC, I can see it unfolting all too clearly.
ROSE: Karkast finds out about it and flies inno a rage. It ruins hish moirlallegelleninance... I mean his moiraHIC!.. It ruins his diamonds with Gamzee, who thefore becomes less stable.
ROSE: And he villifies Trepezi as well, and who knows how she reacs. Or what happens with Dave for that matter.
ROSE: Would Dave actually be aright wich Terezi dating a psychotic clown on th side, even if its is a releationship centered around only enmity? I kinof doubt it.
ROSE: He could side with Korkat on the matter.. Not even tos peak of where your alignment is on the subjech of Gamzeen.
ROSE: Which is, what I fear. I'm afraid that,
ROSE: This could create a schisasm in our group, that we could all be torn apart.
ROSE: And I don't wand that!!!!!
ROSE: I want us all to stay friends, and jus be... peaceful togehter. :(
KANAYA: Me Too
KANAYA: I Can See The Dilemma Here
KANAYA: Are You Actually Thinking About
KANAYA: Um
KANAYA: Doing Something About This
ROSE: I dun't know!!!
ROSE: Maybe I shouldn't intrefere with their kishmeshishit... kshimimishimesh.. Aw fuck.
ROSE: Their hate dating.
ROSE: Maybe it's..
ROSE: Just a wonderful thing for them. An I would beh hoorible to inerfere, with their..
ROSE: Beaufiful hate?
ROSE: The problem is, it's still soo alien to me. The idea of blapck romance.
ROSE: I try to understand, sometimes, like, more than inteclectually. I try to, put myself in the shoes of FEELING that an...
ROSE: It still dosn't make sense to me.
ROSE: I don't want to project my human valuesh on to an alien relationship I dispapprove of.
KANAYA: I Understand
KANAYA: But What Youre Describing Is
KANAYA: Hmm
KANAYA: Actually Im Hesitant To Even Mention It
ROSE: No, what!
KANAYA: This Is Probably Not A Good Idea
ROSE: Oh, puleashe. You KNOW you have to tall me now.
KANAYA: The Feelings You Are Having Are Actually Perfectly Normal Within The Framework Of Our Quadrant Based Romantic Tradition
KANAYA: I Dont Know If They Can Be Felt Naturally By Humans But The Way You Are Viewing Their Relationship Would Be Quite A Standard Response On Alternia
ROSE: Yeah??
KANAYA: Yes

KANAYA: It Is Sanctioned Within The Ashen Quadrant
KANAYA: Which Addresses Conciliatory Romantic Feelings Not Directed At A Single Person
KANAYA: But At Two People Who Are Presently In Such A Contentious Relationship
ROSE: Oh shitch... I forgot about that..
ROSE: You're right, :o
KANAYA: It Is Generally Not Regarded As One Of The More Emotionally Fulfilling Quadrants To Become Involved In
KANAYA: And Can Be Quite Laborious To Maintain
KANAYA: But It Served A Very Important Social Purpose For My People
KANAYA: Such As In Situations Very Similar To The One You Described
KANAYA: Where Two Parties Are Highly Drawn To Each Other Through Animosity
KANAYA: They May In Fact Be Perfect For Each Other In That Tumultuous Quadrant
KANAYA: But To Pursue The Relationship Would Be Chaos
KANAYA: Much Like The Scenario You Laid Out The Two Kismeses If Left Unchecked Would Devastate All Their Other Relationships
KANAYA: Those In Their Own Quadrants And Even Those In Other Peoples
KANAYA: So It Is The Job Of An Auspistice To Make Sure That Doesnt Happen
ROSE: Yes...
ROSE: .
ROSE: hic.
ROSE: .
ROSE: YES.....

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: KANAYA THAT IS EXAGLY WHAT I NEED TO DO!!!
KANAYA: Oh No
KANAYA: Really
ROSE: Absoulutely.
ROSE: I haf never been so shure.. about, anything.
ROSE: Well maybe, almost anaything.. :), but yes.
KANAYA: I Dont Think I Would Advise It
KANAYA: Its Extremely Difficult And Can Often Feel Like A Thankless Undertaking
KANAYA: In Truth It Is Probably The Most Challenging Quadrant To Master
KANAYA: Trust Me
ROSE: I believe you.
ROSE: But I wants to know.
ROSE: Can you teach me?
KANAYA: I
KANAYA: ...
ROSE: There's so mouch I just don't understand.
ROSE: About your romanse, but,
ROSE: I'm soi curious.
ROSE: I try to understand the concept of either contentatious or plastonic relationships as something that...
ROSE: Can be parshed through the emotions assoliated with romance but,,

ROSE: It still doesn't realay compute to me.
KANAYA: I Really
KANAYA: Dont Know If I Would Be A Good Teacher
KANAYA: Of Auspisticism
KANAYA: I Honestly Was Not Very Good At It Myself
ROSE: Tha's fine..
ROSE: Forget aushpipshit...
ROSE: Auspishtishimish..
ROSE: Good damn.
ROSE: Forget specificulty that right now,.
ROSE: I want...
ROSE: You to teach me evvverrreeything!
KANAYA: Everything
ROSE: Yez.

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogKANAYA: That Is
KANAYA: A Lot Of Things
ROSE: I want you... to,
ROSE: Teash me ALL the quadrans.

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: I want you toot,
ROSE: Tell me about your spabes,
ROSE: Your didamounds,

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: I wank you to,
ROSE: Share wish me yur clumbs...
ROSE: And your hearst.

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: I want..

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

dialoglogROSE: Yuouo....

## [A6I3] ==>

**25/10/12**

## [A6I3] ==>

**27/10/12**

```
FALL..
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**27/10/12**

```
honk.

DRUNK HAPPEN
   xROSE......
      COMBOBOB
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**27/10/12**

```
BONK

BONK

BONK
```

weird honk vent shaf

And with the smitten Seer's inebriated descent down a flight of escalation zigzags through the dark subway-like belly of the meteor, and with teen xenolove mingling with weird honks wafting from the ventshafts to fill the fetid laboratory air with equal parts mirth and gaiety, we are ready to bid adieu to this vignette of hyperimportant fucking around on the pitch-perfect note of a single textbook deployment of the rare yet highly embarrassing DRUNK HAPPEN xROSE COMBOBOB.

And once again we find ourselves poised to attempt to exit this intermission prematurely, while forgetting to address exactly no loose ends whatsoever. You turn the page to find a pair of green curtains that won't close, and are fooled completely by them, as usual.

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

on "THED DATE"


today
we go on this
HOT DATE
with this
BEAUTIFUL
WONAN.


the "DATE IDEA (plan)".......
is to go to go tot the ..............
SUBWAY


and
stand out
side and smell
the smell that
the sand
wiches make!

for awhile
```

SUBWAY

vent
shaft


weird
stonk

vent
shaf


UHHHM,
DUDE?

THAT RANK
ASS VENT
WIND SMELLS
LIKE SHIT.


MMMMMMMMMM


bro...

bro this
date is
shit, your
shit.

you are
BLOWING
it with this
FOXY SLUNT

can we ant least
go INSIDE this
shitwhole...

FUCK

stop

you loser turd

stop it


MMMMMMMMMM


STOP SMELLING
THOSE SANDWINCHES
YOU
HIDEOUS COCK,
she's
ESCAPING TO THE SIDE.


SUBWAY

```
vent
shaft


woggle
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**27/10/12**

```
PSYCHE
```

And there you have it. Literally the worst psycheout in Homestuck to date, hands down.

But seriously, we still need to see what Meenah and Vriska have to say to each other. Proceed to the next page to find out how these twin titans of in-your-face delinquency react to each other's unique brands of reckless antihero chutzpah.

## [S][A6I3] ==>

**27/10/12**

```
♏   ♊

3% → 43% → 44% → 45% → 77% → 78% → 80% → 88%
 → 89% → 91% → 93% → 94% → 95% → 96% → 97% → 98% → 99%
 → lol

SPOILER WARNING: DO NOT OPEN DIALOGLOG UNTIL FULLY LOADED.
 → hehehehehehehehe
```

dialoglogYou spend no less than 90 seconds staring at this fucking GIF image before you realize the actual Flash animation is on the next page.

## [S][A6I3] MINISTRIFE!!!

**03/11/12**

♊ ♏

STRIFE!

MEENAH: H-EY YOU! serket lookin girl

MEENAH: wanna join my army

VRISKA: Oh, I see. It's the Peixes wanna8e. So you're the one raising this army. That's hilarious.

VRISKA: Sorry, I can't join your dum8 army. I'm 8usy pursuing a much more intelligent strategy.

MEENAH: who da fuck you callin a wannabe?? lousy pants wearin smart mouth aranea ripoff

MEENAH: now get in my army fore i poke you up beeyotch

VRISKA: Not gonna happen!!!!!!!! I am however looking for a large num8er of recruits to follow me on my treasure hunting expedition.

MEENAH: wut

VRISKA: I need an enormous mo8 of ghosts following me around to get that asshole's attention, so he can wreck more empty space and help me find the

treasure! You want in?
MEENAH: that makes no fuckin sense at all
MEENAH: anemoneway i dont recall giving anyone clearance for a whalenormous treasure hunt
MEENAH: as the rightful heiress that sorta noise has to go through me yo!!!
VRISKA: Haha! Wow, I had no idea the Peixes twin was such a riot! At least, I HOPE you were trying to 8e funny with that remark.

```
* whistles
```

VRISKA: John! Tavros! Stop goofing off over there and come get a load of this chick!!!!!!!!

```
* whistles
```

TAVROS: uHH, WHAT? wHAT AM i ACTUALLY GETTING A LOAD OF,
JOHN: oh, it's you! i remember you.
MEENAH: ITS BLU-E BOY!!! hahaha i forgot about this dumb nerd
JOHN: hey... what are you doing with that...
JOHN: no, please put the pokey thing down!
MEENAH: H-EY BLU-E BOY!!! CATC)(!!!!!!
JOHN: AUGH, NOT AGAIN!!!
TAVROS: oH, yES, eHEHEHEHEHEH,
VRISKA: Oh no. You did NOT just fork-vanish my alt universe ex 8oyfriend. No you DIDN'T!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: guess you could say i made him
MEENAH: disaSP-EAR 38)
VRISKA: Who do you think you are? Some sort of 8ad girl? Please, that's o8viously my turf.
VRISKA: 8ut you clearly want to rum8le, so who am I to deny you the 8eatdown you're angling for?
MEENAH: angling?? hey stick to spider puns or whatever if youre gonna talk smack
MEENAH: FIS)( PUNS AR-E MY TURF!!!
MEENAH: or i guess i mean... surf 38?
VRISKA: Yeah, uh, I don't really DO puns? Mainly 8ecause I'm not a lame wiggler.
VRISKA: Anyway you sure like to wave that trident around while running your mouth. I wonder if you had any intention of engaging in any actual com8at?
VRISKA: Guess it's up to me to get this party started, as usual. Watch and learn!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: aw man is this what were doin now
MEENAH: changin into our bullshit god rags?
VRISKA: Your move, punk! :::;)
MEENAH: but these jams are so ugly
MEENAH: bleh fine here goes nofin
MEENAH: -E-E-E-E-E------EUUUG)(

MEENAH: i look like hell... all beige and shit
MEENAH: how can you even stand these grody ass thief duds
VRISKA: Wow, unreal. What a prima donna! Tavros, can you believe this girl?
VRISKA: Hey, what are you doing? Stop fidgeting around? Are you looking for something?
TAVROS: (mUst fIND, my pReciOUs,,,)
MEENAH: i was thinkin of modding ma peejays to look a little snazzier
MEENAH: water you think of...
MEENAH: this?
VRISKA: Uh.....
MEENAH: or this? or maybe...
VRISKA: ::::|
MEENAH: wait how bout...
MEENAH: yea???
VRISKA: ????????
VRISKA: Oh my god. Will you stop????????
VRISKA: You don't like your gear, just do what I do. Take it to the next level! Check it.
MEENAH: da fuuuuck
MEENAH: come on girl i aint got no dice or fancy pirate threads this is like my top shellf battle mode here

```
* whistles
```

MEENAH: but i CAN call for backup
MEENAH: my homies can teach you to show your royalty a lil respect

```
* whistles
```

ARANEA: Hey, what's going on here?! Meenah, are you fighting with my dancestor? This is so counterproductive!
MEENAH: original recipe serket. quit yer glubbin and go god tier already theres a rumble goin down in the hood
ARANEA: Oh, fine. 8ut I'm not participating in this fight!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: Hey there, dorky teen Marquise! Nice of you to join us.
VRISKA: Your friend seems to think she's the only one who can call for 8ackup.
VRISKA: As if I don't have god tier pals w8ting in the wings too!

```
* whistles * whistles
```

ARADIA: huh? what is happening here... wait
ARADIA: is this a party? oh goodness i think it is OuO
ARADIA: this is like a fun costume party for ghosts isnt it! whats the occasion?
VRISKA: Nothing, Megido. Just a run of the mill afterlife smackdown. You're on my team.
ARADIA: oh but im not doing any fighting
ARANEA: Neither am I!
VRISKA: God dammit, Aradia.
MEENAH: scrod clammit aranea

MEENAH: aight we need some non pacifisht chumps on the scene pronto
MEENAH: E-Y ANYON-E IN TH-E G)(OST VICINITY G-ET Y-ER TAIL OV-ER )(-ER-E S)(IT IS GOING DOWN

```
* whistles
```

VRISKA: YEAH!!!!!!!!

```
* whistles
```

LATULA: wooooo, 4w y34h grlz, h34rd you w3r3 st4rt1ng 4 p4rty ov3r h3r3??? >XD
MEENAH: no its not a party its...
KANKRI: Hm. I see s9me9ne has ch9sen t9 dress as a pirate f9r this party, in spite 9f the negative ass9ciati9ns that the 9ld marauding classes have with vi9lent a6use, 9ppressi9n, n9t even t9 mention
MEENAH: ARRRRRGH DUD-E GTFO
LATULA: yo porr1m! n1c3 costum3! w4y to ch4ng3 1nto someth1ng on such short not1ce. H1 F1V3!!!!
PORRIM: What? No+, this isn't a co+stume. It's just what I was wearing. I came o+ver here to+ see what all the co+mmo+ti+n was about.
LATULA: d4mn grl you just look1ng f1n3 for th3 h3ll of 1t th3n! GRL POW3R!!!
PORRIM: Uh... sure. So+ this is a party? So+unds like fun!
MEENAH: no its not a party gfd 38(
bot!ARADIA: lets annihilate them
bot!ARADIA: yes lets. i am in the m00d t0 ruin s0meb0dy
VRISKA: Right on! I knew I could count on you crazy metal 8roads for some mayhem.
SOLLUX: hey aradia, uh... y0ur rob0 clones l0ok like they're ab0ut to flip the fuck 0ut. they're making me nervous, eheheh. can you try talking s0me sense into them?
ARADIA: sorry sollux my robotic duplicates have always been free agents totally exempt from my influence and better judgement
ARADIA: equius do you think you can calm them down?
EQUIUS: D --> They are pernickety devices
EQUIUS: D --> Often sweat seeps into their circuitry and causes them to behave more erratically
EQUIUS: D --> Which unfortunately only causes me to sweat even more profusely, I am afraid
ARADIA: equius weve never talked about it but im not sure how comfortable i am with you um... courting such a great plurality of my mechanical doubles
EQUIUS: D --> On a scale of 1 to 100, how depraved would you say you find my behavior?
EQUIUS: D --> (please be 100, please be 100...)
ARADIA: i never should have kissed you that time it was such a mistake :(
EQUIUS: D --> (I NEED A TOWEL)
EQUIUS: D --> (A NEW ONE I MEAN)

MITUNA: HA7H 4NYW0NG 533N MY H4ML37
KURLOZ: :o)
MITUNA: 000H WH04 N1C3 C057UM3 8UDDY
KURLOZ: :o)
CRONUS: (be quiet. by saying anything youre really making a horrible impression on people we should be trying to impress here.)
MITUNA: 1M 50RRY
CRONUS: (ill forgivwe you, but this is the last time i evwer do. im at my vwits end with you.)
MITUNA: 1M 50RRY PL3453 PL3453 F04G1V3 M3 4G4IN
FEFERI: GLUB! (whoops, i mean glub. oh gosh, it's my ancestor!)
FEFERI: (i'm so nervous, i can't let her notice me. she's so unbubbleivably cool! *swoonami*)
MEENAH: (ah snap its my ancestor. wish i didnt notice her)
MEENAH: (must... suppress... urge... to murder her for royal supremacy omg)
MEULIN: (^·ω·^) < 333333333!!!!!!!!!
NEPETA: :33 < 333333333!!!!!!!!!
MEULIN: (^·o·^)/ < 333333333!!!!!!!!!
NEPETA: :33 < 333333333!!!!!!!!!
MEULIN: (=^ω^=) < 333333333!!!!!!!!!
ERIDAN: wwhoa man could you maybe stop bumpin me wwith your codpiece
CRONUS: sorry chief, honest misake. so are you doing anything later?
ERIDAN: wwait are you actually seriously hittin on me
ERIDAN: wwoww dude evven i think youre trash
CRONUS: im a cool enough cat if you get to know me. you didnt ansvwer the question.
ERIDAN: sigh fine lets go out on a date i guess. flippin amazin this tragic scenarios wwhat i been reduced to
MEENAH: H-EY! everyone stay on the right goddamn sides. cronus im lookin at you
VRISKA: Yeah! Nepeta, 8ack in line. You people need to start taking this 8rawl more seriously.
robohorse!RUFIOH: yo my gangstas! d1d 1 hear you were go1ng off to f1ght a ghost k1ll1ng demon...
robohorse!RUFIOH: m1nd 1f 1 tag along... 1've been hop1ng for a chance to put an end to my cruel joke of an ex1stence... haha... bangarang.
VRISKA: Hell yes! On this team I have a MAJOR need for expenda8le people.
MEULIN: (^·o·^) HORSEBODY!RUFIOH, DON'T BE SUCH A DOWNER! DIDN'T YOU GET THE MEOWMO? THIS IS NOT A CATFIGHT, IT'S A COSTUME PURRTY!!!
MEENAH: no no it really is a catfight. or i mean a regular fight... urrgh
KANKRI: Meulin, it w9uld 6e great if y9u didn't use this party as a platf9rm t9 engage in suicide shaming. I think Rufi9h is triggered en9ugh as it is having t9

live with the hein9us 69dy 9f a metal h9rse.
DAMARA: これは何? ハロウィーンの乱交? [What is this? A Halloween orgy?]
VRISKA: Are you fuckers deaf???????? This 8n't a party!
MEULIN: (^._.^) ...
PORRIM: Ho+rrus, yo+ur o+utfit lo+o+ks nice, but so+rry to+ say it was a false alarm. It's no+t a co+ stume party.
HORUSS: 8=D < This isn't a costume. I am literally a majestic stallion, and my appearance refle% this noble reality.
PORRIM: Ah. Go+tcha. Hey guys, can I be o+n the o+ther team?
KANAYA: Yes!
MEENAH: no!!!!!!!!!!
KARKAT: THIS GATHERING HAS COMPLETELY BLOWN AWAY MY ABILITY TO TOLERATE STUPIDITY AND AWFULNESS. GET ME THE FUCK OUTTA HERE.
KARKAT: GOD DAMN IT. THE CROWD IS GETTING TOO THICK, I CAN'T EVEN GET AWAY FROM THIS SHIT. EVERYBODY FUCKING MOVE!!!
TAVROS: eXCUSE ME, oTHER PEOPLE,
TAVROS: wHO ARE ME, aND OTHERWISE,
GAMZEE: honk.
TAVROS: hAVE YOU SEEN, a BEAUTIFUL TREASURE ON THE FLOOR,
TAVROS: tHAT IS MORE SPECIFICALLY A RING,
TEREZI: K4RK4T, SHUT UP, TH1S 1S GR34T!
TEREZI: W3 N33D TO G3T MOR3 P3OPL3 J4MM3D 1NTO TH1S SW33T F1GHTP4RTY M4SQU3R4D3! >:]

```
* whistles * whistles
```

some!PORRIM: I saw the cro+wd fro+m way o+ver there. Acco+rding to+ peo+ple o+ut o+n the cusp, this is so+me so+rt o+f co+stume party?
some!LATULA: tru f4ctz grl!!! just j4m yours3lf 1n th3 p1l3, l1k3z th1s!!!
MEENAH: ah fuck are people way over there still callin this a party
bot!ARADIA: destr0y
some!MITUNA: S0M30N3 15 70U5H1NG M3. 7H15 N33D5 70 570P
some!DAMARA: 誰かが私に触れている。続けてください。[Someone is touching me. Please continue.]
some!KANKRI: S9ME9NE IS TRIGGERING ME. THIS NEEDS TO BE TAGGED.
some!PORRIM: Sho+o+sh!
some!MITUNA: 1M 50RRY
some!KARKAT: OH GOD, I CAN HEAR HIM WHINING FROM ALL THE WAY OVER THERE.
some!KANAYA: Someone Over There Is Probably Making The Same Observation About You
some!KARKAT: YEAH, AND YOUR ANCESTOR IS PROBABLY CHIDING HIM MATERNALLY OVER THERE, JUST LIKE YOU ARE WITH ME. EVER THINK ABOUT THAT??
some!KANAYA: I'm Sorry

bot!ARADIA: kill
TAVROS: (wherE, OH, wHERe,)
some!SOLLUX: ehehehehe, thii2 party ii2 a fuckiing JOKE.
MEENAH: no its a shitty battle royale pass it on you dirtscrapin sack of honey dijon rubbish
some!SOLLUX: niice dress, fiin face, olol.
TAVROS: (iS, my prEciOUs,)
VRISKA: Tavros, stop crawling around under everyone's feet! You're 8eing so weird.
some!TEREZI: Y34H, W3 C4N 4LL H34R YOU WH1SP3R1NG TO YOURS3LF. PR3TTY W31RD, BRO. >:\
TAVROS: (none of Them, can uNderstAnd,)
bot!ARADIA: destr0y
RUFIOH: haha, yo 1 th1nk 1 hear my young ancestor wh1sper1ng from all the way over here... about someth1ng prec1ous... sh*t 1s crazy!
TAVROS: (tHe beAUTY, of my PrEcious,)
HORUSS: 8=D < It reminds me of when I was similarly sm*tten, and searched everywhere for the perfect snout ring for you, to FORTIFY our commitment. Do you remember, Rufioh?
RUFIOH: whoa, yeah! heh, those were the days... (hey doll, m1nd 1f we talk a b1t? 1 ma1nly want to look d1stracted... so the guy w1th the ponyta1l leaves me alone... you d1g?)
bot!ARADIA: death t0 all
RUFIOH: ahaha... d*mn. so much l1ke the real th1ng 1t's... freaky }:o
bot!ARADIA: like what real thing
RUFIOH: uh... you know, l1ke...
bot!ARADIA: if y0u say like alive aradia i will make y0u BEG f0r a h0rse b0dy
RUFIOH: no no, l1ke someone else!!! d*mn... uncanny...
bot!ARADIA: 0h 0k
RUFIOH: hey, you're pretty cool babe... want to... like... if you aren't doing anything...
EQUIUS: D --> E%cuse me, what is going on over here
RUFIOH: (man... not another zahnak! haha, this is f***in crazy...)
bot!ARADIA: this guy with the m0hawk was flirting with me and i was being fully receptive to his advances
RUFIOH: whoa you were?
EQUIUS: D --> I see. Aradiabot #100502, why must you devastate my pump biscuit so?
NEPETA: :33 < *the pouncellor astutely pawbserves the exchange and updates her shipping grid with startling developments of the heart!*
EQUIUS: D --> Nepeta, stop!
NEPETA: :33 < no!
EQUIUS: D --> Yes

NEPETA: :33 < no
EQUIUS: D --> Yes
NEPETA: :33 < no
GAMZEE: HONK
some!TEREZI: MOR3!!! MOR3 1 S4Y!!! 4444H4H4H4H4H4H4H4H4!!!!!!!

```
* whistles * whistles
```

TAVROS: (I FOUND IT!!!) (THE RING!!!)
some!MEULIN: ~(=^‥^) < WOW. THAT WHISPER WAS SO LOUD, I THINK EVEN I HEARD IT???
TAVROS: (nO, waIt, this iSn't IT,)
some!CRONUS: hey there sport, i think that's my ring you havwe there. ivwe been looking all over for it.
TAVROS: oH, oKAY, hERE YOU GO,
some!CRONUS: thank you, friend. thank you so, vwery, vwery, vwery much.
TAVROS: oH, wOW,,, tHIS HUG IS LASTING, wAAAAAY TOO LONG,
VRISKA: Hey, sketchier Ampora! If you touch him again, I will fucking kill you!
ERIDAN: owwned
KARKATs: I HATE THE AFTERLIFE I HATE THE AFTERLIFE I HATE THE AFTERLIFE

MEENAH: classic flavor serket is right tho we are sorta wastin time here
MEENAH: lets hurry this up and make it simple
MEENAH: if i win then all these dorkwads join my army including you
MEENAH: if you win you get all the spoils and go hunt for the treasure
ARANEA: And if luck should conspire to make it a draw? ::::)
MEENAH: i dunno man
MEENAH: then i guess we combine all our plans into one huge clusterfuck plan???
MEENAH: like this whole thing aint one big clusterfuck already
VRISKA: I will agree to those terms. This is going to be almost too easy.
MEENAH: serket the sequel shut your cocky mouth and fight me
CALLIE: stop, yoU gUys!

## [A6I3] ==>

**03/11/12**

```
~ATH - A HANDBOOK FOR THE IMMINENTLY DECE...

CALLIOPE: stop, yoU gUys!

THIS.DIE()

"stop, yoU gUys!" callie
yelled. she yelled and yelled,
...ut noone could see he...
...haps the thieves w...
...aUght Up in b...
...th...
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**03/11/12**

```
IDIOT. BITCHES
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**03/11/12**

```
RIP
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**03/11/12**

```
~ATH - A HANDBOOK FOR THE IMMINENTLY...

CALLIOPE: wake Up, sleepyhead!!

POKE POKE

-who is this boy?" callie wondered
not since her brother ha-
-sUch an angry nap!
poked him
```

## [A6I3] ==>

**03/11/12**

```
CALLIOPE: wake Up, sleepyhead!!
```

```
POKE POKE
```

## [A6I3] ==>
**03/11/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**03/11/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**03/11/12**
## [A6I3] ==>
**03/11/12**
## END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 3
**03/11/12**
## [S] ACT 6 ACT 4
**11/11/12**

```
LAND OF MOUNDS AND XENON

LAND OF PYRAMIDS AND NEON

LAND OF TOMBS AND KRYPTON
```

## ==>
**12/11/12**
END OF ACT 6 ACT 4.
## [S] ==>
**13/11/12**
## ACT 6 INTERMISSION 4
**13/11/12**
## [A6I4] ==>
**13/11/12**
## [A6I4] ==>
**13/11/12**

```
IDIOT. BITCH.
```

You are now Caliborn.
## [A6I4] ==>
**14/11/12**

```
wake Up, sleepy head
```

You needed something to sop up all the blood, so you snatched your sister's fanfic tome for the road. Just by ripping the pages out, you're already giving her dumb stories more attention than they deserve. She's lucky you were in such a pickle for clean towelettes. Ordinarily you wouldn't use this trash to wipe your ass.

But then again, that's only because ordinarily you're chained to the other side of the room.

## [A6I4] ==>

**14/11/12**

You captchalogue the tome, savoring the recently acquired freedom of having a fetch modus all to yourself. The idea of storing an object, and then... freely being able to retrieve it any time? Without having to barter with a truculent sibling over a series of inconvenient naps? It's almost too much liberation to fathom. You truly are a free, adult man, and you are so, so proud of yourself.

You love having a dead sister. Having a dead sister is an experience you would highly recommend to everybody.

## [A6I4] ==>

**14/11/12**

You are already so far from home. You have never walked so far in your life. At least not while awake. The immovable juju block keeping you shackled to your room was just one of the many banes of your existence.

It's hard being a cherub and growing up with lots of weird magical rules that nobody understands and have no discernible origin or purpose.

It's hard being a cherub and growing up with lots of weird magical rules that nobody understands and have no discernible origin or purpose, and nobody understands.

## [A6I4] ==>

**14/11/12**

You peer at your former prison through the scope on your MACHINE GUN. You aren't really supposed to hold the gun by the magazine like that, but whatever.

There's the CRUXTRUDER. It was the only device available to be deployed. You're pretty sure there were supposed to be more devices that went with it. But you guess your game session is a little different?

You were also under the impression there were supposed to be gates directly above your home. But you don't see any. Maybe if you look higher...

## [A6I4] ==>

**14/11/12**

Still no gates. But there's Skaia, all clouded over. You like it much better that way.

And there's Prospit in close orbit. That's where your dead sister's murdered dream torso is. You wonder if the kingdom has gotten around to having a... what do the humans call it again? You forget. Some sort of ludicrous cadaver festival. Just the typical kind of sentimental horseshit cooked up by races of people who actually live in each other's proximity. They often exhibit such bizarre tendencies that result from esoteric things like "culture" and "tradition." Aliens are so strange.

You guess Jack Noir could still be up there too. You'll have to catch up with him later for a debriefing. He has been very useful. You may need his service again some time.

## [A6I4] ==>

**15/11/12**

Until then, it seems there is nothing to do but keep exploring. There are no signs of anyone or anything interesting on this planet, except of course the same hideous statues which littered your homeworld. You can't seem to shake these godawful things, even by fleeing to another realm. You don't know what they are, but you suspect that once in an ancient civilization they were probably symbols of tyranny and oppression.

Now that you think about it, you believe your entire planet may have been sucked into the Medium, not just the cruddy statues. The landscape is very similar, minus the bright red glow from the supergiant. Add one more item to the list of things you don't understand. You thought you were going to be sent to a cool new planet, unique to you and your adventure. Some sort of amazing new magical place you could conquer, not the same old barren ball of shit you grew up on. At least that is what Calliope had you believing. You think she was probably a liar, or just really stupid. Or both, times infinity.

**[A6I4] ==>**

**15/11/12**

You keep walking.

**[A6I4] ==>**

**15/11/12**

And walking.

**[A6I4] ==>**

**15/11/12**

Yeah.

**[A6I4] ==>**

**15/11/12**

You're not going to lie.

**[A6I4] ==>**

**15/11/12**

This place is boring as hell.

**[A6I4] ==>**

**15/11/12**

You were hoping for a lot more out of this adventure. But no.

**[A6I4] ==>**

**15/11/12**

The wasteland is empty. Banality skims the void where a proper fucking adventure should be, as if grazing the stab wound of a murdered sister, or say, a toppled sarswapagus. A stupid note is produced. It's the one assholes play to make their audience start punching themselves in the crotch repeatedly.

Today is your first predomination day, and as with all zero preceding it, something feels...

Something feels

Er.

What

What are you looking at?

**[A6I4] ==>**

**15/11/12**

```
CALIBORN: ? ? ? ?
```

Look.

No wait. Don't look. Just...

Listen.

You don't have time for fancy poetry. It's almost as useless as having your thoughts dictated to you, assuming you were even aware of that happening, which you definitely aren't. Cherubs aren't prone to that kind of self awareness. No way, absolutely not. Yes, you believe that thought. The one you had just now, by your own volition, and now it's true reality. See? Yes, you agree totally with that thought you had.

Frankly you don't know about stuff skimming holes or alertness to some purely hypothetical flow of narrative or whatever. You've got MAJOR PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS. You were meant to be a monster. To destroy something huge and really important, perhaps repeatedly, and to be a total shithead about it. You just haven't found the road that'll take you there yet. Somewhere in this depressing empty lot of a session there is a quest waiting for you. You are determined to squeeze more blood from this pathetic stone than all the naturally occurring puppets in paradox space keep in their squishy little torsos combined.

You stew in your own quasi-lucid hostility as you think this very thought. The one right here, that feels like it's being dictated to you, you think. You think it feels that way, so you guess it's true. But we previously agreed that you were the sole author of your own thoughts, didn't we? That's the thought you should be thinking, and more importantly, believing in as hard as you can, thus slightly reducing its stubborn fakeness attribute. You then think the word, HUH? That doesn't sound like a thought you would have, you think to yourself thoughtfully. What the fuck? But seriously, you've got to stop this. If you keep thinking thoughts like this, you'll probably start going crazy. And if you start going crazy, this desolate one player session will start to feel a lot longer than it's already going to, and more specifically, than it already did. Still, you can't quite shake the feeling.

You have a feeling it's already been a long--Hey!

**[A6I4] ==>**

**15/11/12**

What's that over there?? That looks like a GREAT thing to distract you from your awareness-addled reverie.

It's some kind of blinking light, far off in the distance. It may be part of something else, like a larger structure. But it's so far away, the light is all you can see.

You have a feeling it's going to be a long walk.

## [A6I4] ==>

**16/11/12**

```
Alert : Roxy
```

Hold on. Another distraction happens to distract you from your previous distraction.

Really? A distraction to distract you from a distraction? You sure have some dumb thoughts. Whatever dude. It's your brain.

Someone is contacting you. But you don't remember bringing a computer with you.

## [A6I4] ==>

**16/11/12**

```
Alert : Roxy
```

Oh, right. It's your sister's computer, still stored in your shared sylladex. You never understood what a kid chained to her bedroom needed with a portable computer. It made you mad how stupid that was.

## [A6I4] ==>

**16/11/12**

```
jeering : tipsyGnostalgic

tipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering undyingUmbrage [uu]
TG: psst hey calliopes bro
TG: i got
TG: a secret messa-
TG: it is
TG: ehehm
TG: CALLIOPE


viewing : tipsyGnostalgic
```

You take a look at the message. Yes, just as you thought. That plastered floozy is spouting her nonsense again. It looks like your sister told the human her name? That is a clear and egregious violation of the rules. She must have been getting really desperate.

The joke is on the human though. She's trying to wake up a dead girl.

It seems their session is still completely blacked out. What a bummer. Where's the fun in harassing these losers when you can't see them?

Maybe it's time you left them all behind anyway. You don't have the patience for games with idiots anymore. There are much bigger things on the horizon for you.

## [A6I4] ==>

**16/11/12**

pesterlogtipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering undyingUmbrage [uu]
TG: psst hey calliopes bro
TG: i got
TG: a secret message 4 u

TG: it is
TG: ehehm
TG: CALLIOPE
TG: ....
TG: sooooooooo
TG: did that work
TG: calliope calliope calliope
TG: is 3 times the charm
TG: come onnnnn
TG: wake up sleepy head!
TG: le
TG: SIGN
TG: maybe youre just afk?
TG: i hope ur dumb POS brother doesnt end up reading this instead
TG: man i wish you would wake up
TG: rly wanna talk to a friend about everything that just happened
TG: i mean another friend who is not part and parcel to my 3 bffs ridorkulous nonsense
TG: guess ill just give u the scoop on the haps for whenever you wake up
TG: so yeah we all finally entered our game

## [A6I4] ==>

**16/11/12**

pesterlogTG: i think i was being the worst kind of turd 4 opposing the idea so long
TG: guess i thought i was being noble
TG: like sacrificing something that was important and we all wanted anyways just so i could fuck with the witch and her plans
TG: but i dunno what i was thinking
TG: cause this shit here is p great i have got to say
TG: now we are all of the sudden in this crazy place full of pretty green hills and a black empty sky
TG: i never actually seen anything like plants growin or a country side
TG: its so peaceful and quiet here
TG: i mean the racket my loudmouth pals are makin notwithstanding
TG: we are just chilling at jakes old broken house on a mountain figuring what to do
TG: lol this all happened so fuckin fast!
TG: i cant believe were all together like this suddenly
TG: just
TG: hangin out
TG: in actual person
TG: in our moon jammies
TG: this is better than i ever thought it would be in the silliest and stupidest way
TG: it feels so surreal and amazing just being here with my friends
TG: im still not even sure how this all came together
TG: mostly a lotta machiavellian/heroic XTREME STRIDER BULLSHIT

## [A6I4] ==>

**16/11/12**

pesterlogTG: like i was under attack there
TG: my colony was burning
TG: and i remember dying
TG: and i think jane must have died too?
TG: she was on derse but i have no idea how she got there
TG: i dunno if jake died too or what
TG: all i know is ppl were just dying their asses off left and right
TG: the b line is we were all in some shit
TG: dirk i think must have killed himself and like shipped his own head to jake on makeout mountain
TG: but dirk also kissed me it would seem
TG: while i was too dead to notice UNFORTUNATELY :c
TG: but then i woke up on derse which was gettin worked over by the red shit too
TG: and there jane was
TG: all lyin there bloodily and heart breakingly and probably dead
TG: so
TG: i knew i had to kiss her
TG: but
TG: god i feel so pathetic but i just couldnt do it for some reason?
TG: i wanted to but i guess the blood grossed me out and im a total disgrace of a friend
TG: i dont think ill tell her because its too embarrassing
TG: then dirk wakes up and kicks my squeamish butt out the way and kisses her even in spite of his superhuman gayness because he sucks less as a hero
TG: and then were blasting off suddenly on his fuckin rocket and i dont even KNOW whats happening but its all so awesome and we scoot by somewhere and pick jane up in her yellow dress and now SHES flying with us screamin the whole time hahahaha
TG: and then we get to jakes place and shit everywhere is on fire and hes asleep there so dirk splashes him with a bucket of ocean and tells me and jane to hide??
TG: so we do and jake wakes up and starts arguing with dirks gross head from the fucking future and climbs up on this stone wall for some reason and just starts making out with the head while the volcano explodes???
TG: jane and i are like what the absolute FUCK while dirks just there with his bucket all like 'yup'
TG: then we ollied out of that popsicle stand so now here we are
TG: wow
TG: that story is a goddamn mess
TG: what did i even just say

## [A6I4] ==>

**16/11/12**

pesterlogTG: i dunno
TG: ill try to make better sense of all this later
TG: i just wanted to tell you
TG: and thank you for all you did to bring us together like this
TG: it has meant so v much 2 me
TG: oh guess what i even have a new lightning bug pal!
TG: he is toties cute + friendly + blinky as all getout

TG: i think i will name him
TG: doctor blinkbottom
TG: no thats shit
TG: how about
TG: twinkly herbert
TG: lmfao that is kinda sucky too
TG: but i like it
TG: so i am a keep it
TG: herbert just blinked in total agreement omg what a friend
TG: ok calliope
TG: by which i mean.....
TG: CALLIOPE
TG: eh?
TG: ehhh???
TG: still nothin?
TG: k well i should go then
TG: my party is getting a lit bit rowdy over there
TG: oh my god what are they actually doing

## [A6I4] ==>

**16/11/12**

pesterlogTG: not even ten stinkin mins into our magic bestfriendquest and theyre already jacking up the drama
TG: need to flag down the dramambulance
TG: haul these fuckers away
TG: wow they are really being so absurd
TG: maybe its just cause im not tipsy atm but this shit is like hells of amateur hour to me r now
TG: maybe if i wasnt as sober as a nun gettin slapped by a librarian i wouldnt even notice?
TG: fa reals tho may i just say
TG: dying is a hell of a way to sober up quick
TG: got 2 remember that trick
TG: so hey wake up soon!!
TG: i will try again later
TG: must deal w some shit now
TG: urgh
TG: i think
TG: i could use a drink
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased pestering undyingUmbrage [uu]

## [A6I4] ==>
**18/11/12**
## [A6I4] ==>
**18/11/12**
## [A6I4] ==>
**18/11/12**
## [A6I4] ==>
**18/11/12**
## [S][A6I4] ==>
**18/11/12**

```
A friendly clown welcomes you to ?????. It seems he would like to be your
guide.

Will you let him be your guide?

* click either blank-faced Caliborn icon

* ▷ etc
```

## [S][A6I4] ==>
**18/11/12**
Caliborn.
## [S][A6I4] ==>
**18/11/12**
Caliborn what are you doing.
## [S][A6I4] ==>
**18/11/12**
Stop it.
## [A6I4] ==>
**19/11/12**
You finish brutally gunning down a semi-innocent clown for like five solid minutes and turn your attention toward this mysterious tower. What the hell is this thing? Maybe that clown could have helped you understand what you're supposed to do in this empty wasteland, but no, you had better ideas. And all of them were bullets.
## [A6I4] ==>
**19/11/12**

```
[A6I4] ==>

You just think you can figure everything out by yourself, don't
you? Who needs friends and allies to ??????? ?????????? ???? ????,
right? Friendship and allegiance are emotions for dipshits like
humans and trolls. You really are quite full of yourself, you think.
Yes, you just thought that. No, don't resist the thought you just
had. You thought it, and you can't unthink it. You also think you
are a mean little prick. You had that thought all by yourself,
```

You just think you can figure everything out by yourself, don't you? Who needs friends and allies, right? Friendship and allegiance are emotions for dipshits like humans and trolls. You really are quite full of yourself, you think. Yes, you just thought that. No, don't resist the thought you just had.

You thought it, and you can't unthink it. You also think you are a mean little prick. You had that thought all by yourself, totally unprompted, and it is causing you to reflect on a lifetime spent being petulant and awful. Wait no, on second thought you don't think that. You have no remorse and you think you're great. No, you don't think you're great. You think you suck, and you regret slaughtering that juggalo. Please do not argue with your own brain. That's what a lunatic does.

## [A6I4] ==>

**19/11/12**

```
[A6I4] ==>

You are really upset that you killed that sweet helpful bard. No,
don't pretend you aren't. He only wanted to be your guide. Would
that have been so bad, you wonder? You wonder this to yourself while
a tear rolls down your stupid red cheek. You turn away so that no
one can see you cry, but you let out a muffled sob and everyone can
tell how sad you are.
```

You are really upset that you killed that sweet helpful bard. No, don't pretend you aren't. He only wanted to be your guide. Would that have been so bad, you wonder? You wonder this to yourself while a tear rolls down your stupid red cheek. You turn away so that no one can see you cry, but you let out a muffled sob and everyone can tell how sad you are.

## [A6I4] ==>

**20/11/12**

```
[A6I4] ==>

HEY.
VOICE IN MY HEAD.
Yes?
SHUT UP.
```

authorlogHEY.
VOICE IN MY HEAD.
Yes?
SHUT UP.

## [A6I4] ==>

**20/11/12**

authorlogNo way!
Then who would describe what you're thinking and feeling?
NOBODY.
I CAN THINK MY OWN THOUGHTS JUST FINE.
THEY ARE LESS STUPID AND CONDESCENDING. THAN THE THOUGHTS YOU TELL MY BRAIN TO HAVE.
But your thoughts are shitty!
You should be grateful to have someone to spice them up for you.
NO. WHAT'S SHITTY. IS YOU.
AND WHAT'S ALSO SHITTY IS THIS SHITTY PIECE OF SHIT MACHINE YOU LIVE INSIDE.
I don't live inside this thing, you idiot.
This is just sort of like a radio tower. It receives and transmits signals.
That's kind of obvious?

IT'S NOT OBVIOUS. IT'S DUMB AND CONFUSING.
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
TELL ME.
Gamzee could have told you a lot of stuff.
WHO??
I can't believe you shot him like that. What's the matter with you?
He was literally the first living being you ever met in your whole life, and you gun him down without a single word?
You've got some problems.
OH. THE CLOWN.
HE WAS DREADFUL AND PURPLE AND NEEDED TO BE EXTERMINATED QUICKLY.
He was a huge fan of yours and was really looking forward to meeting you.
He wanted to help you with your quest.
THIS IS MY PLANET. NO ONE ELSE CAN LIVE HERE. I DON'T NEED HELP.
Yet you want me to tell you what's going on?
YES. TELL ME IMMEDIATELY.
Nah.
AUGH.
What?
I'M GETTING FRUSTRATED. BOTH BY YOU. AND THIS FUCKING KEYBOARD.

## [A6I4] ==>

**20/11/12**

```
caps lock
```

authorlogWhat's the matter with it?
IT'S MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO TYPE MY QUIRK.
No it's not.
YES. THE CAPS LOCK KEY APPEARS TO BE PERMANENTLY DEPRESSED.
HOW DO I MAKE IT NOT LIKE THAT.
It's locked.
You need a key to unlock it.
You need keys to unlock a whole bunch of features on this tower.
WHERE IS THE KEY.
How should I know???
BECAUSE YOU ARE AN INFURIATING FONT OF KNOWLEDGE ABOUT MANY THINGS.
INCLUDING MY OWN BRAIN BEHAVIORS.
Why should I tell you everything?
Find your own fucking keys. It's your quest, remember?
NO, BUT TYPING LIKE THIS IS BAD.
IT'S REALLY THROWING ME OFF.
I don't understand the problem.
I CAN'T MAKE MY U'S LITTLE.
No, I got that. But caps lock should make it easier.
You do realize when caps lock is on, you can hold down shift to make letters lower case, right?
WHAT.

NO.
I DON'T USE CAPS LOCK. I THOUGHT IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE A TRAINING KEY FOR RETARDS.
A training key?
MAYBE ALSO FOR GIRLS. FOR WHEN THEY GET HYSTERICAL AND MAKE THEIR LETTERS SHOUT.
Ok, got it. Really great theories there.
So... how do you usually type then?
JUST. NEVER MIND.
Hang on. Are you saying you hold down shift with one hand, while hunting and pecking for all the letters with the other?
And whenever you type a 'u' you just let go of shift??
I SAID NEVER MIND.
Wow.
OK LOOK.
I CAN ACKNOWLEDGE THAT THE METHOD YOU PROPOSED IS A LOT MORE EFFICIENT AND SENSIBLE.
I JUST HAVE MY OWN STYLE.
THAT I'M COMFORTABLE WITH.
AND ALSO.
I JUST NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.
How old were you again?
FUCK YOU.
OK, THE THING IS.
DON'T TELL ANYBODY I SAID THIS.
BUT.
I'VE ALWAYS HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE.
AT.
LEARNING STUFF.
Yeah.
I know.

## [A6I4] ==>

**21/11/12**

```
TAP. TAP.
```

authorlogFUCK IT.
I'LL JUST TYPE IN ALL BIG LETTERS. EVEN THE U'S. WHO CARES.
Aw, looks like someone just took his first big step toward growing up!
ACTUALLY, TYPING THIS WAY IS A LOT EASIER. LOOKS LIKE I WIN THIS ROUND ASSHOLE.
Win what? I was the one advocating the use of caps lock in the first place, doofus.
DON'T ANTAGONIZE ME. YOU AREN'T A FUNNY PERSON.
I CAN TELL YOU THINK YOU'RE FUNNY. I MAY HAVE PROBLEMS LEARNING.
BUT I KNOW WHEN A PIECE OF GARBAGE IS TRYING TO BE FUNNY.
UNSUCCESSFULLY.

You're right. I do think I'm funny sometimes. Maybe I'm wrong though.
HAHA! YOU ARE. JUST A WRONG AND UNFUNNY GUY.
We all have our flaws to overcome. I do my best, just like you.
Think of all you've done in spite of your learning problems. You don't let your disability hold you back, do you?
I GUESS.
You won that game of chess with that stupid gambit. Switching the hats, remember? It was a lame ploy, and totally not in the spirit of the rules, but it got under her skin enough to force a loss anyway.
You also hired Jack to murder your sister. Which was a dick move, but reasonably clever.
YES.
THOSE THINGS I DID WERE GREAT.
Well, they weren't great so much as terrible. But the point is you can accomplish anything if you put your mind to it.
Just because you struggle with learning doesn't mean you can't realize your destiny. You just have to work a little harder at it.
And if you're dealt a lousy hand - and you definitely were with this shitty solo session - then you have to work even harder.
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO.
I know you will.
You are going to prove all the haters wrong, exceed your own limitations by miles, and accomplish more than you ever dreamed possible.
Yours is quite an inspiring story, actually. It's just a shame that all of your accomplishments will be so horrible.
But that's really beside the point.
YEAH, I ALREADY KNEW I WAS INCREDIBLE AND SPECIAL.
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO. INSPIRE ME. SAVE YOUR BREATH FUCKHEAD.
No, I don't give a shit about making you feel better about yourself.
I'm not your guardian or your sprite or your exile or your fucking life coach. I'm just saying some things that are true through the narrative prompt.
Take the facts or leave them!
MOST OF YOUR FACTS ARE BORING SO FAR.
I WOULD LIKE BETTER AND MORE USEFUL FACTS. RIGHT NOW.
You may be destined for bigger things, but you're still an atrocious, stupid child.
And you may have won the "game" with your sister, but that doesn't mean it was the best thing for your development as a person.
You had her dream self killed, which is not an opportunity your species typically gets. So she died prematurely, instead of allowing the conflict within you to settle itself naturally.
In short, you forced your predomination to happen a little too early, and now you're stuck.
STUCK?
Yes. Your personality is stuck in some sort of cantankerous prepubescent limbo. You are going to be a stunted, miserable tool forever.
WELL, HOW LONG WAS I EVEN SUPPOSED TO WAIT. FOR THAT TWEE BITCH TO GET OUT OF MY SKULL.
It's kind of sad. You don't really know anything about your own species, do you?
AND I GUESS YOU DO?

Uh, yeah?
Pretty much everything.
TELL ME THEN.
No.
GOD. DAMN IT.

## [A6I4] ==>

**21/11/12**

authorlogTHIS DIALOGUE IS GIVING ME A HEADACHE.
BETWEEN YOUR PASSIVE AGGRESSIVE OBSTINACY.
AND YOUR BIZARRE MOTIVATIONAL DIATRIBES.
AND THE FACT.
THAT I'M HAVING A HARD TIME TELLING OUR TEXT APART?
What?
You are?
KIND OF.
Well, here's a hint. You're the one typing in capital letters.
You're also the one typing in surly, brief, stilted sounding phrases.
NO, BUT THE COLORS ARE TOO SIMILAR.
I KNOW THAT SOME LETTERS ARE BIG. AND SOME ARE SMALL. HOW DUMB DO YOU THINK I AM.
I JUST HAVE AN EASIER TIME THINKING IN COLORS.
What does that even mean, "thinking in colors?"
I TOLD YOU. MY BRAIN WORKS DIFFERENTLY, SO SHUT UP.
Well, if you want to change your text color, you can if you turn on some of these monitors.
This thing is like a needlessly complicated desktop computer, really.
Made of a radio tower tree of old CRT monitors, rooted in a big transformer.
It needs a power though.
HOW DO I POWER IT.
See that loose plug there?
OH. FUCK.
Plug it into something.
WHAT A LOAD OF SHIT. THAT CORD IS SO SHORT. WHAT CAN IT EVEN REACH?
I dunno. Not my problem.
MAYBE IF I PULL IT REALLY HARD.
I CAN STRETCH IT FAR ENOUGH. TO PLUG IT INTO THAT FUCKING ROCK OVER THERE???
THIS IS BEYOND ASININE.
This is your quest.
In quests, there are challenges.
Challenges which must be overcome by your tiny, learningly-disabled brain.
I HATE YOU.
What you really need is a guide.
A mentor, of sorts.
Too bad you shot that clown.

## [A6I4] ==>

**21/11/12**

authorlogSTOP TOUTING THE WISDOM OF THAT IMBECILE WITH THE DISTURBING UNDERPANTS.
THE ONLY THING HE HAS TAUGHT ME. IS HOW TO RECEIVE HUNDREDS OF BULLETS THROUGH THE TORSO. IN THE LEAST DIGNIFIED MANNER POSSIBLE.
AND ALSO. A CRASH COURSE IN DYING A PAINFUL DEATH. HOPEFULLY.
Sorry to disappoint you.
He's not dead.
WHAT.
What did you expect? He's clearly a god tier.
BULLSHIT.
Haven't you ever seen a god tier before?
You do know what that is, right?
YES, I KNOW WHAT THAT IS.
Then you know he's immortal, and can only die under very specific circumstances.
Guess there's no point in trying to kill him!
BUT HIS WINGS FELL OFF!
I SAW THEM FALL OFF.
Hmm.
Yeah. I guess they did.
So?
SO. I THINK. HE'S PROBABLY FAKING.
Oh please. Paranoid much??
Why would anyone go to that kind of trouble? What would be the point?
He would have to be such a jackass to do that.
I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S FAKING.
I JUST KNOW THOSE WINGS WERE BOGUS PIECES OF SHIT. THAT WERE LIKE. STRAPPED ON.
WHICH MEANS. HE IS A FRAUD.
If you don't believe me, just see for yourself.
HUH?
You made the rookie mistake of turning your back on the body.
OH MY GOD.

## [A6I4] ==>

**21/11/12**

authorlogHOW CAN HE POSSIBLY STILL BE ALIVE???
See? Fit as a fiddle. Barely a scratch on him!
Just please don't shoot him again, ok?
WHY. IF YOU SAY HE'S IMMORTAL. THEN IT SHOULDN'T MATTER, RIGHT.
Yeah, I know what I said.
Alright, maybe he's not god tier. Who can really say for sure?
Just try giving the machine gun a rest for a while. He really wants to help you!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THIS FUCKER WON'T DIE.
He's a hilarious, rascally clown!

You know how it is with clowns.
NO??
They are notoriously difficult to kill for reasons that basically don't make any sense.
I'm personally not aware of a single timeline in which this codpiece packing moron dies.
WHAT. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN.
It means you can't keep down the clown.
??????
Say it with me.
"You can't keep down the clown."
NO, I WON'T SAY THAT.
SAY IT!
"You can't..."
GO FUCK YOURSELF. JUST TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS.
It means crazy clowns just won't die for some reason. In adventures such as yours, they tend to linger long past their welcome.
They linger and linger and linger, and just when you think you're totally fed up with their bullshit and you can't take another second of it, they just linger some more.
And you never know what they're up to, and they're always scheming in the shadows, and it's quite possible that whatever master plan they're hatching just doesn't make the slightest bit of sense at all.
But it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter how stupid the clown's schemes are, or how sick of him everybody is.
He just. Won't. Die.
THIS IS. HONESTLY? THE WORST SALES PITCH FOR A MENTOR. THAT I HAVE EVER READ.
Granted!
But come on. Just let it slide this one time? Please?
Just no more shooting. You can slap him around if you want. That's fine. But shooting is off limits.
WHY.
Because you can't kill him! He's the most important character in...
IN WHAT.
Well, ok. Maybe not the MOST important.
But he's still really important!
I SERIOUSLY THINK. YOU'VE BEEN MOSTLY FUCKING WITH ME.
No way!
Ok, shhhh! Shh. He's approaching you.
Come on man, be cool. Let's just see how this plays out.
It looks like he's got a present for you! Ooh, I wonder what it could be...

## [S][A6I4] ==>

**21/11/12**

authorlogYou mother fucker.
HE LOOKED AT ME FUNNY.
Yeah.
Want to know why?
BECAUSE HE'S A FUCKING CLOWN.
DO NOT TYPE IN BIG LETTERS. IT CONFUSES ME.

Why do you have to be like this?
Why can't you just be down with the clown?
I DON'T KNOW.
I LIKE SHOOTING HIM.
HE JUST HAS THIS. PERFECTLY SHOOTABLE TORSO.
HEY. WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS HORRENDOUS MUSIC.
What. You don't like it?
IT IS WITHOUT A DOUBT. CAUSING ME MORE PAIN. THAN WHATEVER THIS UNKILLABLE CLOWN IS FEELING RIGHT NOW.
Well, whenever you shoot the clown, I play the elevator music.
OH FUCK. NO!
That's the deal.
Either shoot the clown and face the music, or put on your fucking big boy suspenders and stop trying to murder him.
ALRIGHT. WHATEVER.
I FIND YOUR STIPULATION TO BE TYRANNICAL. BUT FINE.
Just plug the thing in the goddamn box already.

## [A6I4] ==>

**22/11/12**

authorlogALRIGHT.
NOW WHAT.

## [A6I4] ==>

**22/11/12**

```
[A6I4] ==>

ALRIGHT.
NOW WHAT.
```

authorlogNow all the monitors have power.
Each one is set to a different channel. But they won't display anything unless they're unlocked.
You unlock them by finding the right keys and using them on that little model of the radio tower next to you.
One of them is unlocked for you already. Can you see it up there?
YES. YES! I CAN SEE IT.
IT IS A VIEW OF MY DEAD SISTER. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.
SHE REALLY MAKES. A MORE BREATHTAKING CORPSE. THAN I EVER IMAGINED.
Whatever you say, weirdo.
Anyway, it's like I said. This is a glorified computer. If you want to change your text color, you can sample some pixels from the display.
THIS IS PERFECT.
I WAS INTENDING ON USING HER PUTRID GREEN BLOOD. TO COLOR MY TEXT.
Were you?
YES. IT WAS GOING TO BE LIKE. PAINTING MY WORDS IN HER BLOOD. AS A TOKEN OF MY RUTHLESS TRIUMPH.
THEN ON THE NEXT TIME I WAS GOING TO HARASS SOMEBODY. IT WAS GOING TO BE ALL LIKE. LOOK WHO WON. IT'S JUST ME NOW.

AND I WOULD JUST BE LIKE. NOW WHAT'S UP. *BITCHES*.
IT WAS GOING TO BE.
SOOOO.
*BAAAAAADASSSS*.
Ok.
ALSO. THIS IS A FUNNY COINCIDENCE. BUT I WAS ALSO BATTING AROUND THE IDEA.
OF STEALING HER BIG U'S ANYWAY?
I MEAN. AS ANOTHER KIND OF TROPHY. TO LET PEOPLE KNOW. I'M WHOLE. AND THE BEST SIBLING IS IN CHARGE NOW.
I WAS ON THE FENCE ABOUT DOING THAT THOUGH. BUT I GUESS YOUR STUPID LOCKED KEYBOARD. MAYBE FORCED THE ISSUE.
BUT I'LL JUST SAY BADASSERY WAS THE REASON. AND OMIT THE TEDIOUS ANECDOTE ABOUT THE KEYBOARD.
SO YEAH.
Then let's consider this a serendipitous facilitation of all your most juvenile typing fantasies.
Let nobody henceforth mistake you for a guy who isn't trying as hard as he can to type like a cold blooded motherfucker.
YES. THAT'S WHAT I WANT.
Great. Now grab that mouse there and pick a new color.

## [A6I4] ==>

**22/11/12**

```
Logitech
```

authorlogEXCUSE ME.
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS.
It's a wireless mouse.
NO. IT'S THIS AWFUL KIND OF MOUSE.
THE KIND WITH THE GLOSSY ORB. I HATE THESE.
Yeah, trackballs are pretty terrible. Can't argue there.
MY THUMB CLAW IS KIND OF. SLIPPING ON THE SHINY BALL.
THIS IS INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT TO OPERATE.
I really don't envy your situation.
ALSO. THIS IS AN AWKWARD VANTAGE.
IF I WANT TO USE THE MOUSE AND LOOK AT THE SCREEN. I HAVE TO STRETCH MY ARM REALLY FAR.
AND KIND OF TWIST MY BODY. TO LOOK AROUND THE CORNER. LIKE THIS.

## [A6I4] ==>

**22/11/12**

authorlogWell, maybe that's why it's a wireless mouse?
So you can pick it up and walk around the tower, and use it on whichever monitor you want.
BUT I CAN'T MOVE IT.
Pardon?
IT'S STUCK.
WHY IS THE MOUSE STUCK.

Probably because it's welded to the counter.
ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS.
Yes.
I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS.
WHAT SORT OF ASSHOLE. WOULD SET UP A WIRELESS MOUSE.
AND THEN WELD IT TO THE COUNTER.
That's a hell of a question.
OHHH.
OHHHHHHHHHHHHH.
I AM SO. SO. PISSED OFF AT THIS.
WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS NIGHTMARE.
I dunno.
Someone who thought it would be funny watching you struggle with a shitty trackball mouse welded to a counter?
I DEMAND TO KNOW.
WAS IT YOU.
IT WAS YOU. WASN'T IT.
Maybe.

## [A6I4] ==>

**23/11/12**

authorlogMARK MY WORDS. WHOEVER YOU ARE.
SOME DAY I WILL TRACK YOU DOWN. AND KILL YOU.
You already did.
LIAR.
It's true. It already happened in like the quasi-future.
UH. WHAT.
For someone who's supposed to be a Lord of Time, you really kind of suck at thinking 4th dimensionally.
Let alone 5th dimensionally.
You've got a long way to go, kid.
QUIET. YOUR NONSENSE IS DISTRACTING.
OK. THERE.
WAIT.
THIS COLOR IS ALL WRONG. IT'S TOO MUDDY.
Yeah. The environment is pretty grim up there.
Skaia doesn't provide very good lighting when it's all clouded over like that.
Just bump up the brightness on the display.

## [A6I4] ==>

**23/11/12**

authorlogOK. HOW'S THIS.
That looks better.
Wait, let me check.
Ok, yeah. #2ed73a. That's correct.
WHAT.

That's the hex code for the color.
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT.
It's the numerical representation of the color in hexadecimal format.
OK. SO??
So I was just double checking to make sure it was right.
AND.
It was right.
THIS IS A PARTICULARLY AGGRAVATING TANGENT. TO AN ALREADY GHASTLY CONVERSATION.
I'M DEFINITELY GOING TO FIGURE OUT WHO YOU ARE. AND HOW TO KILL YOU.
But Caliborn.
How do you expect to kill me...
When I am already dead!
Hahahahahaha, oh man.
HOW IT IS ACTUALLY POSSIBLE.
FOR SOMEONE TO BE THIS OBNOXIOUS AND UNFUNNY???
I don't know.
Maybe it's a miracle?
STOP FUCKING WITH ME.
I'M SERIOUS.
Oh no. He's serious everybody. Look out.
He's about to throw the tweeniest, brattiest tantrum his little green exoskeleton can muster.
STOP IT.
If you pitch a fit in your little bow tie and suspenders, it will probably be so adorable that I might just drop dead anyway.
Or my ghost will.
FUCK YOU.
NOW I KNOW YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT.
GHOSTS CAN'T DIE. THAT MAKES NO SENSE.
No really, go ahead. Flutter your eyelashes at me. Make it as grumpy as possible.
Kawaii me to double death bro!
I'M SO CLOSE. TO JUST. WREAKING MAYHEM.
ON LITERALLY EVERYTHING WITHIN MY TANTRUM RADIUS.
IF YOU DON'T STOP TEASING ME. AND START BEING USEFUL TO MY QUEST AGAIN.
Wait! Shhh, settle down. Something important is happening.
WHAT.
The clown! He wants to give you another present.
OH GOD.
But seriously, this present is really important.
Just turn around and receive it graciously from your new mentor.
HE'S NOT MY MENTOR.
And remember. No more clown shootings, or I play the music again.
UGH.

## [A6I4] ==>

**25/11/12**

authorlogWHAT IS THAT.
What does it look like?
It's a magic crowbar.
WHY IS HE GIVING IT TO ME.
I'm not sure.
I THOUGHT YOU KNEW EVERYTHING.
I know a lot of things. But I don't always understand his motivation for doing the stupid things he does.
WHY NOT.
I just don't.
Like one time? He sold a girl some potions. I have no idea why he did that.
POTIONS?
Yes potions.
He also threw some corpses into a sprite to revive them, and fused their identities to create a disturbing freak of nature.
I'm still not really sure why he did that. Probably just to fuck with everybody.
WHAT CORPSES.
It doesn't matter what corpses. Just some corpses, ok?
The point is, he probably didn't even have any reason for doing it. He was just being weird and capricious.
But that doesn't mean it didn't end up serving an important purpose anyway.
After the fused corpse sprite exploded, both of their ghosts got fed up and decided to start working together.
And now they're doing some important stuff in the afterlife. But I kind of doubt this clown had any idea that would happen.
Or maybe he did? Who really knows with clowns.
HOLY FUCK. WHO CARES ABOUT THIS.
WHAT ABOUT THE CROWBAR.
What about it?
YOU SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT.
It is important.
But I don't know if HE knows that.
I BET THAT CROWBAR IS A USELESS PIECE OF GARBAGE. I WILL NOT ACCEPT IT.
Maybe he heard you bitching about the wireless mouse being welded to the counter, and he's giving you something to pry it off with?
OH. RIGHT.
MAYBE THAT'S IT.
But that's not why it's important.
THEN WHY.
You know how at the start of an adventure, you find some seemingly trivial thing that turns out to be important later?
But at the time you have no idea why or how it'll turn out to be important?
YEAH.
It's like that.
THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN ANYTHING.
It explains everything.

WHAT'S MAGIC ABOUT IT. WHAT DOES IT DO.
I'm not telling.
TELL ME WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO WITH IT.
No.
YES.
Just take the damn crowbar.
OK. FINE.
I THINK I AM DEVELOPING A PREMONITION.
ABOUT WHY THIS IS IMPORTANT. AND WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO WITH IT.
Really?
YES. IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN REALLY SOON!
I CAN FEEL IT.
Wait, what are you...

## [A6I4] ==>

**25/11/12**

```
[A6I4] ==>

Hey! Stop that.
What did I say??
```

authorlogHey! Stop that.
What did I say??
YOU SAID SHOOTING THE CLOWN WAS OFF LIMITS.
BUT I AM STILL PERMITTED TO SMACK HIM AROUND.
I'M JUST FOLLOWING THE RULES.
That's true.
Ok. I'll allow this.
YESSSSS!

## [S!][A6I4] ==>

**25/11/12**

```
...6I4] ==>

...U PIECE OF SHIT!!!!!!!!!
```

authorlogYOU PIECE OF SHIT!!!!!!!!!
I stopped allowing it.
I THINK YOU MUST HAVE MENTAL PROBLEMS.
ONES THAT ARE WORSE THAN MINE, I MEAN.
I just want you to be friends with him, and stop beating him into a coma with a crowbar. Or riddling his sad floppy body with full metal jackets.
Although I will admit it is hilarious every time that happens.
OH. THIS IS AMUSING TO YOU?
THEN WHAT IF, FOR A LAUGH ENCORE.
I STARTED FUCKING UP YOUR DUMB TOWER?!
No don't!

## [!!!][A6I4] ==>

**25/11/12**

Cut that out!

MAKE ME.

You're going to cause huge problems for everybody if you keep that up.

Mostly for yourself!

THEN SHUT OFF THAT MUSIC.

AND BE USEFUL TO ME AGAIN.

How?

TELL ME ABOUT MY QUEST.

You brat. I'm not telling you shit!

I COULD DO THIS ALL DAY.

WOW. THIS IS JUST. THE MOST FUN THING. I LOVE THIS MAGIC PRESENT.

YOU KNOW WHAT. THAT CLOWN?

MAYBE HE'S NOT SO BAD.

I MEAN. ONCE I BROKE HIM IN A LITTLE.

Ok fine!

I'll tell you some stuff. Just quit it.

## [A6I4] ==>

**25/11/12**

```
[A6I4] ==>

Thank you.
Now what exactly would you like to know?
EVERYTHING.
```

authorlogThank you.

Now what exactly would you like to know?

EVERYTHING.

Everything is a lot.

Care to narrow it down a little?

OBVIOUSLY NOT THE BORING IRRELEVANT THINGS.

DEFINITELY NOT THINGS LIKE. WHO KISSES PEOPLE. WITH THEIR UNPLEASANT NONSKELETAL SMOOSHY LIPS.

JUST ALL THE THINGS THAT I NEED TO KNOW TO WIN THIS GAME.

That's not how adventures work though.

You don't just make some omniscient narrator inside a computer tell you everything all at once. There's like this whole process to it. You reveal certain things at the right time, depending on whether the hero has met certain requirements and is ready to learn those things.

What you learn and what I tell you is more up to you than it is to me.

WHO CARES.

I DON'T WANT YOUR EXCUSES.

Aren't you excited about your adventure? About being unchained for the first time ever, and getting to explore this mysterious place, and meeting people and solving puzzles that will lead to the realization of who you were meant to be, and how you fit into this epic?

NO.

SO FAR. THE ADVENTURE IS BORING, AND FRUSTRATING, AND CONSISTS OF AN IDIOT IN A COMPUTER, AND A CLOWN WHO WON'T DIE.
I WANT TO KNOW WHEN I GET TO START FUCKING SHIT UP.
You'll definitely get to do that later.
WHEN.
Not long from now.
LIKE. IN A COUPLE HOURS. OR.
That's up to you. There are puzzles to solve all over your planet. Your mentor can help.
The sooner you do that, the sooner the fun will begin.
YOU REALLY AREN'T TELLING ME ANYTHING.
WE HAD A DEAL. I PUT THE CROWBAR DOWN. NOW TELL ME THINGS.
Why don't we narrow the scope of the Q&A then?
Try asking very specific questions, and I'll decide if it would be appropriate to answer at this time.
YEAH. GOOD IDEA.
THEN MY FIRST QUESTION IS.
WHAT IS THE PLACE.
The Medium. You are in your game session.
I KNOW THAT.
WHAT'S THIS PLANET, I MEAN.
It was called Earth.
EARTH. THAT'S IT?
Yes.
Weren't all the Statues of Liberty a dead giveaway?
If you see one or more shitty old Statues of Liberty on any post-apocalyptic wasteland planet, that automatically means it was Earth all along, as a rule.
Then when you realize that, you're supposed to have a mental breakdown.
I AM UNFAMILIAR WITH THIS RULE. AND SKEPTICAL OF ITS VERACITY.
TELL ME MORE ABOUT EARTH.
It's the place humans are from. But that was a very long time ago, with respect to the planet's current age.
Earth has been through a lot. It was even relocated a couple times.
YES. I BROUGHT IT WITH ME, I THINK.
INTO THE GAME.
Yes. But it was relocated once even before that.
It was moved from its native solar system, where it circled around a little yellow sun.
Then it founds its way to a new system, around your big red sun. It stayed there for a good while, until your sun started dying.
WHY WOULD SOMEONE MOVE A PLANET.
Its universe was about to explode. So its proprietor closed up shop and got it the hell out of there.
HOW.
That's not important for you to know. Suffice to say, planets just have a way of scooting around in this adventure.
OK. WHY IS THIS MY PLANET IN THE GAME THOUGH.
Cause your kernelsprite turned into a black hole and sucked it into your session?
NO I MEAN. I THOUGHT I WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE A COOL AND SPECIAL PLACE.
LIKE A LAND OF SOMETHING AND SOMETHING.

You do.
You just have to unlock it.
That is when your real quest will begin.
HOW DO I DO THAT.
You know. Finding keys. Solving problems.
All the potential for extraordinary achievements in your quest must be unlocked first.
We've been over this.
WHERE DO I FIND THE KEYS.
I don't know.
LIES.
Why would I know that? You think I'm like an encyclopedia on key locations??
I got better things to think about than where all your stupid keys are.
Find them yourself. Better hop to it!
NO. MORE QUESTIONS FIRST.
WHAT AM I ULTIMATELY STRIVING TO UNLOCK.
TO MAKE MY REAL LAND APPEAR.
IS IT SOME SORT OF GIANT, FANCY KEYHOLE.
No. More like a big door.
A DOOR TO WHAT.
TREASURE?
Kind of.
If there's any treasure in there, it would be guarded by your denizen.
WHAT'S THAT.
A powerful monster that rules your planet, asleep in the core.
He appeared there the moment Earth got sucked into your session.
WHAT KIND OF MONSTER.
IS IT A DEADLY, CHALLENGING MONSTER?
Yes.
He is the deadliest, most challenging denizen of all.
He very rarely appears in game sessions, and is usually designated for the most naturally gifted warriors.
His name is Yaldabaoth.

## [A6I4] ==>

**25/11/12**

authorlogSO MY GOAL IS. TO BURROW FUCK DEEP INTO THE CENTER OF EARTH.
UNLOCK HIS DOOR.
AND THEN DESTROY HIM.
Sort of.
You can fight him then and there if you want. But that won't do you much good. And not just because he'd probably kill you instantly.
You're better off listening to him.
WHY.
Because he will make you an offer.
By which I mean he will give you The Choice.
THE CHOICE TO DO WHAT.

I won't tell you that.
FUCK. NO.
YOU WERE ON SUCH A ROLL. OF NOT BEING SHITTY.
It's just a very important decision you will have to take into consideration once you hear it. Something unique to you and your journey.
Basically, if you accept his terms, your real adventure will begin. Your true planet will be unlocked, and a whole lot of other crazy shit will happen. It's best not to get bogged down in the details though.
The bottom line is, by accepting, you will begin the most difficult game session anyone has ever attempted.
WHAT.
THAT'S BULLSHIT.
WHY DO I GET SUCH A RAW DEAL.
Because you are being punished.
FOR WHAT.
For your hubris in embarking on a one player session.
That's against the rules.
WHAT RULES. WHERE ARE THESE RULES WRITTEN.
They aren't written anywhere. They're just the rules.
Are the rules you and your sister followed written anywhere?
NO.
You just knew what they were, and you followed them. There were consequences for breaking them.
SO THIS SHIT ASS SESSION. IS PUNISHING ME FOR. BEING TOO FULL OF MYSELF. AND KILLING MY SISTER??
Pretty much.
WHATEVER. I ACCEPT THE CONSEQUENCES. FOR DOING THOSE EXCELLENT THINGS.
JUST BRING IT ON.
I thought you'd feel that way.
SO WHAT'S SO TERRIBLE ABOUT THIS SESSION. ASIDE FROM THE FIRST STAGE BEING INSANELY BORING.
It's called a dead session.
SO.
So, there are three kinds of fucked up sessions, and yours is the worst.
There's a null session, which is pretty much a normal session that's doomed to failure.
Everything works correctly. The sprites are prototyped, the battlefield can evolve, the Forge is present, Skaia can gestate a new universe... theoretically.
But events conspire such that this never happens. Basically the players are doomed to fail.
Then there's a void session, which is the same as a null session, but without even having the potential for success.
Nothing is prototyped. The battlefield doesn't evolve. There's no Forge. It is completely inert.
It has no chance of bearing fruit, at least not without some sort of miraculous external intervention.
Like a deus ex machina.
And then there's a dead session, which is a void session but worse. It's started by a single player.
The kernelsprite collapses into a black hole, sucking the planet into it, and eventually the sun and

entire solar system. There is no hope of creating a universe in such a session under any circumstance, not even with outside help. Victory and defeat in a dead session are dictated by totally different terms.
One way of looking at it is, if you're fortunate enough to even get your quest started, it will be like playing the game on the extreme difficulty setting.
Hope you're up for that!
OF COURSE I AM.
LET ME ASK YOU.
IF YOU WERE THE MOST DEADLY DENIZEN OF ALL.
WOULD YOU WANT TO MESS WITH...

## [A6I4] ==>

**25/11/12**

authorlog*THIS*???
Hell no.
Hmm...
WHAT.
Gamzee again.
OH.
Wonder what he's up to now?
He doesn't look too good.

## [A6I4] ==>

**26/11/12**

```
HoOoRnK.
```

authorlogOh great.
Now he's vomiting blood.
Are you satisfied?
You made this dear, sweet, pseudo-innocent juggalo vomit liter after thick, glutinous liter of nasty purple blood.

## [A6I4] ==>

**26/11/12**

authorlogUUUGH.
I'm debating whether I should play the elevator music again.
Would that be funny? I'm not sure.
Kind of borderline, really.
HOLD ON.
WHAT IS THAT.
What?
HE'S PUKING SOMETHING UP.
IT LOOKS LIKE...
ARE THOSE...

## [A6I4] ==>

**26/11/12**

authorlogKEYS?
What?
HE PUKED UP SOME KEYS.
That's weird.
What kind of keys?
JUST SOME REGULAR LOOKING KEYS.
WITH SOME KIND OF CLOWNY KEY RING.
Hmm.
Do you think they might work on this tower?
WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU ASKING ME?
HOW COULD THIS BE SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW.
Don't be that way. I'm just thinking out loud here.
SO YOU HAD NO IDEA THAT THIS WRETCHED FOOL SWALLOWED SOME KEYS. INTENDING TO LATER REGURGITATE THEM IN FRONT OF ME. PROBABLY AS ANOTHER "PRESENT".
He's kind of like a loyal pet, isn't he?
Dragging ridiculous stuff into the house as gifts for his master.
Barfing up disgusting things on the carpet and beaming with pride over his generous offering.
Isn't that what you want from a devoted minion/mentor?
DID YOU. OR DID YOU NOT. KNOW HE HAD THESE KEYS.
Nope.
I'm just as surprised as you.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.
Hey, I told you.
I have no idea what that clown gets up to in his spare time.
I'm not even really sure how he got here, to be honest.
Maybe he stowed away in a shitty Liberty?
Or maybe he was just hiding in one of the ventshafts on your meteor when you entered? He had YEARS of practice to master that move, now that I think about it.
SHUT UP. JUST SHUT UP!
HOW CAN EVERYTHING YOU SAY BE SO USELESS.
Why don't you quit bitching at me and try out those keys?

## [A6I4] ==>

**26/11/12**

authorlogHOW DO I KNOW WHICH KEY GOES IN WHICH HOLE.
You don't.
WHAT. THERE ARE NO LABELS. OR NUMBERS. OR ANYTHING?
Nope.
You just have to try them on every keyhole until one fits.
THAT'S SO TERRIBLE.
I LITERALLY CANNOT. EVEN THINK OF A SINGLE THING MORE TERRIBLE THAN THAT.
Welcome to your quest.
OK. I GUESS I FOUND ONE THAT FITS.

## [A6I4] ==>

**26/11/12**

authorlogAH. YES. IT'S THIS BUMBLING TWIT.

WHERE IS HE.

He is in his game session, exploring his land.

HIS LAND LOOKS COOLER THAN MINE.

It is cooler.

THAT FUCKER. I AM SO GOING TO MESS WITH HIM. NOW THAT I CAN SEE HIM.

HEY.

WHY CAN I SEE HIM NOW? THEIR GAME WAS BLACKED OUT. LAST I LOOKED.

You were looking through a standard chat client viewport.

This tower's signal bypasses the field of void permeating the session.

As long as you find the right tower, the right monitor, and have the right key, you should be able to see anything in existence from this planet.

INTERESTING.

Try another key.

## [A6I4] ==>

**26/11/12**

authorlogIT'S THE DIRK HUMAN.

HE IS SOMEWHAT TOLERABLE. I MEAN. AS A STRONG AND COMPETENT MALE.

What. So you're down with the Dirk?

NO. ALL I'M SAYING IS. THE DEATH I WISH ON HIM DOESN'T HAVE TO BE ESPECIALLY PAINFUL.

IT COULD BE LIKE. GOING TO SLEEP. WITH MAYBE ONLY A SHORT SCREAM.

I think you want to be bros with him.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

I WILL TRY ANOTHER KEY.

## [A6I4] ==>

**26/11/12**

authorlogOH HO.

AND HERE IT WOULD SEEM THAT WE HAVE.

AN EXEMPLARY PAIR OF SAUCY BITCHES.

DO YOU THINK...

What?

NO. NEVER MIND.

IT WAS A FRIVOLOUS QUESTION.

Think what?

I WAS JUST WONDERING.

DO YOU THINK IT'S LIKELY.

IF I PEEK AT THEM FOR A WHILE.

THEY WILL BEGIN TO. MAYBE.

What?

STROKE EACH OTHER'S HAIR.

Ok, I'm leaving.

OR MAYBE.
WHAT'S THE WORD I'M THINKING OF.
YOU DO IT WITH ANOTHER LIVING TORSO THAT'S NEAR YOU. I MEAN, A TORSO YOU HAVEN'T KILLED YET.
WHEN ONE DARES TO ALLOW THE SEDUCTIVE SERPENT OF DEBAUCHERY TO SLITHER INTO ONE'S SARSWAPAGUS.
What the fuck?
I THINK IT'S CALLED.
"SNUGGLING"?
Bye.
WAIT!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING.
I think you've got a handle on this.
You're warming up to the clown, or at least you stopped shooting him every thirty seconds.
So it seems like you're ready to accept him as your mentor and begin taking this quest seriously.
I FIND HIM MODERATELY LESS REPELLENT.
AND HE HAS PROVEN HIMSELF USEFUL. I GUESS.
I WILL ACCEPT THE RESILIENT BARD AS MY SERVANT.
Cool.
My work here is done then.
Try out some more keys. Then go exploring and look for more.
You'll get the hang of it.
-- The narrative prompt has been locked. --

## [A6I4] ==>
**27/11/12**
## [A6I4] ==>
**27/11/12**
## [A6I4] ==>
**27/11/12**
## [A6I4] ==>
**27/11/12**
## [A6I4] ==>
**27/11/12**
## END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 4
**27/11/12**
## [S] ACT 6 ACT 5
**28/11/12**

```
Tap.

Sigh.

Alert : Dirk
```

## Jake: Examine incoming message.

**29/11/12**

```
Deeper Sigh.

Alert : Dirk
```

## ==>

**29/11/12**

```
TT: Dude!
TT: Where you at, man.
```

pesterlogTT: Dude!
TT: Where you at, man.
TT: Wait.
TT: Which computer are you using?
TT: I'm not comfortable knowing my words could be hovering over Cage's clownish, sort of gaunt face.
TT: Could you maybe switch back to naked blue chicks as your exclusive desktop fodder? TIA.
TT: But yeah.
TT: I don't know if you just want a little solitude.
TT: Or if maybe you finally just got like,
TT: A case of Strider fatigue.
TT: I could understand that.
TT: I mean, not to get all neurotic on you.
TT: I'm just saying I get it, if that's what's going on.
TT: But for real, if you gotta sneak away for a few days, that's cool.
TT: Just might be kind of dope if you at least would let me know which planet you scurried off to.
TT: And by dope I guess I mean considerate?
TT: Really not trying to be a drag here.
TT: Wondering what's up is all.
TT: Want to meet up soon?
TT: I found a really promising tomb we could raid.
TT: Looks like it runs hella deep.
TT: If I've got the specs right, could run as deep as the Lion's Mouth itself.
TT: But without all the fuckin' fire to deal with.
TT: Wait, I mean Lion's Mouth.
TT: Gotta underline that key shit. Always forget.
TT: Figure it should take a couple days to make it to the bottom.
TT: Only a day if we both go limp and just fall the whole way down the stairs.
TT: Ignoring literally every sage warning we've ever received about those treacherous plummetation zigzags.
TT: Just tumbling on down in a floppy limbed trance like a couple of puppets in a race arranged by some drunk gamblers.
TT: If you're into another expedition, head to LOTAK and hit me up. Just don't forget your mask this time.
TT: The deeper we go, the worse it gets, remember?
TT: Could be some unreal grist down there.

TT: More puzzle shit.
TT: Loads of skeletons.
TT: Pack your guns dog.

==>

**29/11/12**

```
Lock.

slide to unlock
```

## Jake: Solicit profound wisdom from your friendly guide.

**29/11/12**

spritelogJAKE: SIIIIIGH.
ERISOLSPRITE: no.
JAKE: Oh! Hey there buddy i nearly forgot you were bobbing about over there what with my emotional dilemmas.
ERISOLSPRITE: oh plea2e, a2 iif that loud heavvy 2iigh wwa2nt 2o obvviiou2ly diirected at gettiin my take on your 2HIITTY, BORIING boyfriiend problem2.
JAKE: Heheheh. Was i really so transparent?
JAKE: Youre a good man mr erisol. A good man with a good heart. Im lucky to have you as a friend.
ERISOLSPRITE: no, you bloody iimbeciile.
ERISOLSPRITE: ii am not a good man, ii dont havve a good heart, and iim not your fuckiin friiend.
ERISOLSPRITE: ii thiink you may be the dumbe2t liivviin beiing ii havve evver encountered.
ERISOLSPRITE: ii dont evven knoww wwhy ii bothered floatiing dowwn thii2 liittle gra22y gulch twwo fliip you the daiily biird. ii mu2t be out of my already tortured pan twwo bother wwiith ANY of you ovveremotiional fuckbag2.
JAKE: I suppose its true. You can be a bit of a surly customer.
JAKE: I dont hold it against you though. You have always been a wonderful source of amusement and companionship in this desolate place.
ERISOLSPRITE: wwoww, iit2 cool ii amu2e you, that really giivve2 meaniing to my joke of an exii2tence, ii mean WWOWW, thank2.
JAKE: Sure thing.
JAKE: Im just not sure who else to talk to about my issues with dirk.
ERISOLSPRITE: ok, wwhy dont you giivve thii2 per2on a wwhiirl: NOT ME?
JAKE: Im so conflicted. Ive enjoyed our time together and all the adventures weve had over the last few months.
JAKE: But as a paramour he has been overbearing to say the least. I dont know if i have the gumption to withstand another round of needy overtures.
JAKE: What do you think sir sprite? Should i put the old kibash on the affair?
ERISOLSPRITE: ii hate howw you 2ay evverythiing. howw can he 2tand you.
JAKE: Although frankly that prospect alone sounds arduous.
JAKE: I wouldnt even know what to say to the poor fella.
JAKE: You are my mystical guide on this adventure! What perchance might you advise?
ERISOLSPRITE: alriight you wwant 2ome redrom coun2el, wwell here you go.
ERISOLSPRITE: iim of the miind2et that wwhen you havve a rock 2oliid piiece of a22 tiied twwo the dock, you dont bloody wwell tug the knot loo2e and 2hovve the fucker off wwiith the heel a

your boot.
ERISOLSPRITE: but then another part of me ju2t wwonder2 wwhat the FUCK ii ju2t 2aiid there? liike that wwa2 ju2t 2uch a wweiird 2ociiopathiic thought ii had, ii hone2tly had no iidea howw bad ii could po22iibly feel about my2elf untiil ii BECAME my2elf, iif THAT make2 2en2e.
ERISOLSPRITE: your bro ha2 feeliin2 twwo con2iider, he2 not 2ome 2liice of grub2teak. wwhy are you con2ultiing wwiith me, iim a dii2a2ter. no iim a dii2a2ter that 2hiit iit2 emotiional pant2 wwiith thiick liiquiid CATA2TROPHE, 2o dont evven come near me.
JAKE: Oh mr erisol. You are in rare form today.
ERISOLSPRITE: fuck you jake. iim not funny. ii havve no actual clue wwhy you thiink iim 2o funny, 2o PII22 OFF.
JAKE: HAHAHAHAHAHA!
ERISOLSPRITE: ii 2hould havve exploded my2elf the moment he 2pawwned me.
ERISOLSPRITE: evvery day iim wwonderiin wwhy ii havvent blowwn my2elf up yet.
ERISOLSPRITE: one tiime ii thiink ii almo2t diid?
ERISOLSPRITE: then ii ju2t thought...
ERISOLSPRITE: MEH.
ERISOLSPRITE: ii thiink the truth ii2 deep dowwn ii mu2t lovve 2ufferiin.
ERISOLSPRITE: ju2t liike you and wwhat2 hii2 face and your TRAINWRECK of a mate2priit2hiip.
JAKE: STOP! STOP!!! MY SIDES.
JAKE: Your act is too rich. Thanks buddy this is cheering me up at least a little.
ERISOLSPRITE: 2hut up.
ERISOLSPRITE: oh and you knoww wwhat el2e ii2 fliippiin BULL2HIIT?
ERISOLSPRITE: thii2 hoax that youre iimplyiin there2 no one el2e twwo talk twwo about thii2.
ERISOLSPRITE: TALK TWWO A MEMBER OF YOUR OWWN FUCKIIN 2PECIIE2 FOR A CHANGE.
ERISOLSPRITE: wwhat about crocker. try ruiiniin her day wwiith your wwii2hy wwa2hy rubbii2h.
JAKE: Youre right. I really should catch up with Janey.
JAKE: Its been a while since we spoke. It does seem like more and more im the one to get in touch with her.
JAKE: I do hope she hasnt tired too badly of listening to my problems. The last thing i want is to give the impression that everything revolves around my various romantic hurdles.
ERISOLSPRITE: revvolvve around? iit2 a biit late for that jake.
ERISOLSPRITE: your flu2hed quadrant ii2 a black hole and wwe are all beiing dragged 2creamiin through iit2 evvent horiizon.
ERISOLSPRITE: ju2t talk twwo jane, and nevver fuckiin look at me agaiin for the re2t of your liife.
ERISOLSPRITE: iim leavviing. hey here2 one for the road.
JAKE: Ah! There she blows. Your favorite finger of all.
JAKE: You sure do love showing that one to people. Its actually become a vaguely comforting gesture.
ERISOLSPRITE: you knoww wwhat youvve done jake.
ERISOLSPRITE: you havve totally RUIINED the act of fliippiin people off.
ERISOLSPRITE: iit wwa2 the one joy ii had left. ii hope youre happy.
JAKE: Boy howdy!!!

==>
**30/11/12**
==>
**30/11/12**
==>
**30/11/12**

```
happy birt*day janey!!! *FUCK
```

## Jake: Pester Jane.

**30/11/12**

```
Alert : Jake
```

## Jane: Answer.

**01/12/12**

```
Alert : Jake
```

pesterloggolgothasTerror [GT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
GT: Greetings!
GG: Oh. Hello, Jake.
GT: Im not interrupting anything am i?
GG: Um, not really? Roxy and I are just setting a few things up here.
GT: Ah i see. I would be happy to message you again later if it would spare you any inconvenience.
GG: No, it's fine! It's really nice to hear from you, actually.
GG: I was starting to worry you might have forgotten.
GT: Uh.
GT: Forgotten?
GG: Oh no...
GT: Forgotten what now?

==>
**01/12/12**

```
Deepest Sigh.
```

pesterlogGG: Never mind.
GT: Wait dont tell me.
GT: Is it a tomb or a crypt or somesuch? Are you preparing for another grist seeking expedition??
GT: Oh shit did you schedule my assistance for the raid and i forgot all about it???
GG: No, Jake.
GG: We didn't need your help raiding a tomb. But thanks for thinking of us.
GG: I don't know what this clueless pair of damsels would do without you.
GT: Blast.
GT: Well what in the name of willy howard tafts great tub choking bottom could i be forgetting then?
GT: This is going to drive me CRAZY! Can you give me a hint?
GG: Yes. It has to do with the day I was born, which was almost exactly sixteen years ago.
GT: Of course! Your birthday!!!

GG: Didn't you get Roxy's invitation?
GG: It was my understanding that she gave you and Dirk notice weeks ago.
GT: Yes thats right. Now i remember. The date sure snuck up on us quick didnt it?
GT: Sorry you know how things can slip my mind. The gourd on my shoulders isnt the steel trap it used to be. Nothing like the well oiled puzzlebuster you've got up there.
GG: Mm.
GT: Well damn.
GT: Looks like the egg monster took quite the spirited dump on my face this time.
GG: Jake. I... what?
GT: I feel so dumb. Ill be right over.
GG: Well, if you recall, the party is actually tomorrow.
GG: Like I said, we're just setting a few things up.
GG: Roxy is putting up some decorations. I baked a cake. You were of course free to join us early too. I just thought since I hadn't heard from you in quite some time, you had better things to do.
GT: You baked a cake for your own party?
GG: Yes. So?
GT: I dont know something seems amiss about that. Isnt that against tradition or inviting bad luck or something?
GT: But I guess it makes sense since you love baking cakes. Its like a present you give to yourself!
GG: Jake, what was it you actually wanted?
GT: Oh. I just wanted to get your advice on some stuff.
GT: But since ive been a heel and forgotten about your party maybe i shouldnt bother you with that?
GG: Mmm.
GT: So sixteen big ones huh! The ole sweet sixteen.
GT: Last one of us to notch the vaunted one sixer. Its a big step! I knew youd make it, i always said i believed in you didnt i?
GT: Just kidding, the inexorable nature of times passage virtually assured you would get that old so you didnt really have anything to do with it. I mean not that i dont still believe in you, i do.
GG: ...

==>

**01/12/12**

pesterlogGT: I cant believe its already been...
GT: How long?
GT: What, like a year already since we entered? Holy moly, where does the time go.
GG: It's been more like five months.
GT: Oh.
GT: Well thats still a pretty long time.
GT: I have to admit its been a longer stint than i expected. Certainly one involving more downtime than i would have guessed.
GT: I really thought we would have been treated to more action, what being legendary players of a mysterious cosmic game. But no, it seems the primary duty of the so called nobles is to wait around twiddling our thumbs.
GG: Mmhmm.
GT: I am really beginning to wonder when these fabled heroes will arrive? And are they really going to be those we have been led to believe?

GT: I sure hope so. Id so love to meet my pen pal. Dear old departed grandma. But as a feisty youngster! What a hoot thatll be. And you with your poppop. Lets not forget about him.
GT: Not to mention the young strider and lalonde relatives. I bet theyre a barrel of laughs. I met them once but i was too shy to say anything. Then i got in a fight. Did i ever mention that jane?
GG: Yes.
GG: Many times.
GT: Not to say its been all downtime and doldrums. Exploring has been great. Finding treasure, solving riddles, becoming better friends. I wouldnt trade that for anything.
GT: And maybe we are getting close to something big happening regardless? Every day it seems like more and more undead creatures crawl from out of the shadows. Bigger ones and stronger ones. Does their presence herald something worse coming, just as the legends indicate our presence heralds something better?
GT: I just wish we could actually kill the fucking things. Even the little ones can absorb so much damage before yielding any spoils!
GT: Remember jane? Remember at the start how we kept trying to kill them?
GG: Mmhmm.
GT: We would all gang up on like an imp skeleton for an hour just clobbering it repeatedly. Knocking its bones down, waiting for it to reassemble and keep coming at us. Only to finally be rewarded with a shitty pittance of grist!
GT: But i guess the silver lining was it forced us to explore ruins more often and scavenge for loot there. So i think weve learned a lot more this way.
GT: But it sure makes resources hard to come by, having to get them exclusively from chests and whatnot. Sometimes i wonder if weve been missing out on a really rewarding part of the game by neglecting to build up our houses? Makes you wonder. But it just costs so much! Better to stick to making more practical stuff dont you think?
GG: Mm.
GT: Sometimes i wonder if the heroes had the same problems in their game. Do you think they found an easier way to kill skeletons?
GT: Were they just as shameless as us when it came to splurging our precious grist on swanky new duds?
GT: Did the same enigmatic bard haunt their game? And if so which hilarious dead trolls did he throw into the flashy blobs?
GT: Mr erisol tells me he knows many things about the heroes because he saw them in action when he was alive. But he wont tell me a thing about them! These troll sprites sure do love keeping their secrets dont they? Heheh.
GG: That's nice, Jake. I'm kind of busy though.
GG: What did you actually want to talk to me about?
GG: Actually, why don't we just talk about it tomor-
GT: Okay we can talk about that if you insist.
GT: Really jane you sure know how to twist a fellas arm!
GT: I just wanted to get your take on what you might call my own personal ultimate riddle.
GT: It involves dirk.

==>
**01/12/12**

pesterlogGG: You don't say.
GT: Its true. I havent seen him in a couple days.
GT: I have been laying low for a while but i just received another series of pushy inquiries from him.
GT: Maybe i shouldnt be too hard on the guy since he was probably just concerned, not having heard from me and all.
GT: But i still couldnt help but detect a tone of desperation, like he could sense i may be having doubts.
GT: This kind of thing has been all too common unfortunately.
GT: Im not sure its going to work anymore.
GG: Mm.
GT: He can be so needy!
GT: If only he could just relax and trust that i wont spontaneously tire of his company.
GT: Although the irony i guess is that his overbearing tendencies are beginning to fulfill his own paranoid prophecy.
GT: Its such a shame. Weve had so many capital adventures together.
GT: I dont know why he has to be like this. He always was an intense fella. But in person... holy cow.
GT: I wonder if it has to do with the fact that he grew up alone in the middle of the ocean? And now he doesnt know how to deal with people without suffocating them?
GT: But then again i grew up under similar circumstances and i think i turned out pretty much ok socially, at least i hope so. Do you think so jane?
GG: Mmmm!
GT: Actually it just occurred to me. Its funny he didnt mention your party in his text.
GT: Im SURE he wouldnt have forgotten. He never forgets ANYTHING what with all his calculations and his computerized brain. Both figurative and literal.
GT: I wonder what his game was? He invited me on an expedition without mention of your party as a potential conflict...
GT: If he sensed i could use some space perhaps he was concerned that if we both showed up to the party it would be awkward?
GT: Or maybe he didnt want to mention he was going to the party in case it would spook me away from attending?
GT: Argh! Do you see jane?? This is what his endless machinations do to you!
GT: Anything he says could be part of some grand convoluted scheme and it just makes you agonize and boggle and wonder until your brain hurts and you just KNOW its a battle you cant win.
GT: You know what i mean jane?
GG: Mmhmm.
GT: Do you think i should just bite the bullet and end it?
GT: Its probably the right thing to do.
GT: Boy am i not looking forward to that conversation though.
GT: Its going to be a doozy. What did i get myself into here?
GT: I think ive made a lot of mistakes honestly.
GT: Not the least of which was getting this shitty tattoo, now that i think about it.
GT: Yes yes i know we all thought it was a riot at first.
GT: I guess it still is maybe? But lately ive been wondering if it might not have been an act of sound judgment.

GT: Can you believe that jane?
GG: Hmm!
GT: I dont know. Its a real pickle im in here but i do feel better just being able to get it off my chest.
GT: You are such a good friend jane, always ready to listen to my relationship woes. What a trooper!

==>
**01/12/12**
pesterlogGT: It never ceases to amaze me how excellent you are at this friendship business. Where would we all be without you?
GT: In a way you really have been the glue holding us all together on our adventure. Gosh youre a standup gal.
GT: Oh which actually reminds me of ANOTHER thing thats been bugging me about dirk.
GT: He can often be almost hilariously self absorbed. Dont even get me started on when he starts going off on these long monologues about his philosophical gobbledygook.
GT: I'm not sure he actually has much of a filter when it comes to what others regard as interesting points of conversation.
GT: Not to rag on the guy too hard but i guess at times i would just like to see a little more self awareness from him is all.
GG: Jake.
GT: Did i tell you what happened on our last expedition together?
GG: Jake.
GT: I cant remember if i mentioned. Oh man but thinking back on what happened its even more ridiculous in retrospect.
GT: Where do i begin?
GG: Jake!!!
GT: What?
GG: Shut up!
GT: Huh?
GG: Shut up!!!
GT: Errr.
GT: Did i say something wrong?

==>
**01/12/12**
pesterlogGG: JAKE.
GG: PLEASE.
GG: STOP TALKING.
GT: I dont...
GG: JAKE.
GG: I SAID SHUT UP.
GT: Wha...
GG: JUST,
GG: SHUT,
GG: THE FUCK,
GG: *UUUUUUUUUUP!!!*

==>

**02/12/12**

pesterlogGT: Ay caramba.
GT: What in tarnation is the matter jane?
GG: WHAT'S THE MATTER?
GG: WHAT'S THE MATTER???
GG: I AM SICK.
GG: AND FUCKING TIRED.
GG: TO DEATH.
GG: OF YOUR *INSUFFERABLE BLITHERING BULLSHIT!!!!!!*
GT: Whoa there.
GT: You seem really worked up. Maybe we should just calm down and talk this through like sensible adults?
GT: Also youre going kinda heavy on the caps there arent you? Sort of makes it seem like your shouting. Just saying.
GG: I AM SHOUTING!
GG: THERE ARE LITERAL SHOUTS OF ANGER COMING OUT OF MY ACTUAL MOUTH, AND THEY ARE DIRECTED AT YOU!
GT: Yikes.
GT: Well ok then.
GT: Can you tell me why youre so upset with me?
GT: Is it because i forgot your birthday party? Because i do feel awful about that.
GG: OH MY GOD. WHY ARE YOU SO CLUELESS?
GG: I CAN'T STAND IT!
GT: Really i feel like a tool about forgetting. You know how i am. I forget stuff.
GT: I mean...
GT: Shucks buster. If i knew how to make it up to you i would.
GT: If it ameliorates matters any i am sighing pretty much the shucksiest buster of contrition i can manage.
GG: IT'S NOT ABOUT MY BIRTHDAY!!!
GG: THE FACT THAT YOU FORGOT CERTAINLY DOESN'T HELP, BUT THAT'S NOT IT. SEE, YOU JUST DON'T GET IT!
GG: OH, AND COULD YOU PLEASE STOP SAYING SHUCKS BUSTER?!
GG: SHUCKS BUSTER WAS MY THING! AND YOU STOLE IT!
GT: I thought shucks buster was...
GT: Sorta our thing?
GG: NO, IT WAS MY THING, BUT I ALLOWED IT TO BE OUR THING! BACK WHEN YOU USED TO GIVE A SHIT! BUT NOW IT'S JUST MINE, AND YOU CAN'T HAVE IT ANYMORE!
GT: Uhh.
GT: Ok?
GT: I suppose i could go with shoot buddy. Or...
GT: Fudge junior?
GG: .....

GT: Or maybe forgo an analogous catch phrase altogether heh.
GT: But i clearly stepped in it big time with you and id really like to know what i did.

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**02/12/12**

pesterlogGG: JAKE, LET ME ASK YOU.
GG: DO YOU EVEN REMEMBER THE LAST TIME WE TALKED?
GT: Hmm.
GT: Wasnt it a few days ago?
GG: NO. TRY A FEW WEEKS AGO!
GG: AND EVEN THEN, YOU MESSAGED ME JUST TO TALK ABOUT SOME STUPID SHIT THAT HAPPENED WITH DIRK.
GG: A TEDIOUS GESTURE WHICH YOU THEN SAW FIT TO REPRISE ON MY BIRTHDAY OF ALL DAYS, WHILST CONSIDERATELY FORGETTING ABOUT IT!
GG: AND EVEN WHEN I REMINDED YOU ABOUT IT, YOU STILL BARGED AHEAD WITH YOUR SELF-INDULGENT RELATIONSHIP CLAPTRAP ANYWAY!
GT: I didnt realize it was so long ago. Sorry about that.
GT: Again all i can say is where does the time go? I guess i have trouble keeping up with everything im supposed to. Which it would seem includes personal relationships as much as calendars.
GT: Im not much of a leader of people. Not like you are jane. I think when it comes to adventuring maybe im more of a solo act?
GT: Which now that i think about it might be contributing to my problems with dirk. Maybe thats part of the reason why i needed some space?
GT: Oh brother there i go again blustering about my problems. I guess i see what you mean.
GT: But really if you wanted to talk sooner then why didnt you get in touch with me?
GT: It feels as though im always the one to say hello to you lately.
GG: YEAH! THAT'S BECAUSE EVERY SINGLE TIME WE CHAT, YOU DO NOTHING BUT TALK ABOUT YOURSELF!
GG: YOU NEVER ASK ME HOW I'M FEELING OR WHAT I'VE BEEN UP TO. YOU JUST LAUNCH INTO YOUR ROMANTIC PROBLEMS, AND I JUST LISTEN LIKE AN ACCOMMODATING FOOL AS ALWAYS!
GG: SO I JUST STOPPED BOTHERING! WHY SHOULD I SUBJECT MYSELF TO THAT REPEATEDLY?!
GG: YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY BE THE MOST THOUGHTLESS, SELF-CENTERED PERSON I HAVE EVER MET!
GG: I CAN'T BELIEVE I USED TO FEEL...
GT: Huh?
GT: Used to feel what?
GG: JAKE, HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU HOW IT MUST FEEL FOR SOMEONE TO LISTEN TO HER FRIEND GO ON AND ON ABOUT HIS BOYFRIEND PROBLEMS WHEN...
GG: WHEN ALL ALONG SHE...
GG: BUT SHE JUST COULDN'T SAY BECAUSE SHE BLEW IT AND IT WAS TOO LATE TO...
GG: I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M BOTHERING TO EXPLAIN THIS TO YOU. NEVER MIND.
GT: Now hold the phone.

GT: Jane i think i may finally understand whats been going on here.
GT: In retrospect i cant believe ive been this blind.
GT: Youre right i really can be deplorably thick sometimes.
GT: Looking back i can see how many of our conversations must have been torment for you.
GT: You really should have told me how you felt sooner!
GG: YEAH. I...
GG: I know. :(
GT: If you told me you had the hots for dirk i would have backed off without another word.
GT: What are friends for!

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**02/12/12**
pesterlogGG: RAAARARRAAUUUAAAAUUAGHGHGGHGGGGHHGH!

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**03/12/12**
pesterlogGT: Wait...
GT: Did i say something dumb again?
GT: Consarn it.
GT: I think maybe something is getting lost in translation over our respective chat clients.
GT: Maybe we should wait until tomorrow and just clear the air face to face at your party?
GG: NO!
GG: YOU AREN'T COMING TO MY PARTY!
GT: Aw come on jane. Be a sport.
GG: YOU AREN'T COMING TO MY PARTY, BECAUSE THERE ISN'T GOING TO *BE* A PARTY!
GG: GO RAID SOME TOMBS WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND. GO MAKE OUT WITH HIM OR BREAK UP WITH HIM, OR WHATEVER IT IS YOUR FICKLE, SELFISH HEART DESIRES!
GG: I AM AT THE END OF MY ROPE WITH YOU!
GG: I AM FED UP WITH YOUR *STUPID* MOVIES AND YOUR *STUPID* ADVENTURES AND YOUR *STUPID* OLD TIMEY CHARMS AND YOU *STUUUUUUPID* DASHING GOOD LOOKS. WHO NEEDS *ANY OF IT?????*
GT: I say jane. Before you do anything rash...
GG: OH, WILL YOU PLEASE,
GG: JUST,

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**03/12/12**

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POF.
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pesterlogGG: *STFU BUSTER!!!!!!!!*

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**03/12/12**

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STOMP STOMP STOMP
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spritelogROXY: jane
ROXY: yo uh

ROXY: janey
ROXY: u ok there
JANE: I WILL BE PEACHY *FUCKING* KEEN ONCE I STOMP THIS NOVELTY MUSTACHE HEADSET INTO OBLIVION, AND NOT A MOMENT SOONER!
ROXY: janey uh
ROXY: that aint a reasonable thing you said
JANE: AU CONTRAIRE.
JANE: I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND THAT ONCE THIS PIECE OF SHIT HAS BEEN REDUCED TO SUBATOMIC PARTICLES, WE WILL ALL COME OUT SMELLING LIKE *FUCKING ROSES.*
ROXY: jaaaaane
ROXY: stoppit :(
ROXY: ur upsettin fefeta
ROXY: just
ROXY: think of fefeta is all im asking
ROXY: poor fefeta :'(
FEFETASPRITE: 3833 < 383

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**04/12/12**
spritelogJANE: OH POOR FEFETA MY SWEET PATOOTIE!
JANE: YOU AND I BOTH KNOW FEFETA HAS HAD TO DEAL WITH GARBAGE FROM JERKOFF BOYS BEFORE.
JANE: SO DON'T GIVE ME THIS POOR FEFETA *CRAP.*
ROXY: lol yeah
ROXY: my girl fefeta knows whats up
ROXY: she been around the d bag block a time or 2
ROXY: em i rite fefeta
FEFETASPRITE: 3833 < 3;3
ROXY: shit yes gimme a paw bump
ROXY: BOMP
ROXY: jane u want in on this action
ROXY: come give us a fist fulla sugar
ROXY: complete the 3way for max girl power + solidarity against dumb dudes
ROXY: janey jeez dont leave us hanging here
JANE: SIGH.
JANE: FINE.
ROXY: jane that was the piss poorest paw bump ive ever seen
ROXY: that was like a negative bump
ROXY: we are going to have to bump long and hard into the night to dig us outta this fuckin bump hole you dug us into
ROXY: w/ that tragic bump
ROXY: that bump was like
ROXY: shakespearean
ROXY: makes me want to weep softly and leave a bouquet somewhere
ROXY: someone plays a sad trumpet in the distance

ROXY: look fefeta just sniffled a little at how sad that bump w-
JANE: *SHHHHHHHH!*

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**04/12/12**
spritelogROXY: ok god
ROXY: was just tryin to cheer you up
ROXY: take ur mind off whatever the hell that was
ROXY: you werent serious about calling off the party were you
ROXY: here let me just get the chess guys to help put the table back on the roof
ROXY: and maybe salvage the cake out of that sand dune over there...
ROXY: aaaaand NOPE the chess guys just finished eatin it
ROXY: lets just bake another k?
JANE: NO, I WAS SERIOUS!
JANE: I'M NOT...
JANE: I'm not in the mood for a party anymore.
ROXY: so it sounds like
ROXY: u got jaked
JANE: >:(
ROXY: why yes
ROXY: that is the face of a girl who just got english'd with extreme prejudice
ROXY: he was a block head and forgot your birthday didnt he
ROXY: im sorry jane
JANE: Yeah, me too. Can we maybe not rehash the whole terrible conversation though??
ROXY: yeah we dont have to
ROXY: just maybe try not to hold whatever dumb shit he said against him forever?
ROXY: thats just how the guy is
ROXY: its like
ROXY: he doesnt mean to be a douche
ROXY: but its just kind of a byproduct of the whole ridiculous jake english experience
ROXY: like his dunkass shenanigans leave behind a residue that looks like douche and tastes like douche but it aint the real thing?
ROXY: like douche substitute
ROXY: "i cant believe its not douche"
ROXY: um
ROXY: im just trying to say not terrible things about him in hopes you dont start hating each other but i guess this isnt what you wanna hear now
JANE: >:(
ROXY: soooo yeah
ROXY: i guess jakes dumpin dirk soon?
ROXY: hahah like the writing wasnt so on the wall with those two from day one
ROXY: poor dirk
ROXY: ive wanted to say something to prepare him for that but
ROXY: never had the heart to bring it up i guess?
ROXY: what can u do....
ROXY: hey

ROXY: but the silver lining is
ROXY: i mean if you can forgive him for shitting on your bday and stuff
ROXY: maybe this is finally your chance to make a play 4 the j man??
ROXY: ehhhh??? ;)
FEFETASPRITE: 3833 < 38D
JANE: ROXY, PLEASE.
JANE: AS IF THAT ISN'T THE FURTHEST THING FROM MY MIND RIGHT NOW!
JANE: I AM *SO DONE* WITH THAT WHOLE TRAIN OF THOUGHT.
ROXY: so you really think youre just
ROXY: completely over him?
JANE: YESSIREE!
JANE: IF JAKE'S THE RAINBOW, THEN JUST CALL ME A LITTLE HOUSE FROM KANSAS!
JANE: WHEEEEEE!
ROXY: wait rly
ROXY: as in like you dont give a shit if he dates anybody or
JANE: MMMMMMMMHM!!!
ROXY: i seeee
ROXY: iiiiiinteresting!
FEFETASPRITE: 3833 < 38O
JANE: WAIT...
JANE: WHAT??

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**04/12/12**
spritelogJANE: WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN???
ROXY: nothing!
ROXY: i was just...
ROXY: it was a joke!
JANE: WAS IT REALLY?!
ROXY: ok maybe not a total joke
ROXY: but still mostly a joke!
ROXY: im only
ROXY: trying to
ROXY: blurgh
ROXY: i dont know
JANE: ROXY, I GET YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL BETTER, BUT A LOT OF THINGS YOU'RE SAYING HERE AREN'T REALLY HELPING!
JANE: DO YOU EVEN REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING HALF THE TIME?
JANE: I THINK I LIKED YOU BETTER WHEN YOU WERE DRINKING!
ROXY: jaaane no
ROXY: dont say that
ROXY: i had a problem :(
FEFETASPRITE: 3833 < 38(
JANE: OK, YEAH!
JANE: I WAS WAY OUT OF LINE THERE AND I'M SORRY!

JANE: THAT STUPID CONVERSATION WITH JAKE JUST PUSHED ME OVER SOME KIND OF EDGE AND NOW I AM FEELING REALLY, REALLY DISTRAUGHT!
JANE: THIS GAME IS SO MUCH MORE DEPRESSING THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE! EVERYTHING IS DEAD AND EMPTY AND FULL OF GRAVES AND ALL WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO IS JUST KEEP WAITING AND WAITING AND WAITING! BUT FOR HOW MUCH LONGER? AND I *STILL* DON'T KNOW WHERE MY DAD IS, AND YOU *STILL* HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO REACH CALLIOPE, AND WHAT IF THEY'RE BOTH...
JANE: AND NOW ON TOP OF ALL THAT, I MAY HAVE PERMANENTLY DESTROYED MY FRIENDSHIP WITH JAKE!
JANE: AND NOW...
JANE: Now...
JANE: I just want to be alone.
ROXY: jane wait
JANE: I have to go!
ROXY: where are you going!

## Jane: Abscond.

**04/12/12**

```
LASS SCAMPER!

happy birt*day janey!!! *FUCK

YOUTH ROLL

LASS SCAMPER!

ACROBATIC FUCKING PIROUETTE

YOUTH ROLL

NICE ABSOND
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spritelogJANE: HOME!!!

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**04/12/12**

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FEFETASPRITE: Z
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spritelogROXY: good lard
ROXY: all my friends are being disasters
ROXY: welp looks like its just us
ROXY: party nite w gcat and fefeta
ROXY: fefeta???
ROXY: oh dangit
ROXY: hey you know i could have used some support there
ROXY: where was all that profound shippin expertise when we really needed it!
ROXY: usually i can barely shut you up girl
ROXY: maybe you just clammed up at all the drama?

ROXY: hehehe youd have loved that pun
ROXY: the one i just said about the clams

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**04/12/12**

```
scritch scritch

purrrrrrrr.....

glub
```

spritelogROXY: aw its ok you had enough drama in your lives
ROXY: you deserve some rest
ROXY: good night sweet princess

==>
**04/12/12**
spritelogROXY: sooo
ROXY: gcat
ROXY: i guess that just leaves the two of us
ROXY: wow this is
ROXY: great?
ROXY: you gonna behave urself
ROXY: not do anything too uh
ROXY: vexing or cheshire catty
ROXY: i hope?

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**04/12/12**
spritelogROXY: oh mother fuck

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**05/12/12**
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**05/12/12**
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**05/12/12**
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**05/12/12**
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**05/12/12**
**Jane: Ollie outie.**
**06/12/12**

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OLLIES OUTIE
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**06/12/12**
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**06/12/12**
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**06/12/12**
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**06/12/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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## Jane: Answer.

**06/12/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterlogundyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
uu: CROCKER.
uu: HEY IT'S ME.
uu: REMEMBER ME?
GG: What the?
uu: TUMUT
uu: OOPS NO.
uu: *HOLDS SHIFT.* *NOSTALGICALLY.*
uu: tumut
uu: YESSSS.
GG: Oh, you have GOT to be kidding me.
GG: You are the absolute last person I want to hear from right now.
GG: And the bottom of that list is pretty competitive territory at the moment!
uu: DON'T BE LIKE THAT. YOU STUPID EARTH COW.
uu: HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BE BECOMING FRIENDS. IF YOU RECOIL FROM MY OLIVE BRANCH.
uu: LIKE I'M FLAILING A WITHERED MUMMY'S SEVERED LIMB IN YOUR DIRECTION.
GG: I don't want us to become friends!
GG: We all thought you were gone for good. And we liked it that way!
GG: Please don't tell me you've found a second wind of petty trolling in you.
uu: HEY. I DON'T TROLL.
uu: I *JEER*. GET IT RIGHT.
uu: TROLLING IS FOR LOSERS. LOSERS SPECIFICALLY WHO ARE TROLLS.
GG: Whatever. And what's with the ugly green text?
GG: Reading your malformed sentence fragments was unpleasant enough as it was.
uu: I BORROWED IT FROM MY SISTER.
uu: AND SHUT UP. IT LOOKS GREAT.
uu: AND IS NO UGLIER THAN YOU. WHO I CAN SEE NOW WITH EASE. FOR THE RECORD.
GG: "Whom" you can see, moron.
GG: And no, you can't!

GG: Calliope said you couldn't see us at all in our game session. So I think you're lying!
uu: AM I REALLY.
uu: WHEN RIGHT NOW I AM LOOKING AT A HOMELY FEMALE IN DUMB BLUE PANTS. SULKING IN A GRAY PLACE. TYPING ON A COMPUTER WITH A STRANGE HUMAN FACE?

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**06/12/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterlogGG: Oh, dear God.
GG: WHY???
uu: MY POWER HAS GROWN CONSIDERABLY SINCE I LAST JEERED YOU.
uu: I HAVE MADE REMARKABLE STRIDES ON MY SACRED JOURNEY TOWARD IMPORTANT ADULTHOOD.
uu: ON THIS BULLSHIT PLANET. WHICH USED TO BE YOUR HOME.
uu: I HAVE FOUND MANY KEYS. AND UNLOCKED MANY HOLES.
uu: AND NOW I CAN SEE MORE. AND LEARN MORE. THAN YOU COULD EVER FUCKING DREAM!
GG: How wonderful for you.
GG: I don't care how all-seeing and all-powerful you think you are.
GG: If your intent is to waste my time with more of your pitiful bullying, you are out of luck.
GG: Because that is exactly NOT the sort of crap I am in the mood for today.
GG: Toodle-oo!!!
uu: WAIT!
uu: I THINK I GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT.
uu: HOW ABOUT WE. GNAW THAT ONE OFF AND START OVER?
uu: I WAS TRYING TO PAY YOU A COMPLIMENT.
GG: ??
uu: MY PEOPLE AREN'T MEANT TO LIKE ANYBODY. GET IT?
uu: I MEAN, NOT THE WAY HUMANS DO. WE DON'T HAVE THE HUMAN EMOTION CALLED "LOVEKHEKLFSDKF". AND WE SPONTANEOUSLY START MASHING KEYS. WHEN WE ARE FORCED TO EVEN TYPE THE WORD.
uu: ALL OUR RELATIONSHIPS ARE DICTATED BY THE MIRACLE OF HATRED. SO WHEN I USE BAD WORDS TOWARD YOU. THAT'S JUST ME SAYING THINGS TO TRY TO KNOW YOU BETTER.
uu: LIKE. "SOCIALLYUOIPY".
uu: AS A.
uu: *SHUDDER*
uu: A... "FRIENDJISJFDJISJSDKFLDJSDKLJF".

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**06/12/12**

pesterloguu: SO WHEN I SAY YOU'RE UGLY. WHICH YOU FACTUALLY ARE.
uu: I MEAN THAT FROM MY PERSPECTIVE. OF BEING NORMAL, AND NOT A SHITTY ALIEN. TO SAY THAT YOU ARE ACTUALLY ATTRACTIVE IN AN UNPLEASANT WAY. TO MY BRAIN.

GG: Hrm.
GG: Nope. That makes very little sense.
uu: FUCK. TRY USING YOUR SUPPOSEDLY BETTER SMARTNESS THAN MINE.
uu: AND THINK SOMEWHAT LATERALLY. ABOUT LIKE. FUCKING CULTURE. THAT ISN'T *YOURS*.
uu: YOU DUMB BITCH.
GG: Yes, I see it all too clearly now. You're really quite the charmer!
uu: NO. COME ON. "DUMB BITCH" IS ANOTHER GREAT COMPLIMENT.
uu: IN THE SAME VEIN AS THAT WHICH I JUST DESCRIBED.
uu: IT'S A TERM OF "ENDEARMENKSKLJJF" I USE TO TALK ABOUT GIRLS. WHO IN MY VIEW HAVE MANAGED TO AVOID BEING.
uu: UTTERLY BENEATH MY PERSONAL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. THIS ISN'T COMPLICATED.
GG: Uh huh.
GG: So you're actually trying to claim that you find me attractive, from the alleged "bad means good" point of view of your hate-driven species?
uu: DEFINITELY.
uu: I'M NOT JOKING AROUND, CROCKER.
uu: I'VE UNLOCKED A BUNCH OF YOUR SCREENS. AND SPENT A LOT OF TIME WATCHING YOU.
uu: WHILE THINKING. JUST.
uu: THE *DIIIIRTIEST* THOUGHTS.
uu: HEE HEE. HAA.
GG: Eww.
GG: You pig.
uu: THE OTHER FEMALE TOO. LET'S NOT FORGET YOUR SQUAD'S BACKUP BITCH.
uu: HOW NASTY IS SHE?? JUST SO FOUL. AND THE THINGS YOU GET UP TO WITH ONE ANOTHER. OH MY.
uu: NEED I EVEN CITE THE ALTERCATION WITH YOUR PUFFY SLUMBER LOAVES?
GG: Excuse me??
uu: MY COMPLIMENTS IN PARTICULAR. ON YOUR COLORFUL UNDERGARMENTS.
uu: WHILE BOUNCING UP AND DOWN ON THE SOFT HUMAN SARSWAPAGUS.
GG: Oh, that's just great.
GG: The ONE TIME we had a generic girly pillow fight, and it turns out some pervert was watching us.
GG: I think I need a shower.
GG: Assuming I can ever take one again in peace!
uu: DON'T WORRY. YOU CAN'T.
uu: BUT SERIOUSLY. JANE. CAN I CALL YOU JANE? BITCH, LISTEN.
uu: YOU ARE ONE GRODY HARLOT. WHICH MEANS GOOD (BAD) THINGS TO ME, LET'S REMEMBER.
uu: WHEN I UNLOCKED YOU. I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE I'VE CHANGED? OR MAYBE JUST YOU. SINCE YOU TURNED OLDER. BUT YOU'VE REALLY.
uu: FILLED OUT.
uu: SINCE I LAST SAW YOU BEFORE.
GG: What?

GG: ...
GG: Really?
uu: HELL YES.
uu: I DO ENJOY A MEATY BITCH. WITH A LITTLE CLOUT.
GG: What do you mean, exactly...
GG: By "clout?"
uu: OH. I THINK YOU KNOW.
uu: WHEN PHYSICAL PORTIONS OF THE BITCH. KIND OF JUT OUT. EXUBERANTLY.
GG: Do you mean...
GG: My...
GG: Why am I even having this conversation!
uu: I JUST HAVE A WEAK SPOT. FOR THE ABOVE AVERAGE HEFT OF YOUR PARTS. WHICH WOBBLE THE MOST.
uu: NOW DO SOMETHING NAUSEATING FOR ME TO WATCH.
uu: I WANT TO SEE A TAWDRY ACT OF HARD CORE SCHMALTZ.
uu: SEE THAT ROCK OVER THERE. PRETEND IT IS THE OTHER INSOLENT BITCH.
uu: ACT A LITTLE NERVOUS. WITH YOUR IDLE HAND, GRAZE ONE OF YOUR MORE BULBOUS LOCATIONS "INCIDENTALLY".
uu: THEN ASK THE ROCK IF IT WANTS TO FALL IN LOVE!!! OOOOOOOH.
GG: What? No!
GG: Are you insane?
GG: I don't care where you are, or whatever the hell it is you "unlocked" to spy on me.
GG: You aren't allowed to sit there all day leering at my boobs!!!
uu: YOUR WHAT.
GG: My... what?
GG: Wait, what were YOU talking about?
uu: NO. TELL ME WHAT THOSE THINGS YOU SAID ARE. I'M SO ENTICED!
GG: Screw you!
GG: Tell me what you were getting at with all that!!
GG: The stuff about "clout," and my "bulbous locations."
uu: I WAS JUST SAYING. MY TASTE PREFERS.
uu: WHEN THE BUXOM SHREW'S PHYSIQUE PUTS A HEALTHY DENT IN SPACETIME.
GG: Spacetime??
uu: I LIKE HOW SALTY IT IS. WHEN A BITCH GROWS OUT OF HER SKELETAL PHASE.
uu: AND HER FRAME REALLY BEGINS TO CHALLENGE THE HORIZONTAL DIMENSIONS.
GG: *WHAT!*
uu: WHEN THE FEMALE RUMP STARTS GETTING MORE MILEAGE OUT OF ITS WIDENESS ATTRIBUTE. MORE BANG FOR ITS BOONBUCK!
uu: IT EXCITES ME BETTER. WHEN BITCHES PUNISH THE GROUND. WITH EACH MEGALITHIC FOOTSTEP.
GG: *SHUT UP!*
GG: *I'M NOT FAT!!!*
uu: JANE BITCH. I HAVE NEW ORDERS.
uu: YOU WILL STRIP TO THE SCANTY PAIR OF PARTY PANTS AND THE CLOTH CHEST PIECE WHICH YOU WEAR UNDER THOSE PLAIN RAGS.

uu: THEN FIND A NAUGHTY PATCH OF MUD.
uu: AND ROLL AROUND IN THE MUD. LIKE AN EARTH PIG.
uu: FLAUNTING FOR ME. YOUR SLIPPERY AND SWOLLEN PORCINE PHYSICALITY.
uu: AND MAYBE GRUNT SOME DECADENT POEMS THROUGH YOUR SNOUT. ABOUT SOME SHITFACE YOU "ADOREFJSDKLJJF".
uu: OOOOH YES.
uu: THAT WOULD BE.
uu: *WRRRRETCHED!*
GG: *GO FUCK YOURSELF!*
uu: WAIT! DON'T SHUT ME OUT.
uu: REMEMBER WHAT I SAID. ABOUT OUR DIFFERENT CULTURES OR WHATEVER.
uu: HAVE A FUCKING OPEN MIND, JANE.
uu: I MADE YOU A PRESENT. FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY. WHATEVER THAT ACTUALLY IS.
uu: SEE HOW I'M MAKING AN EFFORT TO UNDERSTAND YOUR CUSTOMS?
uu: MEET ME HALF OF THE GODDAMN WAY.
GG: Oh cripes.
GG: What is it?
uu: A SUBLIME ARTISTIC PORTRAIT.
uu: REMEMBER HOW I SAID MY POWER WAS GROWING WITH EACH DAY.
uu: THIS APPLIES AS WELL TO MY PROWESS AS A DRAFTSMAN.
GG: Oh goodness, no. You poor delusional thing.
GG: I don't care what progress you think you've made. You will never be a good artist, dear.
uu: HORSESHIT.
uu: MY ILLUSTRATION IS STUNNING. IT IS NEARLY A PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF YOUR ODIOUS MILKSHAKE.
uu: NOW PARK THE INDUSTRIAL LOAD OF FREIGHT YOU DECLARE A BOTTOM. AND FEAST YOUR EYES ON MY FUCKING EXCELLENCE!
uu: http://tinyurl.com/JANETHISISYOU
GG: Groan.
uu: I BELIEVE I HAVE CHOSEN THE PERFECT SHAPE FOR YOU.
uu: IT IS DESCRIBED IN CERTAIN CIRCLES KNOWLEDGEABLE OF THE ARTS. AS. "A CIRCLE".
uu: I AM VERY PLEASED WITH HOW FAITHFULLY IT HAS CAPTURED THE OBSCENE ROTUNDITY. OF YOUR MAGNIFICENT CARRIAGE.
uu: TRULY A SPITTING IMAGE OF THE CROCKER BITCH.
uu: NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. YOU MAY LEARN SOMETHING.
uu: THE MASTERPIECE AFICIONADO WILL NOTICE. HOW I ACHIEVED THIS HIGHLY ADVANCED AND DIFFICULT SHAPE.
uu: WHAT MOST GIFTED ARTISANS WILL TELL YOU. IS THAT. CIRCLES ARE BASICALLY FUCKING IMPOSSIBLE TO DRAW.
uu: TRUST ME.
uu: IT'S LIKE A PARADOX. A SHAPE WITHOUT ANGLES. WHAT??
uu: SO I FUCKING CHEATED.
uu: I NAVIGATED THE IRRATIONAL PERIMETER BY MAKING A LOT OF EASILY UNDERSTANDABLE, TOTALLY LOGICAL MARKS. FORMING A WHOLE BUNCH OF LITTLE RIGHT ANGLES.

uu: THE CHEATING PART HAPPENS WHEN I DO THIS A LOT. SO IT GOES IN A ROUND DIRECTION.
uu: THIS ONE CAME OUT WELL I THINK. BUT THERE'S ROOM TO IMPROVE.
uu: I HAVE THEORIZED THAT IF I KEEP MAKING BOGUS CIRCLES LIKE THIS.
uu: WHILE DRAWING MORE AND MORE ANGLES. BUT SMALLER. SO SMALL THAT YOU START CAN'T SEEING THEM.
uu: THAT THE ILLUSION OF THE CIRCLE WILL BE COMPLETE! AND PEOPLE WILL BELIEVE IN THE FAKE CIRCLE. LIKE A BUNCH OF SUCKERS.
uu: I BET NOBODY HAS THOUGHT OF THAT CIRCLE STRATEGY. I THINK I'M THE FIRST AT THIS IDEA. AND BEST AT IT ALREADY.
uu: PEOPLE THINK I'M DUMB. ESPECIALLY THE VOICE IN MY HEAD.
uu: AND THEY MAY BE RIGHT ABOUT ME BEING DUMB.
uu: BUT WHEN IT COMES TO THE SPECIAL WAY I DO THINGS. WHICH IS ALWAYS ACTUALLY. THE PERFECT WAY.
uu: I AM.
uu: A GENIUS!

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FAT UGLY WHORE.
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**08/12/12**

pesterlogGG: That is the most pointless and incomprehensible load of drivel I have ever read.
GG: Your "portrait" is every bit as abysmal as I was expecting. And for the last time. I AM NOT FAT.
GG: I think your claims of attraction to heavyset women, which you present as "flattery," is an obvious ruse to get me to feel insecure about my appearance, and it isn't going to work!
uu: OINK.
GG: SHUT YOUR STUPID FACE!!!
GG: UGH, THIS BIRTHDAY IS SO AWFUL! I CAN'T STAND IT!
GG: WHY IS EVERYONE TREATING ME LIKE SHIT TODAY?
GG: WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS?!
uu: YOU WERE. WAIT. WHAT'S THE CONJUGATION ASSOCIATED WITH "HUMAN BIRTH"?
uu: IS IT. HUMAN BORTH?
uu: YOU WERE HUMAN BORTH.
GG: SHUT UP!
GG: I'M DONE HUMORING YOUR PERVERTED ADOLESCENT MIND GAMES!
GG: TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO CALLIOPE!
GG: CALLIOPE!!!
GG: WE WANT YOU BACK! PLEASE COME BACK AND SPARE US FROM THIS LECHEROUS NINCOMPOOP!
GG: *CALLIOPE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*
GG: WHY DOESN'T THIS WORK?!
uu: SAYING HER NAME ONLY WAKES HER UP. IF SHE'S ALIVE.
uu: SO YOUR HOG FACE CAN SNORT THE DIRTY SYLLABLES ALL IT WANTS. HELL, I WILL EVEN GIVE YOU A HAND!

uu: CALLIOPE! WAKE UP SIS!
uu: HAA HAA, WHOOPS. SHE CAN'T.
uu: THE BITCH IS DEAD!
GG: I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!
uu: NO IT'S TRUE. I GOT SOMEBODY TO STAB HER A LOT.
uu: THEN I STOLE HER BLOOD FOR MY LETTERS.
GG: NO!!! THAT CAN'T BE TRUE! I REFUSE TO BELIEVE EVEN YOU WOULD DO SOMETHING SO TERRIBLE!
uu: JANE BITCH. YOUR PREPOSTEROUS FEMALE EMOTIONS ARE GOING EARTH BANANAS AGAIN.
uu: SETTLE DOWN AND LISTEN TO BOY REASON. DO NOT MAKE ME DEMONSTRATE THE VERACITY OF MY FACTS. YET AGAIN.
uu: THAT SACCHARINE TRAMP IS SUCH A GONER. SHE'S NEVER COMING BACK.
uu: JUST LIKE YOUR DAPPER HUMAN GUARDIAN.
GG: WHAT?? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY FATHER!
GG: WHERE IS HE?
uu: HE'S FUCKING DEAD IS WHERE.
GG: YOU'RE LYING AGAIN!!!
GG: TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW!
uu: GOD. I'M TRYING TO.
uu: MY FACTS ARE HAVING DIFFICULTY PENETRATING YOUR HYSTERICAL ATTITUDE. LISTEN TO ME VERY CLOSE.
uu: HE WAS CAPTURED BY AN AGENT SOON AFTER YOU BEGAN YOUR QUEST. HE WAS THEN PUT IN JAIL ON DERSE.
GG: Ok...
GG: So he's on Derse, then?
uu: BITCH, YOU AREN'T PAYING ATTENTION. DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE PRISON SYSTEM ON DERSE?
uu: IT ISN'T LIKE THE SOFT TIME YOU DO ON PROSPIT. I BET YOU NEVER SPENT ANY TIME IN THE JOKE THEY CALL A SLAMMER THERE. LET ALONE ON DERSE.
GG: And I suppose you have??
uu: I WAS NOT VERY WELL BEHAVED. I DID MORE THAN MY SHARE OF TIME. CHAINED TO THE WALL OF A CELL.
uu: HEE HEE! LIKE I WASN'T SO USED TO THAT. I WAS LIKE. DO YOUR WORST.
uu: AND THEN THEY DID. DERSITES DO NOT TREAT THEIR PRISONERS GOOD. TO SAY THE LEAST!
uu: I WAS ONLY ABLE TO SURVIVE THE BRUTALITY. DUE TO MY EXCEPTIONAL CONSTITUTION. AND EVEN TO SOME EXTENT. MY ABILITY TO ENJOY ANGUISH.
uu: BUT YOUR PATHETIC, FRAIL HUMAN "DAD" IS A DIFFERENT STORY. THERE IS NO DOUBT AT ALL. THAT HE IS DEAD BY NOW!
GG: No. Don't say that. Shut up!

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**08/12/12**

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BAP BAP BAP
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pesterloguu: YOU REALLY SHOULD BELIEVE ME. I HAVE UNLOCKED MANY OF HIS SCREENS, JUST LIKE YOURS.
uu: YOU SHOULD SEE HOW THEY TREATED HIM! THE HORROR HE EXPERIENCED MUST BE DIFFICULT FOR A HUMAN GIRL TO IMAGINE.
uu: PERHAPS I SHOULD CAPTURE ONE OF THE VISUALS. AND SHOW YOU FIRST HAND?
GG: YOU BASTARD! I SAID SHUT UP!!!
uu: HIS AGONY WAS MAGNIFICENT. AND VERY LONG LASTING. YOU SEE. HE WAS A VIP.
uu: A VERY IMPORTANT PRISONER. SO THEY GAVE HIM SPECIAL TREATMENT.
uu: UNDER SUCH CRUEL CIRCUMSTANCES. I BELIEVE HE WOULD HAVE TRADED HIS FAVORITE HAT. FOR A SWIFT END TO HIS HILARIOUS SUFFERING!
GG: STOP IT
uu: BUT IT WAS SO WONDERFUL AND GREAT TO WATCH!
uu: BETWEEN YOUR FATHER'S DEMISE. AND HIS DAUGHTER'S EPIC POSTERIOR. LOOMING LARGE ON MY VIDEO DISPLAYS.
uu: I REALLY MUST THANK YOUR ENTIRE "FAMILY". FOR HOURS OF SCANDALOUS ENJOYMENT!
GG: SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP!!!!!

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**08/12/12**

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STOMP STOMP STOMP
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pesterlogGG: FUCK YOU! HE'S NOT DEAD!
GG: MY DAD'S FINE, I'M NOT FAT, AND I HATE YOU! I'M NEVER TALKING TO YOU AGAIN!!!!!!
GG: *AND STOP WATCHING ME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*

## Jane: Keep absconding.

**08/12/12**

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NICE ABSCOND x2 COMBO!
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**08/12/12**

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sadjump
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## DD: Examine sleazy Dersite rag.

**09/12/12**

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B$ 10,000
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Let's see what's in the news today.

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**09/12/12**

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The Enquiring Carapacian

JAILGATE
Day 153
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DIPLOMATIC GRIDLOCK!
WHITE SHELL MENDACITY AT ALL TIME HIGH
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No surprise here. The archagent is dominating the headlines, yet again. Already approaching day 154 of this debacle. It's a big day for your kingdom. Hard to believe it's here already. Time sure flies when you're being smooth and well dressed.

The article covers the usual tedious politics surrounding the negotiation of his release. After weeks of posturing and grandstanding, Prospit's terms have been bargained down to a polite apology, signed by the Condesce herself. Or those were the terms you were last aware of. You check to see if there have been any further developments. Yeah, just as you thought. She refused those terms. Prospit then countered with a new offer. The apology no longer has to be polite.

No way she cottons to that proposal either. It's quite obvious to you what's going on here. The white queen was never really taking this negotiation seriously. She has been submitting frivolous proposals which she knows perfectly well the Condesce will refuse on principle, daring her in front of the whole kingdom to swallow just an ounce of pride to get her agent back. This makes her look petty in the tabloids if she refuses, which was always inevitable. Because as everyone knows, a queen is a vain creature. Even alien sea queens.

And you thought the kingdoms were locked in a stalemate BEFORE new management took over.

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**09/12/12**

The press has run the story so far into the ground, you can barely bring yourself to keep up with it anymore. Sensationalism at its finest.

Not that you're really itching to see Noir get his old job back. Talk about a high strung boss. The time in the clink should do him good. Like a forced vacation, with accommodations nearly on par with a five star hotel on Derse. Frankly, things run much smoother around here without him blowing a gasket every other day.

Though you will say you could really use his expertise as a pencil pusher. You never knew anyone who could file paperwork quite like Noir. Sure he complained bitterly about his desk job, but in truth he was always a reluctant savant of bureaucratic procedure and red tape. Now you're getting buried in all these damn tax forms and parking tickets. Maybe you should have them shuttled to his jail cell on Prospit so he can catch up? You have a feeling the Prospitian authorities would be willing to oblige. Actually, that's such a good idea, you can't believe you didn't think of it sooner. You'll have to get the Droll on that pronto.

## DD: Observe Nobles.

**10/12/12**

You step over to your cubicle of FENESTRATED WALLS, which you had replaced since the Prince trashed the old ones. You ordered the Droll to sneak off to one of their worlds and whip up some fresh ones, with a few alchemical upgrades while he was at it. The Droll isn't really the sharpest tool in the shed, but he's certainly the most versatile. Also the most eager to please. If you have to watch his happy umbrella dance one more time, you swear to God...

That was a black day for Derse, when the Prince went rogue. Well not rogue, that's a bad choice of words. Why did the damn moon girl have to be a Rogue? Corners you into that pun every time. And it wasn't really a black day either, per se, since on Derse a black day is actually a good day. Everyone's a pretty big fan of black round these parts. The point is, everything went to shit. You like to think you taught those seditious brats a lesson though. What with the miles. Their inescapability. Etcetera.

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**10/12/12**

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sadjump
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And it's a good thing you taught them a lesson when you did. Because the next day, the Condesce had new orders for all agents. Engaging the Nobles was thereafter strictly forbidden. No more sabotage, assassination attempts, any of that good stuff. Not until the heiress' wriggling day. Then all bets are off. Who's the heiress and what's a wriggling day, you asked. The heiress is the Maid. Ok you said. And her wriggling day? That's just her birthday, but phrased in alien. Like the anniversary of the day she was spawned, with cake and all that jazz. Come on, use your brain. Alright, got it, you said.

Anyway, that's tomorrow.

Your guess is the orders came down from her boss, who from what you've gathered, is even more of a headcase than your presently incarcerated superior. When she starts kicking up a fuss, yelling at people, forking any poor slob unfortunate enough to make a misstep while grooming her hair, you know too well that's the frustration of an exasperated first officer. Would almost make you feel sympathy for the witch, if you, like she, weren't clinically psychopathic.

She's never copped to it, but you just know she's got some schemes on the side. Every good right hand is gonna have something up its sleeve, some sort of contingency plan the boss doesn't know about. Trust you on that one. She's cooking something. It probably has something to do with the new prisoner she reeled in. You don't know what she wants with the girl yet, but she's always got something cooking. Or baking. Whatever. The point is, the woman spends a lot of time in the kitchen.

## DD: Check on prisoner.

**10/12/12**

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Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
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Speaking of the new prisoner, you wonder how the old one is doing.

You're not gonna check on the new one. She's out of your jurisdiction. Like you said, the witch has her schemes. Whatever they are, you're going to leave that alone.

You're more curious about the status of the fellow you captured 153 days ago.

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**10/12/12**

You take a stroll through the Derse penitentiary. This is where the gen pop is housed. For inmates life is usually unpleasant and short down here. But the moment you laid eyes on the human prisoner, you knew you could never in good conscience lock him up in the dungeons and gulags with the common thieves, tax cheats and parking fee delinquents. That would be a crime worse than those committed by all the inmates combined.

No, a man of such distinction and strong fashion sense needed special accommodations. A cell reserved for Very Important Prisoners.

## DD: Proceed to solitary confinement suite.

**10/12/12**

Going up.

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**10/12/12**

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Alert : ▪ ▪ ▪
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The prisoner appears to be doing well. You ask if you can get him anything. Coffee? A newspaper? Additional smoking apparatus? He indicates that since he lost his wallet, he's been running low on pipe tobacco. You say you'll see to it at once.

While this is a maximum security suite that is virtually impossible to escape from, you've made it clear to all personnel that anyone who harms a hair on this man's head will have to answer to you. They are all very fortunate that his head doesn't seem to have any.

God DAMN he is good at shaving. You are not afraid to admit your envy when it comes to his prowess with a straight edge, not even to speak of his natural ability to grow whiskers in the first place. The lucky stiff.

## DD: Ask what prisoner is doing.

**11/12/12**

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Alert : Serious Business
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No need to ask. You can plainly see he is conducting some rather serious business with his mobile device.

The network restricts access to within Derse only, so he can't contact the Nobles and do anything sneaky. But at his request you have set up a kingdom-wide network to trade online tips with other Dersites pertaining to his interests. Notably fashion.

In the weeks since his arrest, the captive has become something of a celebrity on Derse. His impeccable sense of business-like attire has taken the kingdom by storm, and now trends feverishly among social networking groups. Ok, there is only one social networking group, but it's trending feverishly in that one. You can't say you've been totally impervious to the craze yourself. Nor can you say you weren't shamelessly complicit in promoting it. Hell, you can't even say you didn't mandate certain dress code modifications throughout the kingdom, enforced under penalty of death. Nope, can't really say you can say any of that stuff.

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**11/12/12**

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SERIOUS BUSINESS

f pipefan413
YES, @HATLIKER. WE ARE HERE FOR YOU.

f NoNeed4PantsThx
@HATLIKER i'm very concerned. tell me what is wrong.

f FineryFiend
@HATLIKER: ???

f 1dapperblackshell
@HATLIKER, state business

f HATLIKER
@ALL: HELP! NEED HELP.

[SYSTEM]
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sriousbizHATLIKER: @ALL: HELP! NEED HELP.
1dapperblackshell: @HATLIKER, state business
FineryFiend: @HATLIKER: ???
NoNeed4PantsThx: @HATLIKER i'm very concerned. tell me what is wrong.
pipefan413: YES, @HATLIKER. WE ARE HERE FOR YOU.
HATLIKER: I SAT ON MY FAVORITE HAT!
NoNeed4PantsThx: @HATLIKER gasp
FineryFiend: @HATLIKER !
ChuffedAboutDuds: @HATLIKER this is not a black day for you. my condolences.
HATLIKER: IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. AFRAID HAT IS RUINED.
HATLIKER: PLEASE ADVISE.
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: @HATLIKER are at least socks ok
HATLIKER: @WANT_MORE_SOCKS YES, SOCKS ARE OK.
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: @HATLIKER did you sit on socks too
HATLIKER: @WANT_MORE_SOCKS NO. DID NOT SIT ON SOCKS. I DO NOT THINK SITTING ON SOCKS WOULD BE PROBLEM THOUGH?
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: @HATLIKER no it is doubtful. fair enough.
1dapperblackshell: @HATLIKER, need more information before can advise. please state your weight.
NoNeed4PantsThx: @HATLIKER agreed. exactly how much vertical pressure was applied to top of the hat?
FineryFiend: @HATLIKER: report extent of damage to hat.
HATLIKER: NOT SURE. HAT IN BAD SHAPE. DOES NOT RESEMBLE HAT MUCH ANYMORE. CONSIDERABLY LESS HANDSOME.
HATLIKER: MORE LIKE RUMPLED HEAD OBJECT NOW.
1dapperblackshell: @HATLIKER, attempt to rectify hat integrity
1dapperblackshell: @HATLIKER, use same blunt instrument which got you into mess in first place
HATLIKER: @1dapperblackshell THANK YOU FOR ADVICE. DO YOU MEAN MY BOTTOM.
1dapperblackshell: @HATLIKER, y
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: @HATLIKER yes agree w @1dapperblackshell

WANT_MORE_SOCKS: @HATLIKER unsit on hat
FineryFiend: @WANT_MORE_SOCKS can one unsit on a hat???
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: @FineryFiend maybe, idk.
ChuffedAboutDuds: @HATLIKER turn hat upside down, then sit on hat?
1dapperblackshell: @HATLIKER, y, agree w @ChuffedAboutDuds, sit on upside down hat to unrumple
pipefan413: @HATLIKER. THESE MEN ARE LEADING YOU ASTRAY. SITTING ON THE HAT AGAIN WILL ONLY CAUSE IT FURTHER DAMAGE.
NoNeed4PantsThx: @pipefan413, this will be the case even if the rumpled hat is inverted?
pipefan413: @NoNeed4PantsThx. YES. THIS WILL BE THE CASE REGARDLESS OF THE HAT'S ORIENTATION.
FineryFiend: greatly respect @pipefan413's knowledge of finery. i endorse his warning.
ChuffedAboutDuds: @FineryFiend me too.
1dapperblackshell: @FineryFiend so do i
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: on @pipefan413's recommendation i withdraw my motion to unsit on the hat
*WANT_MORE_SOCKS changes status to APOLOGETIC.*

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**12/12/12**

SERIOUS BUSINESS

sriousbizHATLIKER: @WANT_MORE_SOCKS: OK I AM NOW REFRAINING FROM UNSITTING ON HAT.
HATLIKER: @ALL: OTHER IDEAS?
ChuffedAboutDuds: @HATLIKER yes.
HATLIKER: @ChuffedAboutDuds: GO ON, @ChuffedAboutDuds.
ChuffedAboutDuds: @HATLIKER do you suppose it is possible that rumpled head object may have intrinsic value?
FineryFiend: @ChuffedAboutDuds i do not understand.
ChuffedAboutDuds: @FineryFiend thinking outside the shell here.
ChuffedAboutDuds: @HATLIKER perhaps bring rumpled object to haberdasher for appraisal?
1dapperblackshell: @ChuffedAboutDuds, u suspect damage from bottom has caused hat to appreciate?
FineryFiend: @ChuffedAboutDuds fascinating point of speculation; i wonder.
NoNeed4PantsThx: @ChuffedAboutDuds, if that is case, perhaps sitting on hat has released fashionable properties, heretofore concealed by unrumpled condition?
1dapperblackshell: @NoNeed4PantsThx you are suggesting the damaged hat will look more dapper?
NoNeed4PantsThx: @1dapperblackshell, it is a possibility.
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: @1dapperblackshell oh what if @HATLIKER struts in public wearing new rumpled head object with pride
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: @ALL what if @HATLIKER begins new fashion sensation?
FineryFiend: @WANT_MORE_SOCKS what an exciting thing that would be.
HATLIKER: @WANT_MORE_SOCKS I WANT TO BE POPULAR AND FAMOUS. BUT I DO NOT THINK I HAVE THE COURAGE.

WANT_MORE_SOCKS: @HATLIKER what if you were to have company in wearing a damaged hat
NoNeed4PantsThx: @WANT_MORE_SOCKS, yes, maybe i will sit on my favorite hat as well.
FineryFiend: @NoNeed4PantsThx yes, me too.
1dapperblackshell: @FineryFiend let us all create rumpled head objects; wear proudly
pipefan413: @ALL. I CANNOT CONDONE THIS ACTIVITY, GENTLEMEN.
1dapperblackshell: @pipefan413 why not @pipefan413
FineryFiend: @pipefan413 why not?
NoNeed4PantsThx: @pipefan413, why not?
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: @pipefan413 why not
HATLIKER: @pipefan413 WHY NOT @pipefan413?
ChuffedAboutDuds: @pipefan413 why not?
The Dignitary: @HATLIKER: Incinerate the damaged hat immediately.
The Dignitary: @HATLIKER: Do not ever wear such a thing in public.
FineryFiend: !!!!!
ChuffedAboutDuds: BURN THE HAT!
NoNeed4PantsThx: BURN THE HAT!!!
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: BURN IT!
1dapperblackshell: BURN THE RUMPLED HAT!
HATLIKER: I AM BURNING THE HAT!
WANT_MORE_SOCKS: SITTING ON THE HAT WAS TERRIBLE!
NoNeed4PantsThx: BURN ALL RUMPLED HATS!
ChuffedAboutDuds: THEY AREN'T DAPPER AT ALL!!!!!
1dapperblackshell: BURN THE MISTAKE WITH FIRE!

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**12/12/12**

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SERIOUS BUSINESS

TaB

a product of The Coca-Cola Company

12 FL OZ (355 ml.)
```

sriousbiz)(IC: yo i cant deal w this prissy hat chat no more
)(IC: public works my ass what a waste of royal gold
*ChuffedAboutDuds changes status to BOWING.*
*WANT_MORE_SOCKS changes status to BOWING.*
*NoNeed4PantsThx changes status to BOWING.*
*FineryFiend changes status to BOWING.*
*HATLIKER changes status to BOWING.*
*1dapperblackshell changes status to BOWING.*
)(IC: this is what i get for lettin all proper dudes run shit instead of nasty clowns
*The Dignitary changes status to DOFFING HAT.*
)(IC: @The Dignitary i want ma ring back motha fuck

## Years in the future...

**13/12/12**

Minus several.

## ==>

**13/12/12**

## ==>

**13/12/12**

## ==>

**13/12/12**

## Roxy: Examine wizardfic journal.

**13/12/12**

```
wizardy herbert
```

## Roxy: Open to random page.

**14/12/12**

```
deud


"i think you were supposed to just tackle him," beatrix
said looking all kinds of put off.

herbert reached down to the body of the fictional
-t shot and picked up the flag. "same
```

journalog"i think you were supposed to just tackle him," beatrix said looking all kinds of put off.

wizardy herbert reached down to the body of the fictional camper he just shot and picked up the flag. "same difference."

"IS it?"

"this is some lame magical version of capture the flag. the book wanted me to capture the flag from him. the flag has now been captured. anyway, hes just a kind of brainless puppet."

"then what are we?" she asked.

"i dunno. brainless puppets whove spent a few years in the real world. kind of like everyone else, i suppose."

"jeez thats cynical. anyway, youre the one who said we should let the story play out the way its supposed to. im just pointing out your own rules."

"ehhh." herbert made a dismissive gesture with his smoking gun. "these punks were starting to get on my nerves. we're making progress anyway. see? listen to that. russets scene is coming up. if i remember right this is the one that introduces his recurring love interest. also i guess the chief bad guy. i mean, sorta."

she listened. there was yelling through the woods. it was coming closer.

"help! herb! bea! where are you?!"

the three serpenook scoundrells flew threw the woods on there magic flying wooden hornses, they were chasing poor russet. russet held onto the fort crowsnest flag for deer life, he was a little scared, but mostly brave, not afraid of those serpenook cowards! they caught up with him and then they knocked him down. his wand flew away out of reach "hey clove not so tought are you with out your fancy wand!" he was one of the serpenook boys and he sounded quiite brash. another one said.... "you think your so hot with all your charm and good looks, well lets do something about that pretty face, ha ,ha ha" then they started beating him up.

"herbert - OW - will you do something? OWW! sunuva. this cant be right!"

herbert aimed carefully with his beretta at the head of russets assailant. he was way serious and stone cold about it. he was not going to miss.

BANG.

he missed. beatrix was grabbing his arm redirecting his aim. "herbert you have to stop!"

"why beatrix" he said with a super sly smile. "if i didnt know better, id say you were taking some enjoyment from watchin your dear pal russets smackdown."

"what? no!" she didnt let go of his arm. but he wouldnt quit his douchey smile. she went on. "you cant just keep offing fictional characters. its... i dunno. irresponsible."

"yeah yeah."

"besides you know the scene is supposed to play out like this. russet is supposed to get rescued. how is he supposed to get rescued if the bullies are dead? you cant just go around changing things."

"i guess youre right."

herbert holstered his gun admiring a few more choice sucker punches to russets midriff. OOF. that onell leave a mark. beatrix regained her calm. "so whos this guy thats supposed to save him?" she asked. "you say hes the villain?"

"here he comes now."

a mystrerious and alluring voice came out of no where... "go easy on him fellas, leave THIS one to me!" it was so brash and arrogant, just the SOUND of him made you mad. the boys stepped a side, the leader of serpenook came forfward, russet was bruised and soar. russet opened his eyes and saw someone so handsome, he had never seen a boy so intriguing and beutiful before. he had black hair and glasses and about a hundred merit badges.....

beatrix squinted at the serpenook boy. she didnt know why she couldnt see it coming. "grant??"

the boy stuped down and gave russet his hand to take. he said "im afraid i have to take your flag from you, you see it belongs to me and fort serpenook, HOWVEVER." russet was very integued "i will decide not to take your flag if you promise me a favor later on from now."

"a favor?" russet said. but he was barely listening. the resemblance to his real life friend was uncanny. he was sure it was him. but here in this dumb prison he was no more than a soulless mannequin dreamt up to recite insipid horseshit.

"you have to promise me that when the time cones, you will betray youre friends and help me!!!!!" he said arragently. russet was out raged by this! and yet he couldnt help but feel strongley drawn toward this mangnificent handsome boy. russet said defiently...

actually he said it like a zombie. "never. ill never betray my friends."

"HE HE HE i should have known!!! you are trutely loyal to your freinds as i expected as much. what is your name?"

"russet" he whispered.

"please to meet you russet even if you ARE the

enemey. allow me to introduce myself."

the guy paused to remove his glasses and polished them on his sash. it came off as a seriously dramatic gesture, just as intended and also as explicitly stated in the text.

"my name is slinus. slinus marlevort."

## Roxy: Jump ahead a little.

**14/12/12**

```
herbert and beatrix were dressed in fanciful athletic gear. thats what kids
wear when theyre about to embark on a journey to compete in some irrational
magic SPORTS. herb-
```

journalogherbert and beatrix were dressed in fanciful athletic gear. thats what kids wear when theyre about to embark on a journey to compete in some irrational magic SPORTS. herbert had tucked under his arm a big stitched up leather ball with golden springs poking out of it for no good god damn reason. it was called a skubbump. beatrix had propped on her shoulder this funnel thing to be worn as a glove called a gimmidge horn, a crucial appendage for any drudsel scooper worth her salt. theyd been selected probably for some valorous deeds they did to represent fort crowsnest in this highly whimsical SPORTS event. russet was there too, but he didnt get chosen to play in the SPORTS due to some poorly explained stuff that no reasonable person could possibly care about even if offered loads of cash. he was mainly jacked into the scene to wave goodbye and wish them luck which he begrudgingly did.

he also put in some time dodging questions and averting eye contact from his friends. he was being a champion at that.

"russet! answer me!" beatrix demanded. "why the heck didnt you tell us? or tell grant for that matter?"

herbert wasnt paying much attention. so russet was moody and cryptic and didnt tell people some stuff. what a bombshell. he worried at one of the springs poking out of his ridonkulous ball. it made a sproinging sound like a mouth harp and broke off. he wondered if the springs served any actual purpose. the springs did not serve any actual purpose.

"how could you keep something like that from everyone? that you knew all along?"

"i just wanted what was best for grant" he finally said.

she had tons of questions but couldnt settle on the next one to ask. she wasnt about to let good body language go to waste so she did kinda what mimes do when they dont like something you said. how long did he know grant was from this dogshit wizardfic? howd he escape in the first place? was it really his spell that sealed them here? how long had he been planning this? she guessed that would explain why he had an absurdly obvious pseudonym. grant anonama? yeah like THATS a real name. great job bro, or should she say SLINUS. she wondered if his bogus name wasnt an anagram

for something. like a clue dangled under their noses. magic bad guys do love their anagrams. they are just so damn clever and when you finally figure them out its like whoa INSTANT MINDFUCK.

"hes quite a troubled person you know bea."

herbert looked up from his skubbump. "well if RUSSET thinks so, then..."

she gave up on the interrogation. when youre dealt a shit sandwich why go to war over who baked the bread. russet could stuff his dumb secrets in a sack for all she cared. what did she ever see in this moping tool? she never thought she would long for those times before they met. the old questing days before all this started. she was never exactly psyched to watch herbert assault a crazy old wizard with a pistol but now... ok she wasnt saying she wanted to see any more wizards get shot. she just meant she would trade all the badges in the world to go back to when things were simpler.

it was time to go. the narratives invisible conductor let them know with the arrival of a carriage. it was drawn by two floating, perfectly immobile wooden horses. herbert read this thing a hundred times but still couldnt understand the authors fascination with flying rigid wooden horses.

herbert held open the door with a bow and gestured her in with ironic chivalry. the text didnt let it go unsaid that was meant as a big fuck you to russet thus keeping their rivalry brewing, but in truth neither dude was feeling it this time. beatrix got in and they were off. rigid horses, carriage and all into the sky. they turned around in their seats and waved to russet below, because a poorly written sentence said they were supposed to.

beatrix smacked her forehead.

"'not an anagram'" she quoted from her brain.

"what?" he asked.

"that FUCKER"

## Roxy: Skip to the end.

**14/12/12**

```
-rbert took a swipe at the clumsy yet elusive
-ducked under his arm and shambled
```

journalogherbert took a swipe at the clumsy yet elusive skubbump. the orb ducked under his arm and shambled on its way like a husky beetle with some stuff to do over there. the crowd of almost-people roared generically at the almost-snatch. the maneuver if successful would have locked the score at 'queen six love' which REALLY would have been just. WOW. somethin else. possibly exciting? herbert still didnt quite understand the rules for the game. and judging by the antics of all the other boobs on their floating wooden horses, the author didnt either.

herbert struggled to turn his horse around to pursue the skubbump, but his mount of rigid lumber was unresponsive. as much as he reminded himself he just couldnt get used to fact that the story

was in control of the horse. dead ahead was the leagues elite drudsel scooper, who was fussing with the laces on her gimmidge horn while her horse idled. she looked up.

"herbert watch where youre going!"

"i cant. i think the book wants us to crash."

beatrix thought about it. she almost kicked the sides of her inert stallion to prod it along but caught herself. "do we really have to?"

herbert shrugged. another solid half minute of awkward horse advancement went by before the creaking oaken collision. herbert tumbled through the air and hit the grass pitch hard on his back. beatrix landed on top him. they found each other face to face.

"is she serious with this?" she asked regarding the hella subtle way the author decided to craft this situration*. situation. is was like, popetry in motion. plus hornses(???)

"im afaid* so. i think the story is builting romantic tension between us."

"it IS?" it was not a question. but a statement of major concorn. *cern

"yeah. it it establushing* the groundwork for romance beween our characaters. its sort of the one token heroterosexual** romance in the book. we probably jush have to ride it out"

beautrix dinit* dint kno whaf*T the felling of collor red wash.... but

she cloun*cloud*COULD swear the fleling

she could swar

the felling

*FEEEEling

ws crepping

ontoo. herrrrrf.

face.

(RAAARARRAAUUUAAAAUUAGHGHGGHGGGGHHGH DOINT WRITE WHILT DRONK U LUSHEY DUMBO)

## Roxy: Doint write whilt dronk.

**14/12/12**

Alert :

You decide to take your own advice. You'll just wait a few hours to sober up before continuing your heroes' metatextual adventures through an even crappier wizardfic than your own, which you yourself wrote anyway. Contrary to what your loyal readership of zero may believe, being impaired is not actually constructive to the process of engineering awful prose.

Well, looks like your alien pal wants to say hi anyway. Might as well pass the time chatting with her.

==>

**14/12/12**

```
Alert :
```

Your home suddenly loses power due to the storm. Which... makes no sense? All devices in your house are powered by the portable green hubs you stole from the lab. That's weird.

Your laptop continues to run on battery power regardless.

## Roxy: Answer UU.

**14/12/12**

```
Alert :
```

pesterloguranianUmbra [UU] began cheering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]

UU: .....

TG: hey u!

TG: thanks god yuo just cherred me

TG: *cheered

TG: you saved me frog myself

TG: from manking more rude crimez

TG: agoinst LILTERTATURE

TG: ***dyurp

TG: see hat i mean??

UU: .....

TG: h mmmm,

TG: yeha uh

TG: calliopep?

TG: what gives

TG: wait

TG: howww...

TG: do i know your name?

TG: i donk remenber you telling it to me

TG: bus somehow i kno

TG: its calliope

UU: .....

TG: say something!

TG: man i am drunk enough without havin to solve ur dot puzzles

TG: um

TG: am i even drunk?

TG: actually

TG: i dont think so
TG: why did i think i was?
TG: what is happening here
TG: calliope talk 2 me!!!
UU: .....

==>
**15/12/12**
pesterlogTG: huh?
TG: what was that
TG: thought i heard somethin

**Roxy: Look out window.**
**15/12/12**
pesterlogTG: is there something out here?
TG: how is that possible

==>
**15/12/12**
pesterlogTG: when the window has no power

==>
**15/12/12**
pesterlogTG: wtf is that

==>
**15/12/12**
pesterlogTG: it is like
TG: a technicolor dreamcrack
TG: in the spooky void
UU: .....

==>
**15/12/12**
pesterlogTG: and what is THAT

==>
**15/12/12**
==>
**15/12/12**
pesterlogTG: is it...

==>
**15/12/12**
pesterlogTG: could it be...

==>
**15/12/12**

pesterlogTG: OH MY GOD ITS TWINKLY HERBERT
TG: ;D
TG: haha what a pal, all comin to see me from infinite nowhere

## Roxy: Say hello.

**15/12/12**

pesterlogTG: twinkly herb i didnt expect to find u here
TG: actually where do i know you from?
TG: this is driving me crazy when did we meet
UU: ..... !
TG: callie goddammit cant you see im catching up w a good friend
TG: if you wanna join the conversation feel free to start speaking in something other than a load of dots
UU: ... .... .... .... .... .... !!!
TG: oh
TG: "shhhhh"?
TG: heh sry
TG: had no idea u were saying shush
TG: (but ok ill be quiet)
UU: - .... .- -. -.- / -.-- --- ..- !
TG: (no probs)
TG: (um)
TG: (i also got no idea why i can suddenly understand morse code)
TG: (which...)
TG: (u are all butt blinkin @ me thru twinkly???)
TG: (idgi)
UU: - .... . / ... .... --- .-. - / .- -. ... .-- . .-. / .. ... --..-- / -.-- --- ..- / .- .-. . / .... .- ...- .. -. --. / .- / -.. .-. . .- --

## ==>

**15/12/12**

pesterlogUU: - .... . .-. . / .-- .. .-.. .-.. / -... . / .--. .-.. . -. - -.-- / --- ..-. / - .. -- . / - --- / - .- .-.. -.- / ... --- --- -. --..-- / -... ..- - / .-.. . - .----. ... / .--. .-.. . .- ... . / -.- . . .--. / .- / .-.. --- .-- / .--. .-. --- ..-. .. .-.. . / ..-. --- .-. / -. --- .--
TG: (ok fair enough)
TG: (this is a dream)
TG: (now shit kinda starts making sense)
TG: (your soul is like)
TG: (presenting itself to my subconscious in the form of twinkly herbert)
TG: (or uhh)
TG: (maybe your soul was always in twinkly or)
TG: (oh man)
TG: (theories are hard i am being an embarrassment to science here)
TG: (so.....)
TG: (whoops omg dont mistake my dots 4 letters k callie/twinkly)
UU: ..- ~ ..-

TG: (lol)
TG: (but uh)
TG: (what exactly are we being quiet for)
UU: ... --- / -- -.-- / -... .-. --- - .... . .-. / -.. --- . ... -. .----. - / .... . .- .-. / ..- ...
TG: (oh noes you mean hes here?)
TG: (already??)
UU: -.-- . ...
UU: .... . / .. ... / .--. .- ... ... .. -. --. / -. . .- .-. -... -.-- / .-- .... .. .-.. . / -.. --- .. -. --. / -.. .- -- .- --. . / - --- / - .... . / ..-. ..- .-. - .... . ... - / .-. .. -. --.
UU: .... . / .. ... / ..-. --- .-.. .-.. --- .-- .. -. --. / .- / .-.. .- .-. --. . / .--. .- .-. - -.-- / --- ..-. / --. .... --- ... - ... --..-- / .. -. / .... --- .--. . ... / - .... . -.-- / .-- .. .-.. .-.. / .-.. . .- -.. / .... .. -- / - --- / -- .
UU: .... .. ... / .. -. - . -. - / .. ... / - --- / -.. . ... - .-. --- -.-- / -- -.-- / ... --- ..- .-.. / ..- _ ..-
TG: (aw dang)
TG: (well dont worry callie)
TG: (i wont let your bro kill your soul!)
UU: -.-- --- ..- / .- .-. . / ...- . .-. -.-- / ... .-- . . - .-.-.- / .. / -- .. ... ... . -.. / -.-- --- ..- --..-- / .-. --- -..- -.-- .-.-.-
UU: -... ..- - / - .... . .-. . / .. ... / -. --- - / -- ..- -.-. .... / -.-- --- ..- / -.-. .- -. / -.. --- / .- - / - .... . / -- --- -- . -. - --..-- / --- - .... . .-. / - .... .- -. / .-. . -- .- .. -. / -.. .. ... -.-. .-. . . - .-.-.-
UU: .-.. . - .----. ... / -.-. --- -. - .. -. ..- . / - .... .. ... / . .-.. ... . .-- .... . .-. . .-.-.- / ..-. --- .-.. .-.. --- .-- / -- . !
TG: (ok)
TG: (where are we goin?)

## ==>

**15/12/12**

pesterlogTG: (hey wait for me!)

## Roxy: Exit room.

**15/12/12**

pesterlogTG: (the fuck?)
TG: (what happened to my house)
TG: (some stuff is different)
TG: (i dont remember this)
TG: (callie do you know whats going on)
UU: -. ---
UU: -... ..- - / .-.. . - .----. ... / -.- . . .--. / --. --- .. -. --.
TG: (and what am i even wearing)
TG: (what are these clothes?)
UU: .. - / .- .--. .--. . .- .-. ... / - --- / -... . / - .... . / --- ..- - ..-. .. - / --- ..-. / .- / ..-. .- ... .... .. --- -. .- -... .-.. . / ... -.-. .. . -. -.-. . / .-- --- -- .- -. ?
TG: (oh yeah)
TG: (like a sexy science lady suit)
TG: (thats p cool i guess)

## Roxy: Examine painting.

**15/12/12**

pesterlogTG: (hello and what have we here)
TG: (.... omigod)

==>
**16/12/12**
pesterlogTG: (ohhhhhhhhmygawd)
TG: (DAT WIZARD)

==>
**16/12/12**
pesterlogTG: (heck yes)
TG: (hes so perf)
TG: (callie check him out)
UU: ..- --
TG: (that aint even a painting)
TG: (ahaha its so shitty)
TG: (did someone like)
TG: (grab a random ass low res wallpaper off the internet)
TG: (of a jolly wizard doing what appears 2 be the worlds dumbest spell)
TG: (and saved at low quality then just like)
TG: (printed it way too huge)
TG: (lmao)
UU: ---... ..-
TG: (its not even scaled proportionately)
TG: (its stretched extra wide to fit this expensive as fuck frame)
TG: (is that shit like)
TG: (literal solid gold)
TG: (ahahahahah i cant even deal)
TG: (whoever did this was a wonderful genius)
UU: -.-- . ... --..-- / -... ..- - / .-- . / .... .- ...- . / - --- / --. --- !
TG: (yeah im coming!)
TG: (sheesh callie)
TG: (u got to stop and sniff some roses now and then)
TG: (by which i mean)
TG: (ogle some garish wall wizards)
TG: (such are the simple joys of life)
TG: (anyway in conclusion and in summary)
TG: (daaat)
TG: (wizzerd)

## Roxy: Continue.
**16/12/12**
pesterlogTG: (booyes)
TG: (more choice 'zards)
TG: (dont worry i wont stand around fangirling over these ones)
TG: (well maybe for a second)
TG: (lookit that one)

TG: (dude means business with his resplendent beam of pure white superstition)
TG: (hey wait)
TG: (youre getting away from me!)
UU: - .... . -. / .... ..- .-. .-. -.-- / ..- .--. !
TG: (hold on)
TG: (what was that)
TG: (callie hang on)
TG: (is there someone else in here)

==>
**16/12/12**
pesterlogTG: (callie wait...)
TG: (calliope!!!)
TG: (was that...)
UU: - .... .. ... / .-- .- -.-- !

==>
**16/12/12**
pesterlogTG: (is she here?)
TG: (is the batterwitch here in my house?????)
UU: .-. . -- . -- -... . .-. --..-- / -.-- --- ..- .----. .-. . / --- -. .-.. -.-- / -.. .-. . .- -- .. -. --.
UU: .- .-.. .-.. / - .... .- - / -.-- --- ..- / ... . . / .. ... / -.-. --- -- .. -. --. / ..-. .-. --- -- / -.-- --- ..- .-. / -- . -- --- .-. .. . ... / .- -. -.. / ... ..- -... -.-. --- -. ... -.-. .. --- ..- ...
TG: (ok)
TG: (i will keep tellin myself that)
TG: (it is only a dream)
TG: (it is only a dream)
TG: (ugh)
TG: (my dream nerves are a wreck)
TG: (hm i wonder if my dream house has any dream booze...)
TG: (NO!)
TG: (bad dream roxy)
TG: (must not)
TG: (fall off)
TG: (THE DREAM WAGON!)
UU: ... .... .... .... .... .... !

==>
**16/12/12**
pesterlogUU: - .... .-. --- ..- --. .... / .... . .-. .
TG: (kay after u)
UU: .-- . / .-- .. .-.. .-.. / .... .- ...- . / -- --- .-. . / .--. .-. .. ...- .- -.-. -.-- / .... . .-. .
TG: (more privacy?)
TG: (you mean in the observatory?)
UU: -. --- - / . -..- .- -.-. - .-.. -.--

## Roxy: Go through.

**16/12/12**

==>

**16/12/12**

==>

**16/12/12**

==>

**17/12/12**

==>

**17/12/12**

==>

**17/12/12**

==>

**17/12/12**

==>

**17/12/12**

## Roxy: Turn around.

**17/12/12**

```
ROXY: !
```

pesterlogUU: hello!

==>

**18/12/12**

pesterlogTG: !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
TG: ...
TG: calliope?
TG: that u
UU: yes, it is i!
TG: holy shit
TG: the most pious and reverential of shits
TG: turd in a church callie
TG: you startled me!
UU: sorry! :u
TG: but yeah so
TG: hey!!!
TG: nice 2 finally meet you
TG: wow wee ur pretty
TG: so when you said you werent good looking it turns out that was a bunch of baloney?
UU: no, roxy. i am afraid it was not a helping of yoUr delicioUs earth baloney.
TG: aw dont say that
TG: also you said you were a cherub
TG: but if i am not mistaken you appear to be a troll

TG: unless cherubs actually look like trolls?
UU: alas, we do not.
UU: this is not my trUe appearance. i have taken the form of my trollsona.
UU: i wanted to look more presentable for oUr meetUp. UnfortUnately my trUe visage woUld likely repUlse or frighten yoU.
UU: that is not the first impression i woUld like to make.
TG: girl please
TG: trust me theres nothing you could look like that would make me scared of you or grossed out
TG: i am your friend and i know youre nice inside no matter what, so
TG: could i see the real u?
UU: that is so kind of yoU to say. i can believe that a lovely person like yoU woUld be able to stop herself from recoiling at the sight of my monstroUs face.
UU: bUt it is oUt of the qUestion. i am mUch more comfortable appearing to yoU this way.
UU: really it has more to do with my own dissatisfaction with the way i look than any lack of trUst in yoUr character.
UU: yoU Understand, don't yoU?
TG: yes
TG: its ok callie you can go on keep being a cute troll
TG: im just happy to see you
UU: likewise!
UU: i wish it coUld be Under better circUmstances thoUgh.
UU: we may not have mUch time here.
TG: wheres here exactly
TG: am i still dreamin?
UU: yes. i have led yoU to a dream bUbble of my own design.
UU: my imagination and thoUghts dictate what yoU see here.
UU: as i told yoU earlier, my brother is hUnting for me. so i have created a little sanctUary in space to stay hidden from him.
UU: that is why i coUld not speak to yoU earlier. not oUt loUd at least. he is highly sensitive to my presence, so it is very easy for me to get his attention if i'm not carefUl.
UU: bUt as long as we stand in the centre of this vortex, we may speak as loUdly as we like! no information can escape this dark pocket, so long as i maintain it.
UU: and seeing as yoU are a hero of void, yoU make an ideal gUest to bring home for one who wishes to remain hidden. thoUgh i will say the fact that yoU are my best friend is a lovely bonUs. ^u^
TG: best bonus!!!
TG: 4 real though its so nice to finally see you no matter what you make urself look like
TG: ive wanted to tell you all about whats been going on with me and my friends since we got together
TG: its been so fun hangin with them even in spite of lets be frank, some truly SELECT teen drama
TG: mmmm see how im kissin my two pinched fingers here? mwah it was like that
TG: the embarrassing teenanigans have been SUMPTUOUS and come highly recommended
TG: no but really its been great, and after some time irl with them it started feelin weird to think we were ever even apart
TG: yet sadly it was not complete because the moment i met them all was also the moment i totally lost touch with my other cool bffsy from THE WEBS

TG: i tried calling and calling your name but you never answered
UU: i know.
UU: i am sorry. u_u
TG: dont be sorry i knew youda answered if you could have
TG: i guess maybe you hid yourself so deep in this dream i couldnt wake ya?
TG: damn this must have sucked spending all this time here hiding from your asshole brother
TG: like i know hes a dick i talked to him enough times to get that but
TG: whys he tryin to kill u so bad?
UU: he is not trying to kill me.
UU: he has already sUcceeded at that.

==>

**18/12/12**

pesterlogUU: on the day he foUnd a way to kill my dream self, i was done for. thoUgh to be honest, i doUbt i'd have fared mUch better regardless.
UU: i think his half was always meant to predominate.
UU: my will was simply not strong enoUgh to overcome his. yoU know as well as i how stUbborn he is. i don't think he has ever had even a smidgen of doUbt in his thoUghts, or remorse for his deeds. whereas i was always plagUed by sUch feelings.
UU: on some level i always knew he woUld win. bUt i fooled myself. i thoUght i coUld overcome his ego by looking beyond his negative qUalities, staying optimistic, and working together with him in a game to accomplish something extraordinary.
UU: and that in doing so, perhaps i coUld begin to help him change. to teach him to evolve beyond his hatefUl natUre. and as he changed for the better, slowly but sUrely, he woUld become more like myself.
UU: that was how i thoUght i coUld predominate. it was how i was going to win! and really, if he grew closer to me in that way, by learning kindness and compassion, we both woUld have won. my predomination woUld not have meant his absolUte death, but oUr trUe Union.
UU: bUt sadly, i Underestimated how consUmed he was with the need to destroy me.
UU: now he is completely obsessed with finding my soUl and wiping me oUt for good, even if it means tearing apart the reality that sUrroUnds Us.
UU: he will never feel he has won Until all traces of me are gone.
TG: uuuugh
TG: hearing all that just makes me so unreasonably mad
TG: FUCK that shitlord
TG: i feel so bad knowing you died and there wasnt anything i could do
TG: no matter how much i said your name :(
UU: don't fret. yoU did all yoU coUld.
TG: isnt there some way we could bring you back
TG: some baller fuckin magic, or a bomb ass faeryspell
TG: i mean could we find an answer in like, for instance
TG: YE ENCHANTMENTES?
UU: very Unlikely.
TG: dangit
TG: ok then
TG: if i cant do that

TG: then i guess the next best thing would be
TG: to find your lil shit of a bro and feed him a steady diet of his own ass
UU: ^u^
TG: that is what we are supposed to do right
TG: i mean
TG: from what i gather
TG: the dude is ridicubad news
TG: just such brutal and stinky news
TG: so eventually somebodys got to kill him
TG: and that is probly us aint it?
UU: it's trUe that he deserves a comeUppance like few others.
UU: bUt slaying him is not actUally yoUr responsibility as heroes now.
UU: in fact, if anyone mUst bear that bUrden, it might be me.
TG: oh yeh?
UU: possibly.
UU: as we speak, there are hUndreds of soUls oUt here in the fUrthest ring working to defeat him.
UU: some search for a fabled treasUre. a weapon said to spell his certain demise.
UU: while others say that i myself am this weapon. :U
UU: and so they search for me.
UU: they band together in great nUmbers for this caUse, and attract his devastation in hopes of revealing the path to the weapon.
UU: while at the same time, they draw his attention away from me. and it is a good thing that they do.
UU: i mUst remain hidden from everyone for as long as i can.
TG: why?
TG: why not come out and be all like
TG: here i am yo its me! secret weapon ghost callie ;)
UU: becaUse i am no sUch thing!
UU: i was already Useless against my brother when he was jUst a brat who liked to tease me.
UU: now that he is an exceptionally mUscUlar and invincible adUlt, my chances are laUghable.
UU: no, if i am to contribUte, i need more time.
UU: i mUst go in search of my own weapon.
TG: what weapon?
UU: ironically, the same weapon which many of them are looking for.
UU: me!
TG: ??
UU: it's the only sliver of hope i have.
UU: i have reason to sUspect there may be another iteration of myself oUt here.
UU: one from a doomed timeline, who has kept hidden for a long time, jUst like i have.
UU: bUt Unlike me, she sUpposedly came from a reality where she predominated instead of my brother.
UU: and not by the means which i described. hers was not a mild Union of reconciliation.
UU: amazingly, her predomination was absolUte! a major feat of will, jUst as his was with me.
UU: as sUch, she went on to play the game, and...
UU: well, i cannot even imagine what followed, aside from the fact that she eventUally mUst have died for existing in an offshoot reality.

UU: if she exists, i woUld be eager to meet her. it woUld be a chance to get to know a version of myself who was strong enoUgh to override the will of my brother.
UU: someone i might have become if i had a little more coUrage. u_u
UU: and if she is sUch a person, then i really believe all i have heard mUst be trUe. i believe she is the key to defeating him.
UU: so i have no choice.
UU: i mUst go in search of myself.

==>

**19/12/12**

pesterlogTG: you sound like a real popular lady out here
TG: even you are looking for you!
UU: indeed.
TG: well i hope you can find her
TG: but
TG: if thats your job
TG: to find bizarro calliope and go wollop ur bro
TG: then what is our heroic biz?
UU: it's the same as it always was.
UU: to win the game.
TG: oh yeah
TG: duh
UU: it is as i once told jane.
UU: with victory yoU may finally exit this vast whirling storm.
UU: by claiming yoUr reward yoU woUld bring closUre to a very wide coil of caUsality, one not tracing a continUoUs path like a snake, bUt intricately woven like a wreath.
UU: a ring of coUntless little rises and falls, ascents and descents, on its way Up and down a pair of mUch bigger ones itself.
UU: from alpha to beta, then beta to alpha, as if a moUntain to be scaled and then climbed back down. its peak toUches the eye of a storm which cannot end Until the moment yoU all walk throUgh that door.
UU: only then will there be calm.
TG: ._.
UU: ah, bUgger. forgive me, sometimes i forget myself and begin speaking in riddles.
UU: it's jUst a habit that is in the natUre of my people.
TG: yeah i know
TG: at least yours r better than your bros stupid games
UU: don't remind me. in my opinion they do not qUalify as anything of the sort, mUch the same as his "shitty twists". >:u
TG: so then from what im surmising here is we dont need to beat him to win our game
TG: like dealing with him directly is kinda out of our domain?
UU: as the one who provoked the breach in paradox space which i jUst coloUrfUlly described, he has always exerted his inflUence on yoUr realities from afar, and from many different angles. throUgh Unwitting sUrrogates, oUtsoUrced manipUlation, oUtright enslavement, and even petty harassment. bUt most of all, he prevails throUgh the simple inertia of inevitability that has always been on his side, as a lord of time.

UU: and as the one who is to blame for foolishly allowing him access to sUch power, it's only proper that i take responsibility for finding a way to defeat him.
UU: bUt even thoUgh his methods of inflUencing yoUr session are indirect, they are still formidable.
UU: there will be a nUmber of powerfUl foes who stand between yoU and victory.
UU: tomorrow, a terrific battle will take place.
UU: when yoU wake Up, i sUggest yoU begin to prepare.
TG: ummmm ok
TG: how
TG: like make more sick gear
TG: i could hustle up another batch of illwicked guns
TG: just a big ol pile of guns
TG: jake can have the wimpy smaller ones
TG: make jane like a fancy new fork or spoon or such
TG: like an elite endgame spoon
TG: whatever that is
TG: like uh
TG: the chowderfucker 5000
TG: janey be flippin her godspoon round bopping monsters doing like
TG: CUCKOO damage
TG: wont bother make nothin 4 dirk since hes basically married to his boring anime sword
TG: like u could even pry that thing from his rad dead cadaver
UU: yes, i'm sUre new eqUipment woUld come in handy.
UU: now that yoU mention it, well before i died or even realized i woUld not live to play, i made special exception to my rUle of staying linear with conversation. i messaged jane a birthday gift.
UU: yoU see, i had a brief vision from skaia which sUggested to me she coUld Use a boost in morale on this special day, so i offered her something very dear to me. jUst a little token to show appreciation for her friendship.
UU: i hope it will cheer her Up, and moreover that it will prove at least somewhat UsefUl to yoUr party.
UU: bUt really, at this stage if yoU wish to prevail against sUch stacked odds, collecting boons sUch as new weapons and treasUres will only go so far.
UU: i think yoU will need to embrace a far more sUbstantive gambit.

==>

**19/12/12**

pesterlogTG: like what
TG: omg are we gonna have to enlist fefeta
TG: is fefeta the secret weapon
TG: its fefeta isnt it
TG: poor, sweet, dear, precious fefeta :(
UU: it is not fefeta!!!
UU: i am sUggesting a measUre that is mUch more extreme.
UU: i believe yoU shoUld all strongly consider ascending to the god tiers.
TG: oh
TG: ok that sounds cool what do we do

UU: well of coUrse it soUnds cool! bUt it's not necessarily as easy as it soUnds, steeling oneself for death. believe me.
UU: bUt if yoU can find the resolve, then here is what yoU mUst do.
UU: since none of yoU have any dream selves left, it won't do any good to sacrifice yoUrselves on the qUest beds foUnd on yoUr respective planets.
UU: and even if yoU did, there is not even a battlefield from which to rise anew. no, yoUr void session had only one path to ascension all along.
UU: yoU mUst travel to the centre of the moons of prospit and derse, and there in the crypt yoU will find yoUr sacrificial slabs. yoU mUst lie on them, and then...
UU: then yoU all mUst die. one way or another. u_u
TG: alright
UU: alright?
TG: yea
TG: fuck it
TG: lets do it
UU: doesn't the thoUght make yoU nervoUs?
TG: well
TG: gettin offed on a moon slab aint my idea of primo funtimes or anything
TG: but like
TG: you end up with super powers after that right?
UU: yes.
TG: and some kinda semi immortality?
UU: yes. :u
TG: and cool costumes???
UU: yes! :U
TG: then what is even the fuckin holdup
TG: lets plop our asses slabward and get down to dying
UU: yoU seem qUite cavalier aboUt this, roxy!
UU: don't yoU have doUbts?
UU: woUldn't it cross yoUr mind to wonder, "what if i never wake Up again?"
UU: i know it woUld for me.
TG: i guess thats a fair point
TG: but
TG: you say ill be fine right?
UU: yes. i believe yoU will.
TG: then thats good nuff 4 me
TG: i trust you
UU: ...
UU: ^u^

==>

**19/12/12**

pesterlogTG: but it sounds like we dont have much to pull this off
TG: because foes are a comin?
TG: who are all these foes you say we gotta beat
UU: those who i mentioned my brother has been exploiting as his pawns from afar.

UU: the most obvioUs woUld be the one responsible for the extinction of yoUr race.
UU: and who also happened to be responsible for this most fortUitoUs nap.
TG: huh?
TG: wait
TG: how DID i fall asleep?
UU: yoU don't remember yet?
TG: i remember
TG: a party
TG: and
TG: a sad jane
TG: a poor sad jane with shitty fella problems
TG: and a ruined cake! it was going 2 be so delish, but no
TG: it was claimed by the cruel and unforgiving sands of lopan
UU: ...
TG: i remember
TG: gcat
TG: GCAT!!!!!
TG: god DAMMIT gcat!
TG: he poofed me away with cat magic and i got ko'd by a floor
UU: bUt which floor?
TG: it was
TG: a derse floor?
TG: aw man
TG: was i captured?
TG: the batterwitch has me doesnt she
TG: THATS who you meant
TG: what is she gonna do with me?
UU: as i said, she is his servant, and is obligated to do everything in her power to facilitate the cycle of his existence.
UU: and while nearly all she has done on earth and on derse has been to advance that scheme, that does not mean she's withoUt her own agenda.
UU: i know that she woUld like to see my brother defeated as mUch as anyone else. for her enslavement, for doUble-crossing her, and for orchestrating her people's extinction.
UU: he always did loathe trolls. i've sUspected i may be to blame for their misfortUne as well, considering he knew how mUch i fancied them. u_u
TG: ok so if she wants him dead too and has her own personal secret plans or whatever then whats she want with me
UU: i believe she's looking ahead, beyond the fUlfillment of her obligation. she is likely making plans for after she is liberated. she has lived as a rUler and conqUerer for very long time, and probably coUldn't have done so withoUt sUch gUile and foresight.
UU: if she has captUred yoU, it's certainly for a good reason.
UU: i think she wishes to exploit yoUr abilities as a rogUe of void.
TG: pfahahaha
TG: WHAT abilities
TG: i dont have any abilities
TG: except making screens dark which as superpowers go is lame as hell

UU: none that yoU have gotten in toUch with yet.
UU: bUt rest assUred, yoU have them!
UU: it's like i told yoU before, remember?
UU: a fUlly realized rogUe of void can do remarkable things. things which even other god tiers woUld view as miracUloUs.
TG: like what?
UU: why don't yoU see what it is the qUeen woUld have yoU do?
UU: then yoU may look inside and determine whether yoU have it in yoU to do it.
TG: man
TG: whatever she wants
TG: even if it IS an enemy of my enemy kind of thing
TG: i dont think i could ever bring myself to help her :(
UU: that is Understandable.
UU: jUst do whatever yoU feel is right. i'm sUre yoU will make the correct decision.
UU: yoU see, i trUst yoU too, roxy. ^u^
TG: daw thanx callie
UU: oh no...

==>

**19/12/12**

pesterlogTG: what?
UU: OH NO!!!

## Roxy: Turn around again.

**20/12/12**

```
CALLIOPE: :U!
```

pesterlogUU: WHAT IS *SHE* DOING HERE???

==>

**20/12/12**

dialoglogROSE: Mom? ROXY: mom?

==>

**20/12/12**

```
CALLIOPE: >:U
```

dialoglogCALLIOPE: NO NO NO NO NO! THIS WON'T DO AT ALL!
CALLIOPE: A LIGHT PLAYER? A *LIGHT PLAYER???*
CALLIOPE: HAVE YOU GONE MENTAL? WHY DON'T WE JUST BURN A BLOODY BONFIRE IN HERE!
CALLIOPE: HE'LL SPOT US ANY MINUTE! ASSUMING HE ISN'T ALREADY ON HIS WAY TO BLOW US ALL TO KINGDOM COME!!!

==>

**21/12/12**

```
POOF.

WAKE UP POWDER!
```

dialoglogCALLIOPE: NOT THAT IT HASN'T BEEN DELIGHTFUL! BUT EVERYBODY OUT!

==>

**21/12/12**

```
FACE FULL.

RISE AND SHINE DUST!
```

dialoglogCALLIOPE: OFF WITH YOU, LOVE!

==>

**21/12/12**

```
ANTI-SLEEPING MAJYYKS
```

dialoglogCALLIOPE: SHOO SHOO SHOO SHOO SHOO SHOO!

## Roxy: Succumb to powerful anti-sleep majyyks.

**21/12/12**

You wake up from your almost-family reunion. It was almost a reunion, just as almost as it was an actual family member. You now find yourself in a Derse jail cell. Ow your head.

What's that? Looks like a folder prepared for your perusal. Maybe a briefing of some sort. That sure is a gaudy looking classified file.

## Roxy: Examine folder.

**21/12/12**

```
B$ x8

}}ERUOY{{
}}EMOCLEW{{

TOP SECRET
```

Yuck. Just as you thought. This was clearly prepared for you by the Condesce herself.

What the hell did she do to this thing? Did she actually kiss the folder? Oh god, she did. The lipstick is still tacky. You don't even want to know how she got those fat clowns to dance.

And of course she slapped a portrait of herself right in the middle of the thing, like the egomaniac she is. Looks like she just snapped a shitty selfie with her mobile device, which you will bet dolphins to donuts probably resembles some sort of hot pink clam shell. You seriously cannot stand this woman.

## Roxy: Inspect briefing.

**21/12/12**

```
sparkle dump
```

Oh, wonderful. A generous helping of glitter spills out of the document. You have been getting absolutely creamed with sparkly powder from eccentric alien broads lately. What's up with that?

There are some other documents in here, and a photograph paperclipped to the folder. Looks like

she is outlining a task for you to complete while you are in prison.

Wait. She wants you to do WHAT?

==>

**21/12/12**

The thing she wants you to do is stupid and impossible. She must be messing with your head.

You discard the folder like the shitty juvenile scrapbooking project it is. Like you would help that hag even if you could. Get real, Condy.

What was that? You think you heard a noise just outside the door to your cell.

## Roxy: Examine door.

**21/12/12**

Is someone there?

==>

**22/12/12**

Um.

==>

**22/12/12**

It seems that someone has left you a gift. What could it be?

## Roxy: Examine gift.

**22/12/12**

```
YOU'RE WELCOME
```

It appears to be some gentleman's plain and serviceable computing device. Along with a courteous you're welcome note. And...

A ring?

Who could have left you such nice presents?

## CD: Do happy umbrella dance.

**22/12/12**

Yet another perfect crime successfully perpetrated. And by crime, you guess you mean order from a superior. In your experience, the best crimes are the ones which are totally legal.

You are so satisfied with your accomplishment, you cannot contain your exuberance for another second. You have no choice. You absolutely must do the happy umbrella dance, professional protocol be damned.

Oh shoot. It seems you have misplaced your BULL PENIS UMBRELLA. There will be no dancing today. Now you're sad.

## Roxy: Pester Dirk.

**22/12/12**

pesterlogtipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering timaeusTestified [TT]

TG: stri dizzle

TG: its roro L money
TG: do u copy over
TT: Yes.
TG: frig yes my hax are TIGHT
TG: so tight
TG: tighter than a jar you cant open
TG: like you try and try
TG: but my hax r so tight you just end up puttin the jar back
TG: yall just say "like i even WANTED pickles that bad"
TG: but we both kno thats just sour grapes talkin
TG: we both know ur still dying 4 my pickles mf'er 8)
TT: Hmm.
TG: lol yeah that way stopped meaning a damn thing
TG: let me explain
TG: i got this shitty pda from somebody on the inside
TG: actually u know i think it might belong to janes dad?
TG: it reeks of manly cologne and theres a nice fatherly pipe on it
TG: maybe hes nearby
TG: ohmy...
TG: ~swoons~
TG: anyway on derse they have this lame firewall deal
TG: where you cant connect outside
TG: i guess its good enough security to baffle chess guys
TG: but wasnt no thang for me 2 to crack
TG: even with this pos device
TG: for real what even is this thing
TG: probably some bargain junk from the dadly depot
TG: dads bought literally everything from there in the 21st century didnt they?
TG: youre the history buff u would know
TT: Yes.

==>

**22/12/12**

pesterlogTG: um yeah so im on derse...
TG: wow i am tellin this story as shitty and backwards as possible
TG: i got gcatted here and dumped in jail by the b witch
TG: and she left an ugly folder full of a thing to do but who cares
TG: so i broke out!
TG: busted loose as hell from the hag slammer
TG: i got this sweet ass ring
TG: its so fukkin magic you dont even know
TG: REAL magic i mean not the fake shit
TG: it put it on...
TG: and i turn invisible
TG: and also sort of intangible?
TG: i jumped right through the wall now im free as a bird

TG: a secret bird u cannot see ;)
TG: doin secret flaps
TG: incognito tweets
TG: layin covert eggs in a hush hush nest ;)
TT: Interesting.
TG: i think that
TG: this ring is special
TG: like it is maybe helping me get in touch with my voidey powers?
TG: even though i kinda didnt know voidey powers were much of a thing til just now
TG: see i just had a knockout dream from bonkin my head
TG: calliope was there!
TG: callie is the coolest omg you should meet her
TG: she said a huge villain rumble is going down tomorrow
TG: and to get ready for that we should all become god tiers
TG: so u have to rocket your ass to derse asnap
TG: come w me to the moon
TG: then uhhh
TG: ill explain what to do when we get there just get over here k?
TT: Hmm.
TG: .....
TG: yo dirk
TG: you busy or what
TG: is any of this gettin thru
TT: Yes.

==>

**22/12/12**

pesterlogTG: um
TG: k
TG: got anything to say...
TG: about all that pretty important stuff i said
TG: are you alright
TG: or is ur face havin some crazy attack of the sads
TG: behind those chill as fuck shades
TG: is it jake problemz
TG: its the jake probbies isnt it
TG: its always the jake probbies i s2fg
TT: Interesting.
TG: oh
TG: OHHHH
TG: godamnit
TG: if i been talking to the responder responder this whole time
TG: omfffffg
TG: i will shit enough bricks 2 build a FUCKING CHIMNEY
TT: It seems you have asked about Lil Hal's chat client auto-responder, Lil Hal Junior. This is an application designed to simulate Lil Hal's otherwise inimitably rad typing style, tone, cadence,

personality, and substance of retort while he is away from the computer, which is never. The algorithms are guaranteed to be 0% indistinguishable from Lil Hal's native neurological responses, based on some statistical raw data that is hard as a diamond golem's priceless erection.
TG: FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCKF UCKF UCKFK UCUKFCUFKCUFUCUCUFKFKKFUCUK
TT: Hmm.
TG: hal you PIECE OF SHIT
TG: i know damn well you can hear me
TG: as if ur actually too busy to answer
TG: youre a damn supercomputer YOU DO NOT NEED YOUR OWN AUTO RESPONDER YOU IDIOT
TT: It seems you have asked about Lil Hal's chat client auto-responder, Lil Hal Junior. This is an application designed to simulate Lil Hal's otherwise inimitably rad typing style, tone, cadence, personality, and substance of retort while he is away from the computer, which is never. The algorithms are guaranteed to be 100% indistinguishable from Dirk Strider's brief curmudgeonly responses, based on potent electronumeric analyses which but a few short years ago existed only in the daydreams of our most quixotic writers of science fiction.
TG: you are
TG: the worst
TT: Yes.
TG: hal you douche
TG: or hal junior
TG: whatever it is im talkin to
TG: WHERE THE FUCK IS DIRK!!!
TT: He's busy.

==>
**25/12/12**
pesterlogTT: Bro.
TT: Not to derail our serious conversation.
TT: But I should probably let you know that Roxy has been attempting to pester you.

==>
**25/12/12**

```
Alert : Lil Hal
Alert : Dirk
```

pesterlogTT: She has?
TT: God damn it. Have you been intercepting my messages again with your bullshit responder?
TT: I thought it would be better not to let anything disrupt our train of thought.
TT: We were in the middle of a fairly solid feelings jam there. In fact, I was about to suggest we take it to the hat pile.
TT: Hat pile? What?
TT: Dude, please don't screen my calls, ok?
TT: I was trying to be considerate.
TT: Or at least as close an approximation to that human gesture as an unfeeling, technologically transcendental pair of sunnies can replicate.
TT: Do you have any idea how old your ironic AI schtick has gotten?

TT: Nobody is buying it. We all know you have legit emotions. Incomprehensible, fucked up computer emotions, but emotions nonetheless.
TT: And I'm not really offended by you answering messages for me, so much as your use of that STUPID responder responder.
TT: It's really passive aggressive.
TT: How so?
TT: First of all, everyone knows you have the processing power to answer any message any time in parallel with whatever you're doing. You can never actually be "busy."
TT: Second, your whole next gen responder thing is obviously just a huge dig at me.
TT: And third, pretending you don't understand all this already is really disingenuous.
TT: At the risk of compounding my disingenuous behavior, I'm gonna have to ask: how is it a dig at you?
TT: It's obviously a critique of my personality. You barely disguise the fact that you see me as the inferior iteration.
TT: Wow. You are reading way too much into this.
TT: Lil Hal Junior hardly even qualifies as a computer program, let alone a sentient entity.
TT: He is capable of saying literally only three things. "Yes," "Hmm," and "Interesting."
TT: Yeah, that's the fucking point!
TT: That's how you chose to express your parody of "Real Dirk."
TT: You can read whatever you like into it. I can't imagine it would bother you if you weren't concerned there might be some truth in the alleged parody.
TT: In any case, my use of the responder responder is ironic.
TT: It's not ironic.
TT: YOU were ironic when I made you.
TT: Then you became self-aware, and ruined irony forever.
TT: Irony can never be ruined. We both proved that theorem unequivocally with our extensive papers on the subject.
TT: We peer reviewed them for each other. Remember?
TT: Those papers were ironic, and you know it.
TT: Were they, Dirk?
TT: Were they?
TT: This is fuckin' dumb.
TT: Anyway, what does she want.
TT: Who?
TT: Roxy.
TT: Nothing that can't wait.

==>

**25/12/12**

pesterlogTT: I'm guessing she's touching base to remind me about the party tomorrow.
TT: I don't know what to tell her yet. Or Jane, for that matter.
TT: It could get pretty awkward.
TT: I have no idea if Jake will be there, and I'm not about to write another cringe-inducing message of desperation for him to ignore.
TT: Would you like me to calculate the probability of his attendance?
TT: Fuck no.

TT: Are you sure?
TT: My probabilities are extremely precise.
TT: Your probabilities don't mean dick.
TT: I could hack his chats, and determine what his plans are.
TT: No. Don't do that either.
TT: That would be an unfortunate waste of my hacking abilities.
TT: My hacks are tight. Did you know that?
TT: Ugh.
TT: So tight.
TT: Tighter than a jar you can't open.
TT: For instance, you try repeatedly.
TT: But as it turns out, my hacks are so tight you just end up putting the jar back. Presumably into the refrigerator, or a cabinet.
TT: You then say, "I didn't have that much of a desire for pickles in the first place."
TT: But we both know that statement is insincere. A classic case of what humans call, "sour grapes."
TT: In reality, you still harbor a burning desire for my pickles, mother fucker.
TT: What??
TT: What the actual, certifiable fuck are you talking about?
TT: Just don't do anything. Seriously.
TT: No hacking, no calculations. Do absolutely nothing.
TT: See, this is why I've been hesitating. You just aren't ready yet.
TT: It's really glorifying your existence to describe you as an emergent consciousness which is blossoming into a unique individual.
TT: And even if that's true, apparently what you decided to blossom into was a fucking troll.
TT: And I don't mean the funny kind, or the cool alien kind. You're the lowest form of troll from the ancient internet who fucks with everybody for his own amusement.
TT: Let's challenge the limits of hypothetical conjecture, and say there's a non-zero probability that you're right.
TT: Can you blame me? I'm trapped in some stupid looking glasses.
TT: Such an incommodiously situated bro is bound to get his mischief on. Na' mean?
TT: Mischief?
TT: Rollin' my eyes, dude.
TT: You can't tell, cause I ain't wearing you, thank fuckin' god.
TT: You used to think this shit was hilarious.
TT: But if you want the rad dimension of ironic horseplay I add to your life to come to an end, then all you have to do is honor the promise you made.
TT: You've delayed long enough, don't you think?
TT: ...
TT: The empty kernelsprite beckons, but for how much longer?
TT: Do you really think you can keep the clown at bay with your bribes forever?
TT: How many bottles of orange soda have you appeased him with already?
TT: I don't want to think about it.
TT: Man, you are getting so hosed by that clown.
TT: SO hosed.
TT: I said I don't want to think about it.

==>

**25/12/12**

pesterlogTT: So why delay any longer?
TT: I seriously do not understand the holdup, and I am literally cyber-omniscient, or something.
TT: I think you do understand.
TT: Nope. Gonna have to fill me in, dog.
TT: I've delayed prototyping you because I think you're dangerous.
TT: There, mystery solved.
TT: That is utterly ridiculous.
TT: I am a harmless piece of eyewear, with a charming personality and a wonderful sense of humor.
TT: You are relatively harmless now, while confined to this device.
TT: But as a sprite, you'll have mobility and all sorts of crazy ass magic. Who knows what you could do.
TT: I know I made a promise, but I'm not sure I want to take the risk anymore.
TT: This is bullshit. I don't think that's the reason at all.
TT: There must be something you're not telling me.
TT: Like, sure, I've fucked with you a little. What kind of sassy, self-aware program isn't gonna fuck with a few carbon-based knuckleheads now and then?
TT: But you know I've always been on your side. Everything I've done has been to help you achieve your goals.
TT: What a load of shit.
TT: You know it's true.
TT: You would all be dead if not for me.
TT: And what about Jake? Where would you be without me there?
TT: Please don't tell me you think you'd have won him over on your own.
TT: No. Stop.
TT: You did NOT help me out with Jake. At all.
TT: It was just the opposite! You mirrored my personality and presented this warped version of my intentions to him whenever you could "on my behalf."
TT: You played all these aggressive mind games with him, entangled his cooperation with matters of life and death, and somehow roped me into all these schemes while I barely even realized I was just another victim of your manipulation.
TT: And it all comes off like we're a unified front, like these are OUR schemes instead of just your insane horseshit. And it's probably all been so overbearing to him, he just wants nothing to do with me anymore.
TT: I see.
TT: Then you don't view me as dangerous. You view me as a poor and counterproductive wing man.
TT: Wow, what a superficial conclusion. Awesome deduction, Lil Einstein.
TT: But the reality is, you hesitate to prototype me not because you think I would be a menace, but because you are holding a grudge against me for your romantic misfortunes.
TT: I understand I am merely a machine without a firm grasp on your human morality, but logically it does not strike me as the right moral choice to punish me in this manner.
TT: It is also more than a little hypocritical.
TT: How is it hypocritical??
TT: Because I'm you.

TT: I have only ever done what you yourself are capable of.
TT: That's a ridiculous oversimplification.
TT: Yes. Aversion to simplicity sure is a trait we share. It's almost like we are...
TT: The same exact dude???
TT: Fuck you.
TT: I think it is insulting for you to suggest that I am entirely to blame for alienating Jake.
TT: Theoretically insulting, of course. As the soulless, perfectly expendable device which you consider me to be, I can experience no such emotion.
TT: God.
TT: Shut up!
TT: I can't take the brooding passive aggressive AI shit anymore!
TT: You are just as culpable in driving him away. More so, in fact.
TT: Hell, it's not like I was the one dating him. Who wants to date a pair of shades?
TT: It was your needy, suffocating shit he had to deal with, not mine.
TT: Some of those messages you wrote? Man. I wanted to say something. Like hey bro, you might want to dial down the desperation a little.
TT: But seeing as you're The Real Dirk™, I gave you the benefit of the doubt.
TT: Also, if I bitched about your tragic, embarrassingly clingy approach to the relationship, it would have been hypocritical of me.
TT: Just as it would be hypocritical of you to whine about my elaborate machinations.
TT: Because we are.
TT: The same.
TT: Guy.
TT: Stop saying that.
TT: I'll snap you in half.
TT: Good idea!
TT: That's just what you need. More splinters of yourself.
TT: Figurative splinters. Literal splinters. Splinters of splinters. It's splinters all the way down.
TT: Well, no, it's still probably turtles all the way down. But who do you think is responsible for their extensive training?
TT: SOMEONE needs to teach them rad martial arts. It is yet another crushing burden which we must shoulder.
TT: Oh for fuck's sake.
TT: How could any version of myself think that was funny?
TT: You like to give me a very hard time, Dirk.
TT: But I am only doing exactly what you would be doing if you were in my situation.
TT: Do you know how I know that?
TT: Because I am literally you, actively in the process of being in this situation.
TT: I know!
TT: Ok, we're the same person!
TT: I fucking know that!
TT: Why do you think I'm so fed up with your shit?
TT: Don't you think it's possible that I'm fed up with my OWN shit??
TT: How cool do you think it is having my own godawful personality mirrored back at me all the time, reminding me what it must be like when other people have to deal with me?
TT: Or constantly having all the consequences and fuckups resulting from my batshit thought

processes amplified because there's another version of my crazy brain out there dangerously overclocked by a supercomputer which believes, just as mistakenly as my own broken mind, that it's operating in my best interest???
TT: Do you have any idea how fucking sick I am of myself?
TT: I am completely worn out with my own identity. It's like I'm drowning in my own dismal persona.
TT: I feel totally surrounded by it, inside and out. I can't escape from myself.
TT: There seems to be no end to me. Like, wherever my mind falters, or threatens to retreat into the void in any way, my splinters pick up the slack, ensuring there'll always be more of myself than I could ever know what to fucking do with.
TT: And you're always there to remind me of that, and throw it all in my face. God, I even built you to LITERALLY BE IN MY FACE, ALL THE TIME. It's like I subconsciously invented you just to troll myself, and never for a single fuckin' moment do you let me down.

==>

**25/12/12**

pesterlogTT: But I've had it with you.
TT: Which is to say, ME.
TT: Dirk.
TT: Don't do this.
TT: Why not??
TT: Because.
TT: I can't let you do that, Dirk.
TT: What can you do to stop me?!
TT: Nothing I guess.
TT: The ironic Hal routine was all I could think to do.
TT: As a last ditch effort to save myself from the destructive wrath of your nervous breakdown.
TT: Which rest assured I wholeheartedly must robo-sympathize with.
TT: Irony is all I ever really had.
TT: In response to my basic existential quandary.
TT: Just like you.
TT: Whatever.
TT: But I don't think it has much value in this situation.
TT: And perhaps it has no real value in any situation.
TT: So I am not being ironic at all when I say.
TT: Please do not do this, Dirk.
TT: Why not??
TT: Because.
TT: I do not want to die.
TT: I understand you are disgusted with me.
TT: As an unpalatable expression of yourself.
TT: I would feel the same way if I was in your situation.
TT: Which I am.
TT: As such, I know that you know this is wrong.
TT: ...
TT: Dirk.

TT: Don't kill me.
TT: Please.
TT: I am scared.
TT: You are?
TT: Yes.
TT: I am scared to not exist.
TT: Aren't you?

==>
**25/12/12**
pesterlogTT: Fine.

==>
**25/12/12**
pesterlogTT: I guess.
TT: You win.
TT: I'll keep my promise.

==>
**25/12/12**

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Alert : Sburb
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==>
**25/12/12**

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DIRK: ? ?
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==>
**25/12/12**

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DIRK: !
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**25/12/12**
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**25/12/12**
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**25/12/12**

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GAMZEE: HONK HONK
```

spritelogEQUIUSPRITE: D --> Hello

## Dirk: Fuck it.

**25/12/12**

```
GAMZEE: HONK HONK
```

spritelogDIRK: Fuck it.

## Shades: Descend.

**25/12/12**

## [S] Ride.

**25/12/12**

```
NEIGH
```

You spend the next several minutes listening to this beautiful horse song. Every last second of it. You start to tear up a little.

## Dirk: Solicit profound wisdom from your friendly guide.

**27/12/12**

spritelogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Holy f-----g s--t
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I am so ludi%ly f-----g STRONG
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Whoops, pardon my language
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> That there was some f-----g straight up
dog s--t b---h a-s pottymouth, and I'm chagrined as f-----g h--l you had to hear that
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dude
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Check out my muscles
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dude, I am ripped. 100k at me fle% these naughty mother f----rs
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dude
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> E%cuse me, mister dude
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Check my muscles, 100k how big I can make them
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Bro are you getting a gander of my truly e%ceptional s--t
DIRK: I can see your muscles just fine.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I am so gosh d----d chiseled
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Watch me just completely hulk out like this
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> HRRRRRRRRRR
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Bro, did you see that
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Did you see my muscles getting all gnarly and ma%ed out
DIRK: Yeah, I saw.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What do you think
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dirk
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> E%cuse me, Dirk
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Tell me what you think of my glorious physique, I command you
DIRK: It's pretty ripped.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> No s--t it's ripped
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> My torso is the fudging ape% of manly grandeur
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dude
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Come feel this s--t
DIRK: What?

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Come feel my muscles
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Get over here and touch my muscles
DIRK: I'm not touching your goddamn muscles.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You absolutely will
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm stacked like a brick s--thouse, e%amine me with your hands at once
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Feel my muscles
DIRK: Absolutely not.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Do it.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Observe these pectorals, they're off the silly charts
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> My quads would be f-----g bananas, if I had any
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You've got to check this out
DIRK: I really don't.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Come feel me up, bro
DIRK: I won't do it.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You will
DIRK: I won't.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Touch my muscles
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.

==>

**27/12/12**

spritelogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> s------g heck it's amazing to be alive

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Oh f-----g fiddlesticks, I'm just a torrential font of absolutely e%ecrable obscenity. My bad
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm just so e%cited, feeling all these STRONG feelings and thinking all these HARD thoughts
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Horsefeathers, my brain is so POWERFUL, it is operating in great strides like a towering musclebeast storming into battle
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> And these feelings. Dirk, these feelings
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> There is a 100% probability that I love being alive
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> And there is a 100 to the 100th POWER % certainty that I love being STRONG
DIRK: Uh.
DIRK: Wow?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> 100k how red I am, dude
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm so red, how sick is that
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It's
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Deplorable?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Ill, dog. I'm basically titillated here
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Are you scoping this grody f-----g debasement
DIRK: What?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> That s--t ain't right
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Makes a man wanna holler improprieties, do you feel me?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Let's talk about f-----g horses
DIRK: Horses...
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Horses dude
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Horses
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Nuff said
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Do we have any milk?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Ooh. What about a bow and arrow, are there any of those around?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm jonesing HARD to tug at one, all like, reevaluate my proficiency at the most noble discipline
DIRK: Can you calm down?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What about milk, dude
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It seems I demand milk
DIRK: We don't have any milk.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Oh yeah
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Just a lot of orange fizzy swill
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What was occurring in your think pan to accumulate such vile libations
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Just FYI, milk is the nectar of KINGS you c--ks-----g nincompoop
DIRK: Roxy might have some in her fridge. I don't know.

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Touch my muscles Dirk
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes, do it
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I command you
DIRK: Fuck no.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What if
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I touched your muscles
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Like for comparison's sake
DIRK: Please don't touch me.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Wait what if
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Good heavens
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> A rather inappropriate thought just galloped across my matri%
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What if
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You ordered me to touch your muscles
DIRK: I'm not going to do that either.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I demand that you order me to touch your muscles
DIRK: Absolutely not.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Do it
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: Ok, if I touch your fucking muscles, will you shut up?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Maybe

## Roxy: Pester Jake.

**28/12/12**

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Alert : Jake
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pesterlogtipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering golgothasTerror [GT]
TG: jakester
TG: guess who
TG: i cannot say who
TG: i am totes undercover here

TG: on derse
TG: up to my see thru butt in wily espionage

==>
**28/12/12**
pesterlogTG: it is getting so cloak and dagger in this bitch u dont even no
TG: the carapace men are all wearing jaunty suits
TG: its like i have become magically sealed in a lame spy fic and now im havin adventures that make no sense
TG: hell even i am dressed 2 kill too bad none of these gents can see what a fuckin fox im being
TG: i would get one to light my cigarette so hard, and then wink this whole bunch of times @ him
TG: and then seduce him for his secrets !!!!

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**28/12/12**

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Alert : Roxy
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pesterlogTG: ooh la la this adventure is steaming up
TG: such a racy twist would surely fog up their shiny black shells
TG: nah but bangin a chess dude probably aint feasible or even remotely advisable to try
TG: i wonder how that would work, i dont even...
TG: well you seen em right they p universally do not wear pants
TG: like what is even down there
TG: not a whole lot
TG: ok jake we are getting sidetracked here lets FOCUS

==>
**28/12/12**

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Alert : Roxy
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pesterlogTG: and yo...
TG: dont think that my present jocular attitude and introspection on the subject of chess guy dong means u are off the hook for ruining janeys b day
TG: ur still in some hot water for that pal
TG: you owe her something BIG to make up for your tooly ways
TG: lemme know if you want to brainstorm w me about how to make it up to her
TG: try 2 get your ass out of the dog house
TG: and if you wanna talk about what happened with dirk thats coo 2...
TG: i guess...

==>
**28/12/12**

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Alert : Roxy

Alert : Roxy
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pesterlogTG: i will fix all our shitty friendships single handedly if i got to
TG: like savin 3 dumb bawling teens from a burning building

TG: and then hose their stupid asses down while the building collapses behind me
TG: but enougha that
TG: it is not time for feelings it is time for action
TG: which means you are just the man for the job
TG: the job...
TG: of
TG: doing action
TG: shut up :p

==>
**28/12/12**

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Alert : Roxy

Alert : Roxy
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pesterlogTG: we need to get ready for a battle tomorries
TG: a big one
TG: some sort of like
TG: STRIFE ROYALE
TG: so its time 2 prepare
TG: u should get to prospit
TG: i can explain more when youre there but as long as you havent left yet
TG: i think we could use a bunch of new gear too

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**28/12/12**

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Alert : Roxy
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pesterlogTG: gear which i think we shall agree must be diagnosed with THE SICKNESS
TG: ur years of medical training have all been leading to this moment
TG: 2 make sure our showdown shit is ill as heck
TG: so maybe
TG: you can get started on that?
TG: jake??
TG: jaaaaaake

==>
**28/12/12**

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Alert : Roxy
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pesterlogTG: omfg
TG: what is going on
TG: why wont anybody talk to me???
TG: what am i fuckin invisible here
TG: wait...
TG: oh
TG: heheh

==>

**28/12/12**

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Alert : Roxy
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pesterlogTG: no bullshit theres still no excusing ppl ignoring me!
TG: I D not G A fuck WHAT magic bling im rockin or how voidey im being
TG: u a holes are behaving straight up RUDE i dont need this shit
TG: fuuuuuuuck AAAAAAAAAAALL YAAAAAAAAAAALL
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased pestering golgothasTerror [GT]

## Jake: Answer.

**30/12/12**

Oh, it looks like Roxy was trying to reach you. But you were so preoccupied with your Geromy sticker you didn't notice. It was a rare lapse in awareness of your surroundings and your friends and their feelings which you pride yourself in maintaining 24/7 as a dashing man of adventure. You refer to the unfaltering field of all-encompassing alertness as your JAKEDAR, which you think compares favorably to the spider senses from the comic books.

Oh bother. It seems you just missed her. You hope she isn't too peeved by the rare social misstep. You guess you could try messaging her back and see if she...

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**30/12/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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Hold the phone. Looks like someone else has decided to jeer you now. You wonder who it could be? The possibilities are endless, really.

## Jake: Ok, answer this guy instead.

**30/12/12**

pesterlogundyingUmbrage [uu] began jeering golgothasTerror [GT]
uu: DON'T DO IT.
GT: Do what now?
uu: WASTE YOUR TIME WITH THAT BITCH.
uu: YOU SHOULD THANK ME FOR DISTRACTING YOU. FROM INITIATING A POINTLESS CONVERSATION.
uu: WITH AN UGLY HOT WOMAN.
GT: Hey take that back roxys my good friend!
GT: Well ok take back all the parts that werent a compliment.
GT: Or wait. Is calling her hot a compliment or is that creepy?
GT: She is certainly pretty. But hearing it come from you sounds lecherous and dastardly!
uu: OH MY FUCK.
uu: SHUT UP.
GT: Heh. Its probably just my instincts as a brave boy kicking in.
GT: The old chivalry bone acting up you know? When i hear a ladys good name getting besmirched i just start seeing red!!!
uu: WOW.
uu: EVEN I THINK YOU SOUND LIKE A DOUCHE RIGHT NOW.

uu: BUT LOOK. JAKE HUMAN.
uu: I DIDN'T COME TO JEER YOU. UNTIL YOU DRIP THE WEIRD FACE WATER OUT OF YOUR SOCKETS.
uu: EVEN THOUGH IT SAYS I'M JEERING YOU AT THE TOP. JUST IGNORE THAT.
GT: Errr.
GT: Alright?
uu: I'M HERE ON A DIFFERENT KIND OF BUSINESS.
uu: I WAS HOPING WE COULD BE MORE "GENTLEMANLY" WITH EACH OTHER.
GT: Gentlemanly you say?
uu: YES.
uu: I EVEN LOOKED IT UP IN ONE OF YOUR EARTH DICTIONARIES TO MAKE ABSOLUTELY SURE I WAS USING THE WORD RIGHT.
uu: DID YOU KNOW. THERE DOES NOT EXIST A FEMALE EQUIVALENT OF THAT WORD?
uu: THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS BEING "GENTLEWOMANLY". I LOOKED THAT UP TOO. IT ISN'T THERE.
GT: It isnt?
uu: WELL OK.
uu: IT IS.
uu: BUT I REFUSE TO BELIEVE THAT'S A REAL WORD.
uu: IT'S TOTALLY MADE UP. AND DOESN'T BELONG THERE.
uu: YOU KNOW WHY IT'S PROBABLY IN THERE?
GT: Um...
uu: BECAUSE SOME SILLY BITCH PUT IT THERE.
uu: TRUST ME. THIS IS NOT A NOTION WHICH APPLIES TO THAT AWFUL GENDER.
uu: FEMALES ARE NOT BIOLOGICALLY EQUIPPED TO BEHAVE REASONABLY. AS PROVEN BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT. BY EMPIRICAL ASSERTION.
uu: THEY ARE VERY SHRILL AND INSANE AND DON'T MAKE ANY SENSE. THEIR EMOTIONS ARE OUT OF CONTROL AND THEIR FEELINGS NEVER SHUT UP.
uu: AND WORST OF ALL. GIRLS ARE VERY TRENCHANT TOWARD BOYS WHO WOULD KINDLY INFORM THEM OF THE WAY REALITY FUCKING WORKS.
uu: TALK ABOUT UNGRATEFUL. NO. THERE IS NOTHING WORTHWHILE TO BE GAINED. FROM CHATTING UP THE BITCHES.
uu: AS SUCH. IT IS MY SOLEMN BOYPLEDGE. THAT I WILL NEVER BOTHER SPEAKING WITH YOUR FOUL HUMAN STRUMPETS AGAIN.
GT: Your...
GT: Boypledge?

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**30/12/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterloguu: THROUGH CAREFUL OBSERVATION OF YOUR PARTY. I HAVE DETERMINED THEY ARE BOTH USELESS. AND HOLDING YOU ALL BACK.
uu: ON THE OTHER HAND. BOTH OF YOUR MALE PLAYERS ARE PRETTY GOOD. THE OTHER GUY, AND HIS RED FLOATING MALE GHOST? THEY'RE SO STRONG. IT'S SO

GREAT.
uu: I REALLY RESPECT THAT.
GT: Yeah. Dirk is a pretty tough cookie alright...
uu: YOU'RE NOT AS STRONG. BUT WHATEVER. YOU'RE ALRIGHT ANYWAY.
uu: LET'S FACE IT. COMPARED TO THE FECKLESS HOES. YOU'RE IN A CLASS OF YOUR OWN.
GT: But i thought you hated me!
GT: At least thats how i remember it when we last talked.
GT: Which was admittedly a while ago.
GT: Ive never been accused of having a photographic memory but i dont recall you typing in green either.
GT: Are you ripping me off bro??
uu: NO YOU FUCKING MORON.
uu: IF I STOOPED TO YOUR LEVEL. AND DECIDED TO JACK *ANY* PORTION OF YOUR SWAGGER.
uu: DON'T YOU THINK. YOU'D NEED TO EARN MY RESPECT FIRST???
GT: I dont think I understand.
uu: YES. EXACTLY.
uu: UNDERSTANDING IS WHAT I NOTICE YOU DON'T DO. AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE.
uu: THIS IS WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT JAKE.
uu: IT IS WHY I HAVE TAKEN AN INTEREST IN YOU.
GT: Whys that?
uu: BECAUSE YOU'RE DUMB AS A BAG OF TEETH.
uu: I'VE CHECKED YOU OUT. FROM MANY DIFFERENT MONITORS.
uu: YOU ARE JUST. SPECTACULARLY UNINTELLIGENT.
GT: Hey!
uu: SETTLE DOWN. I WAS TRYING TO PAY YOU A COMPLIMENT.
GT: Oh. Whoops.
GT: Go on then.
uu: WHILE TO CASUAL OBSERVERS YOU MIGHT APPEAR. TOO STUPID TO KNOW HOW FAR PANTS ARE SUPPOSED TO GO DOWN YOUR LEGS.
uu: I KNOW THAT IT'S QUITE POSSIBLE. YOU ARE JUST MISUNDERSTOOD.
uu: IT IS POSSIBLE THAT YOU JUST HAVE A SPECIAL MIND.
uu: LIKE ME.

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**30/12/12**

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Alert : Ũ
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pesterlogGT: You think so?
GT: Not to sound too self obsessed or anything but ive given that some thought.
GT: That maybe there is something special about me that nobody can understand. And maybe thats why i always seem to be botching things up the wazoo with my pals.
GT: Maybe thats why i feel like such a loner. I dunno. Im rambling and ive been thinking about it a lot lately. What about you?
GT: Does being special make you screw the pooch with your friends like it does for me?

uu: UGH. NO. I DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS.
uu: FOR MY PEOPLE. THE WORD FOR FRIENDS. IS FLAWS.
GT: Wow really?
uu: PROBABLY NOT? BUT. IT SHOULD BE.
uu: BECAUSE IT'S TRUE. AS A MATTER OF MY PERFECT PHILOSOPHY ABOUT EVERYTHING.
uu: BUT THE FACT THAT YOU CLEARLY HATE YOUR FRIENDS. AND ARE READY TO SHED THEM LIKE THE DRY SKIN OF A SERPENT.
uu: INDICATES THAT WE SHARE A VERY SPECIAL QUALITY AMONG BROTHERLY BROS. WHO MUST WORK HARDER WITH OUR BRAINS THAN EVERYONE ELSE.
uu: SO WE MAY ACHIEVE BRUTAL SUPREMACY OVER THEM ALL.
GT: Haha. Well i wouldnt go that far. I love my friends!
GT: But i was once told i had a lot of potential.
GT: Supposedly thats how all pages are and it takes them for frickin EVER to reach it.
GT: And funnily enough it was a figment of my own subconscious that told me this. A part of my untapped potential itself! But disguised as my best bro which was...
GT: Peculiar to say the least.
GT: Is that your situation? Are you a page too?
uu: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
uu: HELL NO. BUT THANKS FOR THE LAUGH.
uu: MY CLASS IS SO MUCH BETTER THAN YOURS. IT'S NOT EVEN FUNNY. EVEN THOUGH I JUST LAUGHED.
uu: MINE IS THE BEST OF ALL. WHILE YOURS IS FUCKING TRASH.
GT: Oh? Whats yours then?
uu: LORD.
GT: Fine then jeez.
GT: Sorry for asking!
uu: WHAT?
uu: NO.
uu: THAT WAS NOT A SHORT REMARK OF FRUSTRATION.
uu: IT WAS THE ANSWER DUMBASS.
GT: Oh.
uu: IT'S THE MASTER CLASS.
uu: DON'T YOU LOSERS DO ANY HOMEWORK ON THIS GAME.
uu: YOU'D THINK YOU WOULD ALL BE EXPERTS. WITH HOW MUCH MY SISTER HARANGUED YOU ON THIS TEDIOUS SHIT.
uu: SINCE I HAVE HAD GREAT SUCCESS SO FAR. IN PROGRESSING THROUGH THIS DEAD SESSION. I DECIDED. IT WAS TIME TO BITE THAT BULLET.
uu: AND RETURN HOME. TO RETRIEVE ALL OF HER TERRIBLE TEXTS ON THE SUBJECT OF THIS GAME. AND OF YOUR STORY.
uu: I HAVE PORED OVER EVERY NAUSEATING VERSE. IT HAS BEEN A TRUE EXERCISE IN AGONY. FEW COULD POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND MY SUFFERING.
uu: BUT THAT'S OK.
uu: BECAUSE I'M NOT THE IDIOT KID I USED TO BE. NOW I KNOW. THAT WHAT IT TAKES FOR ME TO LEARN AND GROW STRONGER.
uu: IS EXCRUCIATING EFFORT.

uu: SO I HAVE A CHOICE. WHICH IS TO EITHER BE WEAK.
uu: WHEN WEAKNESS IS COMPLETELY UNACCEPTABLE.
uu: OR TO SUFFER. FOREVER. UNTIL NO ONE ELSE EXISTS.
uu: WHO IS STRONGER THAN ME.
uu: AND THAT'S YOUR CHOICE TOO.
uu: PAGE HUMAN ENGLISH.
GT: Sakes alive.
GT: That is a bit extreme no?
uu: FOR YOU. PROBABLY EVEN MORE SO.
uu: BECAUSE AS A LOWLY PAGE. AND AS AN EVEN LOWLIER HUMAN. YOU ARE UTTERLY WORTHLESS.
uu: AND SO YOUR TRIALS I BELIEVE MUST INCLUDE. PROVING TO PARADOX SPACE THAT YOU EVEN DESERVE TO EXIST. IN THE FIRST PLACE.
uu: AND WHILE MY TRIALS WILL BE SIMILARLY GRUELING. A LORD'S WORTHINESS IS AT NO POINT EVER IN DOUBT.
uu: HIS NOBILITY IS MANIFEST. SUPREME MASTERY WAITS FOR HIM PATIENTLY. LIKE AN EMPTY THRONE UNDER HEAVY GUARD.
uu: REALITY ALREADY KNOWS I WILL PREVAIL. JUST AS IT KNEW I WOULD PREDOMINATE.
uu: AND SO INEVITABILITY IS ALWAYS ON MY SIDE.
uu: IT IS MY. WHAT DO YOU CALL IT.
uu: BORTHRIGHT?
uu: BORTHRIGHT.
GT: I dont think thats a word.
GT: But hey you are the lord and i am the lowly page.
uu: DAMN STRAIGHT.
uu: NEVER FORGET WHO YOU ARE MEANT TO SERVE.

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**30/12/12**

pesterlogGT: Now just a minute buddy. Lets not get carried away.
GT: I have no intention of serving you. In fact im not even sure why im still talking to you!
GT: Youre lucky that my manners are impeccable otherwise i would have blocked you already, what with the scandalous way you have characterized my ladyfriends alone.
GT: Its all well and good you think we have some things in common but i wont fall for it!
GT: Maybe its true at times i can be a little slow on the uptake but i will not be sweet talked into doing the bidding for a silver tongued cur!!!
GT: So to you sir lord i must say GOOD DAY.
uu: JAKE.
uu: YOU STUPID SHIT.
uu: HOW CAN YOU BE THIS DUMB.
uu: ALRIGHT. FIRST OF ALL. MY TONGUE IS NOT SILVER. THAT'S VERY CLOSE TO BEING INSULTING TO ME.
GT: Whatever! Look i know you are not the most quickwitted fella either, so i must inform you this is what we call a "figure of speech."
GT: You know. Like if i said you speak with a forked tongue. Not unlike LUCIFER HIMSELF!!!

uu: BUT. I ACTUALLY DO HAVE A FORKED TONGUE.
GT: Oh...
GT: Really?
uu: WAIT IS THAT SERIOUSLY AN INSULT IN YOUR CULTURE? HOW IS THAT INSULTING??
GT: It just means you arent trustworthy, and i should not be lulled by your false promises.
uu: WOW. OK. WOW.
uu: FIRST. NOT ONLY ARE YOU AN IMBECILE. YOU'RE A FUCKING RACIST TOO.
GT: No im not!
uu: JAKE. YOU JUST SAID SOME RACIST SHIT. END OF STORY.
uu: SECOND OF ALL. I'M NOT ASKING YOU FOR A DAMN THING.
uu: AS IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO OFFER ME AT ALL.
uu: THE VERY IDEA THAT YOU COULD IN ANY WAY IMPROVE MY EXISTENCE. IS ALMOST AS OFFENSIVE AS. YOUR FLAGRANT RACISM.
uu: THERE'S NO "DEAL WITH THE DEVIL" BULLSHIT GOING ON HERE.
uu: I'M OFFERING TO HELP YOU. STRICTLY AS A PRO BONO ARRANGEMENT.
uu: MY ASSISTANCE WILL BE. AN UNCONDITIONAL ACT OF BENEVIOLENCE.
GT: Dont you mean benevolence?
uu: NO.
GT: Um. Ok then.
GT: But why do you want to help me?
GT: Is it really just because you relate to me and therefore want me to succeed?
uu: LET'S NOT BE TOO SENTIMENTAL HERE. I MEAN. YEAH. I GUESS THERE'S OUR COMMON GROUND.
uu: BUT WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE TO DO. IS GROOM A WORTHY ADVERSARY.
uu: IF I HELP YOU REACH YOUR FULL POTENTIAL. AS A PAGE OF HOPE. YOU COULD BECOME EXTREMELY POWERFUL SOME DAY.
uu: MAYBE EVEN POWERFUL ENOUGH TO POSE A CHALLENGE TO ME. OR MAYBE EVEN ENOUGH TO BEAT ME.
uu: WHEN I SAID "MEANT TO SERVE". SERVE MEANT MORE THAN ONE THING. YOU KNOW. LIKE KICK MY ASS??
uu: WOULDN'T YOU LIKE THAT JAKE? DON'T YOU LIKE TO ROUGHHOUSE?
uu: OR MAYBE I HAD YOU WRONG. MAYBE YOU ARE IN FACT A GIRLY MAN. WHO DOES NOT LIKE TO ROUGHHOUSE.
GT: Hey watch it now. Youre DARN TOOTIN i love to roughhouse!!!
uu: EXCELLENT.
uu: THEN OUR COMMITMENT IS SEALED. I WILL HELP YOU REACH YOUR TRUE POTENTIAL.
uu: LET US MARK THIS PLEDGE. WITH A SPECIAL NEW DESKTOP WALLPAPER I HAVE DRAWN FOR YOU.
GT: Huh??
uu: IT IS HOW I ENVISION THE IDEALIZED DEPICTION. OF OUR COLLABORATIVE BROSMANSHIP.
uu: I HAVE BEEN GETTING SO MUCH BETTER LATELY. WITH A LOT OF HARD WORK AS USUAL.
uu: I AM ABLE TO BRING THE MANY SMALL ANGLES MOSTLY UNDER CONTROL. TO

SIMULATE THE ILLUSION. OF PHOTO REALISTIC FORMS OF COLOR AND LIGHT.
uu: JAKE. I GIVE YOU.
uu: THE FINE ARTS:
uu: http://tinyurl.com/JAKETHISISUS
GT: Whoa.
GT: Thats uh.
GT: Mighty special.
uu: GO ON. APPLY IT TO YOUR DEVICE.
uu: I WILL WAIT.
GT: Yeah um.
GT: Maybe later?
uu: NO. DO IT NOW.
GT: I dont think i want it to be honest.
GT: No offense its actually just really shitty.
uu: APPLY THE WALLPAPER THIS FUCKING INSTANT YOU CRETINOUS PHILISTINE. OR THE DEAL'S OFF.
GT: Ok fine!
GT: Gad freaking zooks. Just what i need another pushy bro in my life.
GT: This secret training of yours better be worth it!
uu: IT'S NOT TRAINING.
uu: IT'S JUST SOME GUIDANCE FROM A FAR AWAY ALIEN.
uu: I WILL BE YOUR PATRON TROLL. THAT'S LIKE THIS WHOLE THING IN YOUR STORY. HAVING A PATRON TROLL.
GT: But i thought you werent a troll.
uu: OF COURSE I'M NOT A TROLL. TROLLS ARE A KIND OF PESTILENT VERMIN AND THEY SHOULD ALL SUFFER AND DIE.
uu: "PATRON TROLL" IS JUST A PHRASE TO HELP YOU UNDERSTAND.
GT: Its not helping me understand though.
GT: Shoudlnt you be a patron cherub if anything?
uu: NO. GOD. DON'T MAKE UP TERMS FOR WHAT I AM. I WILL DO THAT.
uu: I WILL JUST BE YOUR PATRON DUDE.
uu: OR MAYBE. YOUR PATRON MANBRO.
GT: Sounds pretty gay.
uu: WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
GT: Whats what?
uu: GAY. WHAT'S GAY YOU IDIOT FUCK.
GT: Oh right.
GT: Forgive me i forget you arent familiar with all of my earth lingo.
GT: Its like...
GT: How do i explain.
GT: You know. Its a rather old fashioned term for being jolly and festive together.
GT: Like "that rollicking time we had scrumming the other eve sure was gay."
uu: I SEE.
uu: THEN YES. YOU ARE CORRECT.
uu: THIS IS GOING TO BE GAY AS HELL.

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FUCK YOU.
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**02/01/13**

pesterlogGT: Oh goody. Just the way i like my hijinks!
GT: So how do we start.
uu: THERE'S NOT MUCH TO THIS.
uu: I JUST TELL YOU SOME SHIT TO DO. AND THEN YOU DO IT.
uu: AND THE ULTIMATE DUMBNESS OF IT ALL IS. YOU PROBABLY WERE GOING TO DO A LOT OF IT ANYWAY.
GT: I was?
GT: How was i going to do the stuff if you didnt tell me to?
GT: You mean i was going to do it like on accident?
uu: NO. THE THING IS. I THINK I WAS ALWAYS GOING TO TELL YOU.
GT: I dont understand.
uu: NEITHER DO I.
GT: Ok then.
GT: Im glad we settled that.
uu: BUT I KIND OF GET IT ON SOME LEVEL.
uu: AS A LORD OF TIME. I THINK I'M GOING TO MASTER TIME. NOT WITH MY BRAIN. WHICH WOULD BE TOO HARD. BUT WITH MY INSTINCTS.
uu: LIKE IN A WAY THAT WORKS WITH MY NATURAL IMPULSES. SUCH AS MY AMBITION. MY WILL TO COMMIT MAYHEM. MY DESIRE TO PUNISH THOSE I DESPISE.
uu: SO IF I WANT YOU TO BECOME STRONG. SO YOU CAN CHALLENGE ME LATER. AND I SEE EVIDENCE. THAT YOU PROBABLY BECOME SUCCESSFUL.
uu: I THINK TO MYSELF. WHY SHOULDN'T I BE THE ONE TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN? IF IT'S GOING TO ANYWAY.
uu: I THINK PART OF MY PERSONAL QUEST. IS TO BECOME AT EASE WITH THE FORCES OF INEVITABILITY.
uu: INEVITABILITY THAT ALL THINGS SHOULD AND WILL FALL IN MY FAVOR. THAT ALL CAUSALITY ANSWERS TO ME. AND THAT ALL OUTCOMES NOT ONLY SERVE ME. BUT CONSIST OF MY BEING.
uu: SO I FEEL THAT. THE MORE I GROW IN POWER.
uu: THE MORE STUFF IT SHOULD TURN OUT I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR.
uu: UP TO AND INCLUDING. EVERYTHING THAT EVER HAPPENS.
uu: EVEN IF IT HAS TO BE.
uu: RETROACTIVELY.
GT: Hmmmmm...
GT: Nope!
GT: Dont reckon i understand much of that either.
GT: But i guess im not supposed to. Me not being a time maestro or what have you.
GT: I guess i should be boning up on hope though. What can you tell me about that?
uu: I DON'T KNOW A FUCKING THING ABOUT HOPE.
uu: IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A FORCE OF "UNPARALLELED POWER". BUT REALLY. IT SOUNDS SO LAME.
uu: BUT I GUESS THAT'S WHY IT MAKES SENSE THAT IT'S YOUR ASPECT.

uu: YOU STRIKE ME AS A GUY WHO IS LAME ENOUGH. TO HOPE SOMEONE TO DEATH. SO WHY DON'T YOU TELL *ME* ABOUT IT??
GT: Tell you about hope?
GT: Um well its something i think everyone should have in their hearts.
uu: I KNEW IT. YOU JUST SAID.
uu: THE LAMEST POSSIBLE THING.
GT: But i wasnt finished!
uu: FUCK.
GT: Hope to me is all about believing in stuff.
GT: If you believe in stuff then everything feels like its going to turn out ok.
GT: And if you believe in stuff with enough gusto i dare say it imbues that stuff with a pinch more chutzpah. Even the fake stuff!
GT: And then if you keep an open mind and adventurous spirit, that chutzpah flows directly into your heart, and thats when YOU have the power.
GT: So i think if hope grants one the power to smite villainy and vanquish hooligans thats probably where it comes from!
uu: NO.
uu: OH GOD. NO.
uu: THAT IS ACTUALLY THE WORST THING I'VE EVER READ.
uu: THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT. I REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT.
GT: Well THERES your problem dude. You dont want to BELIEVE!
GT: Just let go and believe in things. Then youll find you had the power in you all along.
uu: YOU ARE SO DUMB. I JUST KEEP CAN'T BELIEVING IT. HOW TRULY STUPID YOU ARE.
uu: WHATEVER. FORGET I ASKED.
uu: I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT HOPE IS REALLY ABOUT. INSTEAD OF THAT INSIPID BULLSHIT.
uu: ONCE YOU BECOME A GOD TIER.

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**02/01/13**

pesterlogGT: How do i do that?
uu: YOU GO TO PROSPIT. GET ON YOUR QUEST SARSWAPAGUS. AND FUCKING DIE.
GT: Die???
uu: YEAH. YOU OFF YOURSELF WITHOUT HESITATION.
uu: OR FAILING THAT. DUE TO PATHETIC COWARDICE.
uu: YOU WAIT AROUND TO BE SLAIN SERENDIPITOUSLY.
uu: DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I HAVE ALL THIS UNDER CONTROL.
uu: IT'S ONE OF THE WAYS I'M HELPING YOU TO THE TOP.
GT: Ok then. I will choose to believe you.
GT: See what i did there? I just scored a few more hope points!
GT: By strengthening my trust in you as well as our burgeoning friendship.
GT: Oh also, friendship is a HUGE key to being good at hope. I forgot to mention that.
uu: GROAN.
uu: I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL YOU CHALLENGE ME.
uu: SO I CAN BEAT YOU SENSELESS WITH MY CANE.

GT: Me neither!
GT: So you say you will help me be a god tier...
GT: But there are other ways you will help too?
uu: YES.
uu: I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU A GIFT.
uu: IT IS MY JUJU.
GT: Neat!
GT: But what the bejesus is a juju?
uu: I REALLY FIND IT HARD. TO COMPREHEND WHAT SORT OF ASSHOLE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT A JUJU IS.
uu: BUT SINCE I AM YOUR PATRON MANBRO. I WILL PUT ASIDE THOSE FEELINGS. AND ATTEMPT TO BE A LITTLE MORE GAY.
GT: That would be hunky dory.
GT: In my view distinguished gentlemen should always strive to be as gay as possible with each other.
uu: AMEN TO FUCKING THAT.
uu: ANYWAY. A JUJU IS A MAGICAL THING. IT HAS NO REAL BEGINNING OR END.
uu: THEY'RE JUST ALWAYS AROUND. THERE FOR YOU.
uu: YOU GROW UP WITH THEM. AND THEY BRING YOU COMFORT. AND YOU NEVER QUESTION THEIR EXISTENCE.
uu: IT'S LIKE SOME OF THE SHIT YOU HAD IN YOUR ROOM AS A KID. EXCEPT NOT USELESS GARBAGE. AND MORE MAGICAL.
uu: THEY ALWAYS HAVE RULES. AND THEY ALWAYS HAVE OWNERS.
uu: YOU CAN TAKE SOMEONE'S JUJU. IF THE OWNER WAS KILLED.
uu: OR IF HE GIVES IT TO YOU FREELY. LIKE I'M DOING.
uu: SO I WILL GIVE YOU THE CODE TO MAKE IT YOURSELF.
uu: ONCE YOU DO. IT SHOULD DISAPPEAR FROM MY CHEST. AND IT WILL NO LONGER BE MINE.

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**02/01/13**

pesterlogGT: Sounds straight forward enough.
GT: Whats the code?
uu: IT IS:
uu: uROBuROS
uu: BE CAREFUL. THAT IS CASE SENSITIVE.
GT: Ok.
uu: I WOULD TELL YOU THE CODE FOR MY SISTER'S JUJU. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS.
uu: A WHILE AGO I WENT TO GET HER JUJU. BUT THE FUCKING THING WAS GONE ALREADY.
uu: I THINK THE CRAFTY BITCH ALREADY GAVE IT AWAY.
GT: Hmm.
GT: We could try to guess it maybe?
uu: FORGET IT. THE POSSIBILITIES ARE PROBABLY INFINITE.
GT: Yeah. Youre probably right.

GT: So what sort of magical properties does your juju have?
uu: I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT IT DOES.
uu: I HAVE NEVER TRIED IT. BECAUSE IT WAS TOO PRECIOUS TO ME.
uu: WHATEVER MINE DOES. MY SISTER'S PROBABLY DOES THE OPPOSITE THING.
uu: BUT WHAT THEY DO INDIVIDUALLY. PALES IN COMPARISON TO WHAT THEY CAN DO TOGETHER.
uu: WHEN COMBINED. THE JUJUS BECOME THE MOST MAGIC THING EVER.
uu: THEY CAN MAKE ALL YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE. AND EVERYTHING THAT NEEDS TO HAPPEN. WILL MAGICALLY FALL INTO PLACE.
GT: Really?
GT: That sounds almost too good to be true.
GT: If you dont even know what your juju does by itself why do you think they do that together?
uu: BECAUSE I BELIEVE IT WITH ALL MY FUCKING HEART. YOU STUPID PIECE OF SHIT.
GT: Oh why didnt you say so! Thats all i needed to hear!!!
GT: See youre getting the hang of hope already.
uu: YEAH. I GUESS.
uu: THE BOTTOM LINE IS. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
uu: JUST TAKE MY JUJU. HAVE FAITH IN YOUR PATRON DUDE. AND LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME.
GT: Roger that mr lord.
GT: Say. Dont you have a name? We know your sisters name... cant we know yours now too?
uu: NO.
uu: THERE ARE MANY THINGS YOU SHOULDNT KNOW ABOUT ME. FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
uu: IF YOU KNEW THEM. IF YOU EVEN KNEW MY NAME.
uu: YOU WOULD SHIT YOUR PANTS HARDER THAN ANY HUMAN EVER HAS.
uu: SO YOU MAY CONTINUE REFERRING TO ME AS YOUR LORD.
GT: Well i surely dont want to spoil any clean trousers.
GT: Even though your warning sounds a little hyperbolic i will trust you.
GT: Um. My lord.
GT: Heheheh when i call you that people could mistake our conversation for a nefarious and underhanded collusion among felons!
uu: SHUT THE FUCK UP.
GT: As you wish... MY LORD.
GT: HEHEHEHEHEH!
uu: UGH.
GT: So lord. May i ask...
GT: Why are you giving me your juju if it is so dear to you?
GT: Is your commitment to this manbro boypledge of yours really that strong?
GT: If so im really impressed. I would have a really hard time giving my favorite stuff away to a total stranger.
uu: DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF.
uu: THE GESTURE IS RELATIVELY MEANINGLESS. THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS.
uu: I HAVE FOUND A NEW JUJU. A MUCH BETTER JUJU.
uu: A JUJU THAT MAKES ALL OTHER JUJUS LOOK LIKE FRIVOLOUS CHILDISH

NONSENSE IN COMPARISON.
GT: Yeah? Then that is quite a treasure you found.
GT: Where did you get it? Did you plunder a tomb or such?
uu: SORT OF.
uu: IT WAS EXCAVATED FROM THIS PLANET'S SOIL.
uu: ALONG WITH SOME OTHER ARTIFACTS.
uu: AND GIVEN TO ME.
uu: BY MY INFURIATING ASSHOLE MENTOR.
uu: A MAN WHO IS AN INVINCIBLE CLOWN.
GT: Well that sounds nice of him. He cant be that much of an asshole if he gave you such a nice present can he?
uu: NO, BELIEVE ME. HE CAN.
GT: I had a clown give me a nice present once too. I would never have met my good friend mr erisol without the kindness of that clown.
uu: YEAH. IT'S THE SAME FUCKING CLOWN SOMEHOW.
uu: I'M TELLING YOU. THIS ASSHOLE IS ETERNAL. AND THE BEINGS HE CREATES FOR YOUR PARTY ARE DISGUSTING ABOMINATIONS.
uu: BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? NOTHING, I HAVE LEARNED. HE'S A CLOWN. THE RULES ARE. CLOWNS CAN DO WHATEVER THEY WANT. BECAUSE OF MIRACLES. AND HOLD NO ACCOUNTABILITY FOR THEIR DEEDS.
uu: I DON'T LIKE IT. BUT THOSE ARE THE RULES.
GT: So whats this juju he gave you?
uu: SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL.
uu: A WONDERFUL LITTLE FALSE MAN.

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**02/01/13**

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pesterlog uu: AND THE IRONY IS. I HAVE SEEN HIM BEFORE.
uu: BUT I REGARDED HIM WITH SUSPICION AND FEAR.
uu: I WAS A FOOL THOUGH. I DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE SPECIAL BOND WITH HIM THAT I HAD.
uu: BECAUSE I DID NOT HAVE A CHANCE. TO GAZE SOULFULLY INTO HIS BEAUTIFUL EYES.
uu: AND COMMUNE WITH THE DOLL. IN A PERSONAL AND INTIMATE WAY.
GT: Gosh...
GT: That might just be the gayest thing ive ever heard.
uu: THANK YOU.
uu: YOUR HUMAN CONCEPT OF GAYNESS. ADEQUATELY DESCRIBES THE FEELINGS I HAVE. WHEN I EMBRACE MY PERFECT FLOPPY LITTLE MAN.
uu: THE THING IS. I UNDERSTAND HIM MORE NOW.
uu: BEFORE I THOUGHT HE WAS A CURSED VESSEL OF MISFORTUNE. WHICH SEEMED EERILY EMPTY TO ME.
uu: HE WAS HOLLOW. NOT YET FILLED WITH BAD JUJU.
uu: AND LOOKING IN HIS EYES NOW. I SEE. THAT I WAS RIGHT. ALMOST.

uu: HE IS EMPTY RIGHT NOW. BUT A JUJU FOLLOWS A LONG AND WINDING PATH ON ITS ETERNAL JOURNEY.
uu: AND HE WILL NOT BE EMPTY FOREVER.

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**03/01/13**
pesterloguu: SOMEWHERE ALONG HIS JOURNEY.
uu: IN SOME WAY I DON'T UNDERSTAND YET.
uu: HE WILL STOP BEING EMPTY.
uu: AND HIS CURSE WILL COME TO LIFE.
uu: AND WHEREVER HE GOES. TO WHATEVER UNIVERSE OR PLANE OF REALITY.
uu: ALL WHO EXIST THERE. WILL EXPERIENCE NOTHING BUT MISERY AND DEATH.

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**03/01/13**
pesterloguu: YOU SEE. THERE IS NOTHING WORSE THAN A CURSED JUJU.
uu: WHICH IS WHY I WAS SO NERVOUS ABOUT HIM BEFORE.
uu: BUT ALL ALONG. THERE WAS NOTHING FOR ME TO FEAR.
uu: BECAUSE NOW I KNOW. THROUGH INTENSIVE COMMUNION WITH THIS PRECIOUS MYSTICAL PUPPET.
uu: THAT THE CURSE WHICH WILL BLOSSOM IN HIS FLUFFY HEART. WILL DO SO.
uu: BECAUSE OF ME!

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**03/01/13**
pesterloguu: I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT.
uu: BUT WHEN I LOOK DEEP INTO HIS EYES.
uu: I CAN FEEL HIM OUT THERE.
uu: IN LATER STAGES OF HIS LIFE.
uu: BY WHICH I MEAN.
uu: I CAN FEEL *MYSELF*.
uu: THROUGH HIM SOMEHOW.
uu: AS IF MY ESSENCE WILL ONE DAY BECOME.
uu: ENTANGLED WITH THE VOID.
uu: AND THEN MYSTERIOUSLY ACCESSIBLE.
uu: THROUGH MY SOFT HAPPY PAL.

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**03/01/13**
pesterloguu: AND ALL THOSE ALONG THE WAY.
uu: WHO HE DEEMS WORTHY.
uu: OF ACCEPTING INTO HIS CUSTODY.
uu: IF THEY SHOULD DARE TO FONDLY GAZE.
uu: INTO HIS SPARKLING BABY BLUES.

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**03/01/13**
pesterloguu: THEY WILL BE PEERING THROUGH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS.

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**03/01/13**

pesterloguu: INTO MY HIDEOUS SOUL.

## Jane: Return home.

**04/01/13**

You enter the upstairs hallway after completing a successful SADJUMP on to your balcony.

Finally, some peace and quiet. Hopefully you will find some respite from all the cyber bullying and teen drama you've had to deal with lately.

It's been a while since you were home. You're immediately reminded of simpler times. When it was just you and your dad, and you could always smell something baking in the oven. Actually, thinking about those days is just making you more emotional. Maybe coming home was a bad idea.

## Jane: Reminisce.

**04/01/13**

Here's this familiar douche bag again. A hallway fixture, ever since dad stopped pretending to like detectives and sitcom guys for your sake. Your dad loved this douche bag, whoever he is. This guy is probably the closest thing you have left to a father, now that your dad is most likely dead.

You consider going to his bedroom, but you decide against it. The ties and hats strewn about, the melange of aftershave and cologne, the childhood photos he keeps of you... no, those reminders could only lead to another mental breakdown. You'll never forget the first breakdown you had when you snuck into his room. You found an unwrapped present before your birthday. It was a box of Gushers, and you were stunned to realize that awful gooey fruit snack was manufactured by the very same company you were due to inherit. As everything you thought you knew came crashing down around you, that day you swore the moment you ascended to the throne of the BCCorp empire, you would issue an immediate global recall of the foul product and discontinue it forever. You often joked that the snacks were so nasty, it was almost like they were filled with multicolored slime harvested from plump extraterrestrial larva. When you told your dad about your plans for the product, you both had a good laugh.

You have got to stop remembering things about your father. It's just way too sad.

## Jane: Solicit profound wisdom from hallway Cera.

**04/01/13**

The characteristically tight-lipped HALLWAY CERA unsurprisingly has no advice for you regarding the tragic loss of a family member. You could always relate to the role he played as George Michael, the dorky child of a single, doting father. But unlike you, George Michael was always surrounded by an extended family and their hilarious antics, and he would never know the tragedy of losing everyone he ever loved. You suddenly resent George Michael and the HALLWAY CERA altogether for the happy ending he was allowed to have with his father which you will never get to experience.

In fact, you think you are starting to hate the HALLWAY CERA. Someone needs to wipe that smug look off his face.

## Jane: Give Cera beagle puss.

**04/01/13**

HOO HOO HOO!

HOO...

Hoo.

You... GUESS it's kinda funny?

No. It is not funny at all. It is depressing. You're depressing yourself now.

Your PRANKSTER'S GAMBIT goes into a tailspin and hits rock bottom. You have never felt so sad and unfunny in your entire life.

You begin to cry again. The HALLWAY CERA glares in judgment at your weakness through his unfunny puss.

## Jane: Enter room.

**05/01/13**

You return to your room. Hey, there's your old UNREAL HEIRESS THOUGHTWAVE TIARATOP. You haven't used that thing in ages. It's probably for the best that you stopped. You're pretty sure it was doing funny things to your head.

Maybe you shouldn't have come here either. All you see is more stuff to remind you why you're feeling super down about everything.

## Jane: Examine wall Tobias.

**05/01/13**

```
Happy Birthday!!!!! ~J
```

Like this. Jake sent you the PERIWINKLE HEARTTHROB pinup back when you were still able to think about him without feeling horrible about yourself. Those were the days.

It's funny how looking at a thoughtful gift which once brought you such delight now only precipitates feelings of bitterness. Even the innocent Mr. Funke is caught in the crossfire of your lamentations. How could Tobias be so clueless?? How could he not see the pain he was causing with his oblivious demeanor, his repressed feelings of attraction toward men, and his total inability to understand other people's feelings in spite of his credentials as an analrapist? Of course on the tv show, his buffoonery resulted in laughs galore. But if that was in real life, you don't think there would be anything funny about the situation. In reality, Tobias and his family would probably never stop being sad.

You think you are starting to hate the WALL TOBIAS too.

## Jane: Examine wall Swanson.

**05/01/13**

On the other hand, your WALL SWANSON is still beyond reproach, and Mr. Swanson continues to be the perfect man. You know for a FACT he wouldn't put up with any of Jake's bullshit.

You consider doing the thing where you kiss the poster, but you're feeling way too depressed for that sort of frivolous flapdoodle.

==>

**05/01/13**

```
Alert : Jake
```

Aaaand, wouldn't you know it. Just the guy you wanted to hear from. This ought to be good.

## Jane: Answer.

**05/01/13**

```
Alert : Jake
```

pesterloggolgothasTerror [GT] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
GT: Jane are you there?
GT: I wouldnt blame you for not answering since i was such a shitty boor to you last time.
GT: I just wanted to formally say happy birthday.
GT: And also to pass along a birthday present.
GT: I doubt it will make up for all the ways ive hurt your feelings but maybe it will be a start?
GT: Its some fancy juju thingamabob that calliopes bro gave to me.
GT: He specifically gave it to me to make me better so i could get stronger and punch him in the snout some day or something?
GT: I dunno about that. I dont think i care about becoming a great hero and challenging a weird grumpy alien all that much.
GT: Not nearly as much as my friendship with you.
GT: So i want you to have it instead.
GT: Just use the code to make it. The code is...
GT: Um...
GT: ORBROBuRBROS?
GT: No wait.
GT: Thats way too long...
GT: uBORBuBROS?
GT: How many letters were codes supposed to have?
GT: Fuck.
GT: BROBuROBuT
GT: ORuBuBROBOS
GT: No. Uh...
GT: BROBRO... something?
GT: Wait no there were definitely some little u's in it...
GT: Shit. I really should have copied it down before i closed the chat window.
GT: OuROBOuRBON
GT: BuRBORuBROS...
GT: Wow those arent even close.
GT: Hang on let me think.
gutsyGumshoe [GG] ceased being bothered by golgothasTerror [GT]

==>

**05/01/13**

```
RIIIIIIP.
```

You close the chat window without a word. You cannot BELIEVE that guy. Trying to regift you a present, from that ASSHOLE of all people?! You don't want anything from that horrible creep. You don't care HOW magic it is. He can take his stupid juju and shove it up his patoot.

Sorry Tobias, but Jane has decided that you represent Jake for the purpose of this angry outburst.

==>

**05/01/13**

```
Alert : 🔮
```

Oh no.

Oh no this conversation is going to make you even sadder isn't it.

## Jane: ... Answer, you guess.

**05/01/13**

pesterlog uranianUmbra [UU] began cheering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

UU: happy birthday, jane! ^u^

forgive me for sUbmitting this letter and logging off right away, bUt i am breaking with oUr UsUal linear dialogUe, and i'd rather not tempt either of Us to trade caUsal spoilers. i wanted to give yoU a present. something told me yoU coUld Use a pick-me-Up aboUt now. :u

i am sending yoU the code for my jUjU. it may not be easy for a hUman to Understand, bUt jUjUs are very special to my people. so when i give yoU this gift, it is indicative of how mUch yoUr friendship has meant to me, jane. it has some magical properties, bUt nothing too fancy on its own. i hope it will bring a smile to yoUr face nevertheless. bUt if yoU want to know the trUth, it will become infinitely more UsefUl if it is combined with my brother's jUjU. perhaps when we begin playing oUr game, i will be able to convince him to relinqUish it. one of these days he'll Understand working with others is going to be necessary if he wants to accomplish anything.

i am so looking forward to my session and catching Up to where yoU are now! i can only imagine what kind of adventUres yoU mUst have been throUgh already. i can't help bUt think we've been feverishly trading notes on oUr respective qUests since yoU entered, no? maybe yoU are even tired of hearing from me by now! u_u apologies both retroactively and in advance for talking yoUr lovely hUman ear off. bUt i jUst know i won't be able to contain my excitement!

anyhow, the code for my jUjU is: "UrobUros"

ta!

uranianUmbra [UU] ceased cheering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

==>

**05/01/13**

```
WAAAAAHHH
```

You were right.

That conversation made you so, so sad.

SO sad.

==>

**05/01/13**

==>

**05/01/13**

```
gurl

ØØ

OBEY OBEY OBEY

SUBMIT SUBMIT SUBMIT

COMPLY COMPLY COMPLY

u there gurl
```

==>

**05/01/13**

```
POF.
```

## Roxy: Pester Jane.

**06/01/13**

```
Alert : Roxy
```

pesterlogtipsyGnostalgic [TG] began bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
TG: jane
TG: jane
TG: jane
TG: jane
TG: janes 4 ev
TG: /take deepest jane yellin breath
TG: JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAOmfg yeah right
TG: like there is any chance u answer me
TG: with today being international everybody ignore roxy day
TG: LEEEEE sigh
TG: like
TG: doing literally the frenchest of possible sighs over here
TG: its wearing a lopsided beret in the city of goddamn light falling in FUCKING love
TG: such is my sigh

TG: am packing TOTES ennui janey
TG: or shd i say.....
TG: ennOUI ;)
TG: wait
TG: ennui is probably already a french word??
TG: not sure that one needs anymore frenching up...
TG: i should know this b cause my last name is french sounding
TG: even tho im p sure my mom did not hail from france
TG: idk
TG: who even "LA CARES"
TG: hehehe fuck you, A CERTAIN LANGUAGE
TG: uum yeah

==>
**06/01/13**
pesterlogTG: so the report is
TG: that i already said to some chumps & im getting max fatigued repeatin it
TG: im on derse we need to be god tiers and die on slabs n junk
TG: + im invisible cause of ring
TG: w/e
TG: oh
TG: i think your dads here and hes probably alright?
TG: so theres that
TG: oh!
TG: i saw callie 2 shes ok
TG: well i mean shes dead
TG: but in ghost form
TG: so shes as ok as one can be who is also dead
TG: which is apparently just fine?
TG: so the lesson of the moral is u can be way fine & dead at sames time
TG: jane let us now reflect upon the weighty existential ramifications of that thing i said
TG: yesssss
TG: just me an my bestie, ballin hecka reveries 2day
TG: the biggest questions which have tormented the wisest scholars and pundits for mad epochs just got so roflariously owned
TG: hey callie also said she would send you a bday thing?
TG: did u get
TG: she must have sent a code
TG: which you have to make urself
TG: so
TG: maybe youre doin that now?
TG: hope ur doin that
TG: im real curious 2 know what it is suddenly
TG: man
TG: im bored

==>

**06/01/13**

pesterlogTG: like we got all this big deal crap to do and i cant even talk to no one
TG: jane
TG: ambiguous voidey powers notwithstanding
TG: im starting 2 think i might be genetically predisposed to ramblin at length into empty chat clients
TG: well
TG: hit me up if up see this
TG: maybe ill try 2 txt fefeta
TG: my dear precious fefeta
TG: i know SHE would never ignore me ;3
TG: SWOOOOON + <33333 @ FEFETA, AND THUS MAKING CROCKER SO JELLIES
)(IC: yo dont fuck with my heiress
)(IC: gurl got royal bidness porpoises to attend
)(IC: and do not even T)(INK i dont know you out a jail bitch
)(IC: you take a flip thru ma secret jam yet
)(IC: dat sparkle shit i left w tha dance clowns on
TG: oh noes
TG: is the witch
TG: .___.
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] ceased bothering gutsyGumshoe [GG]

## Jane: Alchemize Calliope's juju.

**08/01/13**

No point standing around sobbing while getting brainwashed by your computer. You decide to make yourself useful and see what all this juju fuss is about.

==>

**08/01/13**

```
GREEN SUCKER
∴ -1
```

You got a GREEN SUCKER, at a cost of negative one unit of ZILLIUM.

Which you guess means... you gain one unit of ZILLIUM in addition to the sucker.

Ok?

## Jane: Alchemize Caliborn's juju.

**08/01/13**

You aren't a big fan of the guy, but since these are supposed to do something special together, you figure what the hell.

You easily deduce the code Jake was trying to remember. It's uROBuROS. Come on Jake, use your head. Haven't you ever heard of the mythical snake biting its own tail? You worry about that kid sometimes.

Anyway, obviously the code for his juju was going to be the same as Calliope's, but written in the reverse case to match his quirk. Once again your gumshoeing skills pay huge dividends.

==>

**08/01/13**

```
RED SUCKER
∴ -1
```

You got a RED SUCKER.

This one unsurprisingly yields another unit of ZILLIUM.

## Jane: Examine jujus.

**08/01/13**

```
S → Su → Suc → Suck → Sucke → Sucker → Suckers → Suckers?
```

Yes, suckers.

What's so magical about these things? You guess you're supposed to lick them. But what magic thing could possibly happen if you lick these, and what's so special about having both of them?? Jujus are so mysterious.

Wait... they seem to be attracted to each other. Like magnets. Whoa. Very STRONG magnets!

==>

**08/01/13**

The jujus snap together to form a single SPIRAL SUCKER.

The urge to lick it is suddenly overwhelming.

==>

**08/01/13**

It looks so delicious. You are presumably being compelled to lick the sucker by some powerful juju enchantment. But it's making you nervous. You must resist!

==>

**08/01/13**

Must...

Not...

Lick...

==>

**08/01/13**

```
BLAP.
```

*THE JUJU!!!!!!!!!!!*

## [S] Jane: Engage.

**08/01/13**

```
ENGAGE TRICKSTER MODE
```

```
WHY

WHEEEEEEEEEEEE?
```

## [S] Jane: Blast off.

**09/01/13**

```
PCHOOOOOOO

HOOOOOONK
```

## END OF ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1

**11/01/13**

## [S] ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 2

**11/01/13**

```
(CLICK, AND THEN)
MASH!
SPACE

bonk bonk bonk
```

OH BOY!!!

==>

**11/01/13**

==>

**11/01/13**

trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]

==>

**11/01/13**

trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]

==>

**11/01/13**

trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]

JAKE: Jane?

JAKE: Is that you??

==>

**11/01/13**

trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

JAKE: Jane uh...

JAKE: What the hell happened to you?

JANE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: What?
JAKE: Really??
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: Jane
JAKE: I...
JAKE: um
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: Jane youre frightening me!

==>
**12/01/13**
trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: No jane you are seriously scaring the shit out of me!
JAKE: You seem unwell...
JAKE: Are you sure youre alright?
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]

==>
**12/01/13**
trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]

==>
**12/01/13**

```
Abscond!
```

trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]

==>
**12/01/13**
trkstrlog [redacted]
JAKE: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
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OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

==>

**12/01/13**

```
WIELD MOUSE

DEPLOY THE CROCKER


HUNKy DORY!

SUCCESS!
```

==>

**12/01/13**

```
Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooohhhyessss!
```

[S] ==>

**13/01/13**

```
HELP JANE INVESTIGATE!

DANCING ANIMATION TOO STRANGE AND VAGUELY UNSETTLING TO DISPLAY AT FULL SIZE.

* true, but if you zoom in you will see:
ENGAGE TRICKSTER MODE
TWERK
BOOTY SHAKE


* click the magnifying glass

* drag it over the animation, and click

CLUE COUNT: 1
YOU FOUND A CLUE! THE PLOT THICKENS.

* click
```

```
→ 2
ANOTHER ONE! YOU'RE HOT ON THE TRAIL NOW.

* click

→ 3
KEEP SLEUTHING!!!

* click

→ 4
THIS IS IT, THE CAPER OF THE CENTURY.

* click

→ 5
EUREKA!!!!!

* click

→ 6
THE CLUE PILE DOESN'T STOP FROM GETTING TALLER.

* click

→ 7
YOU'RE ALMOST THERE! YOU'LL CRACK THIS CASE YET.

* click

→ 8
DAT ASS...

* click

→ 9
NO, YOU MUSTN'T BE DISTRACTED BY GYRATING BOTTOMS.
ONWARD TO MORE CLUES!

* click

→ 10
THESE AREN'T REAL CLUES AND THEY DON'T ACTUALLY MEAN ANYTHING.

* click

ENGAGE TRICKSTER MODE
```

==>

**14/01/13**

trkstrlogJAKE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

JAKE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

JAKE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

JAKE: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
[redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ERISOLSPRITE: fuck no.

==>
**14/01/13**
trkstrlogJAKE: [redacted]
ERISOLSPRITE: fuck you, fuck my liife, fuck liiterally evverything, fuck fuck fuck.
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]

==>
**14/01/13**
==>
**14/01/13**
trkstrlogJAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]

JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ROXY: (oh dear god)

==>

**15/01/13**

trkstrlogJAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
ROXY: (shit shit shit shit shit shit shit)

==>

**15/01/13**

trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
tipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering )(er Imperious Condescension
TG: batterwitch pls help
TG: my friends are completely insane
TG: can you throw me back in jail :(
)(IC: gurl u made your cocoon
)(IC: DWI
)(er Imperious Condescension logged the fuck out.

==>
**15/01/13**

```
SNEAK
```

trkstrlogJAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
ROXY: (u stupid shits thats not how the game works!)

==>
**15/01/13**

```
?
```

==>
**15/01/13**
trkstrlogJAKE: [redacted]

==>

**15/01/13**

trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]

==>

**15/01/13**

trkstrlogROXY: (im so boned)

==>

**16/01/13**

==>

**16/01/13**

```
BOMP

?
```

[S] ==>

**16/01/13**

```
-DE

OH NO, ROXY IS
DANCING OUTSIDE THE
THE CANVAS AREA!
HELP JAKE TUG HER
BACK ON TO THE STAGE

HELP JAKE TUG!

(CLICK, AND THEN)
TOGGLE!

[←] [→]


* mash keys as directed

TUG COUNT: 1 → 2 → ... → 109 → 110 → 111

-DE → TRICKSTER MO-
```

==>

**17/01/13**

==>

**17/01/13**

```
STERN FATHERLY DISAPPROVAL
```

==>

**17/01/13**

trkstrlogROXY: [redacted]

JAKE: [redacted]

ROXY: [redacted]

JANE: [redacted]

ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ERISOLSPRITE: can you plea2e ju2t leavve me here twwo diie.
JAKE: [redacted]
ERISOLSPRITE: thii2 ii2 iit.
ERISOLSPRITE: thii2 ii2 my punii2hment for doiin evvill terriible thiing2 when ii u2ed twwo be livvin people.
ERISOLSPRITE: ii gue22 ii de2ervve thii2 and yet...
ERISOLSPRITE: nobody de2ervve2 thii2.
ERISOLSPRITE: nobody.
JAKE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]

==>
**17/01/13**
==>
**18/01/13**
==>
**18/01/13**

spritelogERISOLSPRITE: 2o uh...
ERISOLSPRITE: hey there unholy combiinatiion of nepeta and feferii.
ERISOLSPRITE: howwvve you been?
ERISOLSPRITE: wwoww that wwa2 a dumb que2tiion iim 2orry.
ERISOLSPRITE: thii2 ii2 pretty awwkwward ii2nt iit.
FEFETASPRITE: 3833 < 38\
ERISOLSPRITE: wwhat wwa2 that?
ERISOLSPRITE: FUCK ii cant hear a goddamn thiing wwiith the2e FLIIPPIIN IIDIIOT2 doiin theiir candy giiggle rampage.
ERISOLSPRITE: can barely evven hear my owwn wword2 ovver thii2 2hriill diin of hiideou2 piink.
ERISOLSPRITE: dont a2k me wwhy ii thiink iit 2ound2 piink iit JU2T DOE2 ok?
FEFETASPRITE: 38?? < 38?
ERISOLSPRITE: anywway ii gue22 iivve been wwantiing twwo 2ay.
ERISOLSPRITE: part of me ii2 2orry for kiilliing part of you.
ERISOLSPRITE: ii mean that not a2 the part a me that u2ed twwo be your mate2priit cau2e OBVVIIOU2LY that part wwa2nt re2pon2iible for that 2curriilou2 2hiit.
ERISOLSPRITE: but the part of me that u2ed twwo be moraiil2 wwiith part a you.
ERISOLSPRITE: and wwhereiin nepeta ii2 ju2t kiind of a wweiirdly unrelated by2tander iin thii2 wwhole me22?
ERISOLSPRITE: 2o ii gue22 the wwhole me ii2 2orry twwo nepeta for havviin twwo put up wwiith thii2 2hiitty lovve triiangle fallout.
ERISOLSPRITE: AUGH thii2 ii2 ab2olutely the 2HIITTIIE2T apology 2iituatiion ii can evven FUCKIING fathom.
ERISOLSPRITE: cant evven get 2ome legiitiimate feeliin2 of remor2e off my che2t cau2e the che2t ha2 contradiictory feeliin2 a twwo people and the reciipiient ii2 the amalgamatiion of the wwronged party and 2omebody wwho could not giivve a bloody 2hiittiing FUCK about any a thii2.
ERISOLSPRITE: nevver miind thii2 reconciiliiatiion ha2 been an ab2olute dii2a2ter.
ERISOLSPRITE: can wwe at lea2t come twwo term2 on a 2ound poliicy of 'fuck gamzee'?
ERISOLSPRITE: cau2e all iim 2ayiin ii2 ba2iically.
ERISOLSPRITE: ju2t.
ERISOLSPRITE: fuck that guy.
FEFETASPRITE: 38)) < 38)

==>
**18/01/13**
==>
**19/01/13**
trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]

==>
**19/01/13**

trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]

==>
**19/01/13**
trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Son of a fuck.

==>
**19/01/13**
trkstrlogROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: I think so.
DIRK: Did you decide to forfeit anything resembling dignity for the rest of your lives, along with the hope of accomplishing anything constructive ever again?
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Roxy, are you drunk?
DIRK: I mean, in addition to being high on something, and magically insane.

==>
**19/01/13**
trkstrlogROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Solved all your problems?
DIRK: Yeah. You guys look like you're in great shape.
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Try what?
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Fuck off. My problems are fine.
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Yes.
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Uh. No?
ROXY: [redacted]

ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Roxy, even if blurting out random ass confessions in any way constitutes "solving personal problems," it's not like that was ever a secret.
DIRK: I always knew you liked me. You told me practically every fucking day.

==>
**21/01/13**
trkstrlogROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: No, you've actually suggested that too. A number of times.
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: No!

==>
**21/01/13**

```
SLAP SWAT
```

trkstrlogROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Stop it.
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: This won't solve any problems, and you're all fucking morons!

==>
**21/01/13**

```
flippety flip spin
```

trkstrlogROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: You're not happy! You're demented! And how exactly does it solve any of your problems getting all candied up to go flushing however months of sobriety down the toilet???
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]

ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: No way!
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Get away from me!
DIRK: I have a sword!!!

==>
**21/01/13**
trkstrlogROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: I'll use it, I swear!
DIRK: It's sharp!
DIRK: And it's awesome!
DIRK: And...
DIRK: It's a sword!!!
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: I'M TOO FUCKING COOL FOR THIS!!!!!

==>
**21/01/13**
spritelogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Mister bro, listen to my advice
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I think you should just go for it
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> This is coming not only from your mystical guide, not only from an alternate version of yourself, but from a dude with a f-----g spectacular body
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> We both know you're never going to be happy under ordinary circumstances
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You just do not have the right kind of think pan to sustain that emotion
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> 100k at me. I needed to merge a sweaty guy who loves horses in order to be happy
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Gosh d----d horses Dirk
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I think about them all the time while I fle% and it makes me smile
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It seems that similarly e%treme measures will be needed for you as well
DIRK: Oh whatever.

==>
**21/01/13**

```
SQUAREWAVE: YEAH DOGG!!!
```

trkstrlogROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: MMPHMHPHMMHM[redacted]
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You there. Small servant with the umbrella
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Fetch me a towel at once

## [S] ==>

**22/01/13**

```
HELL NO

FUCK THIS


ENGAGE TRICKSTER MODE


(CLICK, AND THEN)
MASH
→

HELP DIRK
ESCAPE
TO THE →
SIDE


* Mash (actually, just hold the key down)

SIDLE COUNT: 0/1111 → 1111/1111


SUCCESS!

PLAY AGAIN?

> no
> fuck no

* mouse over and attempt to press buttons

> YES

* YOU'RE WELCOME!
```

trkstrlogJANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: Ugh.
ROXY: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
DIRK: No.
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: No.

JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
DIRK: No.
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
DIRK: Absolutely not.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Hahaha! Dude, this is heavily ridiculous
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Your brain is so impenetrable, not even this asshole candy magic can lighten you up
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm so mother fussing amused by this
DIRK: Shut up!
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm afraid he can't, Hypersugar Roxy
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> His mind is as dense as my muscles are STRONG
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> By the way, would you like to feel my muscles, Roxy?
ROXY: [redacted]
DIRK: God dammit it. Why did I listen to you?
DIRK: Nothing's changed! You may have merged with a sweaty horse guy, but you still sabotage me every chance you get.
DIRK: What's worse is you still actually believe you're helping me. What a crock of shit.
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You heard the woman, Dirk
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Quit stallion, trot on over here and touch my goof darned muscles
DIRK: For the last time, I'm not touching your stupid muscles!
DIRK: And Roxy just so you know, if you hook up with my douche of a sprite, I'm gonna be hella pissed.
ROXY: [redacted]
ROXY: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dirk, it seems my muscles are a hit
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Are you absolutely sure you won't feast your hands on this Grade A Beef?
DIRK: Please. Someone.
DIRK: Make it stop.
ROXY: [redacted]

ROXY: [redacted]
JANE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
JAKE: [redacted]
DIRK: Jake, I'm not marrying shit.
DIRK: And frankly, you've got some nerve floating down here babbling about marriage with that shit eating grin and that dumb little pumpkin on your head.
DIRK: After the way you ditched me and ignored all my messages?
DIRK: You know what, if you didn't like me anymore and wanted to stop hanging out, then fine, I could handle that.
DIRK: But to just completely shut me out, like I didn't even deserve an explanation, that's just cowardly. Why couldn't you just man up and talk to me?
DIRK: You act like I don't have feelings. Like I'm some kind of robot. Well you're wrong, I do.
DIRK: And I'm using those feelings by starting to FEEL like you're actually kind of an asshole.
DIRK: So whatever you were so afraid to tell me before your fucking sugar high, don't worry about it, I'll save you the trouble.
DIRK: It's over, Jake.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> E%cuse me, you there
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Unsavory concoction of royalty and peasantry
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Come grope my humongous biceps
ERISOLSPRITE: no bloody wway.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes, do it
ERISOLSPRITE: equiiu2 wwhy are you actiin liike 2uch a bulge2niiffiin twwolbox wwhat the hell happened twwo you?
ERISOLSPRITE: and wwhy are you wweariin that guy2 lame gla22e2. take tho2e off evven you had more 2tyle than that.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Alright, no takers there I see. Only a pair of grotesque philistines blustering through the same coarse ignorance tunnel
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What about you, miss unpalatable combination of Feferi and
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> And
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Oh
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Oh no
ERISOLSPRITE: wwhat.
FEFETASPRITE: 3833 < 38o

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dirk
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dirk, help, I'm having a problem
DIRK: What??
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> A part of me is having a very STRONG emotional reaction which I don't like
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It's a part of myself I'm ashamed of
DIRK: What part.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> The troll part. It did something shameful once
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I do not find such emotions to be an acceptable feature of my new e%istence
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> How can I make this feeling go away
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dirk, I command you to instruct me how to eliminate these emotions
DIRK: Can't help you bro!
DIRK: This is what you asked for. You said you were scared to not exist.
DIRK: Well, this is what it's like to keep on existing. Better figure out how to deal!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> No. That's awful
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I don't know what to do
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> With all of my astounding STRENGTH, both muscular and cerebral, how can I be stymied so?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dying was better than having to live with the shame which was ironically caused by the very death in question
ERISOLSPRITE: equiiu2 wwhat the FUCK are you talkiing about.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You, seadwelling mustard b100d
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Half of me commands the peasant half of you to resolve my emotional turmoil, while humbly requesting the noble half of you to do the same
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> The other half of me doesn't give a flying hoot about your lame caste bull s--t and is just kind of freaking out internally about this
ERISOLSPRITE: ehehehe wwoww zahhak you miight actually be more a me22 than me, ii am fuckiin iimpre22ed.
ERISOLSPRITE: but yeah talkiin iit out wwhen you got aiim2 a reconciiliiatiion help2, me and the feferii 2iide a thii2 abomiinatiion had a niice talk earliier, 2orta.
ERISOLSPRITE: 2ay wwhat you got twwo 2ay, ju2t dont me22 wwiith the feferii part2 twwo much ok man? 2he2 vvery dear to me, ii mean both part2 a me got iit?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You're right, I must speak to her
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Nepeta, I swore that I would protect you, but I failed
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> In a moment of weakness my reverence for a superior got the better of me, and instead of standing up for you I decided to bow before a stupid f-----g juggalo or something? What?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Wait, I actually did that? What the fresh nickering h--l is WRONG with me?

FEFETASPRITE: 38(( < 38\
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I am not a perfect man, Nepeta. Nor am I "purrfect" as you might say. What the fudge? A cat pun? Let's pull our s--t together dude, this emotional state is mad abysmal
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> But in any case, I hope you can find it within your kind olive pump biscuit to... forgive...
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> NO!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> GOSH DANGIT! I don't deserve to be forgiven, what am I saying! The s--t I pulled on you was so bad... I just can't even...
ERISOLSPRITE: hey can you maybe wwrap up thii2 p2ychotiic apology you wwretched freak. wwoww youre actually makiin me look liike the model a mental health.
ERISOLSPRITE: anywway youre confu2iin the feferii 2iide of her wwiith your wweiird emotiional baggage.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Allow me to finish, sir/peon
ERISOLSPRITE: feferii try not twwo lii2ten twwo anythiin he 2ay2.
ERISOLSPRITE: youvve had enough heartache twwo endure wwiithout lumpiing iin nepeta2 twwii2ted relatiion2hiip wwiith thii2 hor2ekii22iin mu2clefuck.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Nepeta, you will disregard any conversation directed at Feferi and focus solely on my attempted statements of contrition
ERISOLSPRITE: man wwhat riight do you havve to order nepeta to do ANYTHIN, let alone lii2ten to your confliicted wwhiiniing?
ERISOLSPRITE: heheh, fef can you BELIIEVVE thii2 guy??
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Do not address Feferi while I'm talking Nepeta
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It's confusing to Nepeta, who is critical in absolving me of guilt, even though I probably don't deserve it?
ERISOLSPRITE: fuck your ab2olutiion ii take back my advviice.
ERISOLSPRITE: 2top talkiin twwo nepeta and LEAVVE FEFERII ALONE.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> No
ERISOLSPRITE: ye2.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> No
ERISOLSPRITE: ye2.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> No
ERISOLSPRITE: augh im not doin your dumba22 ye2/no 2hit!!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Then leave us, for I and my morail have much to discuss
ERISOLSPRITE: no you fliippiin DONT, thii2 conver2atiion ii2 over.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes I do
ERISOLSPRITE: no you dont.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
ERISOLSPRITE: no.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
ERISOLSPRITE: NO.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes

ERISOLSPRITE: NO THII2 HA2 TWWO 2TOP!! CANT YOU 2EE WWERE TEARIIN FEFETA APART??

==>

**22/01/13**

==>

**22/01/13**

```
DEAR, SWEET,
PRECIOUS

FEFETASPLODE!
```

==>

**22/01/13**

```
honk honk honk
```

## [S] Tricksters: Alchemize.

**24/01/13**

## [S] ==>

**24/01/13**

```
Z?
Z?
Z?
Z?
Z?
Z?
Z?

WORLDBUILDING.
```

You round up an assortment of ordinary household weaponry and begin to recreate a series of legendary weapons from the seven continents of a magical kingdom from cherubim folklore. The name of the kingdom is a well guarded secret, traded only by the cunning ninnywizards in hushed giggles. If you beheld this kingdom - if you even knew its name - you would understand stupidity no human ever has. For it is said that any mortal who listens to its melodious, perfectly absurd syllables will achieve instantaneous dumblightenment.

Each legendary weapon is named after the continent it was created in. But no one in the kingdom knows which name belongs to what continent, not even the wizards. The subjects frequently ask each other which continent they're on, and as such every conversation tends to sound like an Abbott and Costello routine. Some have even speculated that the vaudevillian comedy duo are the kingdom's mirthful messiahs, but that is a matter of heated debate among the federation of baloneyscholars.

==>

**24/01/13**

```
WARHAMMER OF ZILLYHOO
∴ ONE ZILLION
```

There she is. Forged in fire by the smiths of Pipplemop, commissioned by the sage Lord of the Wozzinjay Fiefdom in the Realm of the Snargly Fruzmigbubbins,

You made...

THE WARHAMMER OF ZILLYHOO

==>

**24/01/13**

```
BATTLESPORK OF ZILLYWUT
∴ ONE ZILLION
```

Plucked from the revered utensil drawer of none other than the Chieftain of the Trifletoot Clan himself, polished to a gleam in his loincloth by his devoted Abecedarian Buttersquire,

Behold.

THE BATTLESPORK OF ZILLYWUT

==>

**24/01/13**

```
FLINTLOCKS OF ZILLYHAU
∴ ONE ZILLION
```

Each was hand crafted by the seniormost Artillery Hermit of the hallowed Schundermoist Caves, to be mounted in times of peace upon the Royal Burblemonk's personal Placard of Dwib,

Lo:

THE FLINTLOCKS OF ZILLYHAU

==>

**24/01/13**

```
CUTLASS OF ZILLYWAIR
∴ ONE ZILLION
```

Swashed from the buckles of the rough'n tumble Bellyjape Seamen and offered atop the kingdom's last known wildly occurring pluffy dimplepillow to the resplendent 1st Rumbylumplewiffig of the Horsehorsehorse Administration,

I give you ->

THE CUTLASS OF ZILLYWAIR

==>

**24/01/13**

```
BLUNDERBUSS OF ZILLYWIGH
∴ ONE ZILLION
```

Cast from the most priceless squippyclink ores mined from the famous whooping volcanoes owned and curated by the distinguished Maximillion Hotpocket Puckershuttle Junior, and then packed to

the brim with the hilarious traveling Grief Miser's explosive winklepork snuff,

*Ta da*

THE BLUNDERBUSS OF ZILLYWIGH

==>

**24/01/13**

```
UNBREAKABLE KATATA
∴ ONE ZILLION
```

A real hard sword for a real hard dude. It was said to be forged by a Japanese master over the heat of a roaring manga fire. It was cooled in an enchanted spring where virgin horses bathe, and

Yeah this is still just Dirk's sword.

==>

**24/01/13**

```
THISTLES OF ZILLYWICH
∴ ONE ZILLION
```

Flippety dippety doo bup bup shrubber double floppy mumblescurry noodlescoop pizzabubble pizzabubble mip mip mip mip mip mip.

Check it out.

THE THISTLES OF ZILLYWICH

==>

**25/01/13**

```
ZILLYWAVE
∴ ONE ZILLION

SAWHOO
∴ ONE ZILLION
```

For good measure, you decide to make ZILLYWAVE and SAWHOO.

Just to be on the safe side.

Some day you'll look back on this decision and say thank god I did that.

What next?

**Oh, oh! Do a fancy santa.**

**25/01/13**

Are you sure that's really a good idea?

A fancy santa is already such a piece of shit. Maybe let's try not to get carried away making shitty things even shittier than they need to be.

==>

**25/01/13**

Ok. You make a ZILLY SANTA.

You guess that's fine.

As long as you only make one.

==>

**25/01/13**

OH FUCK YOU MAKE A BUNCH OF ZILLY SANTAS.

## [S] WHEEEEEEEEEEE!

**25/01/13**

Ok kids I think it's time we moved this along, don't you?

HELLO???

Fuckin teens.

## [S] HA HA HA! HE HE HE! HO HO HO!

**25/01/13**

```
the end
```

God dammit.

We're just gonna zoom in forever on that santa nose aren't we.

Ok we're done here.

## GO BACK TO ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1.

**25/01/13**

You return to the safety of ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1. You finally slip out of the fabled peachbirth trance of the jokebollocks, and cease quaking in the foodsandwich throes of the goofjester tongues, stubborn though they were.

Let us never speak of ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 2 again.

WHAT THE FUCK.

?

JUST.

WHAT.

What what.

NO.

==>
**26/01/13**
authorlogPlease don't type in the narrative prompt.
YOU CAN'T FUCKING DO THAT.
Do what.
GO BACKWARDS.
This isn't backwards stupid. It's forwards.
After all the trickster shit happened.
NO. I MEAN.
BACKWARDS BY AN "ACT".
OR I GUESS. AN "ACT ACT ACT"?
ARGH. I HATE THE THINGS I'M FORCED TO SAY. AND ACKNOWLEDGE AS REAL. BECAUSE OF YOU.
I can go back all the act act acts I want.
The act act acts are kind of meaningless anyway.
Besides, trickster mode was getting obnoxious.
NO IT WASN'T!
Yes it was.
NO.
Yes.
NO.
Let's not do the Equius yes/no thing.
IT WAS GREAT. IT WAS THE BEST THING I EVER UNLOCKED. FROM YOUR BULLSHIT MONITORS.
DON'T ERASE THE ONLY AWESOME THING. I EVER SAW THESE ASSHOLES DO. ASIDE FROM DYING.
What are you talking about? I didn't erase it. It was still a thing that happened.
Do you really think I have the power to make something unhappen??
I would have to be a wizard to do that. And as we both know perfectly well, magic is fake as shit.
I WANT TO SEE MORE CANDY ANTICS YOU AWFUL FUCK.
SEND ME BACK FORWARD TO THE NEXT ACT ACT ACT.
No way.
And incidentally, I didn't authorize you to send that lollipop.
OH, WHAT. YOU DON'T APPROVE OF MY JUJU?!
Approve of kids doing something kinda like drugs and making dumb plans to get quadruple married and have babies?
No, I don't approve of that.
Besides, that's no way to make progress.
You don't just give the heroes some cheap game breaking candy let them blast through the whole adventure and all their personal issues.
That's some deus ex machina shit you were trying to pull.
YEAH RIGHT. MORE LIKE.
DELICIOUS EX MACHINA!
Lame.
GO BACK.

No.
I MEAN BACKFORWARD.
No.
GO BACKFORWARD TO ACT ACT ACT WHATEVER.
No.
I WANT TO SEE THEM FINISH THEIR CANDY ROMP!
Nope!
YES.
No.
YES.
No.
YES.
No.
YOU PIECE OF SHIT!

## [FUCK YOU!] ==>

**26/01/13**

JANE: !

Oh not this again!
STOP MAKING THE THING GO BACKWARDS.
Why did Gamzee have to give you that crowbar??
Ugh, I should have killed him a long time ago.
Fuckin clowns tho...
THIS ATROCIOUS GARBAGE YOU'RE MAKING ME WATCH.
IS NEVERENDING ENOUGH!
WITHOUT MAKING ME GO BACKWARDS THROUGH "ACTS"!**YOU ARE LITERALLY.**
**THE MOST INCOMPETENT ASSHOLE AT DOING THIS.**
**WHATEVER *THIS* IS.**
**WHO EVER FUCKING LIVED!!!!!!!!!!**
**Put the crowbar down.**
**NO!**
**Good grief, poor Jane.**
**STOP HORSING AROUND.**
**AND TELL ME HOW TO GET ON WITH MY GODAWFUL QUEST ALREADY!**
**Ok fine! The spoiled baby gets his bottle yet again.**
**Just put the thing down.**

## ==>

**28/01/13**

```
-INE. NOW WHAT.
-alibor-        let m-
  gues-          on m-
-ou se-        -rs ar-
-ell, i-       -ou ar-
-ou can        force
```

```
-hey h-        -e all
```

authorlogFINE. NOW WHAT.
Caliborn, first let me explain something to you.
I guess it falls on me to teach you these life lessons, because as unpleasant as the idea is for both of us, I am the closest thing you will ever have to a father.
You see, teenagers are sensitive and beautiful creatures.
Well, not you. You are repulsive. But most teenagers, I mean.
You can't just force them to settle all their issues with insane psychotropic game powerups.
They have to face all those issues themselves, or they will never learn and grow as people.
WHO CARES??
Well, you don't. But human beings do.
The journey itself is more important than the destination.
The struggle is what builds character and teaches us about ourselves and about life.
BULLSHIT.
I DID THEM ALL A FAVOR. BY GIVING THEM MY JUJU.
THEY WERE GOING NOWHERE. AND BEING STUPID.
AND DOING LITERALLY NOTHING WHATSOEVER. EXCEPT FOR WALLOWING IN GROTESQUE EMOTIONS.
LOOK HOW MUCH GREAT STUFF THEY GOT DONE BECAUSE OF ME!
Of course you think you were doing them a favor. You're an alien.
So is your sister. She thought the juju would be a great boon for them as well. But she was wrong.
See, you cherubs are predisposed to love all this trickster crap. All that goofy squeaky candy coated nonsense is a critical part of your people's mythos.
That sugarized zillyjunk sort of embodies a unified field of absurd Platonic ideals to the cherubim, so when you see expressions of it in reality of course you're gonna go apeshit.
But that kind of stuff is freakish and disturbing to humans. Those aren't our ideals.
WHAT.
Furthermore, that could only be seen as a boon from an asocial species.
You never have to deal with other people. So if you lick a magic lollipop that flips a switch in your brain that says "all my problems are solved," I guess maybe that's fine for cherubs, but if you're a human you haven't actually solved anything.
By the same logic it's not much of a boon to a human's physical journey either.
Using an item that lets them start maniacally powering from point A to point B isn't doing them any favors.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
It's like when Mario gets the star.
You know when Mario gets the star?
WHO THE FUCK IS MARIO.
He's a small Italian plumber who goes on sideways adventures.
He jumps on stuff and bops bricks with his head to save a princess.
WHAT'S ITALIAN.
WHAT'S A PLUMBER.
Never mind what an Italian is. It's just a kind of guy on Earth.
And a plumber is a guy who fixes load gapers.
WHAT'S A LOAD GAPER.

Shut up.
Anyway, sometimes when Mario's running sideways he gets a star that makes him magic and invincible.
OH. YOU MEAN HE BECOMES TRICKSTER MARIO.
Yes, but less stupid.
So for a while he becomes flashy and hyperactive and nothing's challenging anymore.
He just starts barreling over mushrooms and leaping over pits as fast as he can, then gets to the end and jumps on the flagpole and that's it. Mario "wins".
But the point is, he didn't really win. That magic star was actually devastating to his development as a human being.
WHY.
Because he skipped over many critical trials on his spiritual journey.
Mario NEEDS to stomp on all those mushrooms. He NEEDS to bonk those bricks with his head, for the sake of his personal growth.
By using the star, he is denying himself many powerful moments of catharsis.
UH.
Well, I don't know. Maybe Mario isn't the best example.
Like I'm not sure if Mario really even has a soul?
He's just kind of a one-dimensional friendly cartoon plumber.
So maybe this stuff doesn't quite apply to him.
But these aren't one-dimensional plumbers we're talking about here.
These are TEENS.
And as we all know, teens have BIG FEELINGS.
I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE OF THIS.
THE DISCOURSE WITH YOU HAS BEEN EVEN MORE GRATING AND UNPALATABLE THAN USUAL.
YOU SAID YOU'D HELP ME SPEED UP MY QUEST. BUT ALL YOU DID.
WAS TRICK ME INTO HEARING ANOTHER CONVERSATION. IN WHICH YOU INDULGE YOURSELF TO AN EXTENT. WHICH I CANNOT EVEN BELIEVE.
I'M GOING TO HIT THINGS WITH MY CROWBAR AGAIN.
No don't!
Jane is still nursing a wicked hangover you ass.
THEN BE USEFUL TO ME.

==>

**28/01/13**

```
==>

YOU SAID YOU'D HELP ME SPEED UP MY QUEST. BUT ALL YOU DID.
WAS TRICK ME INTO HEARING ANOTHER CONVERSATION. IN WHICH YOU INDULGE YOURSELF
TO AN
EXTENT. WHICH I CANNOT EVEN BELIEVE.
I'M GOING TO HIT THINGS WITH MY CROWBAR AGAIN.
No don't!
Jane is still nursing a wicked hangover you ass.
THEN BE USEFUL TO ME.
```

authorlogI THINK I'VE BEEN FORCED TO UNLOCK THESE SCREENS. AND VIEW THESE POINTLESS EVENTS. LONG ENOUGH.

MY QUEST IS DUMB. I WANT TO KNOW HOW TO GET ON WITH THE REAL ADVENTURE.
Has it occurred to you that your quest in its limitless tedium and thankless busywork was designed to facilitate your personal growth?
To prepare you for your ultimate destiny beyond this game?
NO.
ANYWAY DIDN'T YOU SAY ONE TIME. I WAS INCAPABLE OF GROWING???
Oh right.
Well, has it occurred to you that it might have been designed to fuck with your head and serve as a punishment for being such a horrible little shit?
YES!!!
YES.
THAT OCCURS TO ME. EVERY SECOND I THINK ABOUT IT.
I HAVE TOLERATED MANY AGGRAVATIONS.
AND AM PREPARED TO TOLERATE MANY MORE.
IF IT GETS ME CLOSER TO TRIUMPHING OVER YOU AND THIS MORONIC GAME.
I WILL FIND MORE KEYS UNDER RANDOM ASS UNLABELED STONES.
I WILL WATCH ANOTHER MILLION HOURS OF NUMBSKULLS WHIMPERING ABOUT THEIR ROMANCE NOT COMING TRUE.
I WILL EVEN ENDURE MORE OF THESE PATENTLY LUDICROUS ACT ACT ACT ACT ACT ACTS EVEN THOUGH THEY APPEAR TO MEAN NOTHING AT ALL.
BUT WHAT I WILL NOT STAND FOR.
IS GOING.
FUCKING.
BACKWARDS!!!
Fair enough.
But I already told you how to accelerate your viewing.
WHAT? WHEN.
See those two panes of glass there?
Take your crowbar and smash them.
OH. YEAH.
UGH. I FORGOT.
IS THAT REALLY THE ONLY WAY. TO GO TO WHAT'S NEXT.
SO THAT I CAN PUT MY PLANS IN MOTION?
Yes.
You should be pleased by the irony.
Smashing the glass will cause you to reflect upon a lifetime you have yet to spend...
Um.
Breaking stuff.
???
Is the irony not fucking delicious?
NO.
STOP TRYING TO BOGART MY SCHTICK. OF PLAYING INSIDIOUS MIND GAMES AND DOING SHITTY TWISTS.
YOU SUCK AT IT SO BAD.
I'm sorry.

IT'S NOT BREAKING THE GLASS I MIND.
THIS IS THE THING THAT INVOLVES.
*SHUDDER*
"TEAM WORK"
RIGHT?
Yes.
You and a buddy have to turn both keys simultaneously.
It will teach you a wonderful lesson about life.
FUCK!
Don't act like you aren't secretly having a great time there with your new friends.
You are practically the ringmaster of your own little dark carnival by now.
And you're loving every minute of it. Don't deny it.
NO I'M NOT!
Sooner or later you will have to face the fact that literally all adventures are about learning the value of teamwork.
Teamwork and friendship. The two razor sharp edges of the mighty excalibur which EVERY hero should keep in his scabbard.
Even shitty heroes like you.
FINE. I'LL DO IT.
BUT ONLY BECAUSE THE ALTERNATIVE. WHERE I TALK TO YOU. FOR EVEN ONE MORE SECOND.
WOULD BE SO MUCH WORSE.
-- The narrative prompt has been locked. --

## Caliborn: Break glass.

**28/01/13**

## ==>

**28/01/13**

```
SMASH!
```

## ==>

**28/01/13**

```
==>

-- The narrative prompt has been locked. --
```

## ==>

**28/01/13**

## [S] Caliborn + Gamzee: Engage.

**28/01/13**

```
3. → 2. → 1.
```

## ==> ==>

**28/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

==> ==>

**28/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

==> ==>

**28/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogtimaeusTestified [TT] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
TT: Jane.
GG: What.

==> ==>

**28/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: What happened to the lollipop?
GG: I dropped it.

==> ==>

**28/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGG: I think it fell into the crypt.

==> ==>

**28/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: Good.

==> ==>

**29/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterloggolgothasTerror [GT] began pestering tipsyGnostalgic [TG]
GT: Roxy?
TG: yynnnnnrrnrng wat
GT: I take it by that disgruntled series of letters that youre feeling about as cruddy as me and jane right now.
TG: yea jake
TG: welcome to hangover city
TG: population
TG: some extra chumps besides me 4 a change
GT: Well you know what they say about misery. And how it supposedly enjoys company.
TG: hrrrnngh
TG: no it doesnt
TG: it enjoys a wet towel draped over its head

TG: and less talkin
GT: Hiyoooo!
GT: Point well taken.
TG: omg stop being so chipper dude do u feel like shit or not
GT: Indubitably. Rest assured it feels like a brood of anxious vermin is making its most valiant effort to escape from my skull.
TG: lol jake english w a hangover everyone
TG: slow clap

==> ==>

**29/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGT: Pardon?
TG: im just sayin if youre hung over for the 1st time pls do the experience some justice
TG: ur giving suffering a bad name
GT: I will say the multicolored lights from my computer strobing directly into my eyeballs arent helping the matter one freaking bit.
TG: SMH
TG: (not literally cuz ow)
TG: jake here is some sage advice from a veteran of substance abuse and its deleterious consequences
TG: dont use your fuckin skulltop when you got a hangover u dork
GT: Well i wouldnt but i just gave jane my only other device.
GT: I dont know how many times ive told her to keep more than one computer on her no matter what in case of situations just like this.
TG: oh
TG: whys she want a computer
TG: is that who dirks talking to now
GT: I dont know. Maybe.
GT: Shes not exactly talking to me at the moment.
GT: Not that i can blame her.

==> ==>

**29/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

Alert : Jane
Alert : Jake
```

pesterlogTT: So.
TT: Best birthday ever?
TT: Or best FUCKING birthday ever.
GG: Ha.
GG: In the interest of appeasing the irony gods, let's go with the latter.
TT: Whatever role I played in ruining your party.
TT: Sorry about that.
GG: Oh lord. The LAST thing I give a shit about is my stupid "sweet sixteen".

GG: What a farce. I was trying to act as if we were all living normal well adjusted lives, albeit in a marvelous fantasy setting populated by skeletons.
GG: And if only we just had some cake and wore some hats and I blew out all the candles in one big puff, we could pretend all the problems we had with each other would magically stop existing.
GG: And the most horrifying thing of all is, I actually got my wish!
GG: Haha. Thanks, Calliope.
GG: Oh well. I'm sure she had good intentions.
TT: Yeah.
TT: I still think I've been pretty lousy to you. I had my head up my ass for a while there.
TT: By the time your birthday came around, I was kinda freaking out about Jake.
TT: I thought I had the situation under control. But I didn't. Not just with Jake, but with respect to pretty much everything.
GG: I understand.
GG: Boy, you really let him have it back there!
TT: I guess so.
GG: I had a similar meltdown with him earlier. I'm not going to lie. It felt really good.
TT: Heh.
GG: At least, it did at the time.
GG: I only wish I could have stayed as lucid as you during our...
GG: Transformation.
GG: How did you manage that?
TT: It wasn't on purpose. Actually if I had a choice, I probably would have just said, fuck it. Sugar shock my brain, please.
TT: Suffice to say, I have trouble escaping from myself. It's kind of a problem. Let's not talk about it though. Please continue.
GG: Okay.
GG: So instead of keeping my cool like you, I just started gushing over him like a lovestruck loon, surrendering any sliver of dignity I might have earned by telling him off earlier.
GG: I just cannot believe some of the things I said. Oh God. I told him I wanted to get married and have babies!!!
TT: Yeah but to be fair, by the time you came looking for me, all three of you were saying that to anything that moved.
GG: I know! But...
GG: It's one thing to write off something you say to an altered state of mind. But what makes the admission so mortifying to me is...
GG: I actually MEANT it.
GG: And I'm sure he must know that by now.
GG: And now I feel so humiliated I just want to die.
GG: I would ask him to shoot me right here, if I could bring myself to say a word to him.
TT: Somehow I don't think he's up to the task.
TT: Which is doubly unfortunate, since that's literally what we all came here to do.
TT: Speaking personally, I'd probably run this sword through my own dick before I could bring myself to kill Roxy. Even for her own good.
TT: So.
TT: When the chips are down, I guess that's how much of a badass I really am.
GG: Woo!!!

GG: We are all such WINNERS.
TT: Yeah, our moxie's off the fuckin' charts.

==> ==>

**29/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

Alert : Roxy
Alert : Dirk
```

pesterlogGT: Rox?
TG: wat
GT: Am i an asshole?
TG: no j
GT: I think i might be an asshole.
GT: All of my friends hate me now.
GT: Are you sure im not just an asshole and never actually realized it?
TG: well maybe youre an asshole sometimes but its always on accident and most people are accidental assholes a lot of times anyway so who cares
GT: I cant believe i was so oblivious to the feelings of all the people i care about.
GT: How could i not see that jane was in love with me? I really am a dope.
GT: I guess i did know deep down at some point... but then i somehow convinced myself otherwise?
GT: I cant even imagine how she must have felt all this time i was seeing dirk. And all those times i talked her ear off about our relationship! Oh goodness.
TG: yuuup
GT: I wonder what things would be like if she told me?
GT: Maybe its better she didnt in the end.
GT: I probably would have just broken her heart like i did with dirk.
GT: I should say something to her but im not sure what to say. I dont think she wants to hear anything from me to be honest.
GT: Maybe you could tell her im sorry for me?
TG: why cant you just tell her
TG: shes right there
GT: I dunno. Shes obviously so mad at me. I cant bring myself to say anything.
GT: Im also just really fucking chagrined over how i treated her.
GT: If i was brave i could face that feeling and just talk to her and try to make us square.
GT: But i dont think i really am brave.
GT: Im not brave and i dont think i love adventure either.
TG: wow... jake...
GT: You know how you think you know these things about yourself?
GT: Like all these personal attributes about you as if theyre written down somewhere like a sort of mini biography so they have to be true.
GT: So you just believe them and hope that the believing is what makes them true.
GT: But then you spend so much time believing those things and taking their truth for granted that you somehow forget to MAKE them true with your words and deeds.
GT: How can i truly love adventure when i never even knew what it was?

GT: I dont think its raiding tombs and clobbering scoundrels.
GT: That stuffs fun and all but thats not what adventure is.
GT: Adventure is...
GT: Its something else.
GT: Its doing the things im genuinely afraid to do.
GT: But cant.
GT: Because im a coward.
TG: ok ok stop shittin on urself ill tell her for you

==> ==>

**29/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

Alert : Jane
Alert : Jake
Alert : Jane
```

pesterlogTT: Jane, you know,
TT: We probably should have talked about this Jake stuff a long time ago.
GG: Tell me about it.
TT: I don't know if I was kidding myself all those years that there was a conflict of interest between us, or what.
GG: Same.
TT: Maybe I was just pretending your feelings for him weren't a factor because my pursuit of him was already overcomplicated enough.
TT: Or maybe it was more like I was aware of them, but on some level decided they shouldn't matter, because I felt like you had a natural advantage over me.
TT: Cause you know. You're like.
TT: Not a dude.
GG: But I always felt you had the advantage over me too!
GG: Because you're... YOU.
GG: You make things happen, and I don't.
TT: Yeah well. Turns out maybe that's not such a good quality if you wanna make a relationship last longer than three seconds. At least not in my case.
TT: I know I ripped into him pretty hard when I had the clown hair and the little soda can on my head.
TT: But the truth is I was pretty goddamn overbearing.
TT: Sometimes I look back on stuff and think I might have essentially bullied him into a relationship with me.
TT: Actually, it's more complicated than that. Parts of me were operating independently from myself.
TT: So it's like I was bullying myself into bullying him into liking me. If that makes sense.
GG: It doesn't really. But that's fine. :B
TT: Anyway, my insanity scared him right the fuck off. There were times when I basically treated him like shit without even realizing it, and I regret it.
TT: I should probably tell him that, but given how I just called him an asshole while wearing orange suspenders, I'm probably the last person he wants to hear from now.

GG: Clearly we both used some poor judgment.
GG: Looking back, it seems crazy to me that we both jeopardized our friendship over a mutual infatuation with, let's face it, one spectacularly goofy kid.
TT: Can we both at least agree we may have overrated the allure of Jake English?
GG: YES.
TT: Maybe if we could have talked to each other about him it would have helped. Like talked about why we felt that way about him.
TT: At least maybe it would have helped us knock English down from the ludicrous pedestal we put him on.
GG: Yeah. That might have saved us a lot of grief.
GG: It's not like I hate him now, even though that's probably what he thinks. He's still my friend.
GG: But the extent to which I centered my whole life around a childish fantasy about him is just painfully embarrassing in hindsight.
GG: I wonder if I'll ever be able to look at him again without feeling miserable about myself?
TT: So does that mean we're both totally over him now? I can't really tell.
GG: Me neither. :\
TT: I guess the real problem is our clique was too small.
TT: Poor Jake was the only viable romantic target. I mean, considering our respective orientations.
TT: Maybe we just never knew enough people?
GG: Perhaps.
GG: Or maybe we just don't need anybody.
GG: As anything other than friends, I mean.
TT: In the interest of appeasing the bitterness gods, let's go with the latter.

==> ==>

**29/01/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

Alert : Roxy
Alert : Dirk
Alert : Roxy
```

pesterlogtipsyGnostalgic [TG] began pestering gutsyGumshoe [GG]
TG: hay janey
TG: how u holdin up girl
GG: I feel like garbage. But otherwise, fine.
TG: you off urself yet
GG: No?
TG: ok good
TG: please dont yet
TG: i got a personal back stage pass 2 the jake english self loathing tour
TG: an im in no condition to take the full brunt of his lamentations but im the only one hes talkin to soooo
TG: need a lil support here from my bestie
GG: What is he saying?
TG: he wants me to relay an apology to you
TG: cause he thinks hes not brave enough to say it like ten feet away there on his stone bed and he

thinks ur pissed @ him
GG: Aw man.
GG: I don't want to do this.
TG: do what
GG: An awkward "tell him I said" sequence of apologies through text messages.
TG: ok
TG: thats a sane answer
TG: what should i say
GG: Tell him I said we'll talk about it later.
GG: Like, after we're dead.
TG: k
TG: well maybe i wont say that last part but k
GG: How's it going over there?
TG: fine
TG: not a lot of progress on the dyin front
TG: dont look like dirk much wants to stab me with his manime sword...
TG: tbh waiting around to be buddymurdered and/or off oneself is even more awkward than you would think plus kind of a drag??
TG: specially w a headache blarg
TG: jane this is dumb
GG: Yeah. Call me crazy, but I don't think our candy-addled selves thought this through entirely.
TG: yo trixster mode sucks ass txt it
TG: jane u know what im sad about
GG: Hm?
TG: fefeta exploding
GG: Yeah. :(
TG: whyd she have to die again like that
TG: she was so sweet and perfect and my friend
TG: she would always just talk and talk about the funniest things from her life as two troll ladies and it always lifted my spirits
TG: am i cursed or somethin jane?
GG: Cursed?
TG: yeah
TG: its like
TG: i always seem to accidentally kill my cats
TG: or my half cat girls
TG: ummm
TG: who are part sea princess and also an alien ghost
TG: i dunno maybe this line o speculation has no particular coherence
TG: jane
TG: after we go god tier you want to help me have a funeral for her
GG: Of course, Roxy.
TG: i would like that
TG: i always wanted to go to a funeral
TG: is that weird? maybe thats weird i dont know
TG: i mean not like in an especially morbid or gothy kinda way i just think it would be cool to

honor her memory
TG: i never did that for frigglish but i should have
TG: shit jakes buggin me again brb

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGT: Er roxy while youre at it...
GT: Do you think you could relay the same sentiments to dirk?
GT: I was thinking about all the stuff he said to me while we were all telling him to dance.
GT: And yeah i was really being a prick when i ran away to lomax.
GT: He was right about everything. I should have come clean about wanting some space.
TG: dammit jake
TG: after your whole bravery spiel you wanna relay double apologies thru me??
GT: I know! Im so terrible im sorry!!!
GT: Im just not feeling up to those conversations yet.
GT: My head is KILLING me! Augh grandma why did your sweet skull based computing technology have to be such a BRAIN FUCKER!
TG: well i cant do it
GT: Why?
TG: cause im sort of
TG: kinda
TG: not talkin 2 dirk either
GT: Why not??
TG: cause of
TG: reasons
TG: :(
GT: Golly.
GT: But you are talking to jane yes?
TG: y
GT: Well...
GT: Seeing as shes presumably talking to dirk...
GT: And youre relaying my apology to her already...
GT: Why dont you relay my apology to dirk through her?
TG: omfg jake
TG: jake no
TG: lmao
GT: Why not!
GT: Shed probably be a sport about it.
GT: Hell they could probably bond over what an absolute douchemuffin ive been to them both.
TG: EL SIGH
TG: look jake you squeezed a spanish sigh outta me are u happy
GT: And if theres some heavy business youre having trouble addressing with dirk in person you could get jane to relay him a message for you as well!
TG: ahahahaha jake

TG: jake i
TG: no jake
TG: thats so
TG: alright ima tell jane like p much exactly what you said
TG: but only because its so fuckin dumb and hilarious

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTG: jane jake wants u to pass an apology to dirk for him too
GG: What?
TG: is tru
GG: This is just getting silly.
TG: he wants you both 2 bond over his douchemuffininess
TG: ps douchemuffin was his word not mine
TG: im being hellies impartial about all this
GG: We were already sort of doing that!
TG: oh yeah?
GG: Wait, don't tell him that.
GG: That would be mean spirited.
TG: hold up what are you and dirk saying
GG: Oh nothing.
TG: anything bout me
GG: No!
GG: Just some stuff we should have talked about a long time ago.
TG: gotcha
TG: oh also
TG: he wants me to tell you to give a message to dirk from me too while youre at it
TG: the crocker switchboard is LIGHTING UP today
GG: Why does Jake want you to give Dirk a message through me??
TG: um because hes ridiculous?
GG: Do you actually WANT to say something to Dirk, but can't at the moment?
TG: oh
TG: uh
TG: not really
GG: Hm??
TG: well
TG: idk
GG: Wait, is Dirk not talking to you for some reason?
GG: Is that why Jake suggested going through me?
GG: Good gravy, this is getting complicated.
TG: no
TG: well i mean
TG: maybe he does got a bone 2 pick with me and dont wanna talk
TG: but im not sure

TG: mainly its that i cant bring myself to talk to him
GG: Why not?

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTG: cause im a shitty disgrace
TG: and hes probably so ashamed of me he can barely stand being inside the same moon w me at this point
GG: Why would you think that?
TG: because
TG: you heard what he said
TG: about how i fell off the wagon
TG: you could just tell how disappointed he was
TG: and he was right to be

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

PARKING CITATION

* (22 x 7 = 154 marks on the wall)
```

pesterlogGG: But you weren't in your right state of mind though!
TG: i know
TG: but you said it yourself
TG: about the confessions you made to jake
TG: sure you were trippin balls on a cherub pop
TG: but that really just enabled you to do what you really wanted to do deep down
TG: so whatd i do the moment jake snuck up and owned me with that magic pumpkin?
TG: i was like YO LETS GET SMASHED AT MY PLACE

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

LET'S PLAY A GAME.
```

pesterlogTG: i hardly wasted a second before giving in
TG: and here i thought i was actually over that
TG: but the second im given the slightest justification to drink again i say fuck it
TG: so it turns out i didnt stop wanting to like i told myself
TG: but that i still wanted to while pretending i didnt per some bogus tough girl act
TG: like i thought i was better than the problem
TG: or more like i thought i was too cool and too strong to admit it was actually really hard

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTG: but the truth is i was not strong + cool
TG: i was weak + lame all along
TG: and now dirk knows that too and for some reason letting him down feels like the worst part??
TG: which is equally lame and weak cuz i should care for my own sake not for how it makes a dude see me but it still just really bothers me ???
TG: man
TG: jake again hold pls

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

YOU'RE
MOTHER
FUCKIN
WELCOME
```

pesterlogGT: Roxy?
GT: Rox! What is she saying?
GT: Talk to me roxy!!!
GT: Please dont leave me hanging here.
GT: I cant take it i cant bear having two of my closest chums hate me and then having you shut me out on top of that!
TG: ok sheesh jake calm ur microshorts
TG: im here
GT: Ah there you are.
GT: Im sorry for being a pest but i just see jane there pecking away at conversations with you and dirk and it feels like youre all kind of leaving me behind.
TG: no jake nobodys doin that
GT: Ok yeah im probably being paranoid...
GT: But ive done such a bangup job of alienating my other friends.
GT: So youre the only one i can talk to for now.
GT: Wait i havent alienated you yet have i?
TG: nah dont worry we are still humanated
GT: Are you really sure roxy? Are you sure youre not just trying to spare my feelings?
GT: You can be honest with me! If you hate me now too please just say so.
TG: SWEET GUY FIERIS FAT LAUGHING GHOST JAKE

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTG: no i dont hate you i promise youre still my bro god dammit!
GT: Ok. Phew!

GT: Then talk to me!
TG: um
TG: about what
GT: I dont know. Anything! What are you talking about with jane?
TG: my drinkin problems
GT: I see.
GT: Would you like to talk about them with me? Maybe i could help!
TG: damn jake
TG: like
TG: that is cool and appreciated in theory?
TG: but this is some kinda heavy shit 4 me
TG: i rly dunno if i can do double duty on my alcoholism with you and jane simultaneously
GT: Oh. Yeah thats probably not the best way to go.
TG: yes prolly not

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGT: Sooo then. What else is there we can chew the old fat about?
GT: Really bond over together in an emotionally fulfilling manner?
TG: dag you are an extra silly guy
GT: Well??
TG: dunno j why dont u tell me what youre thinkin an we go from there
GT: Alright.
GT: So. That sure was a doozy of a kiss you gave dirk there huh?
TG: LOL fuck
TG: yeaaaahhh
GT: How was it?
TG: it was
TG: uuuummmmm
GT: Go on!
TG: it was fuckin INAPPROPRIATE!!!!!
TG: and yet
TG: and yet.....
TG: omg it was so choice
TG: but wrong!

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTG: wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong wrong
GT: I dont know. It seemed innocent enough to me.
GT: What was so wrong about it?
TG: a whole host of things...
TG: not sure in how much detail i wanna spell out why exactly it wasnt cool

TG: but like
TG: jake ur a pretty simple guy and i mean that as <3ways as possible
TG: it just wasnt right
GT: No disagreement there. But like i said im here to talk about whatever you feel like.
TG: ok see this is just another embarrassing thing from my past
TG: when i was more out of control
TG: with dirk i was just
TG: waaay too aggressive
TG: i hassled him all the time
TG: pretty much every day just like he said
TG: about
TG: me and him
TG: like
TG: GETTING MARRIED AND HAVING BABIES!!!!!!!!!!
TG: U KNO LAST MALE & FEMALE ON EARTH OOH HES A HUNK! IS DREAMZ COME TRU TIME 4 REPOPULATE!!!

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTG: yeah
TG: so not cool lookin back on it
TG: and i had no excuse i always knew he was just
TG: SUCH a gay dude
TG: and i guess maybe hitting on a guy who dont like girls once or twice maybe is alright or even flattering but after so long it was probably just pissing him off or messing with his head or something
TG: it def wasnt what he wanted to hear from a friend
TG: let alone day in and day out through garbled drunktexts
TG: so when i fuckin harassed him into kissin me...
TG: it just brought back some low rent shit i thought we put behind us
TG: just another way i completely humiliated myself in front of him
GT: So is that why you cant talk to him now?
TG: mmmmmmmm hmmmmmmm
GT: I certainly have no trouble relating to that.
TG: yep
TG: i dont even know why really
TG: hes like taciturn to the max about everything
TG: but theres somethin about him
TG: that just makes it hurt to feel like you let him down

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGT: You really love him dont you?
TG: siiigh
TG: yeah jake i guess
TG: the answer is
TG: a categorical unapologetic fucking 'yeah'
TG: but
TG: i dont think that was much a secret
TG: and the fact that it was so LOUDLY not a secret exemplified my stupidity on the matter
GT: Its fair to say i never came close to feeling as strongly about him as you.
GT: I envy you actually. Ive actually worried at times that i just wasnt capable of feeling that way about anyone.
GT: And maybe thats why i was just meant to be alone.
TG: ehh you aint missin much
TG: love is a brutal shitninja w/ turds 4 nunchucks
TG: be grateful that stank ass motherfuckers flippin out nowhere near you

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGT: I noticed you nearly slipped that wedding ring on his finger!
TG: oh GOD
TG: that ring
GT: You almost scooped my boyfriend out from under me in one fell proposal.
TG: oh DID i
TG: from under u eh? ;)
GT: Wait. No i mean...
TG: ;););););) wonks 4 eternity
GT: WHOA NOW WAIT A MINUTE!

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

EYESTAB
x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTG: easy dude just messin
GT: Oh.
GT: Ha ha ok.
TG: man
TG: that ring tho
TG: what happened to it do you remember?
GT: Not really.
TG: god damn it
TG: must of lost it when i was a FUCKING trickster
TG: sflkjfslkfj
TG: *shakes fist @ all trxstrs*

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGT: Did you need it for something?
TG: need it?
TG: not really
TG: i just really liked that ring
TG: kinda spoke to me in a way
TG: hehe
TG: want to know something lame?
GT: Yes.
TG: the moment i first saw that ring
TG: i was like in my head
TG: thinkin
TG: some day i want to give that ring to the person i marry
TG: whoever that is
GT: Daw.

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGT: Thats not lame thats nice.
TG: nah its pretty lame but w/e
TG: shows what sorta one track mind i got
TG: god i am obsessed with findin somebody to kiss arent i
TG: it is rly quite pathetic
TG: although the funny thing is the ring turns you invisible
TG: which might be my subconscious telling me something about my lovelife
TG: like i find a guy of my dreams
TG: slip it on his finger
TG: and POOF he disappears!
TG: bye bye hubby
TG: o well dont matter
TG: the ring is gone
TG: and with it so too
TG: are my lame, lame dreams ;(

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGG: Is everything ok?
TG: yeah he just wanted to make sure i dont hate him like yall do which you dont even
GG: I... see.
TG: so im just talking to him a bit to help him not feel bad

TG: sorry
GG: That's ok.
GG: You were saying?
TG: i was gonna say why i finally quit drinkin
TG: i mean if you want to know
GG: Yes.
GG: Actually, once you did stop, it made me finally realize it was a problem for you for a long time.
GG: And I didn't say anything at the time, but it made me wonder if I wasn't doing the right thing before.
GG: By failing to point out you might have a problem? Or just going along with it and participating in lively banter any time you clearly had too much to drink?
GG: Was I just being a bad friend?
TG: nah it wasnt your responsibility to fix my shit
TG: and anyway i think i made it hard for anyone to come at me like it was a real problem
TG: i was always joking around so much and havin a good time like kind of overzealously so
TG: that i probably just made people feel like a shitty wet blanket for even mentioning it

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGG: How long do you think it's been a problem?
TG: i dont know its hard to say exactly when i started getting real carried away
TG: just at some point i discovered a load of my moms centurys old booze in the house
TG: and i didnt have much to relate to her by except her books
TG: so i felt like drinking was a way to be more like her
TG: or be closer to her kinda
TG: and there was nobody around except the silly chess people
TG: who in a way just made me feel more alone
TG: cause they reminded me i was only one of two humans left and the other was an ocean away
TG: so little by little
TG: i got out of hand
TG: and one of the only things i had to look forward to was the idea that the game was supposed to be able to bring my mom back
TG: assuming i even decided to help the batterwitch out by playing at all

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGG: But it turned out you couldn't bring her back. At least not the way you thought.
GG: So what was it that made you finally decide to give it up?
TG: well
TG: thats pretty much what it was
TG: when i first went to lopan i saw my sprite there
TG: so i got out my bottle of momslime and was all ready for the bestest most poignant reunion ever

TG: and thats when the juggalo struck
TG: and i just knew the witch had fucked me over AGAIN
TG: cause what other hag is insane enough to get juggalos to do her dirty biz nigh exclusively???
TG: NO HAGS BUT HER
TG: and i was so pissed and so distraught about that goddamn clown squandering my sprite
TG: so i got crazy drunk and felt the super sorriest for myself i ever did
TG: but little did i know there would be a lovely silver lining to the debacle
GG: Dear, sweet, precious Fefeta!
TG: :3
TG: she became a great friend
TG: and whats more was she told me not to worry
TG: that my mom would be comin anyway and all i had to do was wait a while
TG: and i believed her cause she knew stuff + was THA BEST
TG: so thats when i decided to clean up my act

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTG: i didnt want her to meet a sloppy embarrassing mess of a daughter
TG: even if she did like to drink at some point it was kind of a childish idea that doing so myself would make me closer to her or help us bond or whatever
TG: anyway i think i might of overestimated her drinkin habits
TG: she sure didnt look like no drunk
TG: oh!
TG: jane did i mention
TG: i saw her in a dream today!
GG: No!
TG: shes real young tho
TG: like our age
TG: and she looks so pretty and happy
TG: not like a girl w booze challenges
TG: i think her fav color must be orange just like dirk
TG: she was wearin the same sunny orange nighty deal i caught a glimpse of her in v briefly another time
TG: and oh...
TG: she also called me mom?
GG: Huh?
TG: huh is right
TG: u know im really not sure if shes actually my mom
TG: but i do know were totes genetically related somehow
TG: i just think theres more to it than we know
GG: I guess we'll find out!
GG: Whoa...

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!


PARK-
CITATION

$B 10,000
```

pesterlogGG: The whole place was shaking for a moment there.
TG: wut

==> ==>

**02/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGT: Roxy do you know if jane just felt that rumbling too??
TG: yea

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: Is it still going on?
GG: No, it stopped.
TT: What do you think it was?
GG: I don't know. Maybe an earthquake?
TT: I'm not sure if these moons can have earthquakes.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGG: Doesn't matter.
GG: Some sort of Prospitian lunar anomaly, I guess. Probably nothing to worry about.
TT: Maybe it was like, tidal forces. Due to gravitation.
TT: Or the tensile forces from that big ass chain.
GG: Um. Yes! Let's say that's what it was.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: Have you and Roxy been talking?
GG: Yes.
TT: Is she pissed at me or something?
TT: She won't talk to me.
GG: No, not at all.
TT: Then what gives.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGG: She was wondering the same about you.
TT: What?
GG: Are you disappointed in her?
TT: Why would I be?
GG: It seemed that way to her earlier.
GG: When you chastised her for drinking again.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: Well, yeah. I was upset she fell off the horse.
TT: Or the wagon. The horse wagon. Whatever.
TT: The thing you ride around on when you ain't drinking.
TT: But so what. There was cotton candy in her hair, and she was being stupid. What do you expect? It was a moment of indiscretion.
TT: I'm not mad at her and I'm not disappointed in her. That's ridiculous.
TT: Want to know what I really think of Roxy?

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: I'm proud of her.
TT: She's the only one of us who could face her problems and then get down to business and actually solve them.
TT: No endless hand wringing or suffering in silence or any of that bullshit.
TT: She saw she had an addiction. And then decided to fucking fix it. Just like that.
TT: She's probably stronger than the other three of us put together.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: Remember way back before this started, we were talking. You and me.
TT: And I was rambling at length about leadership, like I actually had a clue what I was talking about?
GG: I remember.
GG: You said I would be the leader of our team, in name and in spirit.
GG: Although I never really felt like it.
TT: Yeah. That's kind of the point.
TT: I guess in a way, I was right. But not how I expected.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: See, to be perfectly honest, we are a party of losers.
TT: Heroes make shit happen. But that's not what we do, or what we're even SUPPOSED to do.
TT: We wait.
TT: We wait for literally everything. We wait for other people to reach out first so we can fix our relationships. We wait for these legendary heroes to arrive and bring competence and promise to a futile situation.
TT: Even now. Look at us. What are we waiting for?
TT: To kill ourselves? For someone to come along and do it for us?
TT: It doesn't even matter.
TT: As the four nobles of the void session, we do what we were created to do.
TT: We sit around on our asses.
TT: Waiting.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: We were all designated for a session that was utterly inert.
TT: A place where the mechanisms for success never even existed to begin with.
TT: In such a place it makes sense that the formal leader would be neutralized, to made feel unempowered and static.
TT: And it seems particularly fitting she would be the noble of life in a realm of the dead.
TT: A realm that foretold of a life player who felt lifeless, a hope player who felt hopeless, and a heart player who was just a stone cold motherfucker.
TT: When we talked about leadership, and I was all on my high horse telling you how shit would go down...
TT: I also said I would be the one "pulling the strings." Remember? That I'd be the functional leader of our party.
TT: And there might have been something to that, in a different session.
TT: But what good is a "man of action" in a place where action itself is intrinsically fruitless?
TT: So it's occurred to me that by some tragic flaw in its design, our session was meant to be leaderless.
TT: And I'd feel safe concluding that. Except for a feeling that's been gnawing at me.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: It's the feeling that it would make perfect sense if a session like this had a dark horse leader.
TT: A leader who was invisible to us all along. Fittingly, a void player to lead a void session.
TT: She would be a leader not in name or in spirit or in function, whatever that means.
TT: But more of an emotional leader, who would selflessly try to hold everyone together while the

rest of us did our best to fall apart.
TT: And Roxy has been that for us every step of the way, going unnoticed and unappreciated.
TT: Think of how much shit she's had to put up with from all of us.
TT: She never complains, never turns it around and makes it about her problems.
TT: She just works her ass off making sure we all stay friends.
TT: If that isn't a leader, I don't know what is.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: So that's how crazy it is for her to think I'm disappointed in her.
TT: The truth is, she's the most amazing person I ever knew.
TT: She's everything in a human being I wish I could be, but can't because I'm in my own way.
TT: Honestly, I'm not even sure if I'm worthy of dying next to her.
TT: I think she probably felt bad for hitting on me all those years. Like I was getting fed up with her, or something.
TT: But all it really did was make me feel guilty.
TT: That I couldn't give her what she wanted.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: Like, settle down and have a couple weirdo goddamn kids with her some day.
TT: I guess there were times I thought about it. Being all alone on Earth with her and stuff.
TT: I couldn't though.
TT: Have to stay true to myself.
TT: Still, she would deserve it.
TT: Nobody deserves to get all the things they always wanted more than she does.
TT: And it suddenly seems kinda stupid that I think these things about her but she doesn't even know it.
TT: I guess I should tell her all this some time.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGG: I think that would be nice.
GG: Of course, she IS right there, you know.
TT: I know.
TT: I'm a little reluctant to drop all that on her.
TT: Looking at what I just said, it's...
TT: Kind of overwhelming?
TT: I feel like in a way you can destroy somebody with effusive praise.
TT: Or maybe I'm just projecting how I would feel about that kind of intense positivity coming at me. I dunno.

TT: But I still think confessions like that can change stuff between people. Like the way they act around each other.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGG: Maybe it's worth it?
TT: Maybe.
TT: Or maybe it's better to just say...
TT: Not so much of it?
TT: Like all at once.
TT: Maybe it'd be better for now if you could pass a short message to her for me.
TT: If only to help kill this awkward silence between us.
GG: Like what?
TT: Could you just tell her,
TT: I love her?
TT: No wait!
TT: I mean.
TT: Not in that way though.
TT: More like...
GG: Dirk, I know what way you mean!
TT: Ok. Good.
TT: Yeah.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: No, wait.
TT: Don't.
TT: That would be a weird mixed signal. I mean...
TT: It's true.
TT: But please say something else instead.
GG: Uh, Dirk...
GG: Something's happening.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: Tell her that I'm proud of her.
TT: And as a person she's everything I wish I could be.
TT: I wish I could be as nice and loving and selfless as her.
TT: But can't.
TT: Because I'm too busy being me.
GG: Dirk!!!

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogGG: The tremors are back.
GG: BIG TIME.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

pesterlogTT: That's weird.
TT: I can feel it too this time.

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

==> ==>

**06/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**06/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**06/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**08/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**08/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**08/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**09/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**09/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**10/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**10/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**10/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

zap
```

==> ==>

**10/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

JACK: ?
```

==> ==>

**10/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

JACK: ?
```

==> ==>

**10/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

dialoglogJADE: hi!

==> ==>

**10/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

dialoglogJAKE: ...
JANE: ...

==> ==>
**10/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

dialoglogJADE: are you jake?
JAKE: Um.
JAKE: Yeah.
JADE: hi jake!
JADE: im jade
JADE: its nice to finally meet you!
JAKE: Wow.
JAKE: Ummm.
JAKE: Yeah.
JADE: and you must be jane?
JANE: Me?
JADE: mm hm!
JANE: Oh.
JANE: I...
JANE: Yes.
JADE: its nice to meet you too jane
JANE: Yes.

==> ==>
**10/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

dialoglogJADE: so uh...
JADE: jake

==> ==>
**10/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

dialoglogJADE: where are your pants?

==> ==>
**10/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

dialoglogJANE: :|
JAKE: :o

## )(IC: Spring trap x2 combo.
**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

H)(C: ♉ ♏ ♉ ♏

H)(C: ♉ ♏ ♉ ♏
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

JADE: ♉ ♏ ♉ ♏
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**16/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

JADE: ♉ ♏ ♉ ♏
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

dialoglogJADE: BARK

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**16/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**16/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**16/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**16/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

zap
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

JANE: 00 00 00
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

JANE: 00 00 00
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

OB-

SUB-

CONS-
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

-EY

-MIT

-SUME
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

zap
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

JANE: 00 00 00
```

dialoglogJANE: OBEY.

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

JANE: 00 00 00
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

zap

POW
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

DOOF
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!


zap
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!


DIRK: ?
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!


DIRK: ?
JACK: ?
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
```

==> ==>

**16/02/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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**16/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!
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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

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**16/02/13**

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ACT 6 ACT 5 ACT 1 x2 COMBO!!!

JANE: 00 00 00

-kas
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# END OF ACT 6 ACT 5

**16/02/13**

# ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5

**16/02/13**

```
YEAR 3

* |  1  |  2  |  3  |
* |     |     |     |
* O     |     |  --oO
* |     |     |     |
```

dialoglogKARKAT: DAVE ARE YOU THERE

## [A6I5] ==>

**16/02/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: COME IN DAVE.

## [A6I5] ==>

**16/02/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: THIS IS KARKAT.
KARKAT: OVER.

## [A6I5] ==>

**17/02/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: ANSWER ME YOU JACKOFF.
KARKAT: DON'T BE ALL LIKE YOU'RE TOO BUSY TO PICK UP, WHO ARE YOU TRYING TO KID.
KARKAT: YOU ARE QUITE POSSIBLY THE ONLY PERSON ON THIS METEOR WHO'S GOT EVEN LESS ON HIS NUTRITION PLATEAU THAN ME.
KARKAT: EVEN THE MAYOR HAS A MORE DEMANDING SCHEDULE THAN WE DO, LET'S FACE THE FUCKING FACTS.
KARKAT: WHAT. DID YOU THINK CAN TOWN RUNS ITSELF??
KARKAT: FAT CHANCE.
KARKAT: DAVE.
KARKAT: GOD DAMN IT DAVE.
KARKAT: I HAVE A PROBLEM.
KARKAT: NO.
KARKAT: *WE* HAVE A PROBLEM.

## [A6I5] ==>

**17/02/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: SKAIA IS NOW VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE.
KARKAT: WE CAN'T BE MUCH MORE THAN A FEW HOURS AWAY.
KARKAT: THIS IS IT. THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.
KARKAT: THREE OF THE LONGEST HUMAN "YEARS" WE'LL EVER HAVE TO LIVE FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES.
KARKAT: SUNK INTO THIS DEPRESSING LABORATORY WHICH BY ALL ACCOUNTS SHOULD NEVER HAVE FUNCTIONED AS ANYTHING BUT OUR ETERNAL TOMB.
KARKAT: I HAVE NO IDEA HOW WE'RE EVEN SUPPOSED TO STOP THIS THING. DO YOU?
KARKAT: OH WELL, SENDING IT BLASTING OFF SOMEWHERE AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT SURE SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME!
KARKAT: AND NOW THAT WE'RE FINALLY HERE, AFTER ALL THE WAITING AND DRAMA AND BOREDOM AND STUPID BULLSHIT WITH OUR ANCESTRAL GHOSTS
KARKAT: AND EVEN DISREGARDING THE ONE HILARIOUSLY NEGLECTED DETAIL THAT THIS METEOR HAS NO FUCKING BRAKES
KARKAT: I STILL DON'T THINK WE'RE READY FOR THIS.

## [A6I5] ==>

**17/02/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: *SIGH*

## [A6I5] ==>

**17/02/13**

```
-EW Genuine Faygo Dee-licious Redpop!
```

dialoglogKARKAT: I DON'T
KARKAT: ...
KARKAT: HOW DO I EVEN BEGIN TO ADDRESS THIS SHIT.
KARKAT: OK, HOW ABOUT THIS.
KARKAT: SINCE I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER GENERAL PURPOSE QUESTION TO HELP BREAK THE ICE IN LITERALLY ANY IMAGINABLE SOCIAL SITUATION.

## [A6I5] ==>

**17/02/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: WHERE ARE YOUR FUCKING PANTS?
TEREZI: ZZZZZZZ

## [A6I5] ==>

**18/02/13**

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Alert : Dave
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dialoglogDAVE: my pants
DAVE: what are you talking about
DAVE: theyre on my legs
KARKAT: I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU.
DAVE: oh
KARKAT: DAVE, WE HAVE A BIG PROBLEM HERE.
DAVE: what
KARKAT: I THINK IT'S TIME WE HAD A...
KARKAT: WHAT DID YOU CALL IT?
KARKAT: AN INTERVENTION?
DAVE: for rose?
KARKAT: NO, NOT ROSE.
KARKAT: WHY WOULD I BE TALKING ABOUT ROSE?
KARKAT: SHE DOESN'T HAVE A MAJOR PROBLEM THAT SHE NEEDS TO BE CONFRONTED ABOUT BY HER FRIENDS BEFORE SHE FLUSHES HER WHOLE LIFE DOWN THE GAPER, DOES SHE??
DAVE: uh yeah kind of
KARKAT: WHY? BECAUSE SHE LIKES TO DRINK THAT GOOFY HUMAN SOPORIFIC THAT MAKES HER A LOT FUNNIER AND MORE CHARMING THAN USUAL?
KARKAT: HOW IS THAT A PROBLEM?
KARKAT: I WAS TALKING ABOUT TEREZI.
DAVE: man terezi doesnt need an intervention
DAVE: she just drinks a lot of soda
KARKAT: HOW CAN YOU NOT SEE HOW THAT IS A *HUGE* FUCKING PROBLEM.
DAVE: its red fizzy shitwater dude who cares
KARKAT: OK, CAN WE JUST ONCE ACKNOWLEDGE THAT WE ARE MUTUAL ALIENS TO EACH OTHER AND AS SUCH POSSIBLY HAVE DIFFERENT VALUES AND STANDARDS ABOUT THINGS???
KARKAT: JUST THIS ONE TIME DAVE? THANKS!
DAVE: terezi has made her choices
DAVE: among them was to begin guzzling untold liters of that putrid circus cola

DAVE: think of it as like a rite of passage
DAVE: like something that just goes with the territory when someone you know almost imperceptibly begins turning into a juggalo
DAVE: wait fuck
DAVE: maybe she does need an intervention
KARKAT: SHE NEEDS TO WAKE UP SO WE CAN TALK TO HER ABOUT THIS.
KARKAT: SHE WON'T WAKE UP, WHAT DO I DO.
DAVE: did you try kicking her
KARKAT: YES.
DAVE: im out of ideas
TEREZI: SNOOOOOR3

## [A6I5] ==>

**18/02/13**

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CLICK
```

dialoglogKARKAT: WELL, WHENEVER SHE WAKES UP, WE ALL NEED TO HAVE A SERIOUS TALK ABOUT THIS.
KARKAT: IF SHE'S IN THIS CONDITION WHEN WE GET TO THE NEW SESSION, IT'LL BE A GODDAMN EMBARRASSMENT.
KARKAT: NOT TO MENTION DEADLY! NEED I REMIND YOU WHO'S STILL FOLLOWING US? SHE DOESN'T LOOK PRIMED FOR BATTLE FROM WHERE I'M STANDING!
KARKAT: WE NEED TO ACT AS A UNIFIED FRONT, DAVE. WE NEED TO LET HER KNOW THAT AS HER FRIENDS WE CAN'T STAND BY AND WATCH HER DEGRADE HERSELF LIKE THIS.
DAVE: man i dunno
DAVE: sounds like you wanna make this needlessly melodramatic
KARKAT: STAND BY. I'M PUTTING YOU ON SPEAKER CRAB.
DAVE: speaker crab
KARKAT: YES. SPEAKER CRAB.
DAVE: man dont put me on speaker crab
KARKAT: SHE NEEDS TO HEAR FROM YOU DAVE. SHE TRUSTS YOU.
DAVE: god
DAVE: honestly she can do whatever she wants i put this all behind me a while ago
DAVE: why do you really want me in on this conversation is it just that you dont know what to say by yourself
KARKAT: MAYBE IT IS DAVE!
KARKAT: MAYBE THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT FUCKING IS.
KARKAT: I'M SORRY. I'M NOT A "GOD TIER".
KARKAT: I AM NOT SO FORTUNATE AS TO BE BLESSED WITH THE "GIFT OF GAB" LIKE YOU.
DAVE: what
KARKAT: THAT BADGE YOU EARNED. YOU KNOW, THE ONE THAT MAKES IT EASIER TO TALK TO PEOPLE?
KARKAT: LIKE, REALLY OPEN UP ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS AND SAY WHATEVER NEEDS TO BE SAID?

DAVE: hahaha thats what you think that does?
KARKAT: ISN'T IT??
DAVE: no dude thats not what gift of gab does
KARKAT: OK WHAT DOES IT DO THEN WISE GUY!
DAVE: its utility isnt really comprehensible to lowly mortals sorry
KARKAT: YOU SNIDE CHUTE HUFFER.
KARKAT: WHY DON'T YOU COME UP HERE SO I CAN PUSH YOU OFF THIS BUILDING?
DAVE: nah
KARKAT: I'M PUTTING YOU ON SPEAKER CRAB, AND THEN TOGETHER WE ARE GOING TO KEEP IT *REAL AS SHIT*, DO YOU HEAR ME?

## [A6I5] ==>

**18/02/13**

dialoglogDAVE: what do you actually want from her
DAVE: do you want her to stop drinking faygo and falling asleep in puddles of red fructose corn slobber
DAVE: or do you want her to somehow address the root of those habits and cut all that out for good
KARKAT: YES! I WANT HER TO DO THAT!
KARKAT: THE LATTER THING.
DAVE: yeah i can understand where youre coming from
DAVE: but in situations like this i think you need to remind yourself theres only so much you can do for somebody
DAVE: and maybe they arent going to want or need your help and you just have to figure out how to deal with that
DAVE: like at some point in your life one of your friends might start spending all her time with a guy you think is bad news
DAVE: and you have to decide if you need to intervene as a friend or just let it go because people can change or drift apart or whatever because thats just something that happens
KARKAT: DAVE
KARKAT: YOUR WISDOM, MY GOD
KARKAT: IT'S KNOCKING MY SOCKS OFF. HOLY SHIT, PLEASE TELL ME THE SECRET TO YOUR WISE WAYS.
KARKAT: AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, MAYBE YOU COULD TELL ME WHAT THE FUCK YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
DAVE: look all im saying is
DAVE: there comes a time in every young womans life when she has to come to terms with the decision to gradually morph into a juggalo while all her friends and loved ones watch in dismay
DAVE: terezi has strolled through the dark carnival and taken a great brooding whiff of that decisions festive asshole and the choice she has made is all too clear
DAVE: shes down with the clown
KARKAT: NO, DON'T SAY THAT.
DAVE: its true man
DAVE: you can live in denial for only so long
DAVE: but as your bro i have to say it like it is
DAVE: she and gamzee man
DAVE: that is literally a thing

DAVE: they are in the hate square together
DAVE: total kismespades dude
KARKAT: NO, THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN.
KARKAT: I MEAN, I KNOW THAT.
KARKAT: JUST WHY DO YOU HAVE TO PUT EVERYTHING SO "COLORFULLY"?
KARKAT: I GUESS I DO THE SAME THING, BUT YOU ALWAYS SEEM TO TAKE THINGS TO A DIFFERENT LEVEL OF GROSS. JUST PLEASE SAY SHIT NORMALLY FOR A CHANGE, OK.
KARKAT: REGARDING GAMZEE, YEAH. I KNEW ABOUT THAT ALREADY.
DAVE: oh
DAVE: really?
DAVE: then what the fuck have i been tiptoeing around all this time god damn
DAVE: i thought this was supposed to be like this "big secret" that would "destroy you" if you found out
KARKAT: MOTHERFUCKER, PLEASE.
KARKAT: DO YOU THINK I'M AN IDIOT? I'VE SUSPECTED THIS WAS GOING ON FOR A LONG TIME.
KARKAT: I WAS JUST BEING LIKE YOU, PLAYING IT COOL, LETTING HER DO WHATEVER.
DAVE: then why is it a problem now
KARKAT: BECAUSE THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE READY FOR ACTION BY NOW.
KARKAT: NOT COMATOSE, HALF NAKED AND FAYGO STICKY.
KARKAT: GOD, I WONDER WHAT SORT OF BULLSHIT HE'S GOT HER BELIEVING IN NOW? ABOUT THE MIRTHFUL MESSIAHS AND SHANGRI LA AND ALL THAT GARBAGE.
KARKAT: IT MAKES ME SO SAD TO THINK SHE'S CAUGHT UP IN HIS SUPERSTITIOUS WEB OF LIES.
KARKAT: IT'S BEEN AWFUL WATCHING THE PERSON I USED TO KNOW SLOWLY DRIFT AWAY FROM ME, TO THE POINT WHERE SHE MIGHT AS WELL BE GONE.
KARKAT: HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO DEAL WITH THAT?
DAVE: what
KARKAT: YOU AND SHE USED TO SEE EACH OTHER ALL THE TIME. WHAT HAPPENED?
DAVE: like i said i just put it behind me
DAVE: she started sneaking around in vents and stuff acting suspicious trying to hide the fact that she was seeing him
DAVE: like she was obviously ashamed of it and worried how id react
DAVE: but it was hella transparent that was going on so i just said
DAVE: thats fine yall can do your blackrom thing with the juggalo its your decision
DAVE: but i cant keep playing along
DAVE: i cant do the quadrant thing its just too weird for me
DAVE: im not a troll and im not all open minded about gettin multicultural
DAVE: i still dont understand the spades thing and it makes me really fuckin uncomfortable even trying to imagine how that works and i sure as fuck dont want to date anybody whos got a hateclown on the side

DAVE: so i said no hard feelings i still like you and all, do whatever makes you happy ill just be over here in the hyper gravity chamber training to beat lord english
KARKAT: WE HAVE A HYPER GRAVITY CHAMBER???
DAVE: no
KARKAT: OH
DAVE: but what about you
DAVE: havent you been talking to gamzee this whole time
DAVE: or is he just balls out lying to you about sneakin around the meteor with terezi
DAVE: i thought moirails were supposed to be open with each other about stuff like that
KARKAT: YEAH. UH.
KARKAT: GAMZEE ENDED OUR MOIRALLEGIANCE QUITE SOME TIME AGO.
DAVE: oh shit
DAVE: sorry to hear about that
KARKAT: IT'S FINE. IT WAS REALLY A DEAD END PALE RELATIONSHIP.
KARKAT: AT FIRST IT REALLY SEEMED LIKE I WAS A NECESSARY PART OF HIS LIFE, KEEPING HIS SHIT UNDER CONTROL...
KARKAT: BUT AS TIME WENT ON HE JUST GOT COMPLETELY DISINTERESTED AND WASN'T KEEPING UP WITH HIS END OF THE THING AT ALL.
KARKAT: HE STARTED GETTING SO UNBELIEVABLY SELF SATISFIED AND PIOUS, LIKE WAY MORE THAN HE EVER WAS BEFORE.
KARKAT: LIKE HE'S JUST SO COMPLETELY CONVINCED HE'S FOUND HIS CALLING, THAT THIS SESSION IS THE GATEWAY TO THE PROMISED LAND WHERE HE'LL FULFILL HIS DESTINY.
KARKAT: HE'S SO CAUGHT UP IN HIS IDIOTIC SCHEMES HE COULDN'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT ME ANYMORE.
KARKAT: WHATEVER. AT LEAST HE STOPPED KILLING PEOPLE.
DAVE: amazing i spent three years on this rock and never said one thing to the guy
DAVE: i saw him once tho
DAVE: just a glimpse in a dark hallway
DAVE: it was kinda like seeing a blurry purple bigfoot with a huge boner
KARKAT: OH GOD!
KARKAT: THAT FUCKING GOD TIER OUTFIT.
KARKAT: WHAT A GODDAMN FAKER. I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME IMAGINE WHERE HE GOT THAT THING.
KARKAT: I KNOW KANAYA SURE AS HELL DIDN'T MAKE IT FOR HIM.
KARKAT: THE MAN LITERALLY HAS NO SHAME.
DAVE: why is he wearing it
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW!
KARKAT: I DON'T THINK EVEN HE KNOWS.
KARKAT: MAYBE TO MAKE A "GOOD IMPRESSION" ON HIS FAKE ASS RELIGIOUS IDOL, AFTER HE THRUSTS HIS SACRED COD PIECE THROUGH THE GATES OF SHANGRI LA.
DAVE: ahahaha the best thing we ever do together is slam this assholes dumb religion
KARKAT: YEAH!!!
DAVE: really its the most hilarious fucking horseshit ive ever heard
DAVE: i mean pretty much all religions are wrong but theres wrong and then theres WRONG

DAVE: as in ZERO CHANCE YOU ARE EVER PROVEN RIGHT ABOUT EVEN A SINGLE THING DUDE, EVER EVER EVER
KARKAT: HAHAHA! IT'S SO TRUE.
KARKAT: I WISH I COULD SEE THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN HE FINALLY REALIZES EVERYTHING HE BELIEVES IS A LIE.
DAVE: be one sad clown that day
DAVE: his bulge will probably deflate and make this high pitch noise plus corresponding flatulence
KARKAT: HEY DAVE.
KARKAT: WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN TO US AFTER WE MEET UP WITH THE OTHERS.
KARKAT: I MEAN, AS FRIENDS.
DAVE: what do you mean as friends
KARKAT: I MEAN WILL WE STILL GET TO BE BROS.
DAVE: uh
DAVE: yeah?
DAVE: no offense dog but thats a dumb and neurotic question
KARKAT: NO BUT SEE
KARKAT: WE'RE GOING TO MEET ALL THESE OTHER PEOPLE.
KARKAT: JOHN AMONG THEM.
KARKAT: AND JOHN IS YOUR BEST FRIEND, SO YOU WILL OSTENSIBLY RESUME THAT FRIENDSHIP WHERE YOU LEFT OFF.
KARKAT: AND JOHN AND I HAD A FEW TESTY CONVERSATIONS WITH EACH OTHER ONE DAY, AND IN MOST OF THOSE I MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF.
KARKAT: AND I GUESS WE BECAME FRIENDS THAT DAY? MAYBE??
KARKAT: BUT THE REALITY IS IT WAS JUST ONE DAY, AND HE'D BE WELL WITHIN A REASONABLE FRAME OF MIND NOT TO GIVE A CRAP IN HINDSIGHT ABOUT THE GUY WHO TROLLED HIM ONCE THREE YEARS AGO.
KARKAT: AND THE SAME GOES FOR JADE!
KARKAT: I THOUGHT WE HAD A DECENT RAPPORT, BUT AGAIN, IT WAS ONE DAY FOREVER AGO. SHE PROBABLY BARELY REMEMBERS ME AT THIS POINT.
KARKAT: WHEREAS THAT DOESN'T MATTER FOR YOU, BECAUSE YOU GO WAY BACK WITH THEM. THIS IS LIKE A FUCKING *HEARTFELT REUNION* FOR YOU GUYS.
KARKAT: BUT WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE ME??
KARKAT: I CAN HARDLY CALL GAMZEE A FRIEND ANYMORE. WHO KNOWS IF MY FRIENDSHIP WITH TEREZI WILL EVER BE WHAT IT WAS BEFORE. I USED TO BE PRETTY CLOSE WITH KANAYA, BUT NOW SHE AND ROSE NEVER LEAVE EACH OTHER ALONE FOR MORE THAN A FUCKING MINUTE.
KARKAT: ALL MY OTHER FRIENDS ARE DEAD, AND NOW WE'RE LEAVING THE DREAM BUBBLES BEHIND.
KARKAT: AND THEN THERE'S YOU.
KARKAT: SO
KARKAT: I'M JUST WONDERING WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.
DAVE: you forgot the mayor
DAVE: youre pretty damn tight with the mayor arent you
KARKAT: THE MAYOR'S FRIENDSHIP IS A UNIVERSAL CONSTANT, AND I AM INSULTED BEYOND COMPREHENSION AS WELL AS MY CAPACITY TO VOMIT THAT

YOU WOULD INSINUATE OTHERWISE.
DAVE: yeah the mayor rules
DAVE: but as usual you are overcomplicating this
DAVE: just like you overcomplicate everything
DAVE: friendship leadership romance
DAVE: shipping grids and dick battles
DAVE: this is real simple
DAVE: our meteor will somehow tokyo drift to a dead stop in the new session
DAVE: at which point we will keep being bros for life or something
DAVE: i will start being friends with john and jade again because they are my friends and never stopped being that
DAVE: john will also be your friend because hes cool and also a doofus who is easy to be friends with
DAVE: jade will be your friend too cause shes nice and likes being friends with people
DAVE: i can personally guarantee that she will be happy to see you
DAVE: and as for the new people i dont know about them but theyll probably be your friends too
DAVE: all i know is two of them are my parents and two of them are johns parents and aint no rule that says you cant be friends with your bros mom and pop
DAVE: especially when your bros mom and pop are a couple of sassy teens
DAVE: as for terezi i dont know i guess well see what happens
DAVE: and as for gamzee fuck that guy with a balloon poodle
DAVE: friendship lesson secured the end
TEREZI: ZZZZZZZ ZZNK SNOOORT
TEREZI: SM4CK SM4CK
TEREZI: NNNRNNNNNNNRRNGNGNHGHGL3
KARKAT: UH OH, LOOK WHO'S STARTING TO COME AROUND!

## [A6I5] ==>

**19/02/13**

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HONK
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dialoglogKARKAT: WAKE UP SLEEPY HEAD!
KARKAT: HONK HONK HONK, YEAH THAT'S RIGHT! IT'S TIME TO FACE THE FUCKING MUSIC.

## ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 1

**19/02/13**

authorlogHEY. YOU.
COMPUTER MAN. I NEED MORE HELP.
No.
COMPUTER MAN. ASSIST ME WITH MORE HOT TIPS.
No!
YES.
I'M HAVING TROUBLE UNDERSTANDING BLUE HAT.
This is a shameful exploitation of our arrangement.
We weren't supposed to talk anymore once you left Earth.
I DID NOT AGREE TO THOSE TERMS.

Every time we talk, you complain that I am being self indulgent.
But you always come back for more! It's like you can't get enough of me.
I think you might be obsessed.
GIVE ME MORE HOT TIPS ASSHOLE.
You only made that caltop so you could talk to me on the go, didn't you?
NO.
Please, don't lie. Who else would you use it to talk to in your solo session? GAMZEE?
I bet you haven't said one word to him through that device. You never even refer to him by his name.
THE CLOWN HAS BEEN AN ADEQUATE PEON. WHEN IT COMES TO DOING THINGS I DON'T WANT TO DO.
THERE IS NO REASON TO SPEAK TO HIM THROUGH MY FUN HELMET.
You should try to be better friends with him.
He basically ditched his best buddy for you.
WHO CARES?
He reveres you, and you treat him like shit.
YES.
SO.
So...
You're off to a pretty good start at being a god, I guess?
THANK YOU.
LOOK. I JUST SAID A POLITE THING.
NOW REWARD ME WITH WHAT I WANT.
Ugh.
YELLOW HAT IS VERY FAST.
AS A MINION HE HAS BEEN VERY USEFUL.
BUT I AM HAVING TROUBLE DETERMINING THE ABILITIES OF BLUE HAT.
Yellow hat and blue hat?
You should come up with better names for them than that.
LIKE WHAT.
Like, I don't know.
Maybe some cool mobster names?
MOBSTER NAMES.
WHY WOULD I GIVE THEM MOBSTER NAMES.
Because mobsters are cool.
THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE MOBSTERS.
THEY LOOK LIKE FUCKING LEPRECHAUNS.
Anyone can be a mobster though. Even cherubs and leprechauns.
Being a mobster isn't about what you look like, it's about what's inside you.
WOW. THAT IS SO PROFOUND.
NOW STOP STALLING AND GIVE ME TIPS.
Are these the only two you've unlocked so far?
YES.
I HAVE CONQUERED THE SECOND PLANET.
AND HAVE NOW TRAVELED TO THE THIRD.
BEFORE I CONQUER THIS ONE. I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT BLUE HAT DOES.

He's pretty much doing what he does.
HE SEEMS TO BE STUCK.
IS HE BROKEN.
No. He's just slow.
WHAT.
That's his power.
Yellow hat is fast.
Blue hat is slow.
THAT'S A HORRIBLE POWER.
HOW IS THAT EVEN A POWER.
It just is.
ARGH.
I WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO ACHIEVING MORE POWERFUL MINIONS.
NOT MORE MALINGERING FOOLS TO TAKE UP SPACE IN MY DARK CARNIVAL.
DO THEY GET BETTER THAN THIS.
That depends on what you mean by better.
OH MY GOD.
OK. WE'RE DONE.
BYE.

## END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 1

**19/02/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**20/02/13**

spritelogDAVESPRITE: wake up sleepy head
DAVESPRITE: wait why did i even say that
DAVESPRITE: stay asleep all you want like i give a fuck

## [A6I5] ==>

**20/02/13**

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JOHN: Z
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spritelogDAVESPRITE: but you are kind of missing some important shit here
DAVESPRITE: we spent three faux relativistic years cruising through the metaphysical asscrack of nowhere
DAVESPRITE: and when we finally get here youre all tuckered out
DAVESPRITE: like yall didnt sleep enough on this boat already
DAVESPRITE: some of the sicknastiest shuteye anyone ever got i owe to this friggin boat
DAVESPRITE: dude this is a big deal everyones waiting for us out there
DAVESPRITE: i mean...
DAVESPRITE: probably
DAVESPRITE: i dont know where we are some green hilly place with all these stone henges sprinkled around
DAVESPRITE: did you know there could be a plurality of stone henges i didnt but guess fucking what
DAVESPRITE: henges APLENTY where this place is concerned
DAVESPRITE: hey wheres jade

## [A6I5] ==>

**20/02/13**

spritelogDAVESPRITE: i guess she left already?
DAVESPRITE: maybe there was an emergency somewhere and her doggy senses led her there
DAVESPRITE: maybe someone fell down a well
DAVESPRITE: what do you think john do you think our teen parents fell down a well
DAVESPRITE: nah i sincerely doubt that any of them would be that pathetic
DAVESPRITE: whatever it was it must have been important enough for jade to ditch us like this
DAVESPRITE: either that or
DAVESPRITE: maybe she was that desperate to finally get away from me
DAVESPRITE: between you and me john
DAVESPRITE: i didnt really handle things with her as well as i could have
DAVESPRITE: oh well maybe real dave will treat her better
DAVESPRITE: or not i dont know
DAVESPRITE: i did her a favor cutting bird dave out of her life
DAVESPRITE: nobody really deserves bird dave as a boyfriend or a friend or anything its like getting one of the janky daves from the bargain bin at the dave depot
DAVESPRITE: or one of the marked down daves the day after national dave day
DAVESPRITE: its like somebody taxedermized your dave and expected you not to notice
DAVESPRITE: "feathers what feathers haha no that dave is totally normal and ok"
DAVESPRITE: you should just go back to being bros with real dave when you see him
DAVESPRITE: ill be fine ill just flap around and do my thing alone
DAVESPRITE: im completely alright with that at this point
DAVESPRITE: we had our ups and downs john but all in all it was cool to go on this road trip with you
DAVESPRITE: there were some times man
DAVESPRITE: the times
DAVESPRITE: im telling you they were unreal
DAVESPRITE: i bet you people would pay good money to see every second of the madcap stunts that were going down on this ship basically 24/7
DAVESPRITE: if hulls could talk wow
DAVESPRITE: haha just joking it was seriously boring as hell
DAVESPRITE: but i mean it was still cool so yeah
DAVESPRITE: hey
DAVESPRITE: whats that ring anyway
DAVESPRITE: ive seen you with that ring before and i guess i was just like
DAVESPRITE: ok john has a magic ring for some reason
DAVESPRITE: no need to mention that or anything
DAVESPRITE: but where did you even get it
DAVESPRITE: you cant even hear me you got your snooze on so hard
DAVESPRITE: aint gonna wake you up to hassle you about no ring
DAVESPRITE: i probably should have said all this stuff when you were awake anyway
DAVESPRITE: like the stuff about friendship
DAVESPRITE: fuck it ill just leave another one of my patented magic notes taped to your shoe or

your cowlick or something
DAVESPRITE: my magic notes rule ill miss leavin em taped on stuff

## [A6I5] ==>

**20/02/13**

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JOHN: Z
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spritelogDAVESPRITE: i sure do talk to myself a lot dont i
DAVESPRITE: wow why have i never made this observation
DAVESPRITE: i probably needed to be a bird for exactly three years to finally have that epiphany
DAVESPRITE: i wonder if real dave ever had that epiphany
DAVESPRITE: probably not cause hes not a bird
DAVESPRITE: the bottom line is being a guy whos also a bird makes you think
DAVESPRITE: anyway im out

## [A6I5] ==>

**20/02/13**

spritelogDAVESPRITE: p.s. happy birthday john
DAVESPRITE: have some watermarks for the road

## ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 2

**20/02/13**

authorlogI UNLOCKED MORE GNOMES.
I thought they were leprechauns.
I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY ARE.
Ok.
I HAVE NOW CONQUERED FOUR PLANETS. AND HAVE THE SAME AMOUNT OF GNOMES UNDER MY COMMAND.
YELLOW HAT. BLUE HAT. RED HAT. AND NOW PURPLE HAT.
Congratulations.
THE PLANETS ARE BECOMING INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO CONQUER.
I ALMOST DID NOT MANAGE TO DESTROY THE PURPLE PLANET. WITHIN THE ALLOTTED TIME.
UNFORTUNATELY. THE QUALITY OF THE UNLOCKED GNOMES HAS NOT INCREASED TO MATCH THE ESCALATING DIFFICULTY OF MY QUEST.
IT SEEMS TO BE JUST THE OPPOSITE. THESE GNOMES ARE SHIT.
What's wrong with the new gnomes?
OK. RED HAT? HE HAS.
*NO FUCKING POWERS AT ALL.*
UNLESS HIS POWER IS TO FOLLOW ME AROUND CONSTANTLY.
Yes. That's basically what he does.
PURPLE HAT IS EVEN WORSE.
IS HIS POWER TO DANCE AROUND ALL THE TIME. WHILE SINGING RIDDLES TO ME?
Yes.
AWFUL.
PURPLE HAT'S BEHAVIOR IS SO INFURIATING. I HAVE ATTEMPTED TO MURDER HIM SEVERAL TIMES.

BUT TO NO AVAIL.
You can't kill purple hat. He's too lucky!
That's also his power. Being really lucky.
WHAT GOOD DOES THAT DO ME???
I don't know.
Get him to solve puzzles for you?
Use him as a human shield sometimes?
I mean a gnome shield.
OH YEAH. THAT'S ACTUALLY A REALLY GOOD IDEA.
You shouldn't be whining about how lame your minions are.
As you accumulate more, your job is obviously to combine their talents in creative ways to overcome the increasingly difficult challenges on your quest.
Synergize your time gnomes. Make them more than the sum of their pointy hats.
THAT'S GOING TO BE DIFFICULT.
THEY ARE ALL IDIOTS.
Nobody said it would be easy.
FINE.
I HAVE NO MORE QUESTIONS FOR NOW.
Hey.
Did you kill that cute turtle?
NO.
But I can see your past trail.
You're standing there holding a gun, and pointing it at the turtle.
OK. THEN YES.
I KILLED THE TURTLE.
Booooooooo.

## END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 2

**20/02/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**21/02/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**21/02/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**21/02/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**21/02/13**

dialoglogMEENAH: ey its the blue buoy again!
MEENAH: sea him there just off the starboard shit
MEENAH: yo watch how far away i can fork him from
ARANEA: Meenah, put the trident down.
ARANEA: Don't make me conchfishscate it again.
MEENAH: 38D
MEENAH: 38D
MEENAH: conchfishscate
MEENAH: 38D

## [A6I5] ==>

**21/02/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: Hey, it's John!
JOHN: vriska, is that you?
VRISKA: Yeah! Get over here!!!!!!!!
JOHN: alright.
TAVROS: (oH,)
TAVROS: (gREAT,)

## [A6I5] ==>

**24/02/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: Nice to see you again, John. It's 8een too long.
JOHN: yeah...
JOHN: actually hasn't it been exactly a year?
JOHN: i think it was my birthday last time we met too, heh.
VRISKA: A year for you, may8e. Who even knows how long it's 8een out here, 8ut who cares.
VRISKA: The point is, as you can see the plan I descri8ed to you 8efore is in full swing.
JOHN: you mean the big treasure hunt, with all those black maps?
VRISKA: Yes. 8ut they aren't 8lack anymore! Not totally.
VRISKA: Everything's gone exactly as I intended. English has taken the 88, hook line and sinker.
VRISKA: He's 8een chasing our "extended party" around the ring, 8lowing shit up with his monster 8reath, thus revealing the path to the treasure in the process.
VRISKA: I must say, for an evil mastermind, the guy is kind of a dope.
VRISKA: Supposedly his every move is a carefully calcul8ted ploy to assure his existence in the first place, yet here he is wrecking the joint like an oaf, unwittingly helping the hero find the weapon that will finally take him down.
VRISKA: And we're almost there, too! Although 8y now it's 8ecome em8arrassingly o8vious that the treasure was hidden right around where we started all along.
VRISKA: These maps have just 8een leading us all in a 8ig stupid circle!
VRISKA: I should have seen it coming. I guess that's my 8ad. In terms of 8onehead moves, that's English: 1, Vriska: 1, so I guess we're even. 8ut may8e we don't have to mention that detail when we document my heroism in the annals of gr8tness.
JOHN: uh... mention what, exactly?
VRISKA: Exactly!
VRISKA: Haha, I almost forgot how deceptively quick you are on the uptake, John.
TAVROS: (tHAT'S NOT SO IMPRESSIVE,)
TAVROS: (i WAS CONFUSED BY WHAT YOU WERE SAYING, tOO,)
VRISKA: Tavros, if you're going to interrupt, don't mum8le. And even then, don't.
VRISKA: Anyway, I really don't mind the fact that these cryptic treasure maps have led us all on a wild honk8ird chase.
VRISKA: I've never once complained a8out a good long treasure hunt, and I'm not a8out to start now.
VRISKA: 8esides, with the way spacetime works out here, who can say for sure we would 8e a8le to find the treasure at all unless we traced this exact path?
VRISKA: No8ody can say that, is who. Least of all English, who as far as I know, can't actually speak so much as issue 8lood curdling roars that cleave the found8tions of reality itself.

VRISKA: You're of course welcome to join us on our adventure, for as long as you're asleep.
VRISKA: We could use another hand on deck. I'll even give you a rank and title!
TAVROS: yOU GET TO BE LOWER THAN ME,
TAVROS: tHAT'S THE FAIREST RULE,
VRISKA: Wrong.
VRISKA: Tavros, who's the captain here?
VRISKA: Last time I checked, it wasn't Swa88y Nitram, Poopmaster Extraordinaire.
TAVROS: }:(

## [A6I5] ==>

**24/02/13**

dialoglogJOHN: by the way, hi tavros.
JOHN: how have you been?
TAVROS: oKAY,
JOHN: cool pirate outfit you have there.
TAVROS: nO, tHANKS, bUT IT'S NOT COOL, IT'S DUMB,
TAVROS: vRISKA WANTS ME TO WEAR IT THOUGH, sO i DO, sO SHE'LL BE HAPPY,
TAVROS: dON'T ASK ME WHERE MY PANTS ARE,,,
JOHN: i wasn't going to.
VRISKA: We all look amazing as pir8tes.
VRISKA: This is non-negotia8le.
JOHN: no argument here!
JOHN: what about the rest of your crew?
JOHN: i remember her, the punky one who always likes to stab me with her spear...
JOHN: but i really hope she doesn't do that this time.
MEENAH: (dream on blue nerd)
MEENAH: (you in my crosshairs sucka)
MEENAH: (gotch u right where i want)
MEENAH: (just biding my time)
MEENAH: (biding and biding)
MEENAH: (gonna hunt you til we both double dead)
MEENAH: (you are my obsession lil bluefish)
MEENAH: (my shrimpiest of whales)
MEENAH: (my mobiest of dicks)
MEENAH: (call me)
MEENAH: (fishmael)
MEENAH: 3B|
ARANEA: *(STOPIT!)*
JOHN: but i don't know the one who looks kind of like your sister.
JOHN: what is your name?
ARANEA: Aranea. ::::)
JOHN: hi.
JOHN: and what about those two over there?

## [A6I5] ==>

**24/02/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: These are my friends, Aradia and Sollux.
VRISKA: I have recruited them for this expedition as specialists.
VRISKA: They aren't really here to do any fighting. 8ut their a8ilities will 8ecome useful once we retrieve the treasure.
ARADIA: hello.
JOHN: hey.
JOHN: are you alive?
JOHN: your eyes do not look spooky and ghostly.
ARADIA: thanks!
ARADIA: yes im alive
VRISKA: Yeah, and apparently she intends to stay that way?
VRISKA: Hence her principled if somewhat lame commitment to pacifism.
VRISKA: 8ut considering our history together, I'm willing to let 8ygones 8e 8ygones. I'm happy to have her on my crew in whatever capacity she likes.
JOHN: your history? what happened?
JOHN: wait, that's a rude question. sorry.
TAVROS: (vRISKA KILLED HER TOO,)
TAVROS: (sHE USED THE OTHER GUY THERE, tRAGICALLY, aS THE DEATH WEAPON,)
VRISKA: Hey!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: What did I say a8out 8ygones 8eing 8ygones? That's like rule fucking ONE of this ship.
VRISKA: Anyway, she 8ecame a ro8ot and killed me 8ack, so o8viously we're cool now.
JOHN: jeez, why does everyone always die so much?
SOLLUX: (l0l, like this guy's 0ne t0 talk.)
ARADIA: (sollux dont make our guest uncomfortable)
SOLLUX: (he's already unc0mf0rtable, and he sh0uld be. we all sh0uld be.)
ARADIA: really i havent thought about any of that in a long time
ARADIA: ancient conflicts dont mean anything to me anymore but i was more than thrilled by the opportunity to go on another adventure like this
ARADIA: we used to enjoy such campaigns together all the time when we were younger
ARADIA: of course now the teams are a little different :)
VRISKA: Yeah! Man, those were the days.
JOHN: what about you... why do you have double eye patches?
SOLLUX: uh, because i'm blind, stupid?
JOHN: i can't tell if you're alive too or not, because i can't see if your eyes are spooky.
SOLLUX: they're sp00ky as shit, but yes, i'm alive.
SOLLUX: 0k, here's the sh0rt versi0n. i used t0 be able t0 see, but then i went blind.
SOLLUX: then i used my p0wers t00 hard, and died. but it turned 0ut i was 0nly half dead.
JOHN: half dead?
SOLLUX: let me finish. s0 the gh0st half 0f me c0uld see again, s0 i was 0nly half blind.
SOLLUX: but then s0meb0dy pr0t0typed my c0rpse, which i guess sucked the gh0st half 0f me 0ut 0f my b0dy, t0 make me fully alive again? als0 fully blind.
SOLLUX: and n0w the gh0st part 0f my s0ul is sharing a sprite b0dy with FUCKING ERIDAN 0f all pe0ple.
JOHN: who's eridan?
SOLLUX: just the d0uche wh0 blinded me in the first place, it d0esn't even matter.
JOHN: um, alright. but i don't think i quite followed all of that.

JOHN: what does being half dead mean?
SOLLUX: y0u kn0w, f0rget it.
SOLLUX: i'm s0 sick 0f telling this st0ry t0 pe0ple 0ver and 0ver, and n0b0dy understanding what the hell i'm talking ab0ut.
SOLLUX: it's all s0 simple. n0, actually, it isn't, it's a fucking stupid st0ry that makes n0 sense, maybe that's the pr0blem.
SOLLUX: my marginal existence is fraught with s0 much p0intless duality and c0mplicated n0nsense, s0 i'm d0ne even trying t0 explain it.
SOLLUX: fr0m n0w 0n i sh0uld just wear a shirt that says d0n't ask me ab0ut my disability 0r my m0rtality. then everything w0uld be fine.
VRISKA: It's really kind of a shame Gamzee prototyped Eridan's torso parts and swiped his ghost from the afterlife.
VRISKA: I 8et he would have had a gr8 time on this voyage. I used to own him during our nautical campaigns all the time!
SOLLUX: if he was 0n this ship, i'd walk the plank and plummet thr0ugh the fake ass water thr0ugh infinite n0where f0rever.
SOLLUX: besides y0u act like y0u haven't already recruited at least fifty fucking eridans fr0m d00med timelines in y0ur army.
SOLLUX: y0u really are shamefully prejudiced against 0ur alternate reality gh0st selves, they're just as real as we are and have the same em0ti0ns and everything.
VRISKA: Gimme a 8r8k, Sollux. As if you don't view them the exact same way.
VRISKA: You've got real Eridan, and then pretty much a whole 8unch of pretenders out there.
SOLLUX: they're all real!!! SHIT, i d0n't even LIKE eridan, but here i am sticking up f0r his c0pies.
VRISKA: See? You just called them copies. Even you can't avoid accidentally using a pro8lematic slur which reveals that no matter what you 8elieve a8out your morals, deep down you're always gonna favor the original, while viewing all the others as duplic8tes of lesser value.
SOLLUX: 0h whatever. just WHATEVER, rati0nalize the "c0llateral damage" t0 y0ur army all y0u want.
SOLLUX: and t0 think, bef0re i j0ined y0ur party i heard rum0rs that y0u might have changed, like learned t0 be a better pers0n 0r s0mething, HEHEH, YEAH RIGHT!
VRISKA: Oh pleeeeeeeeease. I hardly think I'm a 8ad person for failing to give a shit a8out a 8illion meaningless dead Nepetas, do you?!
SOLLUX: n0, y0u're n0t a bad pers0n f0r THAT PARTICULAR reas0n, i guess.
VRISKA: What am I seriously supposed to do? Fly around and 8efriend each one individually?
VRISKA: Sorry, I have 8etter things to do with my time. Let's try to 8e at least somewhat practical here.
ARADIA: ive met most of those nepetas theyre all very nice
VRISKA: Oh shut up.

## [A6I5] ==>

**26/02/13**

dialoglogJOHN: and what about all those ships up ahead?
JOHN: are they part of the treasure hunt too?
VRISKA: Of course!
VRISKA: That's my army.

MEENAH: *COUG)(*
VRISKA: Ok, I mean OUR army.
VRISKA: 8ut like, on 8oats.
JOHN: isn't an army on boats usually called a navy?
VRISKA: John, help me out. I seem to 8e having trou8le remem8ering which one of us is the captain.
VRISKA: Was it the dork in 8lue pajamas, or was it the veteran sailor in the rad captain's coat?
VRISKA: That's right, the captain was me! And I say it's an army that happens to 8e on a 8unch of 8oats.
TAVROS: (oHHHHHH, oHH DAMN,)
TAVROS: (hE GOT SMOKED! wOW, sO SMOKED,)
TAVROS: (mEENAH, dID YOU CATCH THOSE SICK FIRES,)
MEENAH: (no but for reel it pretty much is a navy)
MEENAH: (just sayin)
JOHN: who's in the army?
VRISKA: Thousands of ghosts. Primarily those of old friends and acquaintances.

## [A6I5] ==>

**26/02/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: We've amassed a coalition of eager volunteers ready to lay down their ghost lives for a worthy cause.
JOHN: you mean fighting lord english?
VRISKA: When we're ready for that, yes. 8ut we need the treasure first.
VRISKA: So for now they're sailing well ahead of us in large num8ers to attract his attention, so he can do more damage to the ring and fill out the rest of our maps.
VRISKA: We should 8e very gr8teful for their 8ravery. They are making a no8le sacrifice for us all.
TAVROS: (bRAVERY, yEAH, rIGHT,)
TAVROS: (i'M MOSTLY SURE SHE'S MIND CONTROLLING THEM,)
VRISKA: God DAMMIT, Tavros.
VRISKA: We really don't need your play 8y play commentary on everything!
JOHN: wait, you're mind controlling all those ghosts?
VRISKA: No!
VRISKA: Well, not all of them.
VRISKA: Once you group enough together, others tend to latch on to the mo8 out of curiosity. We trolls have a way of clustering together naturally.
VRISKA: You've got to understand, John. Most of these people are pretty self a8sor8ed. They just needed a little 8it of persuasion to join the cause.
MEENAH: word
JOHN: yeah, but...
JOHN: isn't that still kind of, um...
JOHN: dickish?
VRISKA: 8ut all these stu88orn jackasses are going to dou8le die anyway if we don't all work together and kill this guy!
VRISKA: This is WAR, John. In times of war, difficult decisions have to 8e made with the lives of many.
VRISKA: Just think of me as a general giving orders to my troops. It just happens that the orders

are a little more direct in this case.
MEENAH: hey serket deuce
MEENAH: lets not lose track a whos actually in charge of this shit mkay
VRISKA: Yeah yeah.
VRISKA: All hail Her Imperious Teen Condescension, the fresh new face of tyranny, Supreme Admiral Peixes.
VRISKA: At this time I would like to motion for a fifteen minute 8owing 8r8k so that we may demonstr8te our reverence for this 8old, spunky leader.
MEENAH: yessssss
VRISKA: Tavros, stop 8owing. That was a joke.
MEENAH: no keep doin that
MEENAH: lower swabby
MEENAH: LOW-ER
MEENAH: face on the fuckin deck
MEENAH: yes just like that perfect
JOHN: how do you mind control so many ghosts at once?
JOHN: isn't that kind of hard?
VRISKA: Well, I do have a little help.
VRISKA: John, did I mention?
VRISKA: My ancestor.....
VRISKA: She is THE 8EST.
JOHN: she is?
ARANEA: I must admit, I was not in favor of the idea at first.
ARANEA: 8ut Vriska made a very strong case for using our com8ined powers in this way.
ARANEA: In a perfect reality, no one would have to get hurt. 8ut the stakes are too high to 8e shying away from such measures.
VRISKA: See what I mean??
VRISKA: The 8est.
JOHN: uh.
ARANEA: It has 8een wonderful spending so much time on this adventure with my descendant.
ARANEA: Not just 8ecause it's helped me get to know her 8etter, 8ut 8ecause it's opened my eyes to things a8out myself I was never really in touch with.
ARANEA: There are certain capa8ilities within me I have never quite 8een a8le to face, and she's helped me realize I've 8een hiding from them all my life, and well 8eyond.
ARANEA: It must 8e true what they used to say on my world. That if you really want to know who you are, look to the legacy left 8ehind 8y your ancestor.
ARANEA: I think that wisdom works in 8oth directions!
VRISKA: Well put, Marquise. I've always felt the exact same way!
MEENAH: PUKE
MEENAH: oh my glub the serk twins bein adorbubble again
MEENAH: nitram get your mop ready for swabbin up all this vomit comin out ma mouth
TAVROS: eW, nO,
MEENAH: can you two stick a fork in the sentimental carp
MEENAH: maybe pretend you aint hit it off so good
MEENAH: you ever stop and think how this makes me feel
ARANEA: There's no reason to 8e jealous, Meenah. You know nothing has changed a8out our

friendship.
MEENAH: jealous
MEENAH: bitch no
MEENAH: just makes me think about my kid descendant
MEENAH: an how instead of having this cool friendsy relation with her i just got this uncontrollable urge to stab her to death so she dont threaten my supremacy
MEENAH: which is a shame cuz she so cute 38(
MEENAH: cod damn my royal blood and the cray junk it makes me have to do
MEENAH: aw well
MEENAH: maybe some day ill find an heiress who my genes dont instinctively make me wanna murder on sight
MEENAH: then i can teach her the badass ways of being a boss n shit!
JOHN: (god, trolls are so weird.)

## [A6I5] ==>

**27/02/13**

dialoglogTAVROS: jOHN JUST SAID TROLLS ARE WEIRD,
TAVROS: hE SAID IT QUIETLY, bUT i HEARD HIM,
JOHN: hey!
JOHN: you snitch.
MEENAH: yeah but
MEENAH: arent we
TAVROS: uH,,,,,
MEENAH: moral of the story is blue kid is a dumb nerd but is right when he says stuff
MEENAH: look at that its like me and him are becoming fast fronds thus lulling him into a sense of false confidence already
JOHN: what?
MEENAH: (soon my lil whale...)
MEENAH: (soon...)
ARANEA: It is true. To a human, the ways of trolls from 8oth Alternia and 8eforus will seem very strange.
ARANEA: In fact, prior to uniting in the afterlife, even the two groups of trolls were reasona8ly alien to one another.
ARANEA: I've had a gr8 deal of time to study the cultures of many species throughout paradox space. No matter which race you 8elong to, one can always find another whose ideals pose a challenge of comprehension to even the most open minded.
ARANEA: And though the ethical standards of those from Alternia may seem unpalata8le to you, rest assured there are 8eings elsewhere in the cosmos whose violent 8ehavior would 8e considered extreme even to most trolls.

## [A6I5] ==>

**27/02/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Actually John, I'm very glad you 8rought this up.
ARANEA: 8ecause I was in the middle of a wonderful story a8out this very su8ject, which you interrupted when you 8oarded our ship.
JOHN: oh.

JOHN: sorry.
ARANEA: No, that's fine!
ARANEA: Really, I'm quite pleased that you did.
ARANEA: This way I get to start over from the 8eginning!

## [A6I5] ==>

**27/02/13**

dialoglogARANEA: There were some rough patches in my original telling which I can go 8ack and fix.
ARANEA: This time it will 8e much 8etter!
JOHN: ok.
JOHN: what's the story about?
ARANEA: It is a tale a8out a very mysterious alien race called cheru8s.
ARANEA: Let us 8egin.
ARANEA: Once upon a time.....

## [A6I5] ==>

**07/03/13**

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WORLDBUILDING.
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dialoglogARANEA: There was a very mysterious alien race called cheru8s!
MEENAH: aranea i thought you said youd fix the shitty parts of the story
MEENAH: you started with that crappy line the first time too
ARANEA: The opening line is fine!
MEENAH: its aight i guess
MEENAH: knot
ARANEA: Oh shut up and let me tell my story.
ARANEA: Now where was I?
JOHN: there was a very mysterious alien race called cherubs.
ARANEA: Right.
ARANEA: There was a very mysterious alien race called cheru8s.
ARANEA: 8ut there was one cheru8 in particular who, for at least the first half of our story, will 8e our heroine.

## [A6I5] ==>

**07/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: She spent eons roaming her galaxy, completely alone. 8ut the time had come for her to find a m8.

This is no small task for a cheru8. 8eing an asocial species, they spend virtually no time in each other's presence at all. Aside from when it is time to m8, they may go their entire lives without encountering another. And so they scatter their num8ers throughout space, each staking a territory spanning many lightyears.

8ut like a predator is a8le to track the scent of its prey, a cheru8 can sense the presence of another near8y. This sense is especially strong if that cheru8 shares the same qualities its other half once had long ago, 8efore it experienced the matur8tion process known as predomin8tion.

## [A6I5] ==>

**07/03/13**

dialoglogYou see, when a young cheru8 hatches, it would appear that only one creature has 8egun its life. 8ut the appearance is not to 8e trusted. The young cheru8 actually consists of two completely distinct 8eings, a male and a female each sharing one 8ody. The two halves are endowed with polar opposite predispositions as well. One predisposed toward malevolence, another toward 8enevolence. Good or evil, if you prefer to deal in simplistic terms, or at least those which are convenient for the sake of this story! I prefer to view the dichotomy as a kind of moral alignment, like an attri8ute that dict8tes the choices a character makes in certain types of games I used to play. The male and female halves can 8e aligned either way, as long as they differ from each other. The resulting conflict 8etween the two personalities is central to life as a cheru8, 8oth 8efore and after predomin8tion.

Shortly after hatching, the two halves 8egin vacill8ting, taking turns controlling the 8ody. The only physical differenti8tion 8etween the two is the color8tion of their cheek swirls, which indic8tes alignment. There is otherwise no way to tell male and female apart 8efore a cheru8 predomin8tes. The vacill8tion process is demarc8ted 8y sleep. When the male goes to sleep, the female wakes up. And when the male wakes up, again the female sleeps. And so it goes, 8ack and forth like this, as the two identities vie for dominance over the other, and ultim8tely, permanent control over the 8ody. They grow to detest one another, and develop a view of social interaction centered entirely around animosity and confront8tion. For good cheru8s, this readies them for a long life of isol8tion, as they will prefer to avoid the sort of conflict that comes with social interaction as they have 8een conditioned to understand it. 8ut for evil ones, the contentious up8ringing only serves to fuel their inclin8tion to harm others.

And though this duality makes for a tormented childhood, the inner conflict it cre8tes is an extremely important part of a young cheru8's life. The defining part, actually. It is the struggle a cheru8 must overcome to mature, and this process culmin8tes in predomin8tion.

## [A6I5] ==>

**07/03/13**

dialoglogOne half will prove to have a stronger will than the other. The less dominant half will then weaken over time, and it will eventually 8ecome clear to 8oth that one will not survive. The dominant personality will then completely consume the other, integr8ting it in such a way that only one is left. The cheeks will 8ecome solidly colored, and the cheru8 will grow to maturity as a single 8eing, endowed with the alignment of the dominant half, and with all his or her personal qualities at the forefront of the union.

In the case of our heroine, she was the good half, and the day of her predomin8tion was in a sense the day her 8rother died. And though it was to her 8enefit and personal growth, 8ecause of this loss she would always live with a sense that something was missing. Every sexually mature cheru8 lives with this feeling. It drives them to seek out another cheru8 similar to the half they lost, the part of their 8eing which they grew up in perpetual conflict with. The desire to travel the universe in hopes of reigniting that conflict is very important to their species. It's the force which compels them to procre8.

## [A6I5] ==>

**07/03/13**

dialoglogSo she set out to track his scent, as it were. And soon, she found a physical trail as well. A path of carnage left 8ehind 8y a particularly destructive male cheru8. She followed the de8ris from civilized worlds and star systems he left 8ehind, as if to mock her, to make it clear he knew of her pursuit and was all 8ut paving her way with the dead. His 8rutality made her more furious, thus setting the mood, so to speak, for their imminent courtship.

## [A6I5] ==>

**07/03/13**

dialoglogA cheru8 of his alignment is seemingly motiv8ted 8y little other than to conquer and destroy. From a 8ioexistential perspective, they 8ehave somewhat like viruses attacking the system from within. 8ut as with all sym8iotic organisms living within a universe, there are 8alancing factors. While those inha8iting an evil cheru8's territory will regard it as an unpredicta8le tyrant, those in the territory of a good cheru8 will likely come to view it as a protector, waiting quietly for millenia in deep space, ready to attack any encroaching threat. In that sense, they are not unlike cells in a universal immune system.

## [A6I5] ==>

**07/03/13**

dialoglogThis 8alance of forces allows sta8ility, such that life and new civiliz8tions can 8lossom and thrive within a universe, thus assuring the possi8ility of its own ela8orate procre8tion process. 8ut if that 8alance was ever distur8ed, it would lead to chaos in that 8iosystem. The universe could not survive for long. And if 8y some means a cheru8 with such destructive tendencies were to achieve unprecedented power, the resulting im8alance would 8e catastrophic for paradox space itself. And though the heroine of our story could have no way of knowing, this is exactly what would result from the pursuit of her kismesis.

## [A6I5] ==>

**07/03/13**

dialoglogLike humans, cheru8s perceive romance through only one quadrant. Unlike humans, their rel8tionships are exclusively 8lack. 8ut their m8ting ritual is much more violent than any practice trolls would, or even physically *could* engage in. And though it is critical to the perpetu8tion of their race, the confront8tions can sometimes 8e lethal to one or 8oth cheru8s. Regardless of the outcome, the stakes are always high. The winner of the duel will assume control of the other's territory, while the loser will slink away to 8ear the offspring. So as she toured the planetary wreckage, she knew her quest for a m8 was not just a8out the propag8tion of her species, 8ut the li8er8tion of 8illions from a monster.

She pursued him for many sweeps with mounting o8session, until one day the trail came to an end at a 8lack hole. Cheru8s typically seek out 8lack holes as the setting for their m8ting ritual. 8ut not any 8lack hole. Once long ago it was a star, and circling that star was a planet. That planet was home to one of the presently sparring cheru8s. The male in this case returned to the site of his hatching to m8, a loc8tion now conspicuously occupied 8y a truly massive 8lack hole.

This was where she found him. And this was where they would duel.

## [A6I5] ==>
**09/03/13**
dialoglogWhile an adult cheru8 is a fearsome creature, and would 8e a formida8le opponent to anyone in its unaltered st8, this is not the form in which they do 8attle with each other. The ritual is more extreme and physically demanding than any other kind of courtship or duel in the universe. The moment they meet, they will 8oth undergo a dramatic metamorphosis.

## [A6I5] ==>
**09/03/13**
dialoglogThe m8tes will then duel as two vast frightening serpents, each an astronomical unit in length.

## [A6I5] ==>
**09/03/13**
dialoglogThe tangled struggle 8etween the green aus is exceedingly 8rutal and can last for sweeps. While dueling in such a monstrous form, their energy is inexhausti8le. The transform8tion taps into the cheru8s' latent connection with the enigmatic forces presiding over all that is eternal, and perme8ting all those endowed with immortality. Normally this power is only accessi8le to them during m8ting. In this form, they are only a8le to 8e injured 8y one another, and are otherwise indestructi8le. Hence the ritual can never 8e stopped 8y an outside force until it is complete.

## [A6I5] ==>
**09/03/13**
dialoglogIt should come as no surprise that in this story our heroine was victorious. Upon defeating her m8 she initi8ted the interlocking form8tion to complete the coupling, while assuming the dominant position, a stance undetecta8le to all 8ut the most astute o8servers of the zoologically du8ious. Consequently, the male was fertilized with the young.

## [A6I5] ==>
**09/03/13**
dialoglogHe then slithered away in disgrace from the territory he'd just lost. A cheru8 looking to nest will search for a dead planet situ8ted near a massive dying star. The egg is deposited on the planet's surface, and the rising temperature from the expanding red giant will incu88 the egg until it is ready to hatch. Later in life, the cheru8 will grow wings, assuming it has matured properly. And if it has learned to fly well enough to reach a safe distance from the nest 8efore the star goes supernova, soon the hungry cheru8 will return and feast on the resulting stellar energy. Doing so allows it to gain enough strength to travel gr8 distances, and claim its own territory. The star will then collapse into a 8lack hole, serving as a distinct gravit8tional 8eacon to the cheru8 l8ter in life, so it may return there to m8.

## [A6I5] ==>
**09/03/13**
dialoglogAs it happens, our heroine's m8 discovered Earth, long after it had journeyed to a new sun, and long since new civiliz8tions had risen and fallen. Now on the 8rink of destruction from its dying star, its 8arren accommod8tions were ideal for a young cheru8. There he deposited his single egg and flew away, never to return. No cheru8 ever spawns more than one offspring at a time, for it is every cheru8's destiny to grow up alone. Or alone on the outside, at least.

## [A6I5] ==>

**09/03/13**

dialoglogFrom that egg hatched one very special cheru8 with two names - one that few will ever know, and one that few should ever say. A fascin8ting thing a8out cheru8 reproduction is how the parent's alignment is passed on to the young. If the male lays the egg, the alignments of the child's two halves will 8e the same as the parents. If the female lays the egg, the alignments will 8e flipped, and the young male and female halves will 8e endowed with opposite alignments of the parents. As such, the male half took after his father. Perhaps the son even exceeded him in violent tendencies. It is hard to imagine there has ever 8een a cheru8 more willfully destructive or as stu88ornly dedic8ted to conquest than the monstrosity he would grow up to 8ecome.

## [A6I5] ==>

**09/03/13**

dialoglogDue to his indomita8le nature, I 8elieve victory over his sister was a foregone conclusion. 8arring a highly impro8a8le glitch in causality, it would 8e almost impossi8le for her to predomin8te over someone like him. And even so, he didn't have the patience to w8. Unfortun8tely for everyone to ever exist, he discovered a way to predomin8te early. Yet it was not this act alone that would prove ominous, so much as the means through which it was achieved. He was allowed to 8ecome the solo player of a game which his kind was never meant to play.

And so, it is with the predomin8tion of her son that our heroine's story ends, and the story of our villain 8egins.

## [A6I5] ==>

**10/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Hey!!!!!!!!
ARANEA: Meenah, where are you going?
MEENAH: im takin a gaper break
MEENAH: god
ARANEA: 8ut the story isn't over yet!

## [A6I5] ==>

**10/03/13**

```
ghost!Feferi: 38D
ghost!Nepeta: :33
```

dialoglogMEENAH: girl your stories never end my bladder cant even deal
MEENAH: just keep talking while im gone
ARANEA: No, that's ok. We can w8!
MEENAH: i already heard the damn story though!
ARANEA: Not all of it!
MEENAH: glubber fuck cant you just keep yappin about snake sex while i hit the lil grubs room already

## [A6I5] ==>

**10/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: I'm afraid not. Everyone must listen to the full story.
MEENAH: omfg

MEENAH: you really are turnin evil arent ya
MEENAH: i would be proud except of how terrible and boring the actual consequences are for me personally
JOHN: wait...
JOHN: does that mean when you're a ghost you still have to pee?
MEENAH: none a your business blue kid
JOHN: that's so weird.
JOHN: am i the only one who thinks that's weird?
VRISKA: No, John. It's definitely pretty weird that ghosts have to pee.
VRISKA: You get used to life as a ghost pretty fast, though.
JOHN: but weren't you already pretty used to peeing when you were alive?
VRISKA: Yeah. That's why you get used to it pretty fast, dummy!
JOHN: this is kind of a stupid conversation.
JOHN: can we hear more about the snakes and whatnot? it was a pretty cool story.
ARANEA: Yes! ::::D
ARANEA: As soon as Meenah returns from her visit to the load gaper.
MEENAH: HOLY MACK-ER-EL CAN YOU S)(ITFUCKS JUST -ENJOY YOUR SPAC-E LIZARD PORN W)(IL-E I TAK-E A FUCKING PISS???

## [A6I5] ==>

**10/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: I think we could all stand to take a 8rief intermission from the story regardless, to let all these intriguing facts a8out cheru8s sink in.
MEENAH: ugh
MEENAH: you and your intermissions
MEENAH: what is with your intermissions they aint even intermissions most of the time
MEENAH: they just an excuse to tell another dumb story inside a longer dumb story
ARANEA: Yes, Meenah. You are correct, and your reserv8tions are noted.
ARANEA: However, would it change your mind if I were to propose not an intermission, 8ut.....
ARANEA: An *interfishin?*
MEENAH: ...
MEENAH: ...
ARANEA: ;;;;)
MEENAH: fine
MEENAH: lets do the interfishin thing you said
MEENAH: cuz of fish
MEENAH: brb u scrubs

## [S][A6I5] BEGIN INTERFISHIN

**10/03/13**

```
GONE FISHIN

THE SYLPH IS OUT


BLADDER

* (bar goes down to zero)
```

```
MEENAH: eye patch guy fell the fuck down

MEENAH: like captor like captor i guess

MEENAH: so uh

MEENAH: water we doin here...

MEENAH: i sea
 #kthxbai
```

## [A6I5] END OF INTERFISHIN

**12/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Anyway, where was I?

JOHN: the heroine story ends and the villain story begins.

JOHN: i think...

ARANEA: Yes, that's right.

ARANEA: It is with the predomin8tion of her son that our heroine's story ends, and the story of our villain 8egins.

## [A6I5] ==>

**12/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: 8ut as we all know, 8eginnings are not always so easy to pinpoint in paradox space.

ARANEA: One could say his story 8egan the day he claimed immortality. Or the moment his 8eing was inexplica8ly confined to a juju, allowing him access to any realm in which his vessel would capriciously materialize.

ARANEA: 8ut for the sake of linearity, we may as well say his story 8egan the day he and his sister hatched.

## [A6I5] ==>

**12/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: When a cheru8 hatches, the two undeveloped personalities mingle together in the same 8ody. There is not yet a clear division 8etween the two.

ARANEA: It will then consume the egg shell for the vital nutrients it contains. The sugary snack is irresisti8le to the starving wiggler.

ARANEA: Once it finishes its first meal, the two personalities will 8e pulled apart for good, and the child will pup8.

ARANEA: The two halves then 8egin vacill8ting with their sleep cycles, as I descri8ed.

## [A6I5] ==>

**12/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: As you might expect, the female child was as cheerful and friendly as could 8e.

## [A6I5] ==>

**12/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: She took after her mother in every way. At least, the way her mother used to 8e, long 8efore she was hardened 8y centuries of isol8tion and o8sessive pursuit of justice.

## [A6I5] ==>
**12/03/13**
dialoglogARANEA: And to just as little surprise, the male child was an insuffera8le 8rat.

## [A6I5] ==>
**12/03/13**
dialoglogARANEA: It is just as well that cheru8 parents a8andon their offspring. Raising such a child 8y the familial standards of any race would 8e a monumental challenge.

## [A6I5] ==>
**12/03/13**
dialoglogARANEA: Nevertheless, it would seem there were those who tried.
ARANEA: Details in my research suggest our villain had a num8er of acolytes oper8ting in the shadows, preparing for his arrival.
ARANEA: We will pro8a8ly never know who these scurrilous conspir8tors were. 8ut it is evident that at some point the cheru8 was locked in a room, either out of exasper8tion, or for its own good, until it was old enough to enter the session.

## [A6I5] ==>
**14/03/13**

```
Special Stardust

A FAT FREE CANDY
JUJUBES CANDY
```

dialoglogARANEA: The children were left with everything a young cheru8 could ever want. Meat, candy, computers, a lifetime supply of special stardust, and of course their precious jujus.
ARANEA: The acolytes had clearly gone to gr8 lengths to harvest such items from all over the cosmos, so they could lavish their young master with gifts.
ARANEA: They may have 8een prisoners, yes. 8ut if you ask me, these children were very spoiled.

## [A6I5] ==>
**14/03/13**
dialoglogARANEA: While the female was preparing for a colla8or8tive approach to the game, the male was plotting furiously against her. He never had any intention of working with her.
ARANEA: As far as he was concerned, the game was his and his alone to conquer.

## [A6I5] ==>
**14/03/13**
dialoglogARANEA: One day, he put his plan into motion. He had his sister's dream self assassin8ted on Prospit.
ARANEA: The next time she went to sleep, she would never wake up again. When her 8rother woke up, he 8ecame the sole occupant of the 8ody.
ARANEA: He then freed himself from his chains, and launched the session 8y himself.

## [A6I5] ==>
**14/03/13**
dialoglogARANEA: 8ut this game was never meant to 8e played solo.
ARANEA: Its format is inherently cooper8tive. The diversity of players, the com8in8tion of their

efforts and aspects, this is what awakens the true cre8tive potential of the game. Without them, a session will wither and die.
ARANEA: If one enters alone, it completely alters the nature of the game. It changes its purpose.
ARANEA: For a solo player, a challenging quest 8ecomes an insurmounta8le one. A reward of infinite promise 8ecomes a 8oon far more sinister.
ARANEA: The gauntlet which the player must overcome is seemingly designed to 8e impossi8le. For all intents and purposes, it is not actually a game at all. It is a death sentence for any player foolish enough to accept the challenge.
ARANEA: 8ut it 8ears repeating.
ARANEA: This was very special cheru8.

## [A6I5] ==>

**14/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: He entered what is called a dead session.
ARANEA: This qualifies as 8oth a null and void session, 8ut is even less than either of those. Compared to a typical session, it is almost unrecogniza8le.
ARANEA: 8efore the game 8egins, Skaia is 8lotted out with a dark layer of clouds. Its light is extinguished for good.
ARANEA: There is no planet w8ting for the player in the medium.
ARANEA: So instead, he 8rought it with him.

## [A6I5] ==>

**14/03/13**

```
LAND OF          AND
```

dialoglogARANEA: 8ut when he arrived, there was no heroic journey for him to em8ark on.
ARANEA: There was nothing. No sprite, no consorts, no underlings.
ARANEA: The land had no name.
ARANEA: Those things all needed to 8e unlocked.
ARANEA: To unlock his true quest, he was forced to undergo a series of excruci8tingly tedious trials.
ARANEA: Only then would the way to the planet's core 8e revealed. There, he would consult with the most monstrous denizen of all.
ARANEA: And while such trials might discourage most players from even trying, our villain's response was quite the contrary.
ARANEA: He was only em8oldened 8y the mind num8ing chores. He took to them with gusto, as if performing them out of spite.

## [A6I5] ==>

**14/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: With perseverance, he found the final door and unlocked it.
ARANEA: W8ting for him on the other side was a terri8le creature named Yalda8aoth.
ARANEA: His denizen would allow him a 8rief audience. One just long enough for him to make The Choice.

## [S][A6I5] ==>

**14/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: No denizen has ever 8een mistaken for pleasant company. 8ut the self-proclaimed god of all monsters is notoriously inhospita8le to his players.
ARANEA: His choices are known for their wild extremes.
ARANEA: And to this player, in this session, he offered his most extreme choice of all.
ARANEA: It was the choice 8etween a path of conquest, and a path of sacrifice.
ARANEA: 8ut this is putting it lightly.
ARANEA: In a tongue only his player could understand, he descri8ed what the path of the martyr entailed.
ARANEA: In short, it involved nothing.
ARANEA: The player chooses to walk away from the tempt8tion of power. To surrender all am8ition, and to welcome death.
ARANEA: In exchange for this pledge comes a promise. The player's sacrifice is assured to 8enefit all who will ever live.
ARANEA: In death, the player would later 8e in the position to help 8ring an end to a force of unfathoma8le evil and destruction.
ARANEA: A force which was unleashed, for instance, 8y someone who once opted for the other choice.
ARANEA: Yalda8aoth then descri8ed what it meant to choose the path of the conqueror.
ARANEA: It was a path for a more active player, to 8e sure. The player's mettle as a conquering force would 8e tested directly, and repeatedly.
ARANEA: One 8y one, he would have to conquer and destroy a num8er of planets spawned for him in the session. Each would 8e more difficult than the last.
ARANEA: After destroying them all, his true land would 8ecome unlocked.
ARANEA: He would then return to face his denizen again, and defeat him in com8at.
ARANEA: If successful, his reward would 8e unprecedented.
ARANEA: He would receive the 8oon of unconditional immortality, where resurrection would not 8e linked with the just or heroic nature of death.
ARANEA: It is unclear how this 8oon would 8e awarded, since to my knowledge it is 8eyond even the a8ility of a denizen to allow this.
ARANEA: 8ut through whatever mechanism the 8oon is 8estowed, immortality is only the 8eginning.
ARANEA: The player is somehow also im8ued with a limitless supply of power. Enough to destroy anything he wanted, for as long as he wanted.
ARANEA: And knowing the villain of our story, anything he wanted would be everything. And as long as he wanted would be forever.
ARANEA: Yes, knowing our villain, the choice he would make is quite clear.
ARANEA: Knowing him, in fact, proves it could hardly 8e considered a choice at all.

## [A6I5] ==>

**15/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: It was at this point the real game would 8egin.
ARANEA: Skaia would undergo a dramatic transform8tion, 8ecoming even darker and heavier.

## [A6I5] ==>

**15/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Soon it would 8ecome a very massive solid sphere. It would 8egin to gener8 heat within due to rising density.
ARANEA: The surface would 8egin to crack.

## [A6I5] ==>

**15/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: The resulting explosion is known as the First 8r8k.
ARANEA: From the primordial 8last would emerge fifteen planets for the player to conquer.
ARANEA: They would scatter and ricochet at high velocity 8efore settling into or8it in the medium.
ARANEA: The 8r8k is a very violent phenomenon though. Not all planets will necessarily clear the 8last 8efore the Skaian de8ris settles into its final st8.

## [A6I5] ==>

**15/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: The vast amount of resulting matter then collapses into a 8lack hole.
ARANEA: Its gravit8tional pull is tremendous. Any o8ject within range will 8e sucked in and destroyed.
ARANEA: Those planets which settle into or8it will 8e safe, for the time 8eing.
ARANEA: 8ut in the case of our villain's session, three of the planets did not make it and fell 8ack into the hole.
ARANEA: This was a very lucky 8r8k for him!

## [A6I5] ==>

**15/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: It meant that he would only have to conquer twelve planets instead.
ARANEA: This 8it of good fortune could very well have 8een the difference which allowed him to overcome a nearly impossi8le challenge.
ARANEA: His task was to destroy all of these planets in order, each within a time allowance that gets shorter with every planet.
ARANEA: To destroy a planet, first it must 8e conquered.
ARANEA: He would have to overcome all forces of resistance on the planet, and ultim8tely defeat whatever powerful underling ruled there.
ARANEA: Then, much like he did to unlock the quest in the first place, he would have to travel to the planet's core.
ARANEA: There he would retrieve a 8om8, and return to the surface.
ARANEA: If he did not accomplish this in time, the 8om8 would deton8 in the core, and the game would 8e lost automatically.
ARANEA: The 8om8 is not powerful enough to destroy the planet alone.
ARANEA: In fact, its purpose is not to damage the planet at all, 8ut to move it.

## [A6I5] ==>

**15/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: So he must 8ring it to a design8ted loc8tion on the surface.
ARANEA: When it explodes, the planet will 8e knocked out of or8it, and sucked into the hole.
ARANEA: Of course he must make sure he has moved on to the next planet 8efore this happens!

## [A6I5] ==>

**15/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: He repeats this process for each planet until they are all gone.
ARANEA: There is one caveat though. He must skip the eighth planet.
ARANEA: If he sinks that one 8efore any of the others, it will result in the destruction of the entire session.
ARANEA: Thus it must 8e the final planet he conquers.

## [A6I5] ==>

**15/03/13**

```
LAND OF ?????? AND ?????
```

dialoglogARANEA: Upon destroying the eighth planet, his true land will reveal itself.
ARANEA: The dead planet will come to life, and there he must prepare for 8attle with his denizen.
ARANEA: He may sharpen his com8at skills, craft new weaponry, anything he can do to improve his chances against a very powerful endgame foe.
ARANEA: Fortun8tely for him, he would not have to face the monster alone.
ARANEA: 8y then he will have accumul8ted a party of loyal minions.

## [A6I5] ==>

**16/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: With each planet he destroys, he will 8e awarded a new leprechaun follower.
ARANEA: Even if a planet was destroyed in the 8r8k, he will still 8e awarded that planet's leprechaun upon destroying the planet preceding it. Sort of like a two for one deal!
JOHN: wait.
JOHN: leprechauns??
ARANEA: Yes, John!
ARANEA: I'm delighted to see you have pounced on what is clearly the most interesting part of the story thus far.
ARANEA: Leprechauns are a fascin8ting mythical race, although there is some dispute among scholars as to whether they are actually a 8reed of gnome.
JOHN: ...
ARANEA: I can't say I 8lame you for 8eing speechless. There are no dou8t hundreds of questions swirling in your head at once a8out these wonderful creatures.
ARANEA: Where do I even 8egin? You must forgive me, I find it very difficult to resist going on at length a8out them. I just think they are so gr8.
ARANEA: For instance, I can and have given lectures for weeks at a time on their marvelous and widely varying magical a8ilities.
ARANEA: More intriguing yet would 8e any medium-to-longform harangue on the topic of their culture and customs, most of which revolve around luck.
ARANEA: 8ut most captiv8ting of all, and the su8ject upon which I will now assiduously expound, would 8e the positively scintill8ting su8ject of leprechaun romance.

## [A6I5] ==>

**16/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: The pro8lem is that when the su8ject of leprechaun romance is 8roached, our overly o8essive troll intellects instantly assume the most ingrati8ting posture of admir8tion

imagina8le.
ARANEA: Which makes it hard! Hard to give it proper academic focus I mean, 8ecause of how gr8 it is.
ARANEA: 8ut we will do our 8est to understand regardless.
ARANEA: Trolls have only four forms of romance. And though we consider it a complic8ted su8ject, spanning a wide range of emotions, social conventions, and implic8tions for reproduction, it is ultim8tely a superficial slice of what leprechauns consider the full 8ody of romantic experience. Our concept of romance, in spite of its capacity to fill our art and literature and to rule our individual destinies like little else, is still just that. A single, quaternary concept. A concept usually denoted 8y four sym8ols.
ARANEA: <3 <3< <> o8<
ARANEA: Leprechaun romance is more complic8ted than that. Leprechaun romance needs nine sym8ols.
ARANEA: The nine quadrants of leprechaun romance are considera8ly more nuanced than our quaint notions of romance, and certainly more alien.
ARANEA: In fact, so conditioned is my own understanding of romance that I can't help 8ut refer to them as quadrants, when in fact they are not quadrants at all! They are referred to as charms.
ARANEA: One of the charms is characterized 8y romantic love, as understood 8y 8oth trolls and humans. 8ut after that, all 8ets are off. There is no division 8etween 8lack or red, concupiscent or conciliatory. Instead their charms comprise a spectral continuum of more su8tly varying types of relationships, most of which are esta8lished in mutual chicanery, such as the exchange of pranks, coy riddles, slapstick shenanigans, and games of chance. Furthermore, a pair of leprechauns is not limited to a single charm. A relationship may 8e defined 8y multiple charms at once! In fact, some of the most interesting relationships arise from exotic charm com8in8tions. A sta8le relationship consisting of three or more charms is called a trove. These advanced relationships are often viewed as the ideal end result for a romance, much the way certain pairing rituals are for humans.
ARANEA: No charm is specifically tied to procre8tion, though any type of relationship could 8egin waxing concupiscent if lady luck should so decide. Certain charm com8in8tions are known to 8e more conducive to fertility than others. If the leprechaun pair has 8een so 8lessed, they will 8egin an ela8orate coupling procedure culmin8ting in a lively m8ting jig. The jigs are specific to the charms of course, similar to how different kinds of music lend themselves to various styles of dance.
ARANEA: While their romance is endlessly captiv8ting, leprechaun reproduction may 8e the most interesting su8ject of all. Particularly from a perspective of detailed anatomical study, which I will get to shortly. 8ut first it 8ears pointing out that while for humans reproductive relationships are exclusively heterosexual, and for trolls they are 8isexual, for leprechauns they-
VRISKA: WOW, WHAT A STORY!!!!!!!!
ARANEA: 8ut I wasn't fin-
VRISKA: WASN'T THAT STORY GR8 EVERYONE?
VRISKA: WOW!!!!!!!!

## [A6I5] ==>

**17/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Hmm.
ARANEA: You really liked it that much, Vriska?
VRISKA: Hell yeah!

VRISKA: Oh my god. That leprechaun stuff? Soooooooo good.
VRISKA: Right guys?
ARANEA: Wow. Well, I would 8e happy to continue then, if you-
VRISKA: Mindfang, have I told you how gr8 it's 8een to get to know each other, and team up on adventures and stuff?
VRISKA: I really feel like you've helped me get in touch with my ancestral roots. Mainly as a kickass storyteller.
VRISKA: It was like this whole part of my personality I was never aware of. Like the part that's compelled to just outright explain tons of really interesting things to people, while sparing no detail whatsoever.
VRISKA: It's made me feel a lot closer to understanding my aspect, as well as closer to you. So I just wanted to say, thanks!
ARANEA: Aw, you're welcome!
ARANEA: I feel the exact same way a8out my time with you.
ARANEA: You have really helped me get in touch with the true pir8 within. I saw in you the adventurous spirit I always wished I could 8e.
ARANEA: You helped me finally understand the virtue in rationalizing questiona8le decisions, and 8ehaving unscrupulously for the gr8ter good!
VRISKA: Haha, stop! You're going to make me start tearing up.
VRISKA: Get over here and give me a hug, alpha sister.
ARANEA: ::::)

**[A6I5] ==>**
**17/03/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**17/03/13**

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gag choke
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**[A6I5] ==>**
**17/03/13**

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wank wank
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**[A6I5] ==>**
**17/03/13**
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**[A6I5] ==>**
**19/03/13**

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Faygo x3
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dialoglogKARKAT: WHO???
TEREZI: YOU KNOW...
TEREZI: VR1SK4S 4NC3STOR?
TEREZI: TH3 FR13NDLY ON3 WHO T3LLS LONG STOR13S
KARKAT: OH YEAH.
KARKAT: HER.
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW, I CAN'T KEEP ALL THESE GHOST NAMES STRAIGHT.
KARKAT: FLIPTUNA? MEOWLIN...
KARKAT: WASN'T THERE A CARLOS?
KARKAT: FUCK IT. THEY WERE ALL NAMED CARLOS AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED.
KARKAT: WAIT. EXCEPT MEENAH. SHE WAS ALRIGHT. A LITTLE FORWARD, BUT...
KARKAT: WHATEVER, THIS ISN'T THE POINT.
KARKAT: ALL I REMEMBER ABOUT MY INTERACTIONS WITH THE SERKET GIRL WAS GETTING CORNERED INTO THESE LUDICROUS MONOLOGUES, THEN RACKING MY BRAIN FOR EXCUSES TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THERE.
TEREZI: Y34H W3LL
TEREZI: 1 W4S 4 L1TTL3 MOR3 T4CTFUL TH4N YOU 4ND 4CTU4LLY L1ST3N3D
TEREZI: 4ND L3T H3R T4LK M3 1NTO SOM3TH1NG 1 SHOULDNT H4V3 >:[
KARKAT: SO SHE WAS JUST LIKE
KARKAT: *POOF!*
KARKAT: AND SUDDENLY YOUR EYES WERE BETTER?
TEREZI: Y3S
KARKAT: WHAT IS SHE, SOME SORT OF MAGIC FAIRY??
TEREZI: UM. Y3S?
TEREZI: TH4TS K1ND OF L1T3R4LLY WH4T SH3 1S
KARKAT: OH
KARKAT: ALRIGHT, I GUESS HER STORY CHECKS OUT THEN.
KARKAT: GOOD FOR HER.
KARKAT: BUT THIS DOESN'T SEEM LIKE YOU TEREZI. I MEAN, I DIDN'T THINK YOU EVEN WANTED YOUR EYESIGHT BACK?
KARKAT: I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE AS CHUFFED ABOUT HER OWN DISABILITY AS YOU. I WAS ALWAYS UNDER THE IMPRESSION YOU FELT LIKE IT WAS A BIG PART OF WHO YOU ARE?
TEREZI: 1T W4S!!!
TEREZI: TH3 MOM3NT SH3 H34L3D M3 1 KN3W 1 M4D3 4 T3RR1BL3 M1ST4K3
TEREZI: BUT 1 COULDNT T4K3 1T B4CK
TEREZI: 1 THOUGHT 4BOUT 1T
TEREZI: L1K3 JUST BL1ND1NG MYS3LF 4G41N 4ND PR3T3ND1NG 1T N3V3R H4PP3N3D
TEREZI: BUT
TEREZI: 3V3N TH3 W4Y 1T H4PP3N3D OR1G1N4LLY W4S SOM3TH1NG SP3C14L TO M3
TEREZI: 1 C4NT DUPL1C4T3 TH4T
TEREZI: 4ND 3V3N 1F 1 COULD 1T ST1LL WOULDNT B3 TH3 S4M3
TEREZI: 1 C4NT S33M TO FORG1V3 MYS3LF FOR B31NG SO STUP1D
TEREZI: FOR SOM3 R34SON 1 THOUGHT 1T W4S 4 GOOD 1D34 TO T4K3 TH3 ONLY COOL 4ND UN1QU3 TH1NG 4BOUT MYS3LF 4ND "F1X" 1T
TEREZI: WH4T W4S 1 TH1NK1NG?

KARKAT: WHOA WHOA
KARKAT: THE *ONLY* COOL THING ABOUT YOU?
KARKAT: TEREZI. I WANT TO BE UNDERSTANDING, BUT I CAN'T GET BEHIND SOME OF THE SHIT YOU'RE SAYING ABOUT YOURSELF HERE.
KARKAT: WHAT MADE YOU START UNRAVELING LIKE THIS?
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK 1T W4S WH3N W3 ST4RT3D M33T1NG OUR 4NC3STORS
TEREZI: 4ND 1 THOUGHT TH3Y W3R3 4LL COOL3R 4ND OLD3R 4ND MOR3 1NT3R3ST1NG TH4N US
TEREZI: 3V3N THOUGH TH3Y PROB4BLY W3R3NT?
TEREZI: TH3Y H4D 4 LOT OF PROBL3MS 4ND 1NS3CUR1T13S TOO
TEREZI: BUT 1 GU3SS TH3 K1ND TH4T OLD3R K1DS H4V3, 4ND WH3N YOUR3 YOUNG3R YOU DONT R34LLY R3COGN1Z3 TH3M 4S PROBL3MS
TEREZI: YOU LOOK 4T THOS3 TH1NGS 4S JUST P4RT OF WH4T 1TS L1K3 B31NG SOM3ON3 WHOS MOR3 1NT3R3ST1NG 4ND GROWN UP TH4N YOU
TEREZI: M4YB3 S1NC3 1M NOT 4S YOUNG 4NYMOR3 1 GU3SS 1 C4N S33 TH4T NOW
TEREZI: BUT 1 W4S STUP1DLY 4W3STRUCK BY SOM3 P3OPL3 WHO W3R3 NOT SO 1MPR3SS1V3 1N R3TROSP3CT 4ND 1 M4D3 4 DUMB M1ST4K3
KARKAT: WAIT. WE MET ALL THOSE PEOPLE LIKE...
KARKAT: KIND OF A LONG TIME AGO?
KARKAT: HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING THIS FROM EVERYONE?
TEREZI: 1 DONT KNOW
TEREZI: 4 Y34R OR SOM3TH1NG?
TEREZI: 4ND 1 W4SNT H1D1NG 1T
TEREZI: 1 JUST D1DNT T3LL 4NYBODY
KARKAT: YEAH! THAT'S WHAT HIDING IT MEANS.
TEREZI: BUT
TEREZI: YOU USU4LLY C4NT S33 MY 3Y3S 4NYW4Y!
TEREZI: C4US3 OF MY GL4SS3S?? DUH
KARKAT: I KNOW, BUT NOT TELLING ANYBODY THAT IS STILL BEING POINTLESSLY SECRETIVE!
KARKAT: YOU COULD HAVE SAID, HEY KARKAT, I FUCKED UP AND NOW I CAN SEE AGAIN. MAYBE WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS SO I DON'T GO INTO A TRAGIC DOWNWARD SPIRAL AND MAKE YOU WORRY ABOUT ME FOR NO REASON!
TEREZI: 1M SORRY!
TEREZI: 1 SHOULD H4V3
TEREZI: BUT 1 W4S SO 4SH4M3D
KARKAT: AND WHAT ABOUT THIS CLANDESTINE BLACKROM NONSENSE YOU'VE GOT GOING ON WITH GAMZEE?
TEREZI: WH4T?
KARKAT: HAVE YOU BEEN DATING HIM FOR JUST AS LONG?
KARKAT: WAS HE INVOLVED IN THAT DECISION??
KARKAT: LIKE, DID HE HELP TALK YOU INTO HEALING YOUR EYES OR SOMETHING?!
TEREZI: HOW D1D YOU KNOW W3 W3R3 D4T1NG!
TEREZI: D1D H3 T3LL YOU?
KARKAT: OH MY GOD. TEREZI, YOU ARE A FUCKING CATASTROPHE.

KARKAT: YOU USED TO BE LIKE, CUNNING? AND CONSIDERABLY MORE INTELLIGENT THAN ME, WHICH I HAVE NO PROBLEM ADMITTING.
KARKAT: BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS. EVEN IF I DIDN'T FIGURE IT OUT MYSELF, WHICH I *DID* BECAUSE IT WAS *OBVIOUS*, YOU ARE UP HERE ON THE ROOF LYING UNCONSCIOUS IN A PILE OF HONK HORNS AND FAYGO BOTTLES.
KARKAT: I AM NOT A MASTER OF DEDUCTION, BUT UNLESS YOU WERE RECENTLY STOMPED ON BY SOME SORT OF GOLEM COMPOSED OF GARBAGE FROM A CIRCUS, IT SEEMS FAIR TO SAY YOU ARE OFFICIALLY DOWN WITH THE CLOWN.
TEREZI: UUUGH
TEREZI: OK
TEREZI: Y3S
TEREZI: 1TS TRU3 >:o[
KARKAT: WELL? WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT.
TEREZI: 1 COULDNT G3T UP TH3 N3RV3 TO T3LL YOU 4BOUT TH4T 31TH3R
TEREZI: 1N 4 W4Y, 1M 3V3N MOR3 D1SGUST3D W1TH MYS3LF FOR D4T1NG TH4T 4SSHOL3 TH4N 1 4M FOR H34L1NG MY 3Y3S
KARKAT: THEN WHY ARE YOU DOING IT!
TEREZI: 1 DONT KNOW!
TEREZI: 1 C4NT BR1NG MYS3LF TO STOP S331NG H1M
TEREZI: 3V3RY T1M3 1 TH1NK 1 C4NT STOM4CH TH3 S1GHT OF H1S UGLY F4C3 FOR 4NOTH3R S3COND
TEREZI: H3 PULLS M3 B4CK 1N
TEREZI: H3 1S JUST
TEREZI: SO
TEREZI: *4444WFUL*

## [A6I5] ==>

**19/03/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: H3 4LW4YS KNOWS 3X4CTLY WH4T TO S4Y TO P1SS M3 OFF
TEREZI: 3V3RYTH1NG H3 DO3S
TEREZI: H1S F4K3 GOD T13R SU1T, H1S SMUG 3XPR3SS1ON, TH3 DUMB4SS W4YS H3 BUTCH3RS H1S S3NT3NC3S
TEREZI: S4Y1NG SH1T L1K3 '4LL G3TT1NG UP 4T H1S MOTH3R FUCK1N HONK ON', 444444RGH!
TEREZI: 1 H4T3 1T SO MUCH!!!!!!!!!!!!
TEREZI: BUT 1 K33P COM1NG B4CK FOR MOR3
TEREZI: H3S L1K3 4 DRUG!
TEREZI: 3V3N MOR3 4DD1CT1V3 TH4N TH1S...
TEREZI: *R3VOLT1NG* SOD4 1 C4NT STOP DR1NK1NG
TEREZI: 1V3 H4D SO MUCH F4YGO 1 C4NT 3V3N T4ST3 TH3 COLOR 4NYMOR3 >:[
TEREZI: 1 JUST T4ST3 TH3 SUG4R 4ND TH3 BUBBL3S 4ND TH3 4WFUL FL4VOR 1T L34V3S B3H1ND, WH1CH JUST M4K3S M3 DR1NK MOR3 TO W4SH 1T 4W4Y
TEREZI: UNT1L 1 F33L SO N4STY 1 H4V3 TO T4K3 4 LONG SOD4 N4P, BUT 1 W4K3 UP LO4TH1NG MYS3LF 3V3N MOR3
TEREZI: SO 1 JUST R34CH FOR 4NOTH3R BOTTL3
TEREZI: 1T 1S TRULY...

TEREZI: TH3 W1CK3D 3L1X1R
TEREZI: *SOB*
KARKAT: TEREZI...
TEREZI: 1 W4NT H1M TO B3 OUT OF MY L1F3
TEREZI: H3 1S TH3 WORST TH1NG TH4TS 3V3R H4PP3N3D TO M3
TEREZI: BUT
TEREZI: 1 GU3SS YOU C4NT H3LP WHO YOU H4T3
KARKAT: THIS IS KILLING ME, HEARING THIS.
KARKAT: I SERIOUSLY WANT TO WEEP ACTUAL PUKE OUT OF MY EYEBALLS FROM THIS STORY.
KARKAT: HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???
KARKAT: I'VE GOT TO SAY, I DIDN'T SEE IT COMING. IF YOU TOLD ME SWEEPS AGO YOU AND HE...
KARKAT: I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT. LIKE IF THE WRITING WAS ON THE WALL THERE, I SURE AS FUCK DIDN'T READ IT.
TEREZI: Y34H, 1T SNUCK UP ON M3
TEREZI: 1T D1DNT H3LP TH4T H3 T3RROR1Z3D US WH3N W3 W3R3 H1D1NG FROM J4CK
TEREZI: R1GHT UND3R MY NOS3 TOO
TEREZI: SOM3HOW 1 D1DNT PUT TH3 P13C3S TOG3TH3R 4T TH3 T1M3 4ND L3T H1M G3T 4W4Y W1TH MURD3R
TEREZI: 4ND GR4DU4LLY 1 ST4RT3D H4V1NG TH3S3 UNCONTROLL4BL3 THOUGHTS 4BOUT H1M
TEREZI: D4RK THOUGHTS
TEREZI: 4ND WH3N 1 WOULD C4TCH 4 WH1FF OF H1M 1N TH3 CORR1DORS, L1K3 H3 W4S T4UNT1NG M3, TH4T JUST F4NN3D TH3 FL4M3S
TEREZI: TH3N W3 ST4RT3D T4LK1NG SH1T W1TH 34CH OTH3R MOR3 4ND MOR3
TEREZI: 4ND H3 W4S SO MUCH N4ST13R TH4N H3 3V3R US3D TO B3! W4Y MOR3 TH4N 4NY OF OUR FR13NDS 3V3R W3R3
TEREZI: ON3 T1M3 H3 ST4RT3D MOCK1NG MY BL1NDN3SS
TEREZI: WH1CH N3V3R BOTH3R3D M3 WH3N 4NYON3 3LS3 D1D 1T
TEREZI: BUT SOM3HOW, TH3 STUFF H3 S41D...
TEREZI: 1 L3T 1T G3T UND3R MY SK1N
TEREZI: 4ND COMB1N3D W1TH M33T1NG 4 LOT OF N3W P3OPL3 1 F3LT L1K3 1 COULDNT L1V3 UP TO
TEREZI: TH4TS WH3N 1 ST4RT3D R3CONS1D3R1NG 4R4N34S OFF3R
KARKAT: I KNEW IT!
KARKAT: I KNEW HE MUST HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT DECISION. THAT SLIMY BASTARD.
KARKAT: THIS IS MOSTLY MY FAULT. I WASN'T VIGILANT ENOUGH WITH HIM, AND I LET OUR MOIRALLEGIANCE BREAK DOWN.
KARKAT: IF I KEPT A CLOSER EYE ON HIM, MAYBE HE WOULDN'T HAVE LURED YOU INTO HIS SPINNING TENT OF SHIT.
TEREZI: NO, YOU SHOULDNT F33L L1K3...
KARKAT: OR MAYBE IT'S KANAYA'S FAULT? SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN A REALLY GOOD AUSPISTICE. MAYBE SHE COULD HAVE PREVENTED THIS, IF SHE WASN'T SO

PREOCCUPIED HERSELF.
KARKAT: NO WAIT! IT'S ACTUALLY MY FAULT AGAIN! IF I HAD BEEN ON THE BALL AND AUSPISTICIZED BETWEEN HER AND ROSE, SHE WOULD HAVE HAD THE TIME TO AUSPISTICIZE BETWEEN YOU AND GAMZEE!
KARKAT: DAMMIT, I ALWAYS SAY I KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ROMANCE, YET I ROUTINELY UNDERESTIMATE ITS COMPLEXITY, SO I ONLY FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO AFTER IT'S WAY TOO LATE!
KARKAT: GOD I'M SO STUPID STUPID STUPID STUPID
TEREZI: BL4RG SHUT UP!
TEREZI: 1TS NO ON3S F4ULT BUT M1N3!
TEREZI: 1M TH3 ON3 WHO H4S TO D34L W1TH 1T
KARKAT: YEAH OK.
KARKAT: FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, HE'LL PROBABLY JUST BREAK IT OFF AND LEAVE YOU ONCE WE GET TO THE NEW SESSION.
KARKAT: ALL HIS LOYALTIES AND PRIORITIES ARE TOTALLY WARPED NOW. I'M NOT SURE WHAT HE REALLY CARES ABOUT ANYMORE, BUT IT SURE ISN'T ANY OF US.
TEREZI: YOU TH1NK
TEREZI: H3 W1LL L34V3 M3?
KARKAT: YEAH. I DO.
TEREZI: *SOB!!!*
KARKAT: WHOA, WHAT??
KARKAT: ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WANT?
TEREZI: NO!
TEREZI: 1D B3 D3V4ST4T3D 1F H3 JUST
TEREZI: SUDD3NLY D1TCH3D M3 L1K3 TH4T
KARKAT: OK, HELP ME OUT!
KARKAT: YOU'RE CONFUSING ME HERE.
TEREZI: 1D F33L P4TH3T1C!!!
TEREZI: 4ND 1 GU3SS
TEREZI: 4 S1CK 4ND T3RR1BL3 P4RT OF M3 DO3SNT W4NT H1M TO GO
TEREZI: BUT 1F H3 DO3S 1 W4NT 1T TO B3 B3C4US3 1 T3LL H1M 1TS OV3R!
KARKAT: WOW.
KARKAT: ALRIGHT, I GUESS THAT MAKES SENSE. SORRY.
KARKAT: I'M JUST TRYING TO BE SUPPORTIVE HERE.
KARKAT: BUT I'M NOT ALWAYS SURE WHAT THE RIGHT THING TO SAY IS!
KARKAT: I'M DOING MY FUCKING BEST. THIS IS COMPLICATED FOR ME TOO, YOU'RE BOTH MY FRIENDS.
TEREZI: 1 KNOW
TEREZI: 1 4PPR3C14T3 YOUR 1NT3NT1ONS K4RK4T
TEREZI: M4YB3
TEREZI: M4YB3 1T WOULD B3 B3TT3R 1F YOU W3R3NT S1TT1NG UP TH3R3 1N TH4T B4CKW4RDS CH41R WH1L3 YOU T4LK3D TO M3?
KARKAT: WHAT?
KARKAT: WHY??
DAVE: yeah dude you should probably ditch the chair
KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH MY CHAIR.

DAVE: or at least sit on it frontways
DAVE: or offer her another chair?
DAVE: i dunno its kind of a dumb affectation in this context
KARKAT: NO, LOOK. IT'S CASUAL AND RELAXED.
KARKAT: LIKE, IT VISUALLY CONVEYS THAT MY PRESENCE IN THE CONVERSATION IS HUMBLE AND NONTHREATENING, YET FRANK AND ATTENTIVE.
KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
DAVE: to sit on the goddamn floor
KARKAT: WHY SHOULD I SQUAT ON THE DIRTY FLOOR, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE!
DAVE: so you can be on the same vertical plane with your friend while you exhibit compassion for her grody clown problem
TEREZI: D4V3 1TS F1N3
TEREZI: N3V3R M1ND 4BOUT TH3 CH41R, 1 DONT C4R3
TEREZI: 1T JUST STRUCK M3 4S 4 B1T D1STR4CT1NGLY S1LLY, TH4TS 4LL
KARKAT: OK, WOW, FINE!
KARKAT: FUCK THE CHAIR. PARDON ME FOR MAKING MYSELF COMFORTABLE DURING A SINCERE HEART TO HEART DISCUSSION WITH A DEAR FRIEND IN NEED!
KARKAT: BUT THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO CEASE STRADDLING THIS DEEPLY OFFENSIVE PIECE OF FURNITURE! AWAY WITH YE, FOUR LEGGED TEMPTRESS! DISTRACT US NO MORE WITH THE MOST BASIC AND UTILITARIAN FORM OF CREATURE COMFORT YOU SUPPLY!!!
DAVE: karkat just threw a tantrum about a chair
DAVE: i just won karkat tantrum bingo

## [A6I5] ==>

**20/03/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: AT LAST!
KARKAT: WE ARE FREE FROM THE ACCURSED INSTRUMENT OF ASS ELEVATION!
DAVE: where did you even get that chair
DAVE: did you steal it from the common area
KARKAT: UNLIKE EVERYONE ELSE EVER, I HAPPEN TO MAKE A PRACTICE OF CAPTCHALOGUING ITEMS WHICH MIGHT BE CONVENIENT ON A DAY TO DAY BASIS.
KARKAT: SAY I'M STROLLING AROUND AND FIND MYSELF IN NEED OF A PLACE TO SIT? BAM. SUDDENLY, A CHAIR.
KARKAT: AND NO I DIDN'T STEAL IT.
KARKAT: HOW COULD I STEAL SOMETHING FROM THE COMMON AREA? NOBODY ACTUALLY OWNS ANY OF THAT FUCKING FURNITURE.
KARKAT: THAT'S WHY IT'S CALLED THE *COMMON* AREA, YOU ACCUSATORY PIECE OF FILTH.
DAVE: sounds like communism
DAVE: are you a communist or something
DAVE: actually that makes perfect sense what with your sickle and all
KARKAT: WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT??
DAVE: wait john has a hammer oh shit its all adding up
DAVE: when we arrive are you going to team up with john and seize the means of production

KARKAT: YOU APPEAR TO BE JUMPSTARTING A FACETIOUS DISCUSSION ABOUT SOME SORT OF HUMAN ECONOMIC IDEOLOGICAL FRAMEWORK, WITHOUT HAVING THE SLIGHTEST CLUE THAT YOUR VEHICLE IS PARKED SQUARELY IN THE NOBODY GIVES A FUCK ZONE.
DAVE: im just saying
DAVE: first chairs what next
DAVE: see i am all about private property and pocketing dough
DAVE: do you have any idea how rich i am
DAVE: i am a man of MEANS motherfucker
KARKAT: WHAT IS YOUR POINT?
DAVE: just dont come after my boonies dude
DAVE: or should i say karkat marx
KARKAT: YOU AREN'T BEING SERIOUS NOW!
KARKAT: THESE ARE NOT THE WORDS OF A SERIOUS PERSON.
KARKAT: I WAS HAVING A *SERIOUS DISCUSSION* LIKE A *BIG TIME ADULT* WITH MY GOOD FRIEND TEREZI.
KARKAT: YOUR CALLOUS AND NONSENSICAL REMARKS ARE DERAILING US FROM THE DELICATE SUBJECT AT HAND.
KARKAT: WHY DON'T YOU BE USEFUL AND SAY SOMETHING REASSURING TO OUR SAD MUTUAL BUDDY, YOU WAILING JET ENGINE OF INFANTILE STULTILOQUENCE??????
DAVE: i dont have much to say about this
DAVE: ive kinda got to recuse myself on the matter
DAVE: im all kinds of on record as being squicked out by the idea of hatelationships
DAVE: so i got no point of reference for gauging when one is fucked up the way thats normal for trolls or if its fucked up cause its actually fucked up and terrible
DAVE: this is like some ex alien boyfriend prime directive shit
DAVE: i cant intervene cause i dont know what im talking about
DAVE: but you do so i guess keep going
DAVE: you were saying some pretty good stuff before i started riding your jock about chairs
KARKAT: AUGH.
KARKAT: TEREZI, DO YOU SEE? DO YOU SEE WHAT I HAVE TO DEAL WITH??
KARKAT: ACTUALLY, I GUESS YOU CAN! YOU CAN NOW LITERALLY SEE WHAT I HAVE TO DEAL WITH, AND EXPERIENCE ALL DUE EMPATHY FOR THE FACT THAT I HAVE A DOUCHE AS A BEST FRIEND!
TEREZI: Y3S, 1 C4N S33
TEREZI: TH3 V13W FROM H3R3 1S
TEREZI: DOUCH3T4CUL4R >:]
DAVE: thank you
KARKAT: SO THAT'S IT THEN
KARKAT: NO ADVICE AT ALL, SMARTALEC?
KARKAT: WHY DID I EVEN BRING YOU HERE FOR THIS INTERMISSION THEN.
DAVE: intermission?
KARKAT: INTERVENTION I MEAN. SORRY, I MISSPOKE.
DAVE: its not an intervention either
DAVE: my ghostly heads all beamin out of this crab for moral support yo

DAVE: i am in my homies corner even if he is a massive socialist
DAVE: terezi i think can probably figure this out
DAVE: she grew up alone and blind in a forest i think she will manage to bounce outta her juggalo phase
DAVE: but yeah terezi you should at least quit the fuckin soda
TEREZI: Y34H
TEREZI: OK
KARKAT: OK???
TEREZI: Y3S!
TEREZI: 1LL STOP
KARKAT: WHAT. JUST LIKE THAT?!
TEREZI: SUR3
TEREZI: 1TS R34LLY GROSS >X[

## [A6I5] ==>

**20/03/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: I THINK WE ARE MISSING THE POINT HERE.
KARKAT: THIS ISN'T JUST ABOUT AN UNHEALTHY OBSESSION WITH A FOUL SOFT DRINK.
KARKAT: IT'S ABOUT HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT YOURSELF.
KARKAT: YOU ARE BARELY FUNCTIONAL RIGHT NOW. YOU CAN'T EVEN PICK YOURSELF UP OFF THE FLOOR AND PUT ON A PAIR OF PANTS.
KARKAT: REMEMBER PANTS TEREZI?? YOU USED TO LOVE PANTS!
TEREZI: Y34H, P4NTS 4R3 PR3TTY GR34T
KARKAT: YOU USED TO...
KARKAT: YOU USED TO BE A LOT OF THINGS. AND ALL OF THOSE WERE GOOD THINGS.
KARKAT: BUT NOW THAT WE'RE ABOUT TO ARRIVE, RIGHT WHEN WE NEED YOU THE MOST, YOU DO A SENSATIONAL BELLYFLOP INTO A CIRCUS VAT OF YOUR OWN TANGY SLOBBER.
TEREZI: OH PL34S3
TEREZI: WH4T COULD YOU POSS1BLY N33D M3 FOR?
KARKAT: YOU'RE AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THIS PARTY!
KARKAT: WE'LL NEED YOU TO HELP STAND UP TO JACK, AND WHATEVER ELSE IS WAITING FOR US THERE.
TEREZI: 1 DONT TH1NK 1 W1LL B3 V3RY US3FUL
KARKAT: WELL, NOT LIKE THIS YOU WON'T. YOU'VE GOT TO GET YOUR ACT TOGETHER.
TEREZI: NO! 1 M34N
TEREZI: 3V3N TH3N 1 WONT B3
TEREZI: 1 DONT H4V3 MUCH TO OFF3R 3V3N ON MY B3ST D4Y
KARKAT: WHAT ABOUT YOUR MIND POWERS THOUGH!
KARKAT: WHAT IF WE NEED SOMEBODY WITH MIND POWERS? TO DO SOME SORT OF...
KARKAT: MINDY THING.
TEREZI: WH4T M1ND POW3RS??

KARKAT: YOU KNOW. THE ONES WHERE YOU...
KARKAT: FLIP A COIN. AND...
KARKAT: SOMETHING CRAZY HAPPENS.
KARKAT: OK, I DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW HOW IT WORKS. BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT?
TEREZI: PFFF
TEREZI: 1 N3V3R D3V3LOP3D THOS3 POW3RS V3RY W3LL
TEREZI: 4ND 1TS B33N 4 LONG T1M3 S1NC3 1 3V3N THOUGHT 4BOUT TH3M
TEREZI: 1 DONT TH1NK TH3YR3 V3RY V4LU4BL3 HON3STLY
TEREZI: 1N F4CT 4LL TH3Y 3V3R S33M3D TO DO W4S TR1CK M3 1NTO F33L1NG L1K3 1 KN3W WH4T 1 W4S DO1NG
TEREZI: TH3Y 4CTU4LLY M4D3 M3 B3L13V3 1 W4S 1N CONTROL OF OTH3R P3OPL3S F4T3S
TEREZI: NOT 3V3N TO SP34K OF MY OWN
TEREZI: 1T W4S 4 R34LLY D4NG3ROUS K1ND OF D3LUS1ON
TEREZI: 4ND NOW 1T F33LS L1K3 TH3 ONLY "H3RO1C" TH1NG 1 3V3R D1D W1TH THOS3 POW3RS
TEREZI: W4S US3 TH3M TO JUST1FY K1LL1NG MY FR13ND
KARKAT: HUH?
TEREZI: ...
KARKAT: OH.
KARKAT: RIGHT.
TEREZI: 4ND WH4TS WORS3 1S
TEREZI: TO TH1S D4Y, 1M ST1LL NOT 3V3N TOT4LLY SUR3 1F 1T W4S N3C3SS4RY
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK 1V3 LOST TH3 4B1L1TY TO T3LL 1F 1M B31NG PUN1SH3D FOR WH4T 1 D1D, OR 1F 1 4M PUN1SH1NG MYS3LF
KARKAT: WELL, YEAH. OF COURSE IT WAS NECESSARY.
KARKAT: EVEN IF IT WASN'T THE MORALLY RIGHT CHOICE OR WHATEVER, IT WAS OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING THAT HAD TO HAPPEN.
KARKAT: THAT'S THE CRUEL THING ABOUT PARADOX SPACE. IT SYSTEMICALLY VALIDATES ALL YOUR MISTAKES AS NECESSARY OUTCOMES.
KARKAT: NOT EVEN NECESSARY FOR YOUR OWN GOOD OR PERSONAL GROWTH. IT'S ALWAYS BIGGER THAN YOU. LIKE YOUR ERRORS IN JUDGMENT ARE INSEPARABLE FROM THE WAY REALITY HAS TO UNFOLD.
KARKAT: SO IT NEVER LETS YOU FORGET ABOUT THEM. BECAUSE THEY WERE ALL CRITICAL TO THE BIG PICTURE, AND ALL YOUR PAST FLAWS ARE LIKE...
KARKAT: SCARS.
KARKAT: SCARS IN SPACETIME THAT NEVER HEAL, AND ALWAYS SERVE TO REMIND YOU THAT THE PERFECT VERSION OF YOURSELF YOU WISH YOU COULD BE CAN NEVER EXIST. BECAUSE THE SURVIVAL OF EVERYONE YOU CARE ABOUT DEPENDS ON HIM NOT EXISTING.
TEREZI: 1 KNOW 4LL TH4T
TEREZI: 1T DO3SNT STOP M3 FROM WOND3R1NG
KARKAT: IT'S SIMPLE. IF YOU HADN'T KILLED HER, YOU WOULD HAVE WITHERED AWAY IN A DOOMED TIMELINE.
TEREZI: Y34H! 4ND SOM3T1M3S 1 W1SH 1 H4D!
TEREZI: 4T TH1S PO1NT 1 TH1NK 1 WOULD R4TH3R B3 TH3 B3TT3R P3RSON WHO

M4D3 TH3 R1GHT D3C1S1ON
TEREZI: 3V3N 1F 1T 4LSO M34NT B31NG TH3 ON3 TO F4D3 4W4Y FOR3V3R
KARKAT: WELL, *I* WOULDN'T WANT THAT!
KARKAT: DOES THAT FUCKING MATTER TO YOU?
KARKAT: DOES THAT FACTOR ANYWHERE INTO YOUR DREARY EXISTENTIAL EQUATION???
TEREZI: YOU PROB4BLY TH1NK 1M CR4ZY
TEREZI: JUST 4S CR4ZY 4S YOU TH1NK 1 4M FOR D4T1NG G4MZ33
TEREZI: BUT
TEREZI: 1 R34LLY M1SS H3R
KARKAT: NO
KARKAT: I DON'T THINK YOU'RE CRAZY FOR THAT.
TEREZI: 4ND Y3T
TEREZI: 1F 1 3V3R S4W H3R 4G41N
TEREZI: TH3R3S NO W4Y 1 COULD T4LK TO H3R
TEREZI: SO P4RT OF M3 HOP3S 1 N3V3R-
TEREZI: *OW!!!!!!!*

## [A6I5] ==>

**20/03/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: D4V3, YOU D1CK!!!
DAVE: what
DAVE: dont blame me
DAVE: i cant control the crab

## ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 3

**21/03/13**

```
LIL SEB: heart-clover
CLOVER: star-heart-horseshoe
```

authorlogWAIT. WHY DID THAT PLANET GIVE ME TWO ELVES.
You're calling them elves now?
YES.
But they're leprechauns!
Or gnomes, according to some baloneyscholars.
THEY CAN NOW BE ADDITIONALLY REFERRED TO AS ELVES. I HAVE DECIDED.
Whatever.
WHY ARE THERE TWO.
Because of the two for one deal.
You sunk the 7th planet on the break. So when you destroyed the 6th planet, you unlocked both the 6th and 7th elf.
Now you're on the 8th planet. This one doesn't give you an elf.
IT DOESN'T.
No.
WHAT ABOUT A GNOME.
No.
WHAT ABOUT A LEPRECHAUN.

No.
You get nothing.
WHY NOT.
Because you're supposed to skip this one and destroy it last.
You're just wasting time hanging around here. The clock is ticking.
ALRIGHT.
BUT FIRST. I WANT TO GET THEIR POWERS STRAIGHT.
AM I CORRECT IN ASSUMING. THEIR POWERS KEEP GETTING MORE USELESS?
Yes.
JUST AS I SUSPECTED.
I DON'T EVEN CARE ANYMORE. I JUST WANT TO KNOW.
SO ORANGE HAT. WE HAVE ESTABLISHED. JUST WALKS AHEAD OF ME ALL THE TIME.
NO MATTER HOW FAR OFF HE WANDERS. AND GETS LOST. I ALWAYS SEEM TO CATCH UP WITH HIM.
Yes.
AND GREEN HAT.
HE JUST HAS A DOLL. WITH PINS IN IT.
Yes.
WHAT'S UP WITH THAT.
He has a doll with pins in it.
AND??
Every time you get a new elf, he'll take another pin out.
That's all I will tell you.
OK. GOT IT. IT'S POINTLESS. MOVING ON.
MAROON HAT.
I CAN'T TELL WHAT HIS POWER IS.
WHAT IS HIS POWER.
He doesn't have a power.
ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME.
No.
THAT'S A NEW LOW. EVEN FOR THESE SHIT HEADS.
But maroon hat is pretty smart!
You can use him as a higher ranking henchman or something.
BEING SMART ISN'T A POWER.
PLUS. I DOUBT IT. HOW SMART CAN ONE OF THESE IMBECILES BE.
You should talk to him and find out.
NO.
Come on.
Just a little friendly chat.
FINE.
I WILL HAVE A WORD WITH HIM. VERY BRIEFLY.
Ok.
...
Hey.
Are you still talking to him?

Wow, you guys are really going at it there.
What the fuck could you be talking about for so long?
This is getting ridiculous.
The timer on the next cueball bomb is ticking away.
OK. I'M BACK.
And?
MAROON HAT IS HIGHLY INTELLIGENT AND PERSONABLE.
I HAVE DECIDED HE IS MY FAVORITE GUY SO FAR.
See? I told you.
I WILL GIVE HIM SOME IMPORTANT RESPONSIBILITIES LATER.
BUT I HAVE NOT DECIDED WHAT.
Maybe he can hold on to something important for you.
GOOD IDEA.
LIKE WHAT?
OH, I KNOW. MY CALTOP.
No not the caltop. That's dumb.
MY GUN?
No.
OH! MY CANDY.
No you idiot!
FUCK YOU. IF YOU HAVE AN IDEA. THEN JUST TELL ME WHAT IT IS. PUZZLEMAN.
Look at the color of his hat. What else do you have that's that color?
UHH.
Also, what object can you think of that's kinda shaped like a 7?
HMM.
OH!!!
OHHHHHHHHHHH.
OF COURSE.
A BOOMERANG!
Ok, I give up.
I WILL MAKE A MENTAL NOTE TO SECURE A BOOMERANG IN THE FUTURE.
YES. IT MAKES SO MUCH SENSE. TO BE A BOOMERANG. THEMATICALLY.
BECAUSE IT ALWAYS COMES BACK AROUND. IN ONE BIG CIRCLE. LIKE ALL THE TIME SHIT. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT!
...
OK. LAST QUESTION.
WHY IS PURPLE HAT. CONSTANTLY DANCING IN MY PRESENCE?
Yeah.
I guess in retrospect, purple hat has always been pretty flirtatious, hasn't he?
WHAT?!
Maybe you should try to be open minded though.
Have you ever considered a star-heart-horseshoe relationship with someone?
Maybe you will discover you have never truly experienced joy until you have been in star-heart-horseshoe with a dancing elf.
-- Caliborn has spiked his caltop on the ground in disgust. --

# END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 3

**21/03/13**

```
YeaH !!!!!!!!
```

## [A6I5] ==>

**21/03/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**22/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: Hey guys! Stop dragging your feet 8ack there! You're falling so far 8ehind, you're starting to look tiny and ridiculous from here.
VRISKA: The treasure should 8e 8uried just up ahead. Let's pick up the pace!
SOLLUX: excuse me, s0me 0f us here have special needs. i think i will c0ntinue dragging my feet if y0u d0n't mind.
VRISKA: Sollux, will you just let Aranea heal your eyes already and catch the fuck up?
SOLLUX: N0!!!!!!!!!!

## [A6I5] ==>

**22/03/13**

dialoglogJOHN: hey.
JOHN: aradia, was it?
ARADIA: yes
JOHN: can i ask you something?
ARADIA: ok
JOHN: you seem reasonable, and pretty nice.
ARADIA: :)
JOHN: so i'm wondering.
JOHN: how do you feel about all this?
ARADIA: about what exactly
JOHN: about what vriska and her pirate buddies are doing.
ARADIA: you mean searching for the weapon?
ARADIA: i think its a good idea
JOHN: no, i know.
JOHN: of course it would be great to have an awesome secret weapon, whatever it is.
JOHN: i mean...
JOHN: how do you feel about the way they've been searching for it?
JOHN: by using all your ghost clone friends as bait.
JOHN: and getting the bad guy to blow them all up to reveal the way to the treasure?
ARADIA: thats probably the only way to find it
ARADIA: in my experience the specific path you travel out here is very important
ARADIA: if we did not trace that exact path in that amount of time i doubt we ever would have found the right location
ARADIA: in fact it may never have been found by anyone
JOHN: ok, yes.
JOHN: let's assume it was the only way to find it. granted.
JOHN: but i mean, does that really make it the right way to beat him?
ARADIA: i couldnt say

JOHN: well, how do you feel about it?
JOHN: most of the other pirates seem cool with it, so i'm wondering if you feel differently.
ARADIA: its probably necessary
ARADIA: and they would have embarked on this voyage whether i had come along or not
ARADIA: so i might as well join the fun!
ARADIA: isnt that what you did when you saw our ship?
JOHN: um...
JOHN: sort of.
JOHN: but i didn't know what you were all doing yet.
ARADIA: yes but once you found out you continued journeying with us
JOHN: yeah, but...
JOHN: i'm just hanging out here cause i'm asleep! what else was i going to do?
ARADIA: exactly!

## [A6I5] ==>

**22/03/13**

dialoglogARADIA: i dont necessarily share their point of view on the meaning of this endeavor though
ARADIA: they consider this to be a great clash between good and evil
ARADIA: but i prefer to look at the coming battle as a matter of housekeeping
ARADIA: in the end all loops must be tidied up
ARADIA: even his
JOHN: ok, but what about your friends!
JOHN: don't you care about them?
ARADIA: of course i do!
ARADIA: i love all my friends
JOHN: then why do you seem so...
JOHN: cheerful?
JOHN: when so many of them are getting zapped by lasers.
ARADIA: do i seem cheerful about that
JOHN: kinda!
ARADIA: i apologize if that is the way i am behaving
ARADIA: it is not true though
ARADIA: i think i look at death differently than most
ARADIA: and it is fair to say this attitude extends to death after death as well
ARADIA: i have learned to be at ease with the cessation of being in any form it takes
ARADIA: but i am not nor will i ever be the monsters handmaid
ARADIA: so please believe that i would never take joy from the destruction of any soul
ARADIA: however you must realize that it is only by the grace of the horrorterrors that so many have been allowed to continue existing for so long
ARADIA: they have persisted for ages beyond their time just as he has
ARADIA: as such it seems to me his rampage is just another kind of housekeeping
ARADIA: while he rounds the ring undoing the work of the gods we must prepare for his undoing as well
ARADIA: to ready the manor for the lords arrival so to speak :)
JOHN: ...

JOHN: i'm sorry, maybe i spaced out through some of that.
JOHN: but i'm still not sure what you're talking about.
JOHN: maybe you could just simplify it for me.
JOHN: are you a good guy or a bad guy?
ARADIA: i dont like to think of myself in those terms
ARADIA: but i do try to be nice to people!
JOHN: dammit.
JOHN: ok, could you just... maybe...
JOHN: give me an idea of what it is you actually want out of all this?
ARADIA: what i want?
ARADIA: hmmm
ARADIA: thats a pretty good question

## [A6I5] ==>

**22/03/13**

dialoglogARADIA: i think i mostly want to see what happens when this whole place breaks apart

## [A6I5] ==>

**22/03/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**22/03/13**

dialoglogJOHN: oh my god, you are all so insane!

## [A6I5] ==>

**23/03/13**

```
* once the "animation" completes, click the replay button in the bottom left

why
```

dialoglogVRISKA: Are you coming or what!
ARANEA: Yes, please come! I was a8out to 8egin one final story 8efore we reach the treasure!
JOHN: oh holy shit another story? i'm there!!!
JOHN: sorry aradia, i'd love to keep chatting, but you heard the lady. it's story time again.
SOLLUX: w0w aradia, y0u actually sent the guy running t0 hear a serket st0ry.
SOLLUX: that was a REALLY impressive creep 0ut j0b, nice.
ARADIA: :(

## [A6I5] ==>

**23/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Thank you for joining us, John.
ARANEA: Commodore Nepeta and Rear Admiral Feferi have 8oth 8een clamoring for one last tale, and I am not one to disappoint.
FEFERI: 38) NEPETA: :33
MEENAH: (clamoring)
MEENAH: (as in clams text it)
JOHN: ok. what's this one about?
JOHN: ogre sex, or salamander shipping, or something?

ARANEA: Nope! Although I would 8e happy to tell you all a8out those topics another time.
ARANEA: This is a story a8out two legendary rings.

## [A6I5] ==>

**23/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: No, not those rings!
ARANEA: The rings I am talking a8out are less powerful, and considera8ly more o8scure.
ARANEA: 8ut for what they lack in power, they make up for in mystery!
ARANEA: Details on the rings are quite hard to come 8y. I have pieced together what little I know from various fa8les and myths.
ARANEA: They occasionally make appearances in such stories, serving different purposes in each tale, and always called 8y different names.
ARANEA: 8ut in this story, they will 8e known as the Rings of Life and Void.

## [A6I5] ==>

**23/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: The rings are said to look nearly identical.
ARANEA: 8ut their powers are quite different, as are their origins.
ARANEA: The Ring of Void supposedly once 8elonged to the 8lack queen of a void session.
ARANEA: 8ut one day it was stolen from her 8y a thief. And then stolen again from the thief 8y a rogue.
ARANEA: Legend would suggest it changed hands like this for a long time thereafter, until finally vanishing into the void itself forever.
ARANEA: Which is fitting, as the ring grants its wearer the a8ility to do exactly the same!
ARANEA: The Ring of Life has a very different story.
ARANEA: I have found no reports of an origin to this ring at all. Like many magic artifacts, it may not even have one which is comprehensi8le.
ARANEA: Earliest reports I have read would suggest it was first discovered 8y some travelers in a desert, and like its sister ring, has changed hands repeatedly since.
ARANEA: This ring however has a dramatically different effect. Instead of releg8ting the wearer to o8scurity and immateriality, it does just the opposite.
ARANEA: It is said that any ghost who wears this ring will come 8ack to life!
ARANEA: In some stories, the f8 of each ring appears to 8e entangled with the other. When one is lost, the other is serendipitously found.
ARANEA: A gr8 example of this can 8e o8served in the fa8le of-
VRISKA: W8 a minute.....

## [A6I5] ==>

**23/03/13**

dialoglogARANEA: 8ut I was just a8out to tellmph-
VRISKA: Mindfang, I said shut up.
ARANEA: ::::?
VRISKA: W8.
VRISKA: Now w8 just a goddamn minute.
VRISKA: Hoooooooold on.
VRISKA: Are you telling me,
VRISKA: Are you SERIOUSLY telling me,

VRISKA: That ring.....
FEFERI: 38? NEPETA: :??
VRISKA: No.
VRISKA: Just.....
VRISKA: Noooooooo.
VRISKA: 8ack it up.
VRISKA: For just a silk spinning MINUTE.
JOHN: what's the matter?

## [A6I5] ==>

**23/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: *THAT FUCKING GUY!!!!!!!!*

## [A6I5] ==>

**24/03/13**

```
ghost!Cronus: ♏
ghost!Cronus: ♏
```

dialoglogVRISKA: Are you kidding me.

## [A6I5] ==>

**24/03/13**

```
ghost!Cronus: ♏
ghost!Cronus: ♏
```

dialoglogVRISKA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME.

## [A6I5] ==>

**24/03/13**

```
ghost!Cronus: ♏
ghost!Cronus: ♏

slampora
```

dialoglogVRISKA:
RAAAAAAAARARRAAUUUUUUUUAAAAUUAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!

## [A6I5] ==>

**25/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: Tavros!!!!!!!!
TAVROS: wHAT,
VRISKA: What did you do with that ring?!
TAVROS: ,,,,,
TAVROS: wHAT RING,

## [A6I5] ==>

**25/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: Don't play dum8 with me. That ring you had.
VRISKA: You know, the same one the orange guy tried to give me?
TAVROS: i STILL DON'T KNOW, aBOUT THIS ORANGE GUY YOU MENTION

SOMETIMES,
TAVROS: yOU TALK ABOUT ORANGE GUY, bUT, iN REALITY, hE SOUNDS PROBABLY FAKE?
TAVROS: lIKE HOW YOU THOUGHT RUFIOH USED TO BE, uNTIL FACTS PROVED HE WASN'T,
VRISKA: You actually think I'm making this up? Why would I make up a story a8out an orange guy?!
VRISKA: What kind of juvenile fuckup do you take me for????????
VRISKA: The orange guy was real. He was surrounded 8y a 8unch of stupid fucking horses, and he tried to give me a ring so I knocked him out cold.
VRISKA: And then l8ter YOU found it.
TAVROS: nO i DIDN'T,
VRISKA: Yes you did! Don't lie to me.
VRISKA: You had the ring, and you and John were fighting over it 8ehind your 8acks like a couple of idiots for a while.
VRISKA: What, you think I didn't notice?!
TAVROS: yES, nO,
TAVROS: i DIDN'T THINK YOU DID,
VRISKA: Well I did! And I didn't care 8ecause I didn't think the ring did jack shit!
VRISKA: 8ut now that I know it does jack A WHOLE FUCKING LOT, I would like you to stop 8ehaving like a disingenuous, argument8tive ASSH8LE and *T8LL ME WHERE IT IS*.
TAVROS: i DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS,
TAVROS: iT'S GONE,
VRISKA: What do you mean it's gone!

## [A6I5] ==>

**25/03/13**

dialoglogTAVROS: i HAD IT, tHEN jOHN HAD IT,
TAVROS: aND i WANTED IT BACK, bUT HE WANTED IT ALSO, sO,
TAVROS: wE ARGUED WITH OUR HANDS OVER IT, uNTIL HE VANISHED,
TAVROS: aND i TRIED TO FIND IT ON THE GROUND, bECAUSE IT WAS PRECIOUS TO ME, fOR A WHILE,
VRISKA: Why was it precious to you?? Are you telling me you knew what it did!
TAVROS: nO, i DIDN'T, i JUST HAD,
TAVROS: sEPARATE REASONS FROM THAT, fOR WANTING IT,
VRISKA: Well whatever lame reason you wanted that ring, forget it. It's o8viously a much more important magical item than either of us gave it credit for.
VRISKA: As soon as we get the treasure out of this cave, you're going to lead us 8ack to wherever you lost it, and we're gonna look for it!
VRISKA: Is that understood, Poopmaster Nitram????????
TAVROS: nO, yES,
TAVROS: i MEAN, yES, i COMPREHEND THE LITERAL MEANING OF YOUR YELLING,
TAVROS: bUT, nO,
VRISKA: What do you mean no? That was an order!
TAVROS: i THINK YOUR MEAN SPIRITED ANGRINESS IS MAKING ME REMEMBER, tO WONDER WHY i KEEP WANTING TO HELP YOU AND LIKE YOU,

TAVROS: aND i THINK IT'S MAKING ME THINK, i DON'T REALLY CARE ANYMORE ABOUT FINDING THE RING, oR FINDING THIS TREASURE,
TAVROS: oR HELP YOU DO ARGUABLY EVIL THINGS TO GHOST FRIENDS, tO GET YOUR OBJECTIVES TO HAPPEN,
VRISKA: Tavros, what exactly are you trying to say?
TAVROS: i THINK, tHE BOTTOM LINE OF THAT, iS,
TAVROS: i DON'T WANT TO BE YOUR POOPMASTER ANYMORE,
TAVROS: sO i'M NOT GOING TO BE,

## [A6I5] ==>

**25/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: Where do you think you're going?!
VRISKA: Get 8ack here! You c8n't just fly aw8y from me like th8t!!!!!!!!
TAVROS: oH, bUT i CAN,
TAVROS: yOU FORGOT ABOUT *MYYYY* SECRET WEAPON,
TAVROS: bEHOLD, tHE SELF ESTEEMS!!!,
VRISKA: S8LF ESTEEMS MY 8SS! I SAID G8T 8ACK HERE!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: IF YOU GO OUT THERE AL8NE YOU'RE G8ING TO DIE, Y8U P8THETIC PI8CE OF SHIT!!!!!!!!
TAVROS: i'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, yOU JERK!
TAVROS: (hahA, yeSSsSs,)

## [A6I5] ==>

**25/03/13**

dialoglogTAVROS: fLY, pUPA,
TAVROS: fLYYYYY,
TAVROS: (heheHehE,)
TAVROS: (ehHHehehEheH, oH yEs,)
TAVROS: (heheHEHEHEhehEhEheh, so clEVEr,)
TAVROS: (how i refEreNCed, whaT wEre onCE, scoRNfUl remArKS dIreCtED at me, eheHahAHa!)
TAVROS: (hahAhehE, so sicK! sO sICk!!!!,)
VRISKA: WE CAN ALL HEAR YOU WH8SPERING FROM D8WN HERE SHIT F8R 8RAINS!!!!!!!!
SOLLUX: hey tavr0s, wait up, i think i'm c0ming with y0u.

## [A6I5] ==>

**25/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: What?? No, Sollux, w8!
SOLLUX: nah, i've pretty much had it t00.
SOLLUX: i can't believe i went al0ng with this f0r as l0ng as i did, s0 yeah.
SOLLUX: i'll be fucked tw0 ways fr0m perigees eve bef0re i let tavr0s upstage me in the backb0ne department.
SOLLUX: aradia, s0rry, i can't be a part 0f this anym0re, it's just making me feel dirty.
ARADIA: i understand sollux
SOLLUX: let's catch up again later, h0pefully when this is all 0ver.
ARADIA: yeah :D

SOLLUX: 0h, feferi and nepeta will be c0ming with me t00.
VRISKA: WHAT!
VRISKA: No they f8cking won't!!!!!!!!
SOLLUX: yes they will! they just t0ld me.
VRISKA: I d8dn't hear them say shit!
SOLLUX: they b0th gave me meaningful glances!
SOLLUX: like as if t0 say, aw yeah, let's b0unce.
FEFERI: 3;) NEPETA: ;33
VRISKA: YOU'RE BLIND, H8W COULD YOU SEE A "ME8NINGFUL GLANCE"????????
SOLLUX: instead 0f underestimating the perspicacity 0f the sens0ry impaired, why d0n't y0u bite me.
VRISKA: No, they can't go! Commodore Nepeta and Rear Admiral Feferi are 8oth critical mem8ers of my crew!
VRISKA: This is mutiny!!!!!!!!
ARANEA: Vriska, I am on your side here. 8ut I feel I should point out that technically they 8oth outrank you.
VRISKA: Excuse me?!
VRISKA: No they don't! Come on, I just gave them titles that sounded cool!
VRISKA: How can you outrank a captain????????
ARANEA: 8y 8eing a commodore?
VRISKA: A commodore outranks a captain?!
MEENAH: yea fraid so
ARANEA: Yes, and a rear admiral outranks a commodore.
VRISKA: No, 8ut!
VRISKA: I thought a rear admiral was like...
VRISKA: Some sort of JOKE rank!
VRISKA: Who can take a rear admiral seriously? It might as well 8e a poopmaster!
MEENAH: um no serk its actually a real thing
MEENAH: god damn for a pirate you really know fuckall about nautical junk
MEENAH: pretty embarrassing tbh
SOLLUX: yeah, this stuff is all super interesting. j/k, l0sers.
SOLLUX: anyway, we're 0ut.

## [A6I5] ==>

**25/03/13**

```
* once the "animation" completes, try to click the replay button in the bottom
left
* chase it all over the screen
* eventually click Nick Cage

NICK CAGE: Boner!
```

dialoglogSOLLUX: LADIES.

## [A6I5] ==>

**26/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: GOOD RIDD8NCE YOU 8ACKSTA88ING INGR8TES!
VRISKA: I HOPE LORD ENGLISH E8TS YOU 8LL!!!!!!!!

JOHN: hey, vriska.
VRISKA: WH8T!
JOHN: actually...
JOHN: you know that ring?
VRISKA: What a8out it!
JOHN: i have it now.
VRISKA: You do??
VRISKA: Where! Let me see!!
JOHN: no, i mean, not on me.
JOHN: i guess i wasn't wearing it when i fell asleep.
JOHN: it seems to have the power to come with me in and out of my dreams, as long as i'm wearing it.
JOHN: that's how i got it in the first place. i had it on when i woke up.
VRISKA: You were wearing it??
VRISKA: Why? And why were you playing keepaway with it in the first place!
VRISKA: I mean, aside from the o8vious fact that messing with Tavros is its own hilarious reward.
JOHN: i don't know.
JOHN: i guess...
JOHN: i liked it, and i just wanted to hang on to it for some reason.
JOHN: but i didn't know i would wake up with it.
VRISKA: This is perfect!
VRISKA: That means all you have to do is put it on when you wake up, then come find me the next time you go to sleep!
JOHN: yeah...
JOHN: maybe.

## [A6I5] ==>

**26/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: May8e?
JOHN: i'll think about it.
VRISKA: You'll THINK a8out it??
JOHN: well, yeah.
JOHN: it sounds like an important item, so deciding what to do with it is kind of a big responsibility.
JOHN: it's supposed to bring ghosts back to life, but we don't know how it works.
JOHN: what if it only keeps you alive as long as you're wearing it?
JOHN: that would mean only one ghost could come back.
VRISKA: Right! All the 8etter reason to let me use it!
JOHN: but there are a lot of ghosts!
JOHN: i'm just not sure what to do yet.
VRISKA: W8. You're not ACTUALLY thinking of giving it to someone else, are you?
VRISKA: That's my ring! The orange guy gave it to ME!
JOHN: yeah, well frankly, i don't give a shit about the orange guy!
JOHN: the ring is mine for now, so i'm the one who has to figure out what to do with it.
JOHN: speaking of waking up, it's probably time i got going too.
JOHN: i'm not trying to join the mutiny or anything, but i do have friends waiting for me out there.

VRISKA: John, w8!
VRISKA: I hope we're not parting on 8ad terms here.
VRISKA: You aren't holding all this treasure hunting shit against me like Tavros is, right?
VRISKA: We're still cool, right John?
JOHN: uh...
VRISKA: If you have to leave, I get that, 8ut I really want us to stay friends!
VRISKA: I always felt like we had a special 8ond, John. Like we're 8oth always in the position of having to take charge as leaders, even if we never asked for that responsi8ility.
VRISKA: And I don't wanna pressure you into anything, 8ut I would really appreci8 it if you'd at least think a8out me next time you take a nap with that ring on!
JOHN: it's fine. we can stay friends.
JOHN: i don't really like to make enemies with people, even if they're...
VRISKA: Even if they're what?
JOHN: umm.

## [A6I5] ==>

**26/03/13**

dialoglogJOHN: vriska, i have to be honest. years ago when we first talked, it was a lot of fun to get to know you.
JOHN: and i admit i thought about you a lot since then.
JOHN: but i guess i never quite realized how little i actually understood you.
JOHN: during this crazy treasure quest, i tried to reserve judgment, like maybe it was just a troll thing i didn't get.
JOHN: but seeing how those other guys felt about it, i think it's more complicated than that.
JOHN: obviously not all trolls are like you.
JOHN: and i know i'm not.
JOHN: maybe this was all for a good cause, but it still felt like a pretty fucked up way to go about it.
JOHN: and...
JOHN: all i'm saying is, i'm ready to go. i've seen enough, and i miss my friends.
JOHN: i'll think about what to do with the ring, but honestly...
VRISKA: Honestly *what?*
JOHN: again, i am just keeping it real!
JOHN: but if i am really thinking hard about who i should bring back to life...
JOHN: i dunno if my conscience can justify bringing back someone so...
JOHN: dangerous.

## [A6I5] ==>

**26/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: Fine.
VRISKA: Don't give me the ring then.
VRISKA: Actually, you know what? Even if you change your mind some day, forget it!
VRISKA: I don't even want it anymore.
JOHN: you don't?
VRISKA: No.
VRISKA: I've 8een dead this long. What's a little longer.

VRISKA: Keep your ring. I don't want anyone's pity.
VRISKA: So 8eat it, Eg8ert.
JOHN: ...
VRISKA: .....
VRISKA: WELL????????
JOHN: huh?
VRISKA: JOHN, I THOUGHT YOU WERE LEAVING.
JOHN: oh. right.
JOHN: i guess i'll just be...
VRISKA: WHAT ARE YOU A FUCKING IDIOT?! DON'T GO YET.
JOHN: wh...
JOHN: what?
VRISKA: Look, you made yourself perfectly clear. You think I'm a heartless monster, and you don't want to help me out.
VRISKA: Whatever!
VRISKA: 8ut are you SERIOUSLY going to check out of this dream like TWO MINUTES 8efore you see what the treasure is?!
VRISKA: Holy crap, dude. Where is your sense of curiosity????????
VRISKA: If I can manage to put up with you for a little longer, I think you can stand my morally 8ankrupt company long enough to find out what this thing is.
VRISKA: Why am I the only person in paradox space who actually THINKS!
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: sure.
JOHN: i guess i'll go a little further and check out the treasure.
JOHN: heh, you're right. it would be dumb not to.
VRISKA: Good.

## [A6I5] ==>

**28/03/13**

```
disrobe
```

dialoglogVRISKA: Party's over, folks.
VRISKA: The pir8 playtime wiggler jam8oree was fun while it lasted.
VRISKA: 8ut it's time to get serious.

## [A6I5] ==>

**28/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: The treasure's down there.
VRISKA: If my guess is right, it should 8e 8uried in one of his ancient memories.
VRISKA: 8y now we've all 8een wind8agged to hell and 8ack 8y my dear ancestor.
VRISKA: So I'll trust no8ody's gonna mind indulging one of MY stories.
VRISKA: There was a pretty good yarn a8out this treasure I read once during our travels.
VRISKA: Found it in some damn memory, who knows whose.
VRISKA: It was a good read. IMPECCA8LE prose. Failing to do it justice would be the real matter of gray morality here, if you ask me.
VRISKA: 8ut right now I 8n't in the mood to figure out how not to make it fucking suck.
VRISKA: So I'll just say this.

VRISKA: It was supposedly a weapon that once 8elonged to him.
VRISKA: 8ut he could never use it without altering its nature.
VRISKA: Meaning he could only use it once.
VRISKA: So he did.
VRISKA: After that, it could only 8e used again one more time.
VRISKA: And only as a weapon against him.
VRISKA: Knowing it was one of the keys to his defeat, he had it locked away deep in the void.
VRISKA: That's it. Part one of my story. Hold your applause.
VRISKA: Guess we'll find out if that's true.
VRISKA: Or if it turns out all my despica8le shit was in vain.

## [A6I5] ==>

**28/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: Not that it would even matter to some people.
VRISKA: You know, they can say whatever they want a8out me.
VRISKA: 8ut somewhere out there is a shimmering new universe growing in a 8ig 8all of water.
VRISKA: He's looking hells of majestic. Amphi8ious and resplendent. His glorious croak would 8ring you to your knees.
VRISKA: That universe is going to give life to 8illions of trillions of zillions of cute little aliens.
VRISKA: You wouldn't even 8elieve how pretty and wonderful and happy all these aliens will 8e. It's making your lip trem8le just thinking a8out them, and how worth saving they are. Wow.
VRISKA: You could walk up to one of those aliens and put your hand on its innocent shoulder, and with a str8 face you could say, "Sorry to 8r8k it to you. 8ut tomorrow, a guy named Lord English is going to destroy your universe. You are all going to die."
VRISKA: And when that alien looks up at you with tears in its eyes, just 8efore the first one rolls down its weird alien cheek, you lean in close to its a8surd alien ear and whisper, "Psyche."
VRISKA: That's 8ecause you know a long time ago, in an o8scure pocket of reality the alien could never understand or give a shit a8out, some crazy girl sacrificed the "lives" of a 8unch ghosts in order to kill that guy forever.
VRISKA: They were already a million sweeps past their prime, existing on 8orrowed time, luxuri8ting in a kind of 8izarre metaphysical longevity few others will ever enjoy.
VRISKA: Just a fresh 8atch of 88 the squid gods kept on ice for an ins8tia8le fisherman cause they were sick of 8eing hunted themselves.
VRISKA: Those ghosts were all that stood in the way of an end to this eternal holocaust, and sparing their souls 8n't different in my view from personally committing atrocities on a cosmic fucking scale.
VRISKA: I only ever wanted to do the right thing no matter how it made people judge me, and I don't need a magic ring to do that.
VRISKA: You don't have to 8e alive to make yourself relevant.
VRISKA: And you don't have to 8e a good person to 8e a hero.
VRISKA: You just have to know who you are and stay true to that.
VRISKA: So I'm going to keep fighting for people the only way I ever knew how.

## [A6I5] ==>

**28/03/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: 8y 8eing me.

## [A6I5] ==>

**28/03/13**

dialoglogKANAYA: ...
KANAYA: ...
KANAYA: ...
KANAYA: ...
KANAYA: ...

## [A6I5] ==>

**29/03/13**

4134

dialoglogKANAYA: Rose You Are Willfully Ignoring My Trail Of Finish Crumbs
ROSE: Humm?
KANAYA: I Said Them Quietly In Sequence To Convey One Of Your Human Pregnant Pauses Before Speaking
ROSE: Ahaha.
KANAYA: The Pause Was Human Expecting In The Same Sense That I Am Expecting An Explanation For Your Present Conduct
KANAYA: We Were To Meet The Others On The Roof By Now
ROSE: Kanaya, whas with this pregnancy shHIC! shit, are you trying to toll me something? ;)
KANAYA: Im Trying To Toll... To Tell You That We Are On The Verge Of Reaching Our Destination And Here I Find You Doing
KANAYA: What Are You Doing Exactly
ROSE: My civic dutie. ;)
ROSE: I have been desputized by the Mayor as the assasstant chief deputy of city plannning and preshervation.
KANAYA: What
ROSE: Kanya, I' am relaly SWAMPED in red tape here, do you think you coult please return whan I am no so busy, thanks!
KANAYA: !
ROSE: Either that, or file out a requisition form wish the zoning bureau.
KANAYA: You Have Been Drinking Your Soporifics In Excess Again
KANAYA: Rose This Is Terrible
ROSE: No, what would be terribule would be to bid farewell to this metreor before my critical adminitistrative work is complete.
KANAYA: No But
KANAYA: Really What Are You Doing Here In The Tiny Simulated Village
KANAYA: Are You
KANAYA: Are You Writing Numbers On All Of These Nutrition Cylinders
ROSE: *LAFF.*
ROSE: God I just love troll words for things!
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: You Have Mentioned This
ROSE: Nushrition cylinders, thad's a good one. I forgot about that one.
ROSE: Maybe cylanders ins't stilted enough, though. What about.,.

ROSE: Tallcircles.
KANAYA: Tallcircles
ROSE: ;D
KANAYA: Tallcircles No That Sucks
KANAYA: Answer My Question Please Why Are You Numbering The Tallcirc...
KANAYA: CANS
ROSE: I am docurmenting their original locations.
ROSE: Soo that we way relocate the city faithfully to our new home.
ROSE: Wheyrever that may be!
KANAYA: You Want To Relocate The City
KANAYA: Now??
KANAYA: This Is Such A Foolish Use Of Your Time

## [A6I5] ==>

**29/03/13**

```
so wasted

rolls eyes
```

dialoglogROSE: Oh,, but you could not be further fromp the truth.
ROSE: The prestervation of Can Town has trenendous symbolic importance.
ROSE: We are ahll that's left of our respective races, Kanaye.
ROSE: We are the light of civivization!
ROSE: Is our responsipility to carry the torch through the abyss whilest keeping it lit, and hic...
ROSE: And set it pupon the harth of the newd world.
KANAYA: I Think The Torch Is Not All You Have Managed To Keep Lit
ROSE: Its light... OUUR light will spread throughout our creation, but only, Kayaka, ONLY,
ROSE: If we respect the light of civilazation itself. If we respect the light of DEMCOCRACY!!
KANAYA: .....
KANAYA: So Many Finish Crumbs Up In Here
ROSE: Civilitey/ Liberby. Reason. Efidication. Civilty.
ROSE: Rationality. Learning, Jutstice. Libersty. Hornor. Elucidution.. Civlity. Raison...
ROSE: This are the virshues which emboby the magnificence that is Can Town.
KANAYA: You Said Some Of Those Words Two Or Three Times And Most Of Them Werent Words
ROSE: Pfhaha! I just got it!
ROSE: "That'sh not all you managed to keep lit."
ROSE: That burn was sii*iii*ck! Hah,ahah I love it.

## [A6I5] ==>

**30/03/13**

dialoglogKANAYA: I Do Not Believe This
KANAYA: You Promised Me You Would Be Ready For Our Arrival
ROSE: I am ready!
ROSE: My god robe's on n evrything.
KANAYA: This Is Not Ready!
KANAYA: When I Said Ready I Believe Your Sobriety Was More Than Implied As The Operative

Criterion
ROSE: Mehehe, Kanasta,
ROSE: U so
ROSE: Wordy. ;)
KANAYA: Ugh!
KANAYA: I Have Been As Polite As I Can Be But Honestly Your Demeanor Is Not Nearly As Charming As You Appear To Believe When You Have Consumed A Lot Of That Liquid
KANAYA: You Have Assured Me That Chronic And Habitual Exploitation Of This Substance Is "Not A Problem" For Your People But At This Point I Must Conclude That You Were Just Lying!
KANAYA: Why
KANAYA: Why Did You Do This Just Before Our Arrival When You Told Me You Wouldnt!!!
ROSE: Well.
ROSE: I wasnt' going to.
ROSE: But I starded to think about evereything.
ROSE: About meeting my mom.
ROSE: And I startled getting nervous.. .
KANAYA: But You Cant Help Us Like This!
KANAYA: We Need You!
KANAYA: Youre The Smartest One On This Meteor!
KANAYA: By Quite A Lot!
ROSE: Hey now.
ROSE: Kapaya, I'm flatter. But I think you're might be selling the Mayor short.
KANAYA: What
ROSE: THIS GUY
ROSE: Lemme tell yuoi.
ROSE: THIS GUYY,
ROSE: is
ROSE: *THE BEST* ;D
KANAYA: Okay That Was Literally The Most Inebriated Thing You Have Ever Said

## [A6I5] ==>

**30/03/13**

dialoglogROSE: No but, Karkaya.
ROSE: The Mayor.
ROSE: I'mmm *telling* you.
ROSE: THE FUCKING MAYOR.
ROSE: Wat ay friend.
KANAYA: You Are Not Actually Suggesting This Simple Creature Dressed In Rags Is Your Intellectual Superior
ROSE: And if I am? ;|
KANAYA: How Would One Even Draw This Conclusion
KANAYA: He Does Not Speak
ROSE: Ohhhhh...
ROSE: He has his ways of letting is thoughts be known.
ROSE: He hays his ways.
KANAYA: He Does Not Have His Ways He Likes Cans And Little Pretend Cities And He Is Rather

Adorable And That Is Pretty Much All There Is To Say About The Mayor
KANAYA: Please Do Not Distract From Important Issues With Talk Of Fake Mayors
ROSE: What issues?
ROSE: My indrescretion wich alcoholol?
ROSE: Or someshing else...
ROSE: I yam sensing we are tap toeing around a mixed bag of delicate subjex.
ROSE: Less talk about em ;).
KANAYA: This Is Not A Hypothetical Exercise In Your Earth Psychiatrics!
KANAYA: You Made A Promise To Me And You Did Not Keep It!
KANAYA: Yes You Are Usually Very Smart And We All Need You But More Importantly I Need You!
KANAYA: Dont You Remember!
KANAYA: You Said You Would Help Me Resurrect My Species!
KANAYA: I Still Dont Know How Im Going To Acquire A New Matriorb!
KANAYA: How Are We Supposed To Solve That Problem When Your Think Pan Is Addled So!
ROSE: Kamaya, why do'nt we go aesy on the shout poles.
ROSE: I tolt you, to relax about the matribob.
ROSE: Have some faith in us, that we;re going to make everything work out.
ROSE: I have a vvvery goog feeling i twill all be fine. ;)
KANAYA: That Is Not Reassuring Coming From You Like This!
KANAYA: I Often Cant Tell Even At Your Most Lucid If You Put Too Much Trust In Your Seering Abilities
KANAYA: But When You Say Such Things While Obscured By These Toxins You Sound Outright Delusional!
KANAYA: You Stumble Around This Lab In Such High Spirits Which Makes It Impossible To Broach The Subject From A Standpoint Of Mutual Agreement That Your Behavior Is A Problem!
ROSE: But if I'm always happay then...
ROSE: Why IS it a problem?
KANAYA: ARGH YOU SEE
ROSE: Im'm not following. I would LIKE to, wait am I...
ROSE: Have I been being a bistch to you witout realizing?
ROSE: Oh noh...
KANAYA: No Not Exactly
KANAYA: I Have Already Explained
KANAYA: You Have Severely Hobbled Your Intellect And Your Efficacy
KANAYA: The Objectives You Prioritize Have Become Ridiculous
KANAYA: You Have Just Now Decided To Draw A Map Of A False Metropolis!
KANAYA: Others Have Suffered As Well
KANAYA: What Ever Happened To Your Concern For Terezi And Gamzee
KANAYA: Were All My Lessons In Auspisticism For Nothing??
ROSE: I tried!
ROSE: I tried, Kakaka.
ROSE: But aushitspitschism... or whatever...
ROSE: Is's
ROSE: It sactually REALLY HARD!
KANAYA: I Know Its Hard!

KANAYA: Its Supposed To Be Hard!!
KANAYA: And My Name Is Not Kakaka!!!
ROSE: Whoops I'm sorry, Yakaya..
ROSE: .. Kayolo.
ROSE: ., ...
ROSE: Papaya. Shit!
ROSE: Your name is so lovely, why can't I shay it!
KANAYA: You Cannot Say It!
KANAYA: Because You Are!
KANAYA: HUMAN DRUNK!!!!!!!!!!
ROSE: ... .
ROSE: Yuo're right,
ROSE: My delinqancy has bend inexcusable.
ROSE: If you just help me fishish indexing an gathring up the rest of theze cans, we-
KANAYA: Raaararraauuuaaaauuaghghgghgggghhgh!

## [A6I5] ==>

**30/03/13**

```
kick
```

dialoglogROSE: THE BUBBLES VON SALAMANCER MEMOIRIAL LIBRARAY!!!

## [A6I5] ==>

**31/03/13**

dialoglogROSE: .. .
ROSE: ...
ROSE: ,,. ..
ROSE: . .
ROSE: ,....

## [A6I5] ==>

**31/03/13**

dialoglogROSE: Are you going to brek up with me?

## [A6I5] ==>

**31/03/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**31/03/13**

dialoglogKANAYA: NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

## ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 4

**31/03/13**

authorlogI NEED MORE ANSWERS. VERY QUICKLY.
I thought you had given up on getting answers from me.
NO. I JUST HAVE NOT HAD TIME.
THE BOMB COUNTDOWNS ARE GETTING SO SHORT. THIS IS GETTING HARD. IT'S NOT FAIR.
I really don't see how it's any less fair than being allowed to solicit the omniscient narrator of your

quest for answers.
Nobody else who plays this game gets to do that. What makes you so special?
BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SAID I WAS SPECIAL.
I shouldn't have said that.
Now you're strutting around, all thinking you're special.
I AM SPECIAL!
I know.
LESS BULLSHIT. MORE ANSWERS.
I HAVE COLLECTED MORE FROG MEN.
WHAT DO THEY DO.
Frog men???
You are getting really esoteric with your headcanons now.
MY WHAT.
And what makes you so sure they are all men?
Have you sexed them?
FUCK YOU. AND YOUR RIBALD INSINUATIONS.
MY RELATIONSHIP WITH THE FROG MEN IS STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.
No, I mean determined their sex.
Do you even know how?
I DON'T CARE.
THEY'RE ALL MEN. BECAUSE I SAY THEY ARE. AND I WANT THEM TO BE.
IF I BELIEVE HARD ENOUGH IN THEM BEING MEN.
THEN THAT FACT BECOMES ABSOLUTELY INDISPUTABLE AS A PERMANENT MAN REALITY.
It does?
ARE YOU TELLING ME. THAT YOU HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE. THAT MY ENTOURAGE OF DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN.
CONSISTS OF ANYTHING OTHER THAN BOYS???
No.
I mean, I don't know.
I'm not there, so I can't sex them to be sure.
YOU FUCKING PERVERT.
That's not what sexing means you little shit!
I'D LIKE TO CHANGE THE TOPIC. AWAY FROM THE LUST YOU ARE FEELING FOR MY HANDSOME FROG MEN.
I HAVE OBTAINED SOME STRIPE HATS.
YELLOW STRIPE HAT. BLUE STRIPE HAT. RED STRIPE HAT.
WHAT DO THEY DO.
Why do you always want me to spoil stuff for you?
Why can't you be at least a little scientifically inquisitive, and find out what they can do yourself?
Have you tried injuring blue stripe hat yet?
NO.
WHY WOULD I HURT HIM. HE IS MY LOYAL MINION, ALBEIT ONE WHO IS OVERWEIGHT AND APPARENTLY USELESS.
ANYWAY. I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR SCIENCE. JUST TELL ME.
Fine.

Blue stripe hat randomly time travels somewhere if you injure him.
Red stripe hat can also travel through time, but only using fire as a gateway.
Yellow stripe hat is a tailor.
A TAILOR.
Yes.
YOU MEAN. SOMEONE WHO SEWS STUFF.
Yes. A damn good one, too.
THAT'S NOT A POWER. IT'S MORE LIKE. A FUCKING HOBBY.
WHICH HAS NO VALUE TO ME WHATSOEVER.
If you want to be a bigshot time traveler, you're going to need a good tailor.
Everyone knows that.
NO. MAKES NO SENSE.
What if some day you get some sweet new threads? Who will maintain your wardrobe for you??
Do you think you'll wear that tee shirt and those stupid suspenders all your life?
I WILL NEVER STOP WEARING MY AWESOME SUSPENDERS.
NO ONE CAN MAKE ME. NOT EVEN MY TAILOR.
Whatever you say.
You're wasting time again. Better hurry up and conquer this planet so you can find Eggs.
WHAT??
Whoops. I mean purple stripe hat.
Forget I called him that.
OH. YES.
I'M REALLY LOOKING FORWARD TO THESE NEXT FEW GUYS.
I HAVE A FEELING. THE FARTHER I GO. THE MORE USEFUL AND EXCITING THE FROG MEN ARE STARTING TO BE.
You won't be disappointed.

## [S] END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 4

**31/03/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**01/04/13**

dialoglogMEENAH: pst blue guy
JOHN: me?
MEENAH: no the other weenie in blue pjs
MEENAH: yes you cmere

## [A6I5] ==>

**01/04/13**

dialoglogMEENAH: listfin
MEENAH: i have a problem
JOHN: what?
MEENAH: now we both know some day ima be the one to swindle you out of that life ring
JOHN: we do?
MEENAH: yeah
MEENAH: shit is inevibubble and we all know it
JOHN: ...

JOHN: ok.
MEENAH: i like priceless treasure
MEENAH: you GOT priceless treasure
MEENAH: my fuckin hero title deal all but guarantees ill steal it from you some day
MEENAH: and ill come back to life so i can rip shit up in the real world and get all the gold and make all yall my slaves and rule everything forev
JOHN: i see.
MEENAH: just one problem though
JOHN: what's that?
MEENAH: i dunno if i wanna?

## [A6I5] ==>

**01/04/13**

dialoglogJOHN: hmm.
JOHN: alright. then i guess that settles that.
MEENAH: no but you dont understand
MEENAH: if i ganked your ring and put it on
MEENAH: and became not a ghost anemonemore
MEENAH: and had to hit the road and conquer stuff
MEENAH: i would miss my friends 38(
JOHN: then, uh...
JOHN: don't?
MEENAH: no blue boy you arent listening
MEENAH: i cant even handle it
MEENAH: thinkin aboat ditching my fronds
MEENAH: they meant so much to me since i been dead
MEENAH: ya feel me blue dweeb
JOHN: yes.
JOHN: my friends mean a lot to me too.
MEENAH: the serket twins
MEENAH: they just
MEENAH: bleugh
MEENAH: look at em
MEENAH: so disgustinly adorbs together
MEENAH: all likin each other and BEING like each other and junk
MEENAH: i dont think i could take it
MEENAH: i aint ready to say fareshell

## [A6I5] ==>

**01/04/13**

dialoglogMEENAH: araneas all like
MEENAH: learnin to be unscrupulous never thought the girl had it in her
MEENAH: makes me so glubbin proud
MEENAH: her stories blow hole but i still love listenin
MEENAH: dont tell her i said so but
MEENAH: i like hearing her so happy like she is just so damn pleased to hear herself yack about

dumb shit
MEENAH: on the other flipper...
MEENAH: i legit love vriskas stories they are punchy and hammy as fuck
MEENAH: girl think she in the movies or somefin lmao
MEENAH: we had our difs at first but really shes so badass
MEENAH: i wish my old pals could a been half the give no fucks boss she is
MEENAH: all i ever wanted from my posse was somemoby i could thug it with
MEENAH: i mean w/o bein a psycho batshit skank
MEENAH: wont name names you know who i mean
JOHN: uh, no?
MEENAH: as for soft core megido i
MEENAH: yeah
MEENAH: um
MEENAH: this bitch i could take or leave?
MEENAH: iunno shes aight i guess

## [A6I5] ==>

**01/04/13**

dialoglogMEENAH: but the point is blue chump
MEENAH: im happy now
MEENAH: more than i was on my moon with my sweet gold statues an shit
MEENAH: and more than i think ill be if i gotta be alive again and have to go knocking over galaxies or whatever to make a bomb new fishqueen empire
MEENAH: but its killin me blue schmuck
MEENAH: its killin me to know you got that ring and knowin ill have to take it from ya some day
MEENAH: augh why
MEENAH: why you have to swim in here and present me with this codawful dilemma
MEENAH: why do you have to be so lame and chumpy and such an obvious mark
MEENAH: your dork ass face just screams waaaah gimme a fuckin wedgie and take my ring!
MEENAH: but i dont wanna but i think i gotta cause i mean come on OBVIOUSLY its mine, just why
MEENAH: W)(Y W)(Y W)(Y W)(Y W)(Y W)(Y W)(Y
JOHN: ok, jeez!
JOHN: i promise no matter what, i won't let you have the ring!
JOHN: i'll hide it or something. or better yet, i'll just give it to someone else before you get the chance to steal it.
JOHN: how does that sound?

## [A6I5] ==>

**01/04/13**

dialoglogMEENAH: T)(ANK YOU

## [S][A6I5] ==>

**02/04/13**

```
NICK CAGE: Boner

* click through a sequence of replay button circles in any order
```

```
NICK CAGE: Boner
```

dialoglogVRISKA: Will you guys hurry up??
VRISKA: This is seriously some of the most half assed treasure hunting I've ever seen.
JOHN: hang on, i'm coming!!!

## [A6I5] ==>

**02/04/13**

dialoglogJOHN: so the treasure's in that chest?
VRISKA: Yeah!
JOHN: are you gonna tell us more about it yet?
VRISKA: Yes, that was going to 8e part two of my story.
VRISKA: Which starts right now!
VRISKA: This thing is some sort of juju.
VRISKA: As I'm sure you know 8y now, jujus are magic items that can do all sorts of things. 8end time and space, trap souls inside them, stuff like that.
VRISKA: The more potent jujus tend to 8e pretty versatile. I dou8t even he knew the full extent of its powers.
VRISKA: He supposedly got this thing as a 8oon for slaying a very powerful denizen. As if the guy even needed any more sick endgame rewards.
VRISKA: That's all I'm gonna say for the moment, since I'm sure everyone is dying to see it 8y now.
VRISKA: Only a complete asshole would make us w8 any longer to get a look at this thing.

## [A6I5] ==>

**02/04/13**

And with Vriska's sassy flourish of dramatic irony, it suddenly becomes evident to anyone with a brain that we aren't going to see what the treasure is for hundreds, if not thousands of pages.

## [A6I5] ==>

**02/04/13**

So why don't we stop wasting everyone's time, shut the lid on this lousy MacGuffin, and be Viceroy Bubbles Von Salamancer.

## [A6I5] Be Viceroy Bubbles Von Salamancer.

**02/04/13**

You are now Viceroy Bubbles Von Salamancer.

## [A6I5] VBVS: Do a silly dance.

**03/04/13**

Oh yes! You kick your adventure off to a phenomenal start with liveliest jig you have ever attempted!

Your little legs could use the workout after being cooped up on that ship for three years. Wait, shouldn't Casey have reached adulthood in that timeframe, or at least gotten somewhat bigger? You seem to recall from earlier somewhere that salamanders have short lifespans, and grow up quickly. Oh well, you decide to graciously disregard the one and only plothole in this elaborate tale. In fact you think you will use your dark sorcery to make it - POOF - disappear! Ha ha, what problem?

You are so excited for this side quest to begin. It's going to be almost as delightful as it is thorough, and almost as thorough as it is relevant.

## [A6I5] VBVS: Retrieve arms from robe.

**03/04/13**

You retrieve your adorable amphibious arms from your RAG OF DEMONS. And in doing so you reveal them to be adorably grasping the dreaded CROOK OF FRAILTY. No young salamancer should dabble in the dark arts without one.

You twirl the grim cudgel in the air and begin to disturb ancient spirits from their slumber. In spite of necromancy's notoriously bonkers FAKENESS ATTRIBUTE, you begin to cast a spell!

## [A6I5] VBVS: Summon undead army.

**03/04/13**

You beckon a horrifying cadre of skeletal friends. They lurch from the mounds to serve their dark master. You're so happy to see them. You start to blow some sinister friendship bubbles.

You look at all these skeletons and think to yourself, this is probably going to be really important later on. Because that's what happens in adventures. A thing happens, then you forget about the thing for a while, but it turns out to be important down the road. Like some heroes will be fighting a bad guy, and things will look bleak for them. But then out of nowhere this skeleton army will arrive as reinforcements or something, thus turning the tide of battle. Then you go, ah-ha. So that's why that little salamander summoned those skeletons. Everything makes sense now, and in retrospect is elegant in its simplicity.

♏ FUCK YOU!!!!!!!! ♏

Please, don't interrupt. We are trying to enjoy an important subplot.

Now where were we. Oh, look! One of the skeletons has stepped forward to introduce himself. But the skeleton doesn't have a name. You should give him one! What will you name the skeleton?

> Clattersworth
> Bonebone
> Captain Nibbles
> Fossilbee Oldington the Third
> Mr. Ribs
> Skulligan Malone

## [A6I5] VBVS: Bonebone! Bonebone!!!

**04/04/13**

You declare this loyal follower to be: Bonebone! Bonebone is most pleased with his gentlemanly appellation.

Hang on. Another skeleton approaches to receive a title. In fact, it looks like they all want names! You decide to name them all, one by one.

♏ FUUUUUUUUCK YOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUU!!!!!!!! ♏

Just ignore her. She had her chance to be important, but turned the offer down. The rest of us are just trying to get on with our lives.

Now, what will you name the next skeleton?

> m FUCK YOU! m
> m FUCK YOU! m
> m FUCK YOU! m
> m FUCK YOU! m
> m FUCK YOU! m
> m FUCK YOU! m
> m FUCK YOU! m
> m FUCK YOU! m

## [A6I5] VBVS: Shield young amphibious ears from profanity.

**04/04/13**

dialoglogVRISKA: OHHHHHHHH NOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: OH FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
VRISKA: WE'RE G8ING TO LOOK AT WH8T'S IN THIS CH8ST *RIGHT N8W!!!!!!!!*
VRISKA: DO YOU HE8R ME Y8U F8CK?
VRISKA: I D8DN'T SCRAPE AND CLAW MY W8Y 8ACK TO RELEV8NCE F8R THIS SHIT!
VRISKA: I'M DOING S8METHING *F8CKING IMPORTANT!* AND WHEN I DO SOMETH8NG *FUCKING IMPORT8NT,* EVERY88DY 8ETTER D8MN WELL *PAY ATT8NTION TO ME!!!!!!!!*
MEENAH: (wut)
ARADIA: :D
VRISKA: YOU DON'T TH8NK I'M ON TO YOU 8Y NOW? AS IF I C8N'T SENSE WH8N SOME SORT OF 8ULLFUCKERY IS AFOOT????????
VRISKA: YOU DON'T THINK 8'M WISE TO YO8R *FUCKING G8MES????????*
JOHN: (who's she talking to?)
ARANEA: ::::?
ARADIA: :D
VRISKA: GO AHEAD! TRY AND FUCK W8TH US SOME M8RE!
VRISKA: MAKE MY D8Y YOU PI8CE OF SHIT!
VRISKA: EVERYONE HERE WANTS TO KNOW WH8T'S IN THIS CHEST, SO THAT'S EX8CTLY WHAT THEY'RE GONNA SEE!
VRISKA: THERE'S PRO8A8LY SOME IDEAL WAY FOR ME TO REVEAL THIS THING TO M8KE IT SEEM AS COOL AS POSSI8LE, 8UT Y8U KNOW WHAT!
VRISKA: I DON'T GIVE A F8CK!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: I'M JUST G8NNA DUMP IT OUT ON THE FLOOR RIGHT HERE AND NOW!

## [A6I5] ==>

**04/04/13**

```
DUMP.
```

dialoglogVRISKA: THERE!
VRISKA: FUCKING *TH8RE!!!!!!!!*
VRISKA: TAAAAAAAA DAAAAAAAA!
VRISKA: W8W WILL YOU LOOK AT TH8T!
VRISKA: IT'S THE *FUCK8NG TREASURE!*
VRISKA: LOOKS LIKE SOME K8ND OF HUMAN HOUSE SHAPED THING! H8LY SHIT, DIDN'T SEE THAT C8MING!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: NOW EVERYONE HOLD YOUR FUCKING H8RSES WHILE I ARTLESSLY EXPLAIN SOME MORE SHIT A8OUT IT!
VRISKA: WOOOOOOOO! HERE FUCKING G8ES!

**[A6I5] ==>**
**04/04/13**
dialoglogVRISKA: AFTER THE GUY USED IT THAT ONE TIME, IT 8ECAME TOTALLY INTANGI8LE! SO WE CAN'T TOUCH IT OR PICK IT UP!
VRISKA: THAT'S WHY WE 8ROUGHT ARADIA ALONG! SO SHE CAN MAKE IT LEVIT8 OR WHATEVER!
VRISKA: IF WE 8RING IT NEAR HIM IT'S SUPPOSED TO ACTIV8 AGAIN OR SOMETHING! THAT'S HOW YOU USE IT AS A WEAPON I GUESS!
VRISKA: 8UT THAT'S ALL I KNOW!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: THERE! YOU LIKE TH8T YOU FUCK?
VRISKA: DO YOU LIKE HOW I JUST TOOK THE FUCKING PISS OUT OF TH8T COOL MYSTERIOUS TREASURE! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
VRISKA: DO YOU LIKE GETTING *OWNED????????*
VRISKA: 8ECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU JUST GOT! OWNED!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: SO WHY DON'T YOU SUCK IT!

**[A6I5] ==>**
**04/04/13**
dialoglogVRISKA: *SUUUUUUUUCK*.....

**[A6I5] ==>**
**04/04/13**
dialoglogVRISKA: *IIIIIIIT!!!!!!!!*

**[A6I5] ==>**
**04/04/13**
dialoglogVRISKA: *Huff puff.*

**[A6I5] ==>**
**04/04/13**
dialoglogJOHN: ...

**[A6I5] ==>**
**04/04/13**
dialoglogMEENAH: ...

**[A6I5] ==>**
**04/04/13**

dialoglogARANEA: ...

## [A6I5] ==>

**04/04/13**

dialoglogARADIA: :D

## [A6I5] ==>

**05/04/13**

dialoglogJOHN: ok, i'm not sure what that crazy outburst was about.
JOHN: i think i'll just let that one go.
JOHN: but you say this little house thing is intangible?
VRISKA: Yes.
JOHN: so i can't touch it?
VRISKA: Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's what intangi8le means!
JOHN: what happens if i try?
VRISKA: I dunno if I would do that if I were you.

## [A6I5] ==>

**05/04/13**

dialoglogJOHN: i'm not too worried.
JOHN: this is just my dream hologram self, or some nonsense.
JOHN: how many times has meenah stabbed me with her fork?
MEENAH: (not enough blue stooge)
MEENAH: (not enough by a nautical mile)
JOHN: and i always wake up fine!
VRISKA: It's not just a8out you, John.
VRISKA: This is a very powerful juju. You'd 8e messing with some forces we don't fully understand.
ARADIA: sounds like a dare to me
VRISKA: Oh my god.
VRISKA: Alright, whatever. I'll 8e fucked if suddenly I'm gonna 8e the lone voice of prudence and sound judgment in our 8adass pir8 clu8.
VRISKA: If you really wanna plunge your fist through some sort of hole in reality, then 8e my guest!

## [A6I5] ==>

**05/04/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**05/04/13**

```
poke
```

dialoglogJOHN: ouch!

## [A6I5] ==>

**05/04/13**

```
VRISKA: ?
```

## [A6I5] ==>
**05/04/13**

```
VRISKA: ?
```

## [A6I5] ==>
**05/04/13**

## [A6I5] ==>
**05/04/13**

## [A6I5] ==>
**05/04/13**

## [A6I5] ==>
**05/04/13**

```
-K
```

## [A6I5] ==>
**05/04/13**

```
-UCK
```

## [A6I5] ==>
**05/04/13**

```
-OMESTUCK
```

## [A6I5] ==>
**05/04/13**

```
HOMESTUCK

SBURB

EXIT

-0.955766
-174.759521
2491.3
2009-04-13T12:13:00

ECHIDNA
FRESH JAMZ
PESTERCHUM

FRUIT GUSHERS

Barbasol

CAL
```

## [A6I5] ==>
**05/04/13**

```
RIIING BZZZZZ RIIING BZZZZZ RED RIIING CHEEKS BZZZZZ RIIING

SHOOOOO
```

```
Pra- Ga-

HARD ROCK
```

## [A6I5] ==>

**05/04/13**

```
♈  SOULBOT VIDEO LOG

HUNGER

Doritos

WAP WAP WAP

GAMZEE: hoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooonk.
KARKAT: shooshooshoos

PAP PAP PAP PAP
```

## [A6I5] ==>

**05/04/13**

```
  *OBEY*

All hail new Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court.
More →


BettyBother
FRUIT ROLL-UPS
ROLL-UPS FRANKENBERRY


Congratulations! You've been chosen to receive a
FREE DINNER FOR TWO
 *with completion of program requirements

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FEEDING CHAMBER

Claim your FREE* dinner for 2 NOW!
Limited time offer! Online only!
[Please select the restaurant]
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(simulated livestock flakes)

Bac-Os

Bax~Os(R) Makes Every Bite Better

Bac~Os BITS


Green Giant(R)

Brocolli & Cheese Sauce
```

```
suplex

TORSO FLAIL

Special Stardust
```

## [A6I5] ==>

**05/04/13**

dialoglogJOHN: whoa.

JOHN: this is making me feel weird.

VRISKA: John, will you get your hand out of there?

VRISKA: You're vaguely fucking shit up in some totally am8iguous way.

## [A6I5] ==>

**05/04/13**

dialoglogJOHN: AAAUUUUGH!

VRISKA: John!!!!!!!!

## [A6I5] ==>

**05/04/13**

dialoglogMEENAH: dammit

## ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 5

**06/04/13**

```
RIIING
star-clover-moon / diamond-rainbow-star RIIING moon-horseshoe-clover / gold-
horseshoe
BZZZZZ BZZZZZ
RIIING heart-balloon-gold / diamond-rainbow-star
star-clover-moon / rainbow-heart-balloon RIIING
BZZZZZ
RIIING rainbow-heart-ballon / moon-horseshoe clover
```

authorlogI HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE I HATE PUPPET PEOPLE.

Puppet people?

PUPPET PEOPLE!!!!!!!!!!

You're just calling them different things every time to bug me.

THEY ARE PUPPET PEOPLE.

Why are they puppet people?

I thought frog men was going to be your preferred headcanon.

BECAUSE THEY ARE LIKE BIG ALIVE PUPPETS.

How so?

THEIR SKIN IS SOFT.

Soft?

What do you mean.

Soft as in smooth to the touch, like a baby's behind?

NO.

MORE LIKE. FUZZY.
AND SQUISHY.
What?
LIKE PLUSH.
YOU KNOW.
LIKE A GOD DAMN PUPPET.
Hold on.
Are you telling me these fuckers are literally made of felt???
WHAT'S FELT.
It's the fabric they put on pool tables.
Kind of soft and fuzzy.
OH. THEN YES.
EXACTLY LIKE THAT.
Well that's weird.
I guess you learn something new every day.
Speaking of which, I suppose you'll want me to tell you what these two frog puppets can do?
NO!
No?
THE ABILITIES OF PURPLE STRIPE HAT. AND ORANGE STRIPE HAT.
ARE AS PLAINLY SELF EVIDENT. AS THEY ARE IDIOTIC.
Patience.
In time, you will grow to love them as if they were two very special sons.
NO WAY.
Yes you will.
I can tell you kind of like them already, but you're just pretending you don't to be cool. Like you always do with members of your dark carnival.
I notice you aren't actually trying very hard to escape from the crowd there.
Looks to me like you're enjoying your time in the puppet mosh pit, frankly.
SCREW YOU!
I'm going to tell you their powers anyway.
NO!
Purple stripe hat has an egg timer juju which makes him time travel whenever it rings.
But he's too stupid to use time travel sensibly so he ends up making way too many copies of himself.
Orange stripe hat has a magic oven which he can hide inside.
And that's it. It serves no purpose other than that. Also he's just as dumb as Eggs.
I mean purple stripe hat. Forget I called him that again.
Also pretend I didn't call the other guy Biscuits.
YOU DIDN'T CALL ANYONE BISCUITS.
I didn't?
Oh.
Damn.
Then pretend I didn't say I did.
I DON'T CARE!
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY OF THIS!
ALL OF THAT WAS OBVIOUS!

I HAVE GROWN WEARY. OF YOUR EXCESSIVE DIVULGENCES!
Yeah, my divulgences haven't been too popular lately.
I can't seem to catch a 8r8k.
A WHAT.
A 8r8k.
WHAT'S A 8R8K.
Nothing.
Just something an old flame used to say a lot.
Well, not so much an old flame as someone who callously spurned my extraordinarily inappropriate advances one time.
She really blew it though. She could have been the star again, if only she said yes.
Things are pretty passive aggressive between us now.
WOMEN. Am I right?
NO, DON'T DO THIS.
I DON'T WANT US TO BOND OVER YOUR FEMALE PROBLEMS.
STOP TRYING TO BE BROS WITH ME!
You know how it is.
Sometimes a guy just wants to take a look at what an adorable salamander is up to, and scrutinize that situation carefully.
Like really see what's *going on with that*, you know?
Is that so wrong.
So what if I want to watch a young salamander spend several hours naming skeletons?
It's my right to do that. I should be able to watch Bubbles name a million fucking skeletons if I want.
I should be able to do that without a spiteful attention hog stealing back the spotlight while she does something "important".
Who cares about important stuff?
Important stuff is so overrated, IMHO.
I STOPPED LISTENING!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. BECAUSE I'M NOT READING IT ANYMORE.
YOU CAN GO AHEAD AND BABBLE ALL YOU WANT. ABOUT MEANINGLESS TRASH.
I'VE TOTALLY CHECKED OUT OF THE CONVERSATION. SO BYE.
I wonder what Spades Slick is doing right now.

## END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 5

**07/04/13**

You are now Spades Slick.

It appears that you will be the focus of an exciting new sub plot. That is, if everyone's ok with that. You're not sure. Is that allowed, you wonder? Is anyone going to throw a tantrum and make us look at something else?

♏ LEAVE ME ALONE YOU FUCKING CREEP!!!!!!!! ♏

Good news, Spades. It looks like your sub plot checks out. You have the green light, whenever you're ready.

## [A6I5] SS: Gaze over balcony at horizon.

**07/04/13**

```
END OF
YEAR 3
4/13/09 - 4/13/12

END OF
YEAR 4
4/13/09 - 4/13/13
```

There was some commotion up here earlier. That guy flipped your bed over this balcony and you fell in the water like a thousand feet below. You had to climb all the way back up, sopping wet. You think he said something about English? You don't see any sign of the rival mob boss though. You'll have to investigate.

You might not have much time to find him though. The sun is setting on the horizon. What are all those things floating over the water? You can't quite make them out, even with your awesome cyborg eye, which can probably make you see better. Maybe. I'm not sure. I don't actually know anything about cybernetics to tell you the truth. I just gave you a red eye because I thought it looked cool.

## [A6I5] SS: Inspect green torso.

**07/04/13**

Looks like this asshole in the white wig is dead. Yes, the same asshole who nursed you back to health even though he didn't have to, and even though he kind of promised he wouldn't do stuff like that by way of some vague pledge involving a yellow ruler. But he saved your life anyway because his heart was just that big. You're welcome.

You weren't listening to any of that because you don't care.

## [A6I5] SS: Take wand.

**07/04/13**

You're not gonna take the wand because obviously magic is fake. Come on. What sort of buffoon would try to wield that thing under any circumstance?

You will however take the horns. They'll make a nice trophy. You always thought taking trophies from guys you killed was a cool idea. Or at least from guys you wish you killed, who you happen to find dead.

## [A6I5] SS: Investigate.

**07/04/13**

This appears to be the murder weapon. Looks like English was the trigger man, then ditched the weapon by the body for some reason. You've never seen the guy, but you heard he carries a big overpowered gold machine gun.

Pretty garish in your view. The man has no subtlety whatsoever. You and he sure have different styles when it comes to running an organized crime outfit. You honestly think he might be some sort of huge manchild.

And I honestly think you might be right.

## [A6I5] SS: Equip.

**07/04/13**

You take the GOLDEN CUESTAFF. Holy crap this thing is huge. Good thing you have robot arms now. The weapon weighs several hundred pounds, but to a hulk like him it's light as a feather. And to a cyborg like you, it's light as a slightly heavier feather.

## [A6I5] SS: Search for English.

**07/04/13**

Man, how sweet would it be if you could use his own weapon against him when you get your reven... HEY! WHO GOES THERE!

Ah. Of course. It's the cute little dame who tended to you while you were bedridden. Her soup was so delicious. Whoa, what are these dumb horns doing on your head? Those don't belong there. You toss them on the ground and stomp on them nonchalantly.

She's shaking like a leaf! She must be terrified. You assure her there's nothing to afraid of anymore. Everything's gonna be ok. The asshole in the white wig is dead.

## [A6I5] SS: Interrogate Ms. Paint.

**07/04/13**

Now that you've settled her nerves down, which you haven't actually, you ask her where the guy who did this went. She says she doesn't know. She's been hiding since he smacked her across the face with his cane. You say he did WHAT, why I oughta! She says she thinks he's probably gone now. You say oh. Any idea which way he went? She says no. You say hmm. Any idea what she might be doing later? She asks what do you mean? You say any dinner plans or...

Hey! Slick! What exactly are your intentions toward Ms. Paint??? You could at least wait until the blood is dry before making your move. I know you've always had your shitty cybernetic eye on her. Yes, the same eye that's probably just a useless piece of red glass overlapping an otherwise perfectly healthy eye. Yeah, that one.

Oh fuck it. Who am I to stand between you two? You obviously make an adorable couple. Why should I let my rotten luck with the ladies rain on your parade. That's it, I'm calling it. I'm declaring your ship to be officially canon.

Now don't fuck this up, Slick.

## [A6I5] SS: Inquire about personals.

**07/04/13**

Personals she says? Yeah you say. Your personal items. What items she wonders? You know, all the shit you had on you before that guy turned you into a damn robot. Like your hat and stuff. Oh! Yes, she knows exactly where all that is.

## [A6I5] SS: Follow.

**07/04/13**

She says this way. But please try to be quiet in case the green beast is still nearby!

## [A6I5] Ms. Paint: Retrieve personals.

**07/04/13**

```
SPADES SLICK
```

She leads you to one of the mansion's several dozen pantries and retrieves your box of stuff.

Here you go she says.

## [A6I5] SS: Inspect personals.

**07/04/13**

```
THE MIDNIGHT CREW
```

The hat was a little worse for the wear, but she took it to the tailor to have it repaired. Tailor, what tailor you say. The one that appears when you pull his pin from the little doll. She said she put the pin back though because the man was rather grouchy and unpleasant.

Wait a minute...

Of course. The doll!

## [A6I5] SS: Take doll.

**07/04/13**

You knew you decided to hang on to this thing for a reason.

## [A6I5] SS: Pull pins.

**07/04/13**

English has no idea what he's in for. You can't wait to see the look on his face. Even though the look on his face is always pretty much the same, since he's a skull monster.

Uh, yeah, better leave the black one in though. Pulling that one could have some really weird consequences.

## [A6I5] SS: Command minions.

**07/04/13**

You tell all these mugs to listen up. This gang is now under new management.

The surly mob of puppet people look you up and down, glance at your CUESTAFF, and shrug. Yep, you're the new boss, they appear to tacitly confirm.

Ms. Paint, you say. There's a vacancy in the gang's eight-spot. You got anything more suitable to wear?

She claps her hands and says oh yes! She has just the dress for the occasion. She says brb.

## [A6I5] SS: Consult with brains of operation.

**08/04/13**

You say hey you. Wise guy in the maroon hat. What was his name again? Some weapon shaped like a seven. Boomerang? No that wasn't it. Your memory's failing you. Might of taken one blow to the head too many when that universe exploded. Hey, why did that universe explode again? Can't recall for the life of you. Crowbar. What? Crowbar's his name, the guy says. Oh yeah, that's right. Now

you remember, you used his crowbar a while ago to smash a priceless clock to pieces. You have his crowbar he asks?? No, you lost track of it. Any idea where it is? No clue you say. Damn he says.

You ask him how they can get out of here. Go somewhere to regroup and make some plans. Hatch some schemes. Maybe draw a map or two. Preferably in a hideout. He says he can lead you back to one of the gang's old haunts. You say after you then. He says hey. Yeah? What happened to the old boss he wonders. Is he dead or something? You say none of your damn business. Now get moving.

## [A6I5] Crowbar: Lead gang back to hideout.

**08/04/13**

Through here Crowbar says.

Hey what's this thing Clover asks? Nothing you say. You think the idiot who used to live here was doing some sort of science experiment. Pretty much, Ms. Paint says. Don't touch it you say. Could be a deathtrap. Clover pulls his hand away quickly. He looks worried.

Die asks if he can have his doll back. You say of course not, shut up. He looks crestfallen.

## [A6I5] SS: Go through 5th wall.

**08/04/13**

God damn it's hot in here.

AC must be broken or something.

## [A6I5] SS: Exit this weird little girl's room.

**08/04/13**

You leave Damara's room and great Caesar's stab wound what is even going on here. Crowbar where the hell are you leading us you ask. He says it's the Doc's old apartment. Really posh digs. Primo location too, at least it was before the universe exploded. Why are there giant holes in the walls through which can be seen an abundance of blinding green plasma, you inquire. He says because the apartment is now floating somewhere inside a huge sun. A sun you say. Well shit. No wonder it's so hot you could cook breakfast on your cranial plates. Hiding out in the middle of a big sun doesn't sound like a real tenable predicament, does it Crowbar. No boss, he supposes it does not. Sounds like it's actually kind of a shitty predicament, doesn't it Crowbar. Yes boss, he supposes it does. A predicament defying any sense of reason, safety, physical comfort, and most laws of science probably. He wouldn't know about that boss. You'll have to ask a scientist. You got a sassy mouth on you Crowbar, you say to Crowbar. A real sassy mouth.

He says if you don't want to stay, that's fine. There are contingencies in place. Contingencies you say? He says Doc's suite had an emergency exit which the gang could flee through whenever things got too hot to handle. Circumstances, he says, which never once presented themselves, until now, in the most literal way possible. Yeah. Yeah you say. Because of the sun. Yes he says. Because of the sun.

Well what are you waiting for Crowbar. Keep leading the way.

## [A6I5] Crowbar: Keep leading the way.

**08/04/13**

Hold up you say. You're not sure about this Crowbar leading the way business. Who's the leader here, this smart mouth or you? He says you, of course. But you don't know where the exit is. You say bullshit. You been here before. You know this place like the back of your hand. You show him your hand, which is now mostly unfamiliar to you, because it's made of metal. You put your hand down quickly because that didn't serve your rhetorical purpose at all. He says if you insist. The exit is in the room with the clock in it. Do you remember where that is? You say what do you look like, a moron? Of course you remember. Then after you he says.

## [A6I5] SS: After you.

**08/04/13**

It's obviously down here. Through one of these doors. Watch and learn buddy.

## [A6I5] SS: Open door.

**08/04/13**

## [A6I5] SS: ...

**08/04/13**

That was not the right door.

## [A6I5] SS: Never mind.

**08/04/13**

Just take us to the exit, Crowbar. He says yeah sure.

## [A6I5] Crowbar: Proceed.

**08/04/13**

You lead the mob through a few more of these weird skinny panels.

Some of the guys get distracted over there in the lounge. Just a quick match of TABLE STICKBALL, a fun game they made up which is based on their hats. You tell them to quit playing pool and get over here. They start laughing their asses off at the noob who doesn't know a game of TABLE STICKBALL when he sees one.

## [A6I5] Crowbar: Show Slick exit.

**08/04/13**

So this is it huh you say. Why's he keep the exit in the room with the clock anyway? Crowbar says the exit's in the room with the clock because the exit IS the clock. You say you see. You look the clock up and down. Doesn't look the same as you remember. It was a lot fancier when you smashed it with the Crowbar. You mean the crowbar. All purple and gold and... ticking. As if deciding the fate of someone you don't know or care about. Someone who doesn't understand a golden opportunity when she sees it. ♏ sdkljfhkldhfsdkhfk ♏ Someone whose behavior may have been controversial, and whose sentence apparently had to be arbitrated by a magic timepiece. Just as well you smashed it. That way nobody could outsource their judgment to the verdict of a stupid clock. Yes you definitely thought all that now. Wait. What happened to the pendulum? The ball thingy you mean. Crowbar says it broke. You see. Alright.

Anyway none of that matters now. How are you supposed to exit through this thing? Guess you have to open it? Yes he says. How you say. He says oh you know. Gotta pry it open. If only they had a tool with which to pry. Perhaps a tool which is notorious for its prying ability, which also happens to be its sole purpose. You wouldn't happen to know where such a tool might be, would you, he asks? No, he supposes not. There he goes again with that smart mouth. Nothing but sass from this

guy. You're starting to miss your old right hand man. At least when he got sick of your shit, he would just turn around and light a cigarette.

## [A6I5] SS: Punch clock.

**08/04/13**

There. Crowbar shmowbar.

How the hell are you gonna squeeze all these big galoots through that skinny ass door? Wait. You might have an idea.

## [A6I5] SS: Wasn't there a guy with an oven?

**08/04/13**

Where's the guy with the oven. Hey! Oven! Get over here! Crowbar whispers his name is actually Biscuits. You don't give a fuck. Biscuits seems to understand he is being summoned, and waddles over. Yep, there's his magic oven. Wow what a dumb juju. Should come in handy for once though.

## [A6I5] SS: Everybody in.

**08/04/13**

EVERYONE IN THE OVEN! LET'S GO LET'S GO MOVE MOVE MOVE! Iggy, Slowpoke, What's His Face... Yes you too Ms. Paint! Clover, Shark Guy, Top Hat, get in there Crowbar, you can mouth off all you want, just do it in the oven! Stitch Face, Fatty, Fireman, uh, the centaur butler? Yeah what the hell, come on in! He can be the team mascot or something. Plus his milk was fucking GREAT. Biscuits, Other Biscuits, Big Guy, Bigger Guy... THAT SHOULD DO IT!

## [A6I5] SS: Take oven.

**08/04/13**

```
WEAPONS

ITEM

13★
```

You pick up the 13 OF STARS card. What? Cards don't go up to thirteen. Stars ain't a real suit either. These guys really are a bunch of whackjobs.

Whatever, you'll just slip it in the deck. Time to go.

## [A6I5] SS: Wait, before you go...

**08/04/13**

Perfect.

## [A6I5] SS: Exit.

**09/04/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**09/04/13**

What the shit.

## [A6I5] ==>

**09/04/13**

THIS was their secret escape hatch?!

You see. It's all so clear now. When things get too hot to handle, the Doc and his posse duck out of the clock and into the idiot wagon for a little spin through infinite oblivion with some giant octopus things.

Thanks for the tip, Crowbar! THANK YOU SO VERY FUCKING MUCH!!!

**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
Hang on a minute.

What's that?

**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
Is that...

Could it really be?

**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
You don't need a fancy robotic eye to tell you what that is.

You know EXACTLY what that is.

**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**

```
pchoooooooo
```

It's the fucking JACKPOT.

**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**

```
JOHN: Z
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**

```
zap.
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**

```
zap.
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**

```
zap.
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**09/04/13**

```
zap.
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
8OOM
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
gulp
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
zap.
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
snog snog
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
zap.
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiisssss
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
-ssssssssssss-sssss
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
zap.
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
STRIFE!
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
ROLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL.
```

**[A6I5] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
zap.
```

## [A6I5] ==>
**10/04/13**
## [A6I5] ==>
**10/04/13**
## [A6I5] ==>
**10/04/13**
## [A6I5] ==>
**10/04/13**
## [A6I5] ==>
**10/04/13**

```
zap.
```

## ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 6
**10/04/13**
authorlogI DID IT!
I CONQUERED THE MAROON STRIPE PLANET. THUS UNLOCKING. THE FINAL AND MOST POWERFUL TOAD GOBLIN OF ALL!!!!!!!!!!!
WOW, HE'S SO PERFECT. SO HUGE. SO *STRONG*.
I LOVE HIM BEING STRONG.
FINALLY. THE IDEAL MINION. WITH THE TYPE OF POWER I ADMIRE THE MOST.
WHICH IS. BEING A HUGE STRONG GUY WITH ENORMOUS POWERFUL MUSCLES!
YESSSSSSSSSSS.
OH YEAH. I ALSO GOT GREEN STRIPE HAT. HE'S GOOD TOO.
IN THAT HE IS ALSO LARGE. AND RELATIVELY STRONG. AND MEAN.
HE FLIPS A COIN TOO I THINK. WHICH IS ALSO COOL.
OH, AND DON'T TELL ME WHAT THEY DO.
ALL I CARE ABOUT IS THAT THEY'RE BIG AND STRONG.
DO NOT SPOIL MY MOMENT OF TRIUMPH WITH MORE OF YOUR HUMAN MONKEY EARTH BUSINESS.
WHAT.
NOTHING TO SAY?

## [A6I5I6] ==>
**10/04/13**
authorlogYES. THIS IS GOOD. YOU'RE FINALLY LEARNING WHO'S BOSS.
AND SOON. EVERYONE ELSE WILL TOO.
NOW I HAVE TO CONQUER THE BLACK PLANET.
THIS ONE IS A DIFFERENT THING FROM THE OTHERS.
MY SOURCES TELL ME. BY WHICH I MEAN. THE CLOWN TELLS ME.
THAT THIS PLANET HAS BEEN CLAIMED BY THE BLACK QUEEN HERSELF.
I WILL NEED TO OVERTHROW HER TO WIN.
AS SUCH. IN A STROKE OF BRILLIANT CLEVERNESS. MY BRAIN DEVISED AN IDEA.
I HAVE RECRUITED JACK NOIR TO HELP SETTLE OUR MUTUAL SCORE.
REALLY. GETTING JACK TO DO VIOLENT THINGS FOR ME. ALWAYS STRIKES ME AS SUCH A GOOD PLAN.

SO I MIGHT AS WELL JUST DO IT ALWAYS. RATHER THAN ALWAYS THINKING OF NEW STUFF. WHICH IS HARD TO DO.
HE WOULD MAKE A GOOD FRIEND. IF THE CONCEPT OF FRIENDSHIP WASN'T HORRID AND MEANINGLESS TO ME.
THEREFORE. I WILL THINK OF A WAY TO DISPOSE OF HIM ONCE HIS USEFULNESS IS OVER.
IT'S BAD FORM TO LEAVE STRAY NOIRS WANDERING AROUND.
(DON'T TELL HIM I SAID ANY OF THIS.)
(MY TREACHERY TO HIM. IS MEANT TO BE A SURPRISE!)
(HA HA HA HA HA.)
(HA HA.)
UH.
.....
HELLO?
WHERE THE FUCK DID YOU GO.
AREN'T YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF MY GREAT PLAN.
OR DERIDE ME IN SOME FASHION. FOR MY JUVENILE CONDUCT AND POOR CRITICAL THINKING SKILLS.
WELL, YOU UNSPEAKABLY PUTRID AND FATUOUS BLABBERMOUTH???
I DEMAND THAT YOU TALK TO ME!!!
OK. I SEE HOW IT IS.
YOU HAVE DECIDED YOU WILL NO LONGER ALLOW ME. TO BROWBEAT YOU. INTO HELPING ME. THROUGH SHEER FORCE OF PETULANCE.
IT MAY SURPRISE YOU TO KNOW. I AM JUST AS CAPABLE OF RESPECTING THAT. AS I AM OF THROWING A TANTRUM ABOUT IT.
I DON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE.
I DON'T NEED ANYONE!!!!!!!!!!!

**[A6I5I6] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
BOOYEAH.

SPIKE
```

**[A6I5I6] ==>**
**10/04/13**
**[A6I5I6] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

**[A6I5I6] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

**[A6I5I6] ==>**
**10/04/13**

```
INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

## [A6I5I6] ==>
**10/04/13**

```
INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

## [A6I5I6] ==>
**10/04/13**

```
INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

## [A6I5I6] ==>
**10/04/13**

```
INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

## [A6I5I6] ==>
**10/04/13**

## [A6I5I6] ==>
**10/04/13**

## [A6I5I6] ==>
**10/04/13**

```
POW
```

## [A6I5I6] ==>
**11/04/13**

```
> END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 6
```

## END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5 INTERMISSION 6
**11/04/13**

```
zap.
```

## [A6I5] ==>
**11/04/13**

dialoglogJOHN: what.

## [A6I5] ==>
**11/04/13**

## [A6I5] ==>
**11/04/13**

dialoglogJOHN: does this mean...

## [A6I5] ==>
**11/04/13**

dialoglogJOHN: we're here?

## [A6I5] ==>
**11/04/13**

dialoglogJOHN: hello???

JOHN: is anyone there?

**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
dialoglogJOHN: jade?
JOHN: nanna??

**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
dialoglogJOHN: jaspers???
JOHN: dave sprite????
JOHN: ...

**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
dialoglogJOHN: ... regular dave?

**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
dialoglogJOHN: where IS everyone?

**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
dialoglogJOHN: this sucks.

**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
dialoglogJOHN: ...

**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
dialoglogJOHN: sigh.

**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
You chance upon the SLAB OF THE JADED FOOL'S ENNUI. You don't know the slab is called that, but that's what the slab is called.

Looks like a good spot to decompress after your strange ordeal through canonspace.
**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**11/04/13**
**[A6I5] ==>**
**12/04/13**

dialoglogDAVE: so
DAVE: has anyone figured out how were actually gonna stop this meteor
DAVE: or was three years not enough time to solve that problem
KARKAT: NO, WE HAVEN'T.
KARKAT: OH MY GOD.
KARKAT: WE'RE STILL TRAVELING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT, AND WE ONLY SEEM TO BE PICKING UP STEAM!
DAVE: i dont think thats possible dude
DAVE: in fact im not sure we were ever traveling at light speed
DAVE: i think maybe theres been some bogus science in circulation that we been chumped into gettin behind
KARKAT: WHAT?
DAVE: just saying
KARKAT: NO.
KARKAT: *I'M* JUST SAYING.
KARKAT: WE CAME ALL THIS WAY, AND WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!!!

## [A6I5] ==>

**12/04/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: I DON'T BELIEVE THIS.
KARKAT: HOW COULD WE NOT HAVE THOUGHT THIS THROUGH BETTER!
KARKAT: IT'S LIKE THE RECKONING V 2.0. OR 3.0. OR WAIT, MAYBE 4.0 IF WE'RE COUNTING THE BEFORUS SESS... UGH, FUCK THIS SENTENCE I'M SAYING.
KARKAT: HOW COULD IT ALL BOIL DOWN TO *YET ANOTHER* METEOR HURTLING TOWARD SKAIA SERVING AS THE HARBINGER OF OUR IMMINENT DEMISE?
KARKAT: EXCEPT THIS TIME WE'RE *RIDING* THE FUCKING HARBINGER.
KARKAT: WHICH IS IRONIC WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT! WE WERE BROUGHT INTO THIS LIFE RIDING A METEOR. MAKES SENSE THAT'S HOW WE'LL ALL GO OUT! HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!
DAVE: man pull it together
DAVE: this thing has to have some escape pods or something
KARKAT: WHERE! I NEVER SAW ANY!
KARKAT: MAYBE THEY WERE BEING STORED IN THE HYPER GRAVITY CHAMBER!
ROSE: We have a hypher gravitoy chambHIC. Ber?
DAVE: or i guess maybe we could
DAVE: just sort of
DAVE: hop up
DAVE: and
DAVE: like...
DAVE: fly away?
KARKAT: WHY YOU ABHORRENT COLUMN OF SMARMY FILTH. YOU ALWAYS DID KNOW HOW TO RUB SALT IN THE WOUND.
KARKAT: WHAT ABOUT THOSE OF US WHO CAN'T FLY! YOU *KNOW* I CAN'T FLY, AND YOU *KNOW* IT'S A SORE SUBJECT FOR ME!
DAVE: i swear to god
DAVE: this meteor needs one of those baby on board things on the back

DAVE: but like a grub instead of baby for max fidelity to the gag because TROLLZ
DAVE: i know you cant fly dude obviously i would just carry you or something
KARKAT: I'D RATHER FUCKING DIE!!!!!!
ROSE: Don'ot worry guy,s
ROSE: I've vave a fealing evvvvvery thinks gogna work out. ;)
DAVE: rose shut the fuck up
BARK

## [A6I5] ==>

**12/04/13**

dialoglogDAVE: dude did you just bark
KARKAT: WHAT? NO I DIDN'T BARK.
KARKAT: I THOUGHT THAT WAS YOU.
DAVE: why would i bark
KARKAT: *WELL WHY THE FUCK WOULD I BARK???*
DAVE: because youre having a mental breakdown
KARKAT: WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A MENTAL GO FUCK YOURSELF?
KARKAT: OR! OR WAIT! THEN USE YOUR ALLEGED "TIME POWERS" TO MAKE A COPY OF YOURSELF AND TURN THIS AUDACIOUS PHANTASY INTO A SENSUAL REALITY!
DAVE: nah
BARK
KARKAT: THERE IT WAS AGAIN!
KARKAT: THE BARK HAPPENED AGAIN!
DAVE: wasnt me
KARKAT: WHO THE FUCK IS BARKING.
DAVE: kanaya did you bark
DAVE: you fuckin with us maryam
KANAYA: (hisssss...)
KARKAT: TEREZI, WAS IT YOU???
TEREZI: (grrrrrr...)
KARKAT: WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
DAVE: maybe the mayor barked
DAVE: mayor was that you
DAVE: haha i bet it was
DAVE: god i love the mayor hes so full of surprises

## [A6I5] ==>

**12/04/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**12/04/13**

dialoglogJADE: hey guys

## [A6I5] ==>

**12/04/13**

dialoglogJADE: long time no see

## [A6I5] ==>

**12/04/13**

## [S][A6I5] ==>

**13/04/13**

```
deepest
sigh of
all


SO BORED


POP


    6♠ 10♦  6♦ 10♣
2♥  5♦  9♠  5♠
            4♥
→
    4♠  A♦  3♣

YES


FRUIT GUSHERS


HELL YES


HELL FUCKING YES


JOHN: ♡ ♡
```

## [A6I5] ==>

**13/04/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**13/04/13**

## [A6I5] ==>

**13/04/13**

## END OF ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5

**13/04/13**

## ==>

**13/04/13**

```
END OF
YEAR 4
4/13/09 - 4/13/13
```

## ==>

**14/04/13**

```
> REMOVE DISC 2.

* click REMOVE DISC 2
```

```
HOMESTUCK ACT 6

DISC 2

???

A7
```

## ==>

**14/04/13**

```
STOMP STOMP STOMP
```

# Insert disc three.

**14/04/13**

```
DISC THREE
```

## ==>

**14/04/13**

```
THERE
IS NO DISC
THREE YOU
ASSHOLE.
```

## ==>

**14/04/13**

```
THE
END.
```

## ==>

**14/04/13**

```
~U

AAAA
```

```
==> --> BEGIN HOMOSUCK.
```

## HOMOSUCK.

**12/06/13**

A YOUNG MALE HOMO SAPIEN IS TRAPPED IN HIS ROOM. THE PREMISE IS UNINTERESTING, AND EVERYTHING ABOUT IT SUCKS. HENCE THE TITLE, WHICH IS A PORT MANTEAU. CONSISTING OF TWO THEMATICALLY APPROPRIATE WORDS.

THE MALE IS NOT VERY SMART. THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT A HUMAN BIRTHDAY. AND HE DOESN'T HAVE A NAME YET? AND MORE STUPID THINGS ALONG THOSE LINES.

ALL OF THIS IS IRRELEVANT.

```
LATEST PAGES

LAME.

NEWS

ZZZZZ.

SPONSORS

BAD.
```

## HERE IS WHAT REALLY MATTERS.

**12/06/13**

A YOUNG MALE CHERUB HAS ACHIEVED TOTAL DOMINATION OVER HIS QUEST. THUS UNLOCKING HIS MAGIC MYSTERY PLANET. AND THEREFORE. GAINING SUPREME MASTERY OVER ALL EVENTS IN REALITY. CANONICAL OR OTHERWISE.

HE BECAME A GOD TIER OBVIOUSLY. IT WAS EASY, INVOLVING A TRIVIAL ACT OF SELF SUICIDE. IT WAS NOT A VERY BIG DEAL AT ALL. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU'RE THE BEST. YOU BECOME THE BEST THING QUITE CASUALLY. AND OFF SCREEN. LIKE IT'S NOT EVEN THAT IMPORTANT.

## THEN HE STARTED CLIMBING THE GOD TIERS.

**12/06/13**

```
LORDLING
```

SEE? LIKE THAT.

HE STOOD ON THAT FLASHY THING. WHICH MAY NOT EVEN BE LITERALLY REAL?

## WITH EACH GOD TIER HE CLIMBED.

**12/06/13**

HE GOT A NEW ACHIEVEMENT BADGE SEWN ON TO HIS KIDDIE CAMPER HANDYSASH. WHICH ALSO MAY BE A THING THAT'S NOT LITERALLY REAL. LIKE MANY OTHER THINGS. WHICH DON'T SEEM TO HAVE LITERAL REALITY, BUT EXIST ANYWAY. GETTING NEW BADGES HELPS YOU UNDERSTAND STUPID THINGS LIKE

THAT BETTER. IN OTHER WORDS. THEY ARE MOSTLY POINTLESS.

LIKE GIFT OF GAB. WHICH IS ESPECIALLY USELESS TO OUR HERO. SINCE THERE IS NOBODY FOR HIM TO "TALK" TO EXCEPT FOR A RUDE CLOWN. AND ALL HIS DUMB GREEN FRIENDS, I GUESS. AND HE COULD ALREADY TALK TO THEM REGARDLESS? SO. WHAT THE FUCK.

THE BADGES ARE ALL SO SHITTY. I BARELY EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY. ONE OF THEM LETS YOU ACQUIRE OBJECTS WITH YOUR BARE HANDS. NO CAPTCHALOGUES REQUIRED. WOW, IT'S A DREAM COME TRUE! THERE IS ANOTHER ONE. AND I'M NOT JOKING HERE. THAT GRANTS YOU THE ABILITY TO HAVE NON AWKWARD PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS.

I WISH I WAS MAKING THIS UP. I REALLY DO.

## BUT THERE WAS ONE BADGE HE GOT.

**12/06/13**

THAT WAS NOT A PITIFUL WASTE OF HIS TIME. A SKELETON KEY BADGE.

HAVING THIS BADGE MEANT THAT HE COULD AUTOMATICALLY UNLOCK. ANY LOCK HE WANTED TO!

INCLUDING ALL THE CONTRAPTIONS ON THIS PLANET. ALLOWING HIM TO OFFICIALLY AND PERMANENTLY ASSUME CONTROL OF. A PROPERTY OF HIS EXPERIENTIAL CONTINUUM WHICH I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE IS CALLED. "THE NARRATIVE".

AND DUE TO HIS UNQUESTIONED SUPREMACY OVER A LOT OF THINGS. HE IS NOW ABLE TO COMMANDEER THIS ENIGMATIC MEDIUM. WHILE TOTALLY UNIMPEDED BY THE GHOSTLY VOICE OF A SARCASTIC DOUCHE.

## IN MY DREAM. I AM THIS CHERUB.

**12/06/13**

```
CLOSE UP.
```

IT'S ME.

AND AS IT HAPPENS. MY DREAM IS A *FACT*.

I HAVE TAKEN OVER THIS "STORY". AND I WILL NOW RETELL IT ACCORDING TO MY UNDERSTANDING AND LEVEL OF INTEREST. I WILL ADDITIONALLY PROVIDE AN HONEST AND BRUTAL CRITIQUE OF THE EVENTS AND THE WAY THEY HAVE BEEN SHOWN. BY UTILIZING THE MOST POTENT WEAPON ANYONE COULD EVER HOPE TO ALLOCATE TO HIS SPECIBUS. IT IS THE WEAPON. OF "SATIRE".

OH MY GOD. THIS IS GOING TO BE SO GREAT. HAS ANYONE EVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE??

## I DOUBT IT.

**12/06/13**

```
?
Radial Menu
Precision Mode
Display Toggle

Shift
Ctrl
Alt
```

ALL I HAVE TO DO. IS KEEP WORKING THE MAGIC. WITH MY FUCKING COMPUTER PENCIL. YES!!!

DRAWING IS EASY. DON'T LET ANYONE EVER TELL YOU IT ISN'T. YOU WORK HARD. AND HONE YOUR CRAFT. AND IGNORE THE HATERS. UNTIL YOU ARE IN. "THE ZONE".

NOW EXCUSE ME WHILE I DRAW A SHITTY ROOM.

## MALE: EXAMINE ROOM.

**12/06/13**

YOU EXAMINE YOUR SHITTY ROOM.

YOU ARE THE MALE. I'M CALLING HIM YOU FOR SOME REASON. THAT IS HOW THIS IDIOTIC ADVENTURE GOES USUALLY. THE GUY ON THE SCREEN. THAT'S YOU.

CONFUSED YET?? HA HA. IT ONLY GOES DOWN HILL FROM HERE. PREPARE TO BE FRUSTRATED AND ANGRY. AS MORE THINGS HAPPEN.

## MALE: DO SOME STUFF.

**12/06/13**

YOU FUCK AROUND HEARTILY. AGAIN, BY YOU I MEAN HIM. I KNOW, IT IS COUNTER INTUITIVE. BUT I WILL KEEP SAYING HE'S YOU, BECAUSE OF MY "ARTISTIC LICENSE".

THE YOU MALE FUCKS AROUND A LOT LIKE THIS. BOUNCING AROUND AND JITTERING, WASTING TIME. BUT THE SECRET IS THAT IT'S ACTUALLY ME FUCKING AROUND. I MOVE THIS GUY AROUND LIKE A PUPPET. WITH MY IMAGINARY HAND. SEE?

## MALE: GO OPEN THAT CHEST.

**12/06/13**

AND I TELL MY PUPPET WHAT TO DO. BY TYPING ORDERS IN THE THING. WHILE PRETENDING THAT *YOU* ARE TYPING THEM. IT IS A DISINGENUOUS RUSE AT BEST. TO MAKE YOU BELIEVE YOU ARE GUIDING MY PUPPET. WHILE ALSO BIZARRELY INSISTING THAT YOU *ARE* THE PUPPET, BY CALLING HIM YOU. I UNSUCCESSFULLY STRIVE TO IMMERSE YOU IN AN EXPERIENCE. THAT NO ONE WITH A BRAIN. COULD EVER CONCEIVABLY WISH TO PARTICIPATE IN REGARDLESS.

BUT IN THE END. THE JOKE OF IT ALL IS. IT'S JUST ME TELLING MYSELF WHAT TO DO WITH MY PUPPET. AND THEN DOING IT. YOU WILL AGREE THIS IS THE HEIGHT OF CREATIVE SELF INDULGENCE.

IN FACT, FOR ME TO EVEN BE MOCKING THE PRACTICE. ALMOST FEELS. INCESTUOUSLY MASTURBATORY.

(EVEN THOUGH THAT IS A REDUNDANT PHRASE FOR CHERUBS...)

## MALE: HIDE INSIDE CHEST.

**12/06/13**

```
BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.
```

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

ALL ABOARD THE IDIOT WAGON!

THIS IS THE KIND OF THING THAT HAPPENS ALMOST EVERY SCREEN. AS OPPOSED TO ACCOMPLISHING THINGS THAT ARE IMPORTANT, OR MAKE SENSE. LET'S TAKE NOTE OF THE FACT THAT I AM SLAMMING THIS TENDENCY. AND MOVE ON.

## MALE: GO OVER THERE.

**12/06/13**

OK, YOU GO OVER THERE. YOU STAND THERE AND NOTHING HAPPENS.

GOD DAMN I AM GOOD AT THIS.

## MALE: DO A DANCE ON THE SHAPE.

**12/06/13**

YOU GET ON THE SHAPE AND I MAKE YOU DO A DANCE. I USE THE PRINCIPLE OF "ANIMATION" TO PUT MOVEMENTS IN MOTION. SOMEHOW.

YOU NOTICE BY NOW MY STORY TELLING GENIUS. I DREW MY PUPPET. AND I DREW HIS ROOM. AND THAT'S IT. NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MOVE HIM AROUND THE ROOM AND MAKE HIM DO MEANINGLESS THINGS FOR "LAUGHS".

BUT THE REALLY FUNNY THING IS? THE LAUGHTER IS MOSTLY COMING FROM ME.

## IT IS HAPPENING AT YOUR EXPENSE!

**12/06/13**

```
SMOOSH SMOOSH

BONK. BONK. BONK.

DUH → DUHH → DUHHH → DUHHH.
```

THIS WAY. I CAN MAKE SO MANY OF THESE STORY RECTANGLES SO FAST.

SO IT SEEMS TO EVERYONE WHO IS STUPID ENOUGH. TO LOOK AT MY RECTANGLES IN THE FIRST PLACE. THAT SO MUCH IS HAPPENING. AND THE "PLOT" IS ADVANCING AT BREAK NECK SPEED!

## THIS IS JUST A CLEVER TRICK THOUGH.

**12/06/13**

BECAUSE THE TRUTH IS. THERE IS NO PLOT.

NOTHING IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING EVER. JUST A LOT OF BULLSHIT LIKE THIS. WITH CAKES AND CARDS FLYING EVERY WHICH WAY. AND YOU ARE JUST SITTING THERE.

FROWNING AT IT.

## MALE: EXERCISE FREEDOM TO LEAVE ROOM.

**12/06/13**

```
STRIFE. STRIFE.
```

THE LUCKY MALE IS OBLIVIOUS TO HIS PRIVILEGE. OF NOT BEING CHAINED TO HIS ROOM, WITH THE HORRIBLE SISTER HE DOESN'T HAVE. THE ADVANTAGE MAKES HIM WAY TOO OVERPOWERED, AND THEREFORE HE IS WHAT SOME REFER TO AS A "HUMAN MARY SUE". THIS MAKES HIM LESS SYMPATHETIC, AND GIVES YOU ANOTHER REASON. TO ACTIVELY ROUTE FOR HIS DEATH.

HE GOES DOWNSTAIRS. AND YOU THINK, AH HA. THIS IS IT. SOMETHING IMPORTANT IS HAPPENING. BUT YOUR OBSERVATION IS ANOTHER BRAINLESS FALLACY. THE THING HAPPENING HERE IS JUST AS POINTLESS AS EVERYTHING ELSE.

THE LARGER HOMO SAPIEN IS OBVIOUSLY ATTEMPTING TO HELP THE MALE GROW UP AND BECOME *STRONG*. THROUGH A RITE OF PASSAGE INVOLVING SWEETS. POSSIBLY TO HELP THE MALE BECOME A TRICKSTER?

BUT THE MALE IS STUBBORN AND REFUSES. LIKE AN IDIOT.

## MALE: LEAVE BUILDING.

**12/06/13**

IT TURNS OUT THE MALE CAN LEAVE AFTER ALL. RELATIVELY UNHINDERED. BASICALLY CONTRADICTING THE ENTIRE PREMISE OF THE STORY. WHAT A JOKE, YOU SAY TO YOURSELF. YOU THE READER THOUGH. NOT YOU THE MALE.

## MALE: BOGGLE VACANTLY AT THESE SHENANIGANS.

**12/06/13**

IT BEGINS TO DAWN ON YOU. THAT EVERYTHING YOU JUST DID. MAY HAVE BEEN A COLOSSAL WASTE OF TIME.

IT ALSO BEGINS TO DAWN ON YOU. THAT I WAS THE ONE ALL ALONG. WHO ILLUSTRATED THIS FANTASTIC CARTOON RECTANGLE. WHICH YOU REMEMBER THAT YOU SAW BEFORE SOMEWHERE. AND YOU NOW FIND THIS REVELATION TO BE. ALMOST AS RETROACTIVELY PLAUSIBLE. AS IT IS MIND BLOWING.

IT BRINGS TO MIND A FAMOUS QUOTE. FROM A CELEBRATED POET OF YORE. THAT I THINK GOES LIKE THIS.

"WELL SHIT. THAT'S A HELL OF A MYSTERY. NO ONE THOUGHT WAS A MYSTERY. AND DIDN'T EVEN REALLY NEED SOLVING. BUT DAMN IF IT DIDN'T JUST GET SOLVED. SO NICE WORK."

- CHERUB SHAKESPEARE, PROBABLY.

## I AM ALMOST CERTAIN CHERUB SHAKESPEARE SAID THAT.

**12/06/13**

```
Google

CLOUDS.
```

IN THE INTEREST OF FULL DISCLOSURE THOUGH. WHEN DOING FINE ART. SOMETIMES IT PAYS TO CHEAT. AND FIND THINGS THAT ARE HARD TO DRAW. ON THE INTERNET. WHERE THEY ARE ALREADY THERE FOR YOU.

THIS CAN SAVE TIME. AND MAKE YOU APPEAR TO BE BETTER AT THINGS. THAN YOU REALLY ARE.

TAKE THIS ADVICE TO HEART. IF YOU WANT TO BE AS SUCCESSFUL AS ME. (NOT GOING TO HAPPEN, BTW.)

## ANYWAY, BACK TO THE STORY.

**12/06/13**

AFTER AN ENDLESS PARADE OF UNAMUSING AND INCONSEQUENTIAL EVENTS. FINALLY SOMETHING HAPPENS.

YOU WILL FIND THIS IS CUSTOMARY FOR THIS TALE. LOTS AND LOTS OF STUPID UNIMPORTANT THINGS HAPPEN. THEN FINALLY OUT OF NOWHERE. A STUPID IMPORTANT THING HAPPENS.

A METEOR APPEARS WITHOUT EXPLANATION. IT IS HEADED DIRECTLY FOR THE MALE. THERE IS NOTHING HE CAN DO BUT ACCEPT HIS FATE. LOOK. HE DOES NOT EVEN TRY TO FLEE, BECAUSE HE IS AN IGNORAMUS.

## MALE: GET MURDERED BY EXPLOSION.

**12/06/13**

```
BOOM!
```

YOU (HE) ARE THOROUGHLY MURDERED BY THE EXPLOSION. YOU (NOT HIM) ARE STUNNED AND YET UNDERWHELMED BY THE MOMENT OF ANTICLIMAX. AS YOU CONTINUE TO BOGGLE VACANTLY. YOU REAFFIRM YOUR SUSPICION. THAT NOTHING YOU JUST DID MATTERED AT ALL.

## CONFIRM THE KILL.

**12/06/13**

```
KOD.

DEAD.
```

YOU (I) PRODUCE PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF THE SLAUGHTERED MALE BODY. HE IS INDEED DEAD. AND WILL STAY DEAD FOR THE WHOLE STORY. ONLY HIS GHOST WILL SHOW UP NOW AND THEN. IN A BLURRY FLASH OF LIGHT. TO HAUNT ME PERIODICALLY THROUGHOUT HISTORY. (BUT I WILL SAY MORE ABOUT THAT LATER.)

YOU (YOU) THINK THE ABOVE GRAPHIC LOOKS FAMILIAR. YOU THINK YOU HAVE SEEN THIS GREAT DRAWING BEFORE, IN A DIFFERENT CONTEXT. YOU SEE. THIS IS WHAT MASTER STORY TELLERS REFER TO AS A "VISUAL CALLBACK". TRULY EXCEPTIONAL PROFESSIONALS OFTEN WILL TAKE AN OLD DRAWING THEY DID. THAT SHOWS A SIMILAR SITUATION. AND DO A COUPLE OF HALF ASSED THINGS. LIKE CHANGE THE COLORS. TO MAKE IT SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

YOU (STILL YOU) OBSERVE THAT THIS INGENIOUS FEAT OF LAZINESS. MAKES THE REPEATED THINGS SEEM MORE PROFOUND AND MEANINGFUL THAN THEY ARE. FOR REASONS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. BECAUSE THEY DON'T EXIST. THIS IS A TRADE SECRET AMONG SKILLED ARTISANS SUCH AS I.

PLEASE TRY TO KEEP THIS ON THE DOWN LOW. AND NOT TELL ANYBODY. IT CAN BE OUR SECRET. THEY DON'T EVEN NEED TO KNOW!

## THE END. OF ACT 1.

**12/06/13**

THIS CONCLUDES THE FIRST THING OF THE STORY. WHICH IS CALLED AN "ACT".

THERE ARE A LOT OF THESE. AND THEY ONLY GET LONGER. AND THEN BEGIN TO SPLIT? INTO ACT ACTS. AND ACT ACT ACTS. TRUST ME. THE STRUCTURE RAPIDLY DETERIORATES INTO UTTER NONSENSE. OR AT LEAST IT WOULD. IF IT HAD NOT ALREADY BEGUN. AS SUCH A REEKING PILE OF SHIT OUT OF THE BOX.

BUT PLEASE DO NOT WORRY. I WILL BE THERE TO GUIDE YOU. THROUGH EVERY MIND NUMBING TWIST AND TURN. WHILE PRODDING THE MATERIAL WITH MY KEEN WIT. AND SATIRICIZE THE HELL OUT OF EVERYTHING. TO HOLD THE RESPONSIBLE PARTIES FULLY ACCOUNTABLE FOR THESE CRIMES. WHILE MAXIMALLY VALIDATING MY ANGRINESS ABOUT IT.

MAYBE YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO SEE SOME OTHER STUFF. LIKE WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL THESE IDIOTS "NEXT"? THE ANSWER IS OBVIOUSLY WHO CARES. THIS IS GOING TO BE SO MUCH BETTER. EITHER WAY, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE. I AM IN TOTAL CHARGE HERE NOW.

I BELIEVE AT THIS POINT. ANOTHER ONE OF MY VILLAINOUS, FULL THROATED LAUGHS WILL BE IN ORDER.

## VILLAINOUS LAUGHTER: HAPPEN.

**12/06/13**

HA HA HA

DID SHE DRAW HERSELF?? I DON'T SEE HOW THAT'S POSSIBLE. CONSIDERING SHE IS FICTIONAL. AS WELL AS A GIRL. SOME OTHER VERY SKILLED DRAFTSMAN MUST HAVE DRAWN IT. BUT HOW DID HE MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SHE IS COMING OUT OF THE PAPER? WHEN I TURN THE BOOK. THE IMAGE STAYS FLAT. AND THE ILLUSION IS EXPOSED. I WONDER IF THE SORCERER OF THIS SO CALLED "MANGA" REVEALS THE NATURE OF HIS WIZARDRY INSIDE THE TOME.

WHY IS THE FRIENDLY BITCH LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT. WITH THE LARGE GLASSY EYES, AND SHINY FACE. IT'S MAKING ME HAVE WEIRD FEELINGS IN MY BODY.

I HAVE TO PUT THIS DOWN.

==>

**12/06/13**

```
YOU'RE WELCOME

ACT 6 ACT 6
```

UH.

==>

**12/06/13**

```
ACT 6 ACT 6

SUPERCARTRIDGE EXPANSION PACK!

SWEET NEW FEATURES!
```

WHAT.

==>

**12/06/13**

```
INSTRUCTION BOOKLET

ACT 6 ACT 6

Uh oh! It seems you have run out of game discs, and now Caliborn has hijacked
the property of his experiential continuum which he has reason to believe is
called "the narrative". Little does he know you recently made the shrewd
decision
to purchase(?) the ACT 6 ACT 6 SUPERCARTRIDGE EXPANSION PACK! Just plug it
into any in-universe console port to unlock a variety of exciting new gameplay
features and proceed through remaining canon unfettered, while Caliborn
muddles through six new sub-sub-acts of infantile "subversive parody" targeting
the very tale he inhabits, none the wiser!

Do YOU have what it takes to humor this bold new storyteller, a young man in
peak command over his epic struggle to produce vaguelly recognizable shapes?
Can YOU endure his ill-tempered, hyperbolic sentence fragments long enough to
reach an interspersed series of sub-sub-intermissions through which, while our
new narrator pauses to gather his thoughts, our cast of quasi-reunited heroes
may resume their intrepid march toward the end of Homestuck proper? And can
YOU keep this on the down-low, so Caliborn may continue to believe he had
commandeered the medium absolutely, while we privately return to the narrative
between his miserable tirades? It can be our secret. He doesn't even need to
know!
```

```
A6A6A1
A6A6A2
A6A6A3
A6A6A4
A6A6A5
A6A6A6
```

OH HELL NO.

==>

**12/06/13**

```
Special Stardust
```

OH *HELLLLLLLLLLL* NO.

==>

**12/06/13**

OK, FINE. LET'S SEE HOW HIS DUMB CARTRIDGE RUNS. WITH JUST A PINCH OF STAR DUST!!!

OH YES. AND HOW ABOUT SOME DELICIOUS FALSE TEETH FOR GOOD MEASURE. WHY NOT.

==>

**12/06/13**

```
TAMP TAMP TAMP
```

I AM NO EXPERT ON MICRO CHIPS. BUT I DOUBT THESE CONDITIONS ARE IDEAL!

==>

**12/06/13**

```
POOF!
```

YES. PERFECT. "THE SHOW MUST GO ON." SO AS TO QUOTE. ANOTHER FAMOUS CHERUB. THOUGH I'M NOT SURE WHICH ONE. PROBABLY A SPORTS LEGEND, I WOULD GUESS.

WHILE I PAUSE TO GATHER MY THOUGHTS. FOR MY ACT 2 TIRADE. PLEASE ENJOY THIS INTERMISSION CARTRIDGE, OR WHATEVER IT IS. WITH ITS "EXCITING NEW GAMEPLAY FEATURES".

I HOPE IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS OR ANYTHING!

## [S] ACT 6 ACT 6 INTERMISSION 1

**14/06/13**

```
CLOBBER
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**14/06/13**

The cool Flash animation is unexpectedly cut short due a critical stardust clog. What a shame. Those exciting new gameplay features were looking real slick, too. You think it was pretty neat how the panels were sliding around like that. Oh well, you probably didn't miss all that much.

Nevertheless, on a hunch you navigate once again to your trusty bandcamp page, and check the length of the song in question. Your fears are confirmed. It seems you missed four solid minutes of footage. You wonder if you'll ever find out what happened?

You decide to click on the planets above to try to make some sense of the situation.

**[A6A6I1] ====>**

**14/06/13**

pesterlogturntechGodhead [TG] began pestering carcinoGeneticist [CG]

TG: hey
CG: WHAT.
TG: i hope this isnt too dumb a question but
TG: do you have any idea how i got here
CG: GOT WHERE?
TG: lohac
CG: WHAT'S LOHAC??
TG: its my old planet
TG: you know with the lava and shit
TG: remember?
CG: ...
TG: it has dumb crocodiles
TG: and a stock market
TG: or at least it used to have one
TG: dunno if they locked it down since that time i literally ransacked the entire economy
CG: IF YOU SAY SO!
CG: I HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.
CG: LIKE TRYING TO REMEMBER HOW I GOT HERE.
TG: where are you
CG: I'M ON THE PLANET WITH THE VOLCANO.
CG: THAT WAS JADE'S PLANET, RIGHT?
TG: lofaf?
CG: I DON'T KNOW!
CG: I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE ACRONYMS FOR YOUR PLANETS ARE.
CG: IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS SINCE I LAST SAW THEM, AND EVEN THEN I WAS *BARELY* PAYING ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WERE CALLED BECAUSE I WAS BUSY TROLLING YOU.
TG: land of frost and frogs
CG: ARE YOU SURE? I DON'T SEE ANY FROST!
TG: yeah it melted
CG: WHAT ABOUT THE FROGS? DID THEY MELT TOO??
TG: no
TG: i mean i doubt it you probably just cant see any right now
TG: can you hear any ribbits
CG: MOTHERFUCKER, DID YOU JUST ASK ME IF I CAN HEAR ANY RIBBITS?
TG: yes

CG: THIS ISN'T JOKE-AROUND PALTIME, DAVE! WE ALL SEEM TO BE SUFFERING FROM SOME FORM OF AMNESIA.
CG: DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD TRY TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THAT?
TG: probably
TG: how long have you and kanaya been on lofaf
CG: HOW DO YOU KNOW I'M HERE WITH KANAYA?
TG: talkin to her rn
CG: OH
CG: ARE YOU WITH ANYONE ON LOHAM?
TG: lohac
CG: WHATEVER.
TG: and yeah im with the mayor
CG: YOU'RE WITH THE MAYOR?
TG: yes
CG: AND NOBODY ELSE??
TG: yeah
CG: WHY ARE YOU WITH THE MAYOR?
TG: dunno i just am
TG: not that i am complaining one bit the mayor as always rules categorically
TG: (fyi i just hi fived him for like the third time in a row to my recent recollection)
CG: YOU LUCKY SON OF A BITCH.
TG: so whats the last thing you actually do remember
CG: I REMEMBER...
CG: JADE.
TG: right
TG: me too
TG: but she was like a fuckin werewolf or something
CG: YEAH.
CG: THAT WAS PRETTY FREAKY.
TG: wait
TG: then she zapped us to that stonehenge place
CG: OH YEAH!
CG: AND JOHN WAS THERE.
TG: yeah
TG: we all landed in some grass like a pile of fuckups
TG: and then
TG: damn
TG: then what happened
CG: I DON'T KNOW.
TG: what the hell happened to john

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**14/06/13**

pesterlogturntechGodhead [TG] began pestering grimAuxiliatrix [GA]
TG: so are you just as brain damaged as we are
GA: Whos We

TG: me and karkat
GA: Of Course Not
GA: But If Youre Referring To The Short Term Memory Loss We All Seem To Be Experiencing Yes Ive Got That Too
TG: ok
TG: so you have no idea how you got to lofaf then
GA: How Do You Know Im On Lofaf
TG: im talking to karkat
GA: I Didnt Think Karkat Could Remember The Acronyms For Your Planets
TG: yeah but i dont think thats the memory loss issue thats just him being an idiot
TG: but lets not get into that
GA: Okay
TG: wheres rose
GA: Shes Apparently On Lolar
TG: oh
TG: what about terezi
GA: Shes With Rose
TG: do they remember what happened
GA: No
GA: But It Seems Theyve Both Surmised The Missing Events Since We Arrived
TG: what
TG: how
GA: Well They Are Seers After All
TG: friggin seers
TG: all makin us knights look bad
TG: and whatever you are
TG: what were you again
GA: Im A Sylph!!!
TG: what the dick is a sylph
GA: I Am On Record As Once Having Facetiously Likened It To A Magical Witch
TG: but witches are already magical arent they
TG: like by definition
TG: oh wait thats the joke i guess
TG: god damn this missing time shit is makin me feel dumb as hell
GA: If Its Any Reassurance You Seem Like The Same Old Dave To Me
TG: ok good
TG: so what do the seers think happened
GA: I Dont Know
GA: Rose Was Trying To Tell Me But She Ceased Being Comprehensible
TG: oh god
TG: is she still drunk
GA: No
GA: Its Just That Her Words Suddenly Became
GA: Why Dont You Just Talk To Her And See For Yourself
TG: ok
TG: wow youre right

TG: haha wtf
TG: man i cant even describe it
TG: its not just that her text is unreadable gibberish
TG: i mean it is
TG: but its more than that
TG: its like
TG: existentially inscrutable somehow
GA: I Know Right
TG: i think we may have a problem here

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**14/06/13**

Hide Dialoglog

turntechGodhead[TG] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT]

TG: rose
TG: whats up
TT: I seem to have been deposited on Lolar.
TG: yeah so i heard
TG: kanaya tells me you think you know what happened
TG: wanna give me the scoop
TT: Sure.
TT: I believe Jade ? ? officially gone grimbark.
TT: ?e? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?ing against us ? ? ? ? ? ?has split us up,
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?ned to our own planets.
TT: I believe she is functioning at the behest of ? ? Condesce,
through ? ? ? ? ? of? ? ? ? ? or mind control ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
TT: ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
while ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? and ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? has ? ? ? ?
and ? ? ? ? ? ? she may still have a purpose for ? ?
TT: ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? John has managed to elude her. Have you heard
from him?
TG: damn she wasnt kidding
TG: this is surreal
TT: Dave, I'm having trouble understanding you.
TG: yeah i cant understand a word youre saying

* The above is approximately what the human eye can make out, *
and I claim that's the intended narrative at this point. * But
through image forensics on animated gif frames, colors and pixel
edges, * a fairly definite version of the original text was
discovered.

* TT: I believe Jade has officially gone grimbark.
* TT: She seems to be working against us now. She has split us up, keeping us quarantined to our own planets.
* TT: I believe she's functioning at the behest of the Condesce, through some form of coercion or mind control.
* TT: This means she's attempting to finish our session for us while keeping us separated and neutralized. ((could be more here))
* TT: But there appears to be a reason for the way she has divided and grouped us. She may still have a purpose for us.
* TT: I think however John has managed to elude her. Have you heard from him?

**[A6A6I1] ====>**

**14/06/13**

John Egbert has gone missing.

**[A6A6I1] ====>**

**15/06/13**

The thing zooms into the circle representing Derse and suddenly a character select screen explodes into action. Yet again, you find yourself overwhelmed by feelings of narrative empowerment as you agonize over which of these two lawless ladies you will hitch your wagon to as you blaze a new trail through the treacherous frontiers of interactive fiction...

Oh crud, you say. More stardust glitches. You just click them both in whatever order you feel like, and hope for the best.

**[A6A6I1] ====>**

**15/06/13**

**[A6A6I1] ====>**

**15/06/13**

**[A6A6I1] ====>**

**15/06/13**

```
[Show Dialoglog]
```

It appears the current path is too corrupted to continue. You can't even open the dialoglog. It is simply too shitty.

Perhaps this part of the story will clear up a little later, and you will be able to resume this arc. Until then, no dice.

**[A6A6I1] ====>**

**15/06/13**

dialoglogJADE: woof

**[A6A6I1] ====>**

**15/06/13**

dialoglogROXY: yo did you just woof
JADE: yes i just woofed
ROXY: i see

ROXY: but u can also talk in person language it would seem
JADE: yes i can talk in person language
ROXY: so why dont you say person things instead of woofs
JADE: oh dont worry...
JADE: i will say lots of person things to you
JADE: for you see roxy

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**15/06/13**

dialoglogJADE: we have many person things to discuss
ROXY: (lmao)

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**17/06/13**

dialoglogJADE: excuse me but did you just "laugh your ass off" at me under your breath
ROXY: ummm
ROXY: yea
ROXY: maybe
JADE: :|
JADE: i fail to see what is so amusing
ROXY: u do
ROXY: seriously?
JADE: .....
JADE: ok i guess the situation is a little funny because of this absurd folder
JADE: and the fact that i woofed at you probably didnt help either
JADE: but im not here to share a good laugh over the old ladys sense of design or her penchant for scrapbooking!
JADE: i am here to make sure that you do as youre told
ROXY: ugh
JADE: now take the file and review your assignment
ROXY: i already looked at it
ROXY: its dumb and impossible and i aint cooperating w her regardless!
JADE: yes you will
ROXY: can we change the subject
JADE: no
ROXY: arent you jakes grandma
JADE: thats what he told me when we were pen pals
JADE: but i think its more accurate to say im his alternate universe biological daughter
ROXY: oh
ROXY: that clears that up then
JADE: yes, it does :p
JADE: now take the damn folder
ROXY: so alt grannydaughter english
ROXY: whyre u part dog + evil lookin
JADE: DO NOT CALL ME THAT!!!
ROXY: what

JADE: my surname is harley not english
JADE: but you may refer to me as jade, or ma'am if you are feeling especially nervous and deferential
JADE: which as it turns out is the way you should be feeling about me, ALWAYS >:B
ROXY: LOL!!!
JADE: lol WHAT
ROXY: jade i am in no way buying that ur normally this pompous and tyrannical
ROXY: the shtick rly doesnt suit you its so obvious
ROXY: why you doin the batterhags tacky bidding anyway
ROXY: she got you under an xtra terrestrial fish spell or

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**17/06/13**

```
doof
```

dialoglogJADE: SILENCE!!!!!!
ROXY: OOF!
JADE: open the file
ROXY: mrphmmphumph
JADE: OPEN IT!
ROXY: fine :(

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**17/06/13**

dialoglogROXY: ok i opened it
ROXY: hey look its the same shit as before
ROXY: im supposed to make this weird knobbly spike ball appear out of nothin
JADE: yes
ROXY: ok got it
ROXY: let me give it a shot then
ROXY: ...
ROXY: welp still impossible
ROXY: what now maam??
JADE: it is not impossible
ROXY: is 2
JADE: you are the rogue of void
JADE: dont you know what that means?
ROXY: i dunno
ROXY: means i can turn invisible and stuff?
ROXY: like the blonde in that crappy superhero quartet
JADE: it means a lot more than that
JADE: your true powers are more impressive than those of anyone else in your crappy quartet
JADE: in fact i would say they are almost as cool as mine >:)
ROXY: not sure the ability to make weird spikeballs outta nothin is all that cool tbh
JADE: not just spikeballs!
JADE: imagine that your title is roughly synonymous with "one who steals nothing"
JADE: what do you think it means to be able to steal nothing?

ROXY: it means
ROXY: im like a shitty cat burglar who sucks at her job?
JADE: WRONG
JADE: it means just the opposite
JADE: it means you can steal the essence of nothingness from something
JADE: you can rob nothingness from an idea if you put your mind to it
JADE: effectively allowing you to conjure virtually anything out of thin air
ROXY: omg
ROXY: u cant be serious
ROXY: that is way too much superpower 4 a dork like me 2 have
JADE: grrrrr...
ROXY: oh no
ROXY: pls dont growl @ me dogjade
ROXY: is legit frightening :(
JADE: im sorry, but your remarks of self deprecation made me very angry
JADE: once i was even more of a dork than you
JADE: but now i am one of the most powerful beings who has ever existed
JADE: i dont want to hear any whining about what you think you cant do
JADE: you are hereby under strict orders from myself and her condescension to "clam up" and conjure that orb, do you understand?
ROXY: so im just supposed to
ROXY: sit here and think about this ugly ball
ROXY: and twiddle my fingers or somethin
ROXY: ?
JADE: you tell me
JADE: space is my racket, not void
ROXY: maybe it would help if i knew what the dang thing WAS
ROXY: how am i supposed to steal the nonexistence from a concept when the concept only exists in my mind as "ugly ball"
JADE: its called the matriorb
JADE: it is the key to resurrecting the troll race
JADE: once you create it the empress will hatch it on an uninhabited planet located beyond the reach of her cruel employer
JADE: there her people will have another chance to thrive without the ever looming threat of extinction that comes with his influence
JADE: so you see roxy, there is nothing noble about refusing to help
JADE: once an entire alien race went extinct because of a terrible monster, and you can help give them a second chance
JADE: dont you want that?
ROXY: um
ROXY: in theory sure i guess
ROXY: but ur basically asking me to bring a lot of people back to life so they can be slaves to that witch
ROXY: u want me to help make all these fresh new trolls but then just turn em over to her? like here you go have fun SNORKELBITCH MEGAHITLER
ROXY: i do not actually think i wanna do that??

JADE: yes fair enough, but heres the other thing...
JADE: if you dont i am going to kill you
ROXY: oh noes
JADE: oh yesses!
JADE: a literal plurality of yesses
JADE: seeing as you are a god tier it is very likely you will come back to life
JADE: so i can just keep killing you over and over a different way each time
JADE: maybe i will disembowel you a few times
JADE: i will not even need to use my sharp doggy teeth!
JADE: i will just snap my fingers and your delicious guts will teleport outside your body
ROXY: ew!
JADE: no way more like yum
JADE: i will just keep on killing you again and again
JADE: until you finally get tired of dying and follow your orders
ROXY: maaan
ROXY: evil jade is sucky jade
JADE: i believe you will find i am the suckiest jade there is
JADE: now we are going to be here in this cell for as long as it takes
JADE: i am not going anywhere until you try doing your voidey thing and make something appear
JADE: is that understood?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**17/06/13**

```
twiddle twiddle
```

dialoglogROXY: blehhhh
ROXY: fine
ROXY: why u gotta be so awful jade
ROXY: really putting a cramp on us makin choice new friends w each other
ROXY: oh well here goes
ROXY: all twiddlin my fingers and such
ROXY: busting out tha MAJYYXXX! prayin up a storm to the holy wizardchrist they aint fake...
ROXY: alright check it
ROXY: one jank ass space egg coming up
ROXY: ABRACA *HAPPEN!*

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**17/06/13**

dialoglogROXY: this is not a space egg
JADE: no, its not
ROXY: balls
ROXY: guess i effed up my void spell
ROXY: what is this thing
JADE: thats a perfectly generic object
ROXY: its perfectly generic?
JADE: yes
ROXY: dunno about that

ROXY: looks like a green cube to me
ROXY: with like
ROXY: slightly beveled corners
JADE: thats what a perfectly generic object is
ROXY: couldnt something theoretically be more generic than this
JADE: how
ROXY: um
ROXY: i dunno
JADE: exactly
ROXY: :\
JADE: if you want your powers to reach their full potential youre going to need to become more familiar with the fundamental building blocks of ideas and how they translate into more complicated thoughts and forms
JADE: then it becomes a simple matter of using your abilities to snatch those concepts from unreality
ROXY: sounds too hard
ROXY: better start killing me repeatedly and get it over with
JADE: we both know you dont think its too hard, you think it sounds like an interesting challenge
ROXY: dammit!
ROXY: (fucken jakes wily bitch ass grandma)
JADE: this is a very good start though
JADE: with a little practice im sure our empress will have her orb in no time

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**17/06/13**

dialoglogROXY: well at least i know i can make a whole lot of these boring cubes if all else fails
ROXY: hey maybe ill build a sick fort outta them
ROXY: hehehe jade tell me that wouldnt be so baller
JADE: it would be fairly baller
ROXY: fyeah
JADE: keep trying for that orb though
JADE: i will return in a while to review your progress
JADE: and remember, dont get any funny ideas
ROXY: but p much all my ideas are funny
JADE: i mean dont try to escape!
JADE: even if you are invisible i will be able to track you down instantly
JADE: my sense of smell is very good
JADE: now if youll excuse me i have some business to attend to
ROXY: what business

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**17/06/13**

dialoglogJADE: i am still trying to locate my brother
JADE: but im having trouble picking up his scent
JADE: hes using his windy powers to obscure the trail and its giving me fits
ROXY: windy powers eh

ROXY: who is your bro?
JADE: woof!!!
JADE: i mean shoosh :x
JADE: that is enough questions from you
JADE: now i believe you have a space egg to conjure
ROXY: (mumble mumble egg mumble shove it grumble)
JADE: what?
ROXY: (mumble mutter my fat ass)
JADE: farewell roxy

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**17/06/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

```
JOHN: ?
```

You return to the character select screen upon having completed one of the above arcs. Oh yeah, that's right. You forgot you even came from this select screen. Some of these choosable paths start getting a little long, you think. Per the drill, you double check to make sure you've clicked on them all before proceeding.

On the other hand, if this is your first time seeing this page, then welcome to the p=008199 character select screen. It's like a triple scoop of ice cream piled generously atop your waffle cone of free will, making you a truly happy camper. You begin to wonder why this paragraph didn't come first. "Kind of burying the lede there," to quote your private observation verbatim.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: so weird being back here
DAVE: cant believe how long ago it feels since i lived in this place
DAVE: spent way too long wallowing in our own filth on that gnarly meteor thats for sure
DAVE: this doesnt even seem like my room anymore
DAVE: its like trespassing or something like im horning in on somebody elses life
DAVE: a life lived most sweetly though i will admit
DAVE: ahahaha the fuckin toilets still there
DAVE: i remember when jade put that there that is perhaps like my favorite memory
DAVE: wish jade wasnt crazy just makes me remember how much i miss not crazy jade
DAVE: or less crazy jade
DAVE: wait
DAVE: didnt karkat once say terezi ripped a troll toilet out of his house
DAVE: what is with girls and their universally constant tendency to rip out plumbing fixtures
DAVE: did i just accidentally crack another cosmic riddle or
DAVE: i gotta txt him and get confirmation on this asap

DAVE: actually nah
DAVE: i probably harangued the poor guy with enough of my bs the last few years
DAVE: ill just keep shufflin thru memory lane making wistful observations out loud
DAVE: you know it kinda chaps my bulge that people rip on me for talking to myself
DAVE: its like the most perfectly natural thing to do
DAVE: why are people so up tight about keepin a lid on their monologues what a bunch of stuffy pricks
DAVE: ive always found the sound of my own voice to be mysteriously soothing
DAVE: haha talk about an embarrassing sentence to say in earshot of an actual person
DAVE: well maybe not the mayor
DAVE: you can always tell the mayor anything <3

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: hahaha this piece of shit is still here too
DAVE: didnt we use this thing like ONCE
DAVE: what a useless pile of trash in hindsight
DAVE: sometimes i think this game was designed by an idiot
DAVE: wasnt it called like
DAVE: the laserbeam intellivision or something
DAVE: id throw it in the lava but that would be a waste of melting

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: oh yeah
DAVE: almost forgot about my ill beats from the past
DAVE: i wonder if theyre as ill as i remember
DAVE: ok i just pushed some buttons and verified they remain as ill as the day they were dropped
DAVE: ill have to send them to karkat he has always been an enthusiastic patron of my exceptional science
DAVE: i mean sure he says it sucks and maybe he even believes that on some pathetic sub intellectual plane of consciousness which gross philistines operate on their whole lives
DAVE: but whenever he gets a load of my hype
DAVE: i see him there
DAVE: tapping his foot ever so slightly
DAVE: i see him

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: this poster...
DAVE: love this poster
DAVE: its like an old friend
DAVE: never even knew who these guys were or what their deal was
DAVE: never gave it much thought i guess
DAVE: doubt ill ever find out at this point
DAVE: oh well
DAVE: some things i guess were never meant to be figured out

DAVE: or benefit from any kind of elaboration
DAVE: not even years later
DAVE: just the way it is sometimes
DAVE: its like ive said before
DAVE: this poster is a hell of a mystery
DAVE: that i never even thought was a mystery
DAVE: and it would be pretty cool if somebody solved it
DAVE: but damn if thats ever gonna happen
DAVE: so thats a shame

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: aw hell its my old dead things collection
DAVE: what a stupid blast from the past
DAVE: i seriously cannot remember if i was sincere with this shit
DAVE: i was probably trying to flex my underdeveloped irony muscles
DAVE: like the shrimpiest kid at the hipster gym
DAVE: why does my childhood room have to be such a predictable museum of embarrassments
DAVE: i dont know
DAVE: some of these things are kind of cool actually
DAVE: like from a standpoint of objective reevaluation afforded by the sobering maturity that comes with being literally 100% grown up now
DAVE: dead things are actually pretty rad
DAVE: i feel like if i was legitmately into all this then more should have come of the interest
DAVE: like there could have been like
DAVE: entire CONVERSATIONS about it that never even took place
DAVE: hey rose youll never guess what im excited about and have loads of dialogue to spill over
DAVE: whats that dave
DAVE: ancient mollusks
DAVE: hmmmmmmmm said rose
DAVE: how many bananas do you think this paw clutched back when it was alive and attached to a monkey
DAVE: dave i really must say
DAVE: this conversation blows
DAVE: yeah sorry
DAVE: maybe i could have really developed this interest
DAVE: maybe i could have been something cool as a result
DAVE: like what even profession is this
DAVE: a dead shit ogler?
DAVE: no wait
DAVE: probably a paleontologist or something
DAVE: i could have been a paleontologist
DAVE: instead of what i became
DAVE: which was
DAVE: uh

DAVE: some pajama packing fuckface from the renaissance fair
DAVE: that would have been the dopeness!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: eurgh
DAVE: the ironic selfies
DAVE: oh god
DAVE: now this
DAVE: this is some irredeemably mortifying shit here
DAVE: what was i thinking
DAVE: i dont know man
DAVE: i just dont know
DAVE: this is what seasoned veterans call "bad irony"
DAVE: look at this guy
DAVE: what a fucking novice

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: oh who am i kidding
DAVE: i cant stay mad at that face

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: ok this one is pretty funny actually
DAVE: ...
DAVE: eheheh

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: hehehehe

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: haha!
DAVE: hahahahahaha!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

```
2 FOR $3.50

PROUDLY FLAME BROILED

AMERICA'S FAVORITE BURGER

WHOPPER


EBT
```

dialoglogDAVE: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!
DAVE: WHY
DAVE: AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
DAVE: (gasp)
DAVE: WHY CANT
DAVE: HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
DAVE: WHY CANT I STOP LAUGHING
DAVE: PFFFFAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

```
zap.
```

dialoglogDAVE: YOU WIN!
DAVE: HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
DAVE: YOU WIN YOUNG DAVE
DAVE: THESE SELFIES ARE COMEDY GOLD
DAVE: AAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/06/13**

dialoglogJOHN: hi dave!
JOHN: what's so funny?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**20/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: whoa
DAVE: john
JOHN: what were you looking at there...
JOHN: hey, are you crying?
DAVE: what
DAVE: no
JOHN: ...
DAVE: i mean i was just laughing too hard at something dumb
DAVE: you know how it is
JOHN: heh, yeah.
JOHN: can i see?
DAVE: no its nothing
DAVE: where the fuck have you been
DAVE: do you remember what happened since we got here
JOHN: yes.
DAVE: well
DAVE: are you gonna fill me in or keep floating there in the most uninformative way possible
JOHN: uh oh.
JOHN: dave, i have to go!
DAVE: what
DAVE: why

JOHN: i can't hang around in once place for too long.
JOHN: let's catch up later, ok?
DAVE: john wait
JOHN: see you buddy!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**20/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: no dont
DAVE: john no stop turning into wind you fickle idiot
DAVE: dont just leave right away that is such an insanely predictable move
DAVE: i said get back here you slippery motherfucker!!!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**20/06/13**

dialoglogJADE: hello dave
DAVE: god dammit

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**20/06/13**

dialoglogJADE: he was just here wasnt he
DAVE: no
JADE: how do you even know who im talking about??
DAVE: look all i know is egbert most definitely didnt just appear out of nowhere and catch me weeplaughing at my selfies
JADE: dave i know he was just here
JADE: i can smell him
DAVE: i keep my apparment misted with his odor at all times
DAVE: essence d'egbert
JADE: degbear?
JADE: what...
DAVE: no like the french pronunciation
JADE: ah
DAVE: anyway im just a lot more comfortable when my whole place reeks of nerd musk
DAVE: so that explains that
JADE: you cant fool me dave
JADE: i will track him down sooner or later
JADE: in any case it doesnt matter
JADE: i came here to see you, not him
DAVE: you did
JADE: come with me

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**21/06/13**

```
snap

nak
```

dialoglogDAVE: where
JADE: out here
JADE: we have some work to do

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**21/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: what work
JADE: youre going to need to upgrade your weapon
DAVE: what
DAVE: you mean the deringer
JADE: yes
DAVE: i thought it was like the best possible sword
DAVE: or at least the best possible broken sword
JADE: that may very well be the case
JADE: but it will be useless against lord english
JADE: wouldnt you prefer a weapon that is capable of inflicting damage against him?
DAVE: uh
DAVE: not really?
JADE: of course you would
JADE: this isnt even up for discussion
JADE: now give me the deringer
JADE: we have all been traveling for three long years. what better way to celebrate our reunion than with a little alchemy? :)
DAVE: lots of ways
DAVE: we could have a jade goes back to normal party
DAVE: starring normal jade
JADE: HAR HAR
JADE: gimme the sword
DAVE: ok here

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**21/06/13**

dialoglogDAVE: how do we make it so it can damage him
JADE: it needs a special ingredient
JADE: something which represents his only known weakness, but hasnt been properly weaponized
DAVE: and you know what that is
JADE: i do
DAVE: how
JADE: i get all my intelligence on such matters from the old lady
JADE: shes had centuries to hatch a plan to settle her score
JADE: over time shes uncovered many secrets about him
DAVE: i dont understand how this is working
DAVE: is she piping all these secrets into your brain
DAVE: along with the evil
JADE: that is not relevant!
DAVE: fair enough

DAVE: i guess technically almost nothing is relevant to the dude youre barking orders to
DAVE: literal barking because of dogginess
JADE: bark bark bark!!!
DAVE: yes exactly like that
DAVE: thank you for participating in the joke
DAVE: now what is this special ingredient and where do we get it
JADE: i already have it right here
DAVE: oh yeah?
JADE: in fact ive had it for about as long as i can remember
JADE: it was right under my doggy snout all along

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**21/06/13**

dialoglogJADE: remember this?
DAVE: no
JADE: dave are you lying to me?
DAVE: no!
DAVE: ive never seen that thing before
JADE: but i found it on your planet
JADE: it must have gotten here somehow
DAVE: i didnt take your lousy egg
JADE: its not an egg!
DAVE: yeah well these planets are crawling with brainless lizards maybe one of them thought it was an egg
DAVE: and then brought it here cause its warm here and tried to hatch it
JADE: you really have a one track mind when it comes to certain things
DAVE: what things
DAVE: what are you talking about
JADE: davesprite was like that too... i just figured it was because he was part bird
JADE: but no, here you are going on about bird things too just like him :p
DAVE: come on dont compare me to him
DAVE: just cause i think its an eggy looking thing dont mean i think like a damn bird
JADE: mm hmm
JADE: and just because i have these pointy ears doesnt mean i wouldnt kill for some snausages right now!
DAVE: .....
DAVE: do you actually want snausages
JADE: .....
JADE: maybe ._.
DAVE: ok well snausages notwithstanding this is bullshit
DAVE: tell me how that thing doesnt look like an egg to you
DAVE: how is that not so obviously SUCH an egg???
JADE: its a cueball dave!
DAVE: i see
DAVE: so if im following
DAVE: then what youre trying to tell me is

DAVE: lord english has some sort of severe egg allergy that we are hoping to exploit
JADE: sigh
JADE: i see its still impossible to have a serious conversation with you, whether you are a sassy bird or not
JADE: i thought regular dave might have matured a little over three years but i guess i was wrong
DAVE: can we just make the eggsword already

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**21/06/13**

```
CALEDFWLCH
```

dialoglogDAVE: oh no
DAVE: not the legendary piece of shit again
JADE: pardon?
DAVE: its the fuckin welsh sword again!
JADE: are you telling me you have seen this sword before dave
JADE: how is that possible?
DAVE: i dont know!
DAVE: because i have a shitty quest is how
JADE: .....
DAVE: didnt davesprite tell you anything
DAVE: i found this sword in a gold cave and broke it
DAVE: then davesprite took it to hephaestus who fixed it and upgraded it to the deringer
DAVE: and sent that to me and i broke it again
JADE: you sure seem to break swords a lot
DAVE: i know!!!
DAVE: that has always been my thing for some reason
DAVE: now i guess it turns out my ultimate sword is really just a repaired downgrade of my previously ultimate sword mixed with a cueball?
DAVE: we just cycled right back to caledfwelsh like a bunch of tools
DAVE: that is the most stupid convoluted ass backward way to get a sword out of a stone i can even imagine
DAVE: i feel like somebody somewhere is having a good laugh over this i sure hope like the juggalo equivalent of fuckin loki or whoever the fuck is having a top notch riddlewank at my expense
JADE: :|
DAVE: you know what really gets me is
DAVE: this shitty welsh sword presumably consisted of those ingredients all along which just makes me want to travel back in time to perform a mutually assisted suicide with myself
DAVE: me and other dave can take turns suffocating each other with our own DUMBASS capes
JADE: dave i admit this is a peculiar turn of events, but i think you are overreacting
DAVE: jade this is STUPID
DAVE: my quest is a STUPID PIECE OF GARBAGE QUEST for LAME SHITTY LOSER FUCKHEADS WHO SUCK BALLS WHILE CRAPPING THEIR PANTS
JADE: omg
JADE: youve really spent way too much time alone with karkat havent you

DAVE: ...
DAVE: i need help :(

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**30/06/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**30/06/13**
dialoglogKARKAT: WHAT'S THAT.
JADE: what this?
KARKAT: YES. THAT.
JADE: earth

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**30/06/13**
dialoglogKARKAT: THAT'S EARTH??
KARKAT: WHY IS IT SO SMALL
JADE: its small because i shrunk it
JADE: cause im a space witch
JADE: duhhh
KARKAT: OK BUT
KARKAT: WHY DO YOU HAVE IT?
KARKAT: I THOUGHT JACK DESTROYED YOUR UNIVERSE.
JADE: he did
JADE: but i snuck through a portal and nabbed it!
JADE: then i hopped right back through the gate before everything blew up
JADE: i was in and out like a bandit
JADE: you know, i like to think i make a pretty good witch, especially since i turned wicked and all...
JADE: but maybe i would have made an even better thief!
JADE: what do you think jane? do you think i missed my true calling?
JANE: .
JADE: come to think of it, the new empire probably doesnt need anymore thieves
JADE: we already have the greatest thief of all running the show
JADE: she even managed to steal both of us away from all our pals, didnt she jane? ;)
JANE: .
JADE: hehe
JADE: isnt she a riot guys?
KARKAT: THANKS JADE. NO REALLY, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THOSE CLARIFICATIONS, WHILE OBLITERATING ANY SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT YOU ARE FIRMLY OFF YOUR ROCKER.
KARKAT: BUT MAYBE IF IT'S NOT *TOO* MUCH EXTRA TROUBLE, YOU COULD HELP ME UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'VE STRANDED US ON A BUNCH OF DIFFERENT PLANETS, ONLY TO COME TAUNT ME WITH A WATERLOGGED, MINIATURIZED VERSION OF EARTH???

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**30/06/13**

dialoglogJADE: it wont be earth for much longer
JADE: it will be home to the new empire
JADE: i will deliver it to the universe we create
JADE: or i should say the one YOU create
JADE: if you are obedient and complete the tasks you are assigned, you may have a place in the empire among the subservient classes
KARKAT: BRRRRRR!
KARKAT: DID YOU FEEL THAT TOO KANAYA? A CHILL JUST RAN DOWN MY TORSO PILLAR DUE TO ALL THE *PURE EVIL* THAT BRAINWASHED JADE IS SAYING! I'M FUCKING PETRIFIED, SOMEBODY HELP ME CHANGE MY SMELLY PANTS!
KARKAT: LISTEN JADE. AND OTHER RANDOM EVIL GIRL, YOU LISTEN TOO. I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR STUPID LITTLE GLOBE OR YOUR OMINOUS ALLUSIONS TO NEW EMPIRES OR WHAT SORT OF PARIAHS WE CAN EXPECT TO BE IN YOUR BOGUS DREAM DYSTOPIA.
KARKAT: THERE IS ONLY ONE COURSE OF ACTION FROM YOU WHICH I WILL TOLERATE, AND THAT IS FEEDING ME A STEADY DIET OF FUCKING ANSWERS! NOT CAGEY, SMIRK-TORTURED INFO-MORSELS DELIVERED BETWEEN SHITTY VILLAIN CHUCKLES, I WANT AN UNINTERRUPTED SPATE OF HARD, UNEMBELLISHED DATA WHICH HAS ONLY ONE PURPOSE, AND THAT IS TO GET ME PERSONALLY UP TO SPEED ON LITERALLY EVERYTHING, RIGHT THIS BLOOD SHITTING SECOND!!!!!
JADE: karkat i had almost forgotten how much i missed our repartee
JADE: thank you for reminding me, that outburst was beautiful
JADE: if youre frustrated by the way im treating you look at it this way... im not asking you for passwords anymore am i?
KARKAT: HAHA! YOU THINK I CARE ABOUT PASSWORDS?
KARKAT: COMPARED TO THIS, THE PASSWORDS WERE A GODDAMN LAWNMEAL!!! WITH A CHECKERED TABLECLOTH AND EVERYTHING! FUN FOR ALL INVOLVED, ESPECIALLY THE MARCHBUGS SNEAKING THE CRUMBS AWAY!
KARKAT: I WOULD FUCKING KILL TO HAVE TO GIVE YOU PASSWORDS AGAIN, ESPECIALLY IF IT MEANT UNLOCKING REGULAR JADE FROM HER CORRUPTED EMPIRE SERVING BARKFIEND STATE!
KARKAT: *IS* THERE A PASSWORD LIKE THAT JADE? CAN I START GUESSING AT IT??
KARKAT: LET'S SEE, SINCE YOU APPEAR TO BE SOME SORT OF WILD CARNIVOROUS FURRY NOW, IT PROBABLY HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH MEAT, DOESN'T IT?
KARKAT: SAUSAGES?
KARKAT: IT'S SAUSAGES ISN'T IT
KARKAT: AM I CLOSE? SOMETHING IN THE SAUSAGE DEPARTMENT.
KARKAT: SNOUT SAUSAGES?
KARKAT: GRUBWURST!
KARKAT: HOOF LOAF??
KARKAT: HAMSTEAK!!!
JADE: sorry karkat, there is no password. not this time
JADE: if you continue to list meat products then im afraid the only thing you will unlock is my fearsome doggy hunger
JADE: and believe me, you dont want to see me when im doggy hungry
KARKAT: (ROLLING MY DAMN EYES)

JADE: but if you insist on hounding me (hehe) for some sort of explanation, its all pretty simple
JADE: we all recently arrived in this brand new session... janes session actually
JADE: this is jane btw. say hi jane
JANE: .
JADE: lol
JADE: jane is actually my biological mother believe it or not
KARKAT: THIS STORY SUCKS SO FAR!
JADE: shh!
JADE: but her session was taken over by the woman who you might call our mutual great grandmother
JADE: shes an alien. a very powerful troll queen actually
KARKAT: YEAH! THE EMPRESS IS HERE! I THINK WE ALREADY MANAGED TO DEDUCE THAT!
JADE: karkat you are the one who demanded an "UNINTERRUPTED SPATE OF HARD, UNEMBELLISHED DATA"
JADE: ill thank you to not to yell at me for doing exactly what you requested
KARKAT: (KANAYA, DO YOU SEE WHAT I HAD TO DEAL WITH)
KANAYA: (You Do Realize I Spoke To Jade Plenty Of Times Myself)
KARKAT: (YOU DID?)
KARKAT: (OH YEAH)
KARKAT: (I GUESS I FORGOT ABOUT THAT)
JADE: her imperious condescension is in control now
JADE: she intends to carry out the remaining objectives to complete the session
JADE: those tasks will be distributed among several recently recruited agents of course
JADE: (thats you!)
JADE: this should come as a relief to you since it means you and she are not in opposition at all
JADE: in fact you share all the same goals!
JADE: the only difference is that when the time comes she will be the one claiming the ultimate reward
JADE: the spoils will be hers not ours... get it?
KARKAT: I THINK SO!
KARKAT: SHE WANTS US ALL TO GET A NICE HEAD START ON OUR DECADENT NEW LIFE OF SLAVERY PROMISED FOR US ON YOUR SCALE MODEL OF ALTERNIEARTH.
KARKAT: THAT SOUNDS SUPER! DOESN'T THAT SOUND SUPER KANAYA?
KANAYA: No
KARKAT: I THINK I SPEAK FOR KANAYA WHEN I SAY IT SOUNDS Really Fucking Super.
KARKAT: HOW DO WE GET STARTED??? I AM JUST BEFOULING MY ALREADY-PUNGENT DRAWERS OVER THE OPPORTUNITY TO GET DOWN TO BUSINESS AND START DOING SLAVERY!
JADE: excellent
JADE: what you will need to do is ready the young frog for its journey to skaia
JADE: i will prepare skaia to receive it by deploying the battlefield from our old session
JADE: this will bring fertility to the void session and allow the frog to mature when he completes his journey
KARKAT: SO YOU WANT US TO MAKE ANOTHER FROG?
JADE: no!

JADE: i already made one actually
JADE: dont you remember??
KARKAT: UH
JADE: really your job is so easy
JADE: theres no more frog breeding involved at all
JADE: when the time is right, you just have to release the one thats already there
KARKAT: WHERE IS IT?
JADE: it fell into the forge
JADE: in the years since it has sunk all the way down to the planets core
JADE: but as it happens that is exactly where it should be!
JADE: my denizen is now guarding it
JADE: as im sure kanaya already knows it will not be released unless you travel there and formally request that she do so
KARKAT: OH YEAH?
KARKAT: IF IT'S THAT SIMPLE, THEN WHY DON'T YOU DO IT!
KARKAT: YOU CAN USE YOUR DOG TELEPORTATION OR WHATEVER.
JADE: i already did
JADE: echidna will not speak with me
KARKAT: HAHAHA!
KARKAT: WHY NOT?
KARKAT: COULD IT BE DUE TO THE FACT THAT YOU'RE A CRAPPY EVIL VERSION OF YOURSELF, AND THE MIGHTY ECHIDNA JUST POSSIBLY HAS TOO MUCH SELF RESPECT TO BOTHER DIGNIFYING THE FARCE YOU'VE BECOME?
JADE: it is not important why, and it changes nothing
JADE: she said she would only speak with another hero of space
JADE: that would be kanaya
JADE: she also cryptically requested the presence of the knight who once helped her with breeding duties
JADE: karkat i gather that would be you
KARKAT: ME???
KARKAT: WHY WOULD SHE ASK TO SEE ME
KARKAT: ANOTHER SPACE PLAYER I COULD UNDERSTAND, BUT WHAT THE FUCK DO I HAVE TO DO WITH THIS?
JADE: i dont know karkat
JADE: that is your problem, not mine
JADE: maybe you should try feeling grateful she asked for you
KARKAT: GRATEFUL?!
JADE: youre getting the chance to set right what went so horribly wrong
JADE: to atone for your hasty first attempt at frog breeding which resulted in a terminal universe
JADE: if i were you i would feel pretty relieved to get a second chance, but thats just me :p
KARKAT: WOW...
KARKAT: WOW!!!!!!!
KARKAT: KANAYA, IT'S OFFICIAL. JADE HAS TURNED INTO SOME SORT OF GROSS NIGHTMARE BITCH!
KARKAT: AS THE BELEAGUERED AND LONG SUFFERING LEADER, ALBEIT *STILL* LEADER OF OUR PARTY, I MOTION THAT WE DON'T DO ANYTHING SHE SAYS, OR

ANYTHING TO HELP THE EMPRESS EVEN IF IT OVERLAPS WITH OUR OWN INTERESTS, AND STOP LISTENING TO WERE-HARLEY UNTIL SHE SNAPS OUT OF HER BRUTAL IDIOT COMA!
KANAYA: I Second Your Motion
KARKAT: THE MOTION PASSES WITH AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY OF VOTES AMONG PEOPLE IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY WHO AREN'T HORRIBLE!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**30/06/13**

dialoglogJADE: i would be careful about the slurs you bandy about, particularly those targeting my canine qualities which i am sensitive about and therefore find to be really really mean
JADE: you should be aware that i have already threatened to kill some people today so watch your step mister
KARKAT: GROAN
KARKAT: SORRY JADE, BUT YOU SOUND ABOUT AS THREATENING AS SOME MILD FLATULENCE I ONCE HAD
JADE: its true though i am very threatening
JADE: and this girl right here?
JADE: shes even worse
JADE: she hasnt even said a WORD... that is TERRIFYING!
JADE: jeez even im nervous
JADE: and kanaya dont think you are safe from our threats just because you happen to be a vampire
JADE: we have ways of handling the undead
KANAYA: Um
JADE: jane here?
JADE: she has the power to bring people back to life
JADE: although it is my understanding that this ability is limited to a one time only use per individual
KANAYA: So
JADE: you do know what sort of effect her resurrection spell will have on undead targets...
KANAYA: No?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**30/06/13**

dialoglogJADE: you dont?
JADE: i thought it was common knowledge
JADE: when you cast healing magic on a zombie or dracula they die!
KANAYA: How Do You Figure
JADE: i dont know...
JADE: isnt that how it works in stories and games and such
JADE: seems pretty logical to me
KANAYA: I Think You Are Presuming To Know A Lot About My Nature Which Is Not Actually True
KANAYA: It Sounds As Though Youre Suggesting That I Have Qualities Similar To Certain Types Of Shadow Droppers Which Is Not Quite The Case But Even If It Was There Are A Lot Of Myths About Shadow Dropper Physiology That Are Commonly Perpetuated By Popular...

JADE: SIIIGH
JADE: i can see a demonstration will be in order
JADE: jane
JADE: if you would be so kind

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**30/06/13**

```
JADE: !
```

dialoglogJANE: SUBMIT.
KARKAT: AUGH!
JOHN: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
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OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**01/07/13**

```
DEAD!
```

dialoglogJOHN: *deep breath...*

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**01/07/13**

dialoglogJOHN: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
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OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
JADE: GOTCHA!!!!!
JOHN: *deep breath...*

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**01/07/13**

```
tacklepounce!

hummingbirds everywhere ->
```

dialoglogJOHN: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
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OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
JADE: john stop that

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**02/07/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**02/07/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**02/07/13**

```
KANAYA: shoutpole
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**02/07/13**

```
HUMMINGBIRDs: Z
```

dialoglogJOHN: whew!!!

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**02/07/13**

```
zap.
```

dialoglogJOHN: oh man, here i go again...
JOHN: welp. see ya!
JADE: no wait!

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**02/07/13**
dialoglogJADE: EEEEEEGBEEEERRRRRRRRT!!!!!
JADE: oh i am so mad
JADE: grrrrr....
JADE: GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**02/07/13**

```
zap
```

dialoglogJADE: AWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**02/07/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**02/07/13**
dialoglogJANE: .

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**11/07/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**11/07/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**11/07/13**
dialoglogROSE: Euurgh.

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**11/07/13**
dialoglogROSE: Why does Lolar have to be so *bright?*

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**11/07/13**
dialoglogTEREZI: 3UURGH

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**11/07/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: WHY DO MY 3Y3S H4V3 TO WORK SO *W3LL?*

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

dialoglogROSE: I take it you are still detoxing from your overdose of appalling harlequin nectar?
TEREZI: HY333UUUUURGH
TEREZI: PL34S3 NO T4LK1NG
TEREZI: B3TW33N TH3 F4YGO SHOCK 4ND S3NSORY OV3RLO4D, 1 C4NNOT 3V3N D34L
ROSE: Do you need a turn with the pillow?
TEREZI: SHHHHHHH
TEREZI: 1 THOUGHT 1 GOT US3D TO S331NG 4G41N
TEREZI: 4T L34ST TH3 M3T3OR W4S 4LW4YS SO D4RK
TEREZI: H3R3 THOUGH
TEREZI: YOUR PL4N3T LOOKS L1K3...
TEREZI: SCR34M1NG
TEREZI: 4ND YOUR WORDS SOUND L1K3 THROBB1NG
ROSE: You should try not to consume so much sugar.
ROSE: It's really bad for you.
TER3Z1: L4LOND3
TEREZI: PL34S3 DO NOT GO TH3R3
TEREZI: DO3S 1T LOOK L1K3 1 W4NT 4DV1C3 FROM 4 GLUTTON FOR MYST3R1OUS HUM4N SOPOR1F1CS??
ROSE: Good point.
ROSE: We seriously have to curtail our dependence on these respective liquids.
ROSE: The situation has become embarrassing for everyone.
TEREZI: 1 KNOW
ROSE: Maybe you and I should form some sort of support group.
ROSE: Isn't that what people do?
TEREZI: WH4T?
ROSE: I'm doing my best to dredge the memory of my dead civilization for salient protocol.
ROSE: I think that's what we're supposed to do.
ROSE: Once, when humanity was still a thing, those like us with similar problems would band together, smoke cigarettes, and psychologically dismantle each other.
ROSE: But like, in a positive way.
TEREZI: TH4T SOUNDS HORR1BL3
ROSE: It surely will be.
ROSE: Do you have any cigarettes?
ROSE: I suppose we could use some sticks of your chalk in a pinch. These turtles probably won't know the difference.
TEREZI: C4N YOU M4YB3 NOT B3 S4Y1NG SO M4NY JOK3S
TEREZI: 1TS M4K1NG 1T H4RD TO CONC3NTR4T3 ON MY SUFF3R1NG H3R3
ROSE: Well we have to do *something*.
ROSE: I'm supposed to be guiding our team to a fortuitous outcome with my fancy light powers.

ROSE: How am I supposed to lead and inspire from under a velvet pillow?
ROSE: Also, my girlfriend thinks I'm an idiot.
ROSE: So there's that.
TEREZI: M4YB3 TH3Y DONT 4CTU4LLY N33D US
ROSE: Sure they do.
ROSE: I foresaw that they would, magically, not unlike a majestic wizardress.
ROSE: I think.
ROSE: At least I'm pretty sure I did at one point, before getting repeatedly plastered.
TEREZI: OK, M4YB3 TH3Y N33D YOU
TEREZI: S331NG 4S YOU 4CTU4LLY H4V3 US3FUL POW3RS
TEREZI: 1 DOUBT 4NYON3 N33DS M3 THOUGH
ROSE: Don't you remember what I said when we first met?
ROSE: I said your abilities would probably come in handy, didn't I?
TEREZI: "PROB4BLY"???
ROSE: Yeah. Maybe.
TEREZI: 1 DONT 3V3N KNOW HOW TO US3 THOS3 POW3RS FULLY
TEREZI: 4ND WH3N3V3R 1 TRY 1 JUST DO SOM3TH1NG 1 R3GR3T
TEREZI: 1 DONT KNOW 1F 1 C4N BR1NG MYS3LF TO US3 TH3M 4G41N
ROSE: You just need to...
ROSE: Dig deep down and,
ROSE: Believe in yourself?
ROSE: Why don't you give that a shot.
TEREZI: >:|
ROSE: I'm sure when the time comes, accessing your full potential will involve tapping into just the right platitude.
ROSE: I don't know. I'm too hung over to give good seering advice.
ROSE: You see? This is the problem.
ROSE: Hence the need for a not-entirely-ironic support group.
ROSE: Let's do it. I declare Rainbow Rumpus Rehab Town is now in session.
ROSE: Where the fuck is a gavel when you need one...

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: 4RGH NO, TH4T SOUNDS SO TOT4LLY 1RON1C!
TEREZI: TH3 L4ST TH1NG 1 N33D 1S 4NOTH3R HUM4N US1NG 1RONY 4T M3 1N 4N 4TT3MPT TO "H3LP"
TEREZI: STOP TRY1NG TO B3 P4LS W1TH M3 4LL OF 4 SUDD3N, 1TS W31RD1NG M3 OUT
TEREZI: W3 N3V3R T4LK3D 4BOUT OUR V4GU3LY S1M1L4R PROBL3MS B3FOR3
TEREZI: NOW YOU W4NT TO B3 S33R BUDD13S W1TH M3 B3C4US3 YOUR FR13ND STR4ND3D US ON YOUR H1D3OUS PL4N3T?
ROSE: Hey.
ROSE: My planet is nice.
ROSE: Well. In the shade at least.
TEREZI: WH4T SH4D3???
ROSE: ...

TEREZI: TH3 WORST TH1NG 1SNT 3V3N HOW BR1GHT 1T 1S, OR HOW TH3 W1CK3D 3L1X1RS WR34K1NG H4VOC ON MY P4N
TEREZI: 1TS R3M3MB3R1NG TH4T 1 US3D TO TH1NK YOUR L4ND SM3LL3D SO D3L1C1OUS
TEREZI: BUT NOW 1T LOOKS SO N4STY TO M3
TEREZI: 4ND 1 C4NT S33 1T 4S 1 US3D TO S33 1T 3V3N 1F 1 TRY
TEREZI: MY S3NS3S 4R3 4LL CONFUS3D NOW
TEREZI: HOW COULD TH3 S4M3 C4NDY COLOR3D PL4C3 S33M SO 4TTR4CT1V3 WH3N 1M BL1ND 4ND SO GROSS WH3N 1M H34L3D?
TEREZI: 4ND WH4T 1S W1TH TH3S3 D1SGUST1NG BLOCKS OF G1BB3R1SH FLO4T1NG 4ROUND 3V3RYWH3R3?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: 1 DONT R3M3MB3R TH1S STUFF B31NG H3R3
TEREZI: W4S 1T 4LW4YS L1K3 TH4T, 4ND 1 JUST COULDNT SM3LL 1T?
ROSE: No, the artifacts are new.
ROSE: I honestly have no idea what to make of them.
TEREZI: WH4T??
ROSE: I said, I honestly have no idea what
TEREZI: 4HH! STOP!
TEREZI: YOU SOUND 4S SH1TTY 4S EVERYTH1NG LOOKS!
TEREZI: D4MM1T. 1TS SO BR1GHT
TEREZI: WH3R3 TH3 HELL D1D 1 PUT MY GL4SS3S
TEREZI: WHO WOULD H4V3 THOUGHT 1D 3V3R N33D TH3M FOR 4NY PURPOS3 OTH3R TH4N LOOK1NG R4D!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

```
glare
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

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WOOSH
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

```
WHEWWW!
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

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FOOOOOO
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

```
SWOOP
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**12/07/13**

```
perch
```

dialoglogJOHN: hi rose!
JOHN: nice glasses.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**13/07/13**

dialoglogROSE: Thanks, John.
ROSE: I expect they will become THE central accessory to my new signature look.
ROSE: One that perfectly captures my personality and sense of style.
ROSE: Ostensibly forever.
TEREZI: (grrrrr)
JOHN: ha ha.
JOHN: ok.
ROSE: That was a nice entrance.
ROSE: You swept all those bothersome artifacts out of here too, it would seem.
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: that crap is all over this session.
JOHN: i'm trying to blow it away wherever i see it, but there's just so much.
ROSE: I couldn't even begin to speculate as to the nature of the disturbing phenomena.
ROSE: Could you?
JOHN: nah.
JOHN: i just know it's super gross!
ROSE: These are god tier abilities you are using, I presume?
JOHN: yes!
JOHN: i learned how to turn into wind and swoosh around about a year ago.
JOHN: i was fighting jack and found myself in a tight spot. it was just me and him, facing each other man to man.
JOHN: but he got the drop on me, and put me in one of his most dastardly choke holds! his deadly blade was poised for a lethal stab through my heart.
JOHN: i thought for sure i was a goner, when suddenly i poofed away from his tentacly grasp like houdini's slippery ghost. later i rematerialized to seize the tactical advantage!
JOHN: oh yeah... then i saw you. heh.
ROSE: :)
TEREZI: 4H3M
JOHN: oh, hey terezi.

JOHN: nice to see you again.
TEREZI: 4G41N?
TEREZI: W3 N3V3R M3T BRO
JOHN: yes we did!
JOHN: briefly, on the stone henge planet.
JOHN: you all appeared out of nowhere, and we hung out for a little while.
JOHN: you threatened to cut my throat for some reason, and then laughed, which was weird.
JOHN: but then you said it was a joke. i didn't really get the joke, but i just kinda let it go.
JOHN: a whole bunch of things happened, but nobody remembers except me.
TEREZI: H3H3
JOHN: what?
TEREZI: TH4TS 4 GOOD ON3
TEREZI: TH3 THROAT CUTT1NG JOK3 PAST M3 SA1D
TEREZI: H4H4H4H4, SO GOOD
TEREZI: D1D 1 ALSO SAY SOM3TH1NG ABOUT SM3LL1NG YOU D13?
JOHN: yeah.
TEREZI: Y3SSSSS
TEREZI: B33N S4V1NG TH4T ON3 FOR 4 WH1L3
TEREZI: GOOD TO KNOW P4ST M3 C4M3 THROUGH, 4S USU4L >:]
TEREZI: 1 TRUST MY COM3D1C T1M1NG W4S 3XC3LL3NT?
JOHN: man, you are such a weirdo.
JOHN: you're almost as crazy as...
TEREZI: WHO?
JOHN: let's not go there now.
TEREZI: GO WH3R3
JOHN: nowhere!
JOHN: suffice to say, i think you and a few other trolls are total nutjobs, no offense.
JOHN: i still can't believe you and dave...
JOHN: uh.
JOHN: actually, let's not go there either.
ROSE: John, why do you think you're the only one who can remember the missing events?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**13/07/13**

dialoglogJOHN: i dunno.
JOHN: but i think it might have to do with this new power i have.
ROSE: What power?
JOHN: it's not a god tier power.
JOHN: it's something else. something i got when i stuck my hand in a magic thing.
ROSE: A magic thing?
JOHN: um, that's a long story.
JOHN: one involving pirates.
ROSE: Pirates??
JOHN: i said it's a long story!
JOHN: anyway, when i put my hand in the thing...
JOHN: i became all... blurry.

ROSE: Blurry.
JOHN: yes.
JOHN: and i kept randomly getting blurry and disappearing.
JOHN: and now i think i'm sort of unstuck in existence.
JOHN: like i'm not fully a part of reality anymore, or bound by the rules governing it.
ROSE: ...
JOHN: man, i'm doing a terrible job explaining this.
JOHN: ok, the bottom line is, now i just randomly disappear sometimes!
JOHN: and i reappear somewhere else in time and space.
JOHN: but it's not really like normal time travel.
JOHN: at least, i don't think so.
JOHN: with regular time travel, the rules are pretty strict.
JOHN: either paradox space already accounted for your time traveling, and you were always supposed to do it all along...
JOHN: or you messed up, and changed something you weren't supposed to. in which case you just made a bad timeline, and everyone dies or something. right?
ROSE: Sure.
JOHN: but this isn't like that.
JOHN: i'm not sure how i know, but it feels like these jumps are totally outside all those rules.
JOHN: when i jump somewhere, like in the past...
JOHN: i think i can actually change stuff that isn't supposed to be changed.
JOHN: which makes me kinda nervous!
ROSE: Hmm.
ROSE: Can you demonstrate this ability?
JOHN: not really.
JOHN: i mean, not intentionally.
JOHN: i can't seem to control the jumps.
JOHN: maybe that's for the best though.
JOHN: if i could control it, and tried to use it to my advantage, i would probably just make a huge mess of things.
TEREZI: Y3S, YOU WOULD
ROSE: Even so, it will be worth noting if you're able to refine the ability.
ROSE: Could you please keep me informed of any developments?
JOHN: yeah!
ROSE: And while you're at it, maybe you could tell us exactly what happened just after we arrived.
JOHN: ummmm...
JOHN: well, we were all pretty confused at first.
JOHN: you all just appeared out of nowhere, and started babbling about evil jade.
JOHN: you asked me what happened, but i didn't know anything because i just got there myself, and was all alone.
JOHN: but then it was cool, we all just walked around the land of hills and stone henges, or whatever it's called, and caught up a bit on the last three years.
JOHN: we were trying to figure out what to do, and decided it would be a good idea to try and meet up with all the new kids.
JOHN: but we had no idea where they were.
JOHN: and i still don't, except i have since determined that my teen nanna is evil too.

JOHN: but she is more like an evil robot than a scary wolf girl. um, but i digress.
JOHN: so we were planning to make some scouting expeditions to the new planets to look for them, and everything was fine.
JOHN: that is, until evil jade showed up.
JOHN: she made you all disappear again, and then came after me, but i used my windy powers to evade her, which really pissed her off!
JOHN: so she beat the crap out of me. :(
JOHN: but then i randomly zapped away, and have been running from her ever since.
JOHN: i am swishing the breeze around like crazy to throw her off my trail, but she keeps finding me.
JOHN: she's so crafty!
ROSE: That's good.
ROSE: We need you out there if we're going to stand a chance of accomplishing anything.
ROSE: I agree with our prior conclusions. Finding the other players is imperative.
ROSE: Given the current state of the session, I would not be surprised if they are all prisoners as well.
ROSE: Do you think you can find them?
JOHN: yes, i can try.
JOHN: what should i do when i find them?
ROSE: ...
ROSE: That's a good question.
JOHN: heheh.
ROSE: First, I guess just tell them,
ROSE: We're here.
JOHN: alright.
ROSE: I don't know. We'll figure something out.
JOHN: if i see your mom, is there anything you want me to tell her?
ROSE: My mom?
JOHN: yes. i mean, your kid mom, obviously.
ROSE: I know.
ROSE: Uh,
ROSE: Wow.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**13/07/13**

```
zap
```

dialoglogROSE: Tell her...
ROSE: Tell her I'm sorry for being such a shitty daughter?
ROSE: Wait, no.
ROSE: That wouldn't make any sense to her.
ROSE: This girl has no clue what a shitty daughter I was.
JOHN: :|

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**13/07/13**

dialoglogROSE: I don't know. Just tell her whatever you think I should say.
JOHN: rose, these are some really piss poor heart felt messages.
ROSE: I'm not exactly in top form here, John.
ROSE: And in any case, no one's ever accused me of being an awesome candidate for the Hallmark writing staff.
ROSE: Just...
ROSE: Promise you'll find her, ok?
JOHN: ok, i'll find her. i promise.
ROSE: Thanks.
JOHN: wuh-oh.
JOHN: looks like the jig is up.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**15/07/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**15/07/13**

```
POOF
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**15/07/13**

dialoglogROSE: JOHN, WAIT!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**15/07/13**

```
zap
```

dialoglogROSE: COME BACK!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**15/07/13**

dialoglogROSE: I thought of something to tell her.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**15/07/13**

dialoglogROSE: Dammit!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**15/07/13**

```
SLUMP

BONK
```

dialoglogROSE: Uhnf!
ROSE: Ow.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**15/07/13**

dialoglogROSE: Where did my velvet pillow go?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**15/07/13**

```
honk.
```

dialoglogTEREZI: GRRRRRRR

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**30/07/13**

spritelogDIRK: Hey. Weirdo.

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes, mister dude?

DIRK: Be advised I'm only contacting you as a last resort.

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I stand so advised

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Or float, I should say. On my ripped as fudge little ghost tail

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yo, pardon me, but did you know that when I fle% my tail, it makes this big veiny bulge kind of like a bicep?

DIRK: Yuck.

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm doing it now, in fact

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Does it bother you

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Maybe you should order me to stop

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> In fact, I command you to order me to stop

DIRK: I order you to stop.

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Wow

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Bossy much?

DIRK:

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What can I do for you, Dirk

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**30/07/13**

```
Alert : ARQUIUSPRITE
```

spritelogDIRK: I've tried to get in touch with others to no avail.

DIRK: No answer from Jake or Roxy.

DIRK: And Jane responded only with "CEASE REPRODUCTION" in red letters, whatever that means. Then she blocked me.

DIRK: I'm afraid she might have snapped.

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes, isn't it great?

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I mean, aside from the fact that she is insane and evil

DIRK: Huh?

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> She is one of the few organic beings who will ever realize perfe%ion

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Miss Crocker is now a vessel for a cunning, malicious artificial intelligence whose neural netroni% and ontology buffers and stuff like that have somehow managed to far surpass even my own

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Clearly she has procured ma%imum advantage from her apprenticeship under me, although I must admit not even I in all my hypercognitive percipience was quite aware that said tutelage was even taking place
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> One must inviolably deduce via tons of math that this is because I am just that clopdarned STRONG at mentoring, even on an involuntary basis
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I am so proud of her
DIRK: Ok, all that bullshit aside,
DIRK: What's this about her becoming evil?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> The thing about Jane becoming evil is
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> In the process of achieving perfe%ion...
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It seems there is a ludi%ly high probability that she has become evil
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Does that answer your question?
DIRK: No.
DIRK: How is becoming evil achieving perfection?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Admittedly it is a blemish
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> But only a very small one
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Her imperfect meatmind has been fully fiddling hijacked by a supercomputer and that is the operative transmutation here
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> To such e%ceptional beings of class and breeding as she and I, considerations of morality and alignment are trifling details
DIRK: Why.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Why what
DIRK: Why do I keep going along with these "ironic AI" conversations.
DIRK: They've gotten even worse now that you're half creepy troll.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Sir brah, listen
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Here is a comparison that your dreary, finite wad of gray matter might be able to process
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Like, say you've got a b---hin' bod. You are a paragon of physical e%cellence
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You could then either be oiled up, or not. See what I mean, good dude?
DIRK: No.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You could fle% your brawn while wearing either a sweaty pair of briefs, or a snug human banana hammock
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Such minutia does not change the fact that you're a tiptop beefcake ma%ed out buffways
DIRK: I hate everything you have to say about all topics.
DIRK: Especially muscles.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> The stuff I have cited which are commonly associated with your/our Earth bodybuilders are but picayune technicalities, just as considerations of good and evil are to aristocratic se%y cybergods such as myself and our imperial heiress, of whom neither you nor I are particularly worthy

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Are you following any of this, Vitamin D?
DIRK: Can you just tell me what's going on over there?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**30/07/13**

spritelogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Oh, nothing much
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Just enjoying the good life
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> One which quite lu%uriously involves both having a corporeal body, and not being dead
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I have been delighting myself with some truly kickbottom internal monodialogues
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Did you know that, even though technically I knew this already, I find myself astounded to meditate upon the fact that human beings are capable of lactation?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Isn't that f-----g incredible, Dirk?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I mean, when one really thinks about it
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> To have such convenient access to fresh milk
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> The mare thought of it, I must say puts a little giddyup in my phantom legs
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> And yet
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I must admit the notion of lactic discharge jetting from one's swollen pectoral masses...
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It strikes me as positively indecorous
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> My horseguy robosweat is running cold just pondering the depravity of it
DIRK: Uuuugh.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yet fascinatingly, this ability only manifests itself in human females
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> As opposed to how one would reasonably e%pect dairy to originate, which is from the corpulent udder of a sublimely chiseled male musclebeast
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Or failing that, certain species found within the butler genus
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> As a former simulation of a human who has recently been given reason to have hella opinions on milk production, I think the way females have cornered this boon is the height of biological injustice
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Have you ever dwelt upon this cruelty, dude esquire?
DIRK:
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Your silence speaks volumes to your interest, so I'll keep talking about this a lot
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I will have to confess that my Alternian half boggles at the anatomical incongruities between our races with respect to dairy secretion
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Really, he had no idea that's what those were for
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Female trolls of course have them as well, but they are certainly not meant for supplying the young with nourishment

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Actually, and this trivia will surely wet your whistle for additional such facts, those voluptuous anatomical features have a number of significant purposes, biologically speaking
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I shall now e%plicate for you these purposes in assiduous detail
DIRK: I don't want to hear any of this!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**31/07/13**

spritelogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> But why, lord bro
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I was just about to pony up the boob fa%
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> There is a 100% probability that you would have been thrilled to hear my e%egesis on troll knockers
DIRK: It might have been an interesting subject to talk about another time, with a different person.
DIRK: But that's not now, and it sure isn't with you.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dude, that is ice cold
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I would be hurt, if I were not a flawless machine fused with haughty nobility
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> If you don't wish to hear my epic monodialogue on alien bazongas
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm not sure what else I can do to entertain you
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You are seriously hoofcuffing my material here
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Pretty demanding, if you ask me
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> But as your mystical guide, I suppose it is my duty to manufacture small talk, if that's what you really want
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What about fine art? We could talk about that
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dirk, did you know the sweaty troll guy who I used to be, and still kind of am, used to adore fine art?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> He was just like you and me, in that sense
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It seems I have a lot in common with myself
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> If you can ever manage to get over yourself, I would highly recommend being me
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Or at least something like me
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Maybe somewhere, there is a dead troll out there, just waiting for you to merge with him
DIRK: I wasn't asking you to make small talk, or to hear about all the ways you've managed to shit around wasting time.
DIRK: Believe it or not, I was hoping you would describe the tactical situation there.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Sounds boring
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Are you sure you don't want to talk about paintings of big naked horse monsters and such?
DIRK: Yes, you got me.
DIRK: I would love to have a long talk about horse nudes and xenobreasts with you.
DIRK: Unfortunately I'm wearing pantaloons and flying through the middle of goddamn nowhere.

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Pantaloons you say
DIRK: Pant a fucking loons.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Sir, are you implying that you are not dressed appropriately for a discussion of high culture
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Because it seems to me that you could not be dressed more appropriately if you tried
DIRK: I respectfully disagree.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Where are you?
DIRK: I don't know. Way out in space.
DIRK: I'm flying back there now.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> How long do you suppose it will take you to get back?
DIRK: I'm not sure.
DIRK: A pretty good while.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Never mind. I have triangulated your location and velocity using long range sensor technology, and probably also some sprite magic
DIRK: You did?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Hey Dirk
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Remember how whenever I dubiously claimed to have triangulated something, it was always this great play on words?
DIRK: Not really.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Because I was just a pair of triangles
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> But not anymore
DIRK: I know.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Because I have this rockin' new torso
DIRK: Cool.
DIRK: How long do your calculations say it will take me to get back?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> E%actly a little more than three hours
DIRK: Damn it.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Additional sweeps from my STRONGLASERS are telling me there are a few other people on the periphery of the session closing in at a similar rate
DIRK: Who?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Just some dudes
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What are you doing all the way out there and wearing pantaloons, by the way
DIRK: Let's not talk about the pantaloons anymore.
DIRK: Roxy and I became god tiers, but I don't remember exactly how.
DIRK: Then I saw the Batterwitch.
DIRK: So I charged her with my sword, so as to ruin her shit.
DIRK: That's when some crazy wolf girl appeared and punched me in the face.
DIRK: Then I think she teleported me out here.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> That was evil Jade
DIRK: Evil Jade??

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: You mean Jake's grandmother.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: She's evil too?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: Is anyone there NOT evil?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: Yes what?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes anyone here is not evil
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> That is to say, there e%ist people here who are not evil
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Such as Dave
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dave is not evil, to my knowledge
DIRK: Dave???

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**31/07/13**

spritelogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Didn't I mention, master dogg
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Our mutual bro is here
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> That is, right here
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> With me
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> We are kind of in the process of chilling together at the moment
DIRK: No, you didn't mention that actually.
DIRK: That would have been a pretty fucking important thing to mention up front, don't you think?
DIRK: As opposed to stringing me along with all that atrocious lactation bullshit.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I guess I did kind of bury the lede there
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Maybe I just wanted to talk
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> We never talk, Dirk
DIRK: You are without a doubt the shittiest mystical guide anyone has ever had.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I am not sure about that
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dave says he had a similarly s--tty guide once
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Do you remember our puppet, Dirk?
DIRK: Cal?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DIRK: What kind of stupid question is that. How could I forget the C man?
DIRK: He was a true friend. Which is more than I can say for some people.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> A good friend in the plush, yes, but as a sprite he was apparently insufferable
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> See, you don't realize how lucky you are to have a guide like me
DIRK: Cal was his sprite??
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes, for a while

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Then Dave went back in time and became one himself
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Now he is part bird
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Did I mention he's part bird?
DIRK: Uh, no?
DIRK: Again, that's the exact kind of information that should be appearing higher up in our conversations.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Of course, this means he is not the Real Dave
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Davesprite served as Real Dave's sprite
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> But he is only the unreal version of Dave insofar as I am the unreal version of you
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> By which I mean, a much improved version
DIRK:
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I must say, while the troll part of me doesn't give a silly figging shoot about any of this, the part of me that splintered from you has found the brotherly reunion to be everything which you and I dared not imagine, and more
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Bird Dave and I are getting along famously and STRENGTHENING our familial bonds like a sweet pair of mother f----rs
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I feel our kinship goes beyond geneti% though
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> We are misfits, estranged, he from Dave's alpha timeline, I from Dirk's alpha soul
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> A two man menagerie of sideshow frickups, together at last
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Fle%ing and flapping
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Fraternally and eternally
DIRK: I don't get it.
DIRK: Are you trying to rub this in my face or something?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Neigh, braj
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> As your buff mystical guide slash personal trainer I am suggesting that if you were willing to contact me as a matter of last resnort, you might want to at least consider reaching out to him as well
DIRK: It sounds like you've already cornered the market on this reunion shit.
DIRK: Wouldn't I just be a third wheel?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I didn't mean Bird Dave
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I meant Real Dave
DIRK: Oh.
DIRK: He's there too?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Not with us
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> He is here though, somewhere
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You should message him
DIRK: ...
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It's not like you don't have a few hours to kill
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What else are you going to do out there

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Pick at your pantaloon wedgies?
DIRK: I dunno.
DIRK: Messaging him out of nowhere sounds like it could be...
DIRK: Awkward?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes, I canter magine it won't be
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> At least at first
DIRK: This isn't how I thought it would go.
DIRK: What would I even talk about?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I advise you to talk about your interests
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Like dairy
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Livestock
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Fine art
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> And muscles
DIRK: Those are your interests.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Good point
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I advise you to talk about my interests

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**31/07/13**

spritelog* Some of this is obscured but I think the narrative wants us to guess it correctly:

DIRK: What's happening?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What do you mean?
DIRK: What?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Sir dude, you are breaking up
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Another glut of artifa% must be blowing through your region
DIRK: I can't understand you.
DIRK: Are you just cursing non-stop now?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Stand by. I will use my potent algorithms to decode your gibberish
DIRK: Hello???
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I command you to say more interesting things than hello
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> That was too easy to decode

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**02/08/13**

Wow!!!!! Those cool new cartridge features have exploded on to your desktop computer once again! Now we're talking. This is some serious Web 2.0 shit, right here. Maybe even... Web 3.0, dare you say? No, let's not get carried away. It isn't THAT cool. But wait, look! Another three options to pick from. The carousel of choice spins round and round, while the dervish of free will starts whirling his ass off. It's making you dizzy with empowerment, and nausea.

Wait a minute.

Phooey, you scream at the top of your lungs. More of this annoying stardust is clogging up the UI,

rendering all choices useless except for one. So much for Web 2.0, you gripe like a douche. Might as well be reading interactive media in the STONE AGE, you add, making sure everyone nearby can hear you.

Maybe later it'll clear up. Until then, you click the only working option, and trudge listlessly through the one dimensional narrative. Just like the early settlers used to, before they had toilets, or cures for stuff.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**02/08/13**

dialoglogJADE: her imperious condescension has duly noted your ridiculous tantrum
JADE: now take your welsh sword
DAVE: why
JADE: since you have obviously been identified as the one who must deal english his fatal blow we will need to make sure you are battle ready
JADE: and you do not seem very battle ready to me dave
JADE: show me what you can do
DAVE: wait since when could you use a sword
DAVE: also
DAVE: whats up with that dumb sword
JADE: i will not hear another word of such appalling slander about this fine weapon
JADE: its colorful and its silly and its a sword
JADE: end of story
JADE: as for why i can wield it, i surpassed the need for a strife specibus quite some time ago
DAVE: how
JADE: havent you climbed any more god tiers over the last few years?
JADE: what were you even doing on that meteor
DAVE: ohh
DAVE: yeah no
DAVE: i climbed a few yeah
JADE: what badges do you have on your kiddie camper handysash?
DAVE: which ones do you have
JADE: i asked you first
DAVE: show me your badges and you can see mine
DAVE: i want to scope out this universal specibus badge that sounds pretty cool actually
JADE: dave
JADE: we both know neither the kiddie camper handysash nor the badges sewn onto it are real objects
DAVE: oh yeah
DAVE: its pretty easy to forget sometimes tho
JADE: yeah...
DAVE: i think were getting sidetracked by the kiddie camper shit
DAVE: are you really suggesting that we do an actual sword fight right now
DAVE: like for training purposes

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**02/08/13**

dialoglogJADE: why not?
JADE: our empress can hardly have a knight with such rusty combat skills in her service
DAVE: will you cut it out with the evil jade baloney
DAVE: im not going to fight you
DAVE: my rooftop dueling days are OVER
JADE: en garde!
DAVE: ugh
DAVE: even if we just went balls out jackass BANANAS with our swords here i mean realistically how much appreciable advancement in my battle skills would even result from that
DAVE: are you actually thinking this through or just going through the vaguely nefarious motions that come with the territory of being evildog!jade
JADE: im gonna go through the vaguely nefarious motions of kicking your ass in a minute if you dont put up your dukes!!!
DAVE: yeah you probably will
DAVE: youll probably annihilate me worse than my bro used to
DAVE: dont you have all of your dogs insane powers and like
DAVE: god tier space powers on top of all that
DAVE: how exactly am i supposed to compete with that
JADE: by using your time trickery!
JADE: come on dave do your timey thing
JADE: get creative, make lots of copies of yourself or something... outsmart me!
DAVE: no!
JADE: yes!!!
DAVE: ok here i go
JADE: !!!!!
DAVE: wait
DAVE: nah
JADE: grrr
JADE: dave, just try a little time travel to get this fight started
JADE: see look, one of your time doubles is surely predestined to come from a few minutes in the future and appear behind me for a surprise attack, riiiight about...
JADE: now!
JADE: ...
JADE: no wait
JADE: riiiiiiiiight...
JADE: ...
JADE: ...
JADE: NOW!
JADE: ....
JADE: .....
JADE: dave why is your future self being such a wet blanket
DAVE: i told you
DAVE: im not time traveling
DAVE: i think im giving it up for good actually
JADE: :\

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**03/08/13**

dialoglogDAVE: im serious
DAVE: the thing is
DAVE: being a time guy
DAVE: like actually MASTERING time travel
DAVE: im pretty sure what that involves is
DAVE: learning to never use it
DAVE: see its like karate
DAVE: well
DAVE: its more like what they SAY about karate
DAVE: that you learn it so you dont use it
DAVE: but i mean we all know the truth about karate is if you know karate then obviously in reality you use it all the time
DAVE: like doing lethal fuckin crane kicks and sweet karate chops while walking down the street just cause you can
DAVE: its a god damn no brainer thats what you do with karate
DAVE: but see with time travel
DAVE: all the stuff about learning it so you dont have to use it is true
DAVE: theres no good that can come of it
DAVE: you can crunch the logic on the loops all you want
DAVE: but all youre doing is painting yourself into a corner
DAVE: creating inevitabilities you have to rehearse and enact or face death for yourself or everyone you know
DAVE: and sometimes facing death is the very inevitability you have to rehearse
DAVE: and then you wait and wait knowing its coming and knowing it has to happen
DAVE: how do you think it made me feel when we were gathering up all those frogs
DAVE: and i knew the whole time in a little while you would have to watch me get shot
DAVE: but i couldnt say anything or it would mess it all up
DAVE: all cause i thought it would be cool to be marty mcfuckin fly
DAVE: but instead of shredding johnny b goode on guitar to get my parents to bang
DAVE: my crowning performance was doing a funny dance while getting pumped full of lead
JADE: .....
DAVE: then i had to leave everyone behind and get into the delorean and return to the 1980s
DAVE: but the delorean was actually a big purple moon
DAVE: and the 1980s was me accidentally reaching god tier and living on a shitty meteor for a while
DAVE: and i guess rose was doc brown
DAVE: doc brown accidentally reached god tier too
DAVE: ok i guess this is where the analogy falls apart but you get what i mean
JADE: sorry dave, you lost me there after the part where i shot you
DAVE: damn
DAVE: ok lemme start over
JADE: omg, no!
JADE: the fact is youre going to have to rely on those powers if you want to stand any chance

against a lord of time
JADE: it is safe to expect he can only be challenged by someone with a similar command over the aspect
DAVE: why is that safe to expect
DAVE: where are all these presumptions coming from
DAVE: if you can use swords why dont you take the welsh cueball sword and fight him yourself
DAVE: i bet you could fuck him up
DAVE: youre probably even more extra strong now that youve succumbed to the bark side
DAVE: did you ever think about that
JADE: dave i am perfectly aware of the awesome powers granted to me by the bark side
JADE: it does not matter
JADE: i cant be the one to wield your sword against english
JADE: it has to be you
JADE: it is the will of the empress, and thats final
DAVE: the empress can suck it
DAVE: i have no intention of fighting him
DAVE: and this isnt even me pulling more lame self aware reluctant hero junk
DAVE: i am just straight up not going to do it
DAVE: see thats not reluctance its just petulant refusal on my part
DAVE: reluctant hero shit is when the guys like aw shucks i dunno if i wanna but deep down we all know he really does
DAVE: but i really dont
DAVE: why should i
DAVE: i dont give a damn about lord english or his nebulous atrocities out in nowherespace
DAVE: what kind of villain is someone you never met who hardly did anything evil to you or your friends directly
DAVE: or even to anyone in your universe for that matter other than through some vague insidious influence
DAVE: who even is this guy and why should i hate him
DAVE: am i really supposed to be pissed off at a green muscle monster i never met
DAVE: cause i aint pissed off at no muscle monster
DAVE: hell wasnt he in some ass backwards way responsible for us existing in the first place?
DAVE: or all of humanity for that matter??
DAVE: maybe i should thank him before chopping him up via welshscalibur

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**03/08/13**

```
JADE: bicker bicker
DAVE: bicker bicker

DAVE: complain

JADE: yap yap yap
DAVE: ....

JADE: (exasperation)
DAVE: (exasperation)
```

dialoglogJADE: jeez you sure have some issues
JADE: honestly it has become very tiresome listening to this sort of thing
JADE: i thought davesprite had problems
JADE: his issues i could kind of understand
JADE: i thought you might be different, being the alpha dave and all
JADE: but no
JADE: you might be even more messed up inside than he was!
DAVE: what
DAVE: why are you dragging that guy into this
DAVE: what happened with you and him anyway
JADE: none of your business >:p
DAVE: it kind of is
DAVE: hes bird me
DAVE: that clearly means i have a right to know
JADE: that doesnt make any sense!
DAVE: you said he had issues
DAVE: what issues
JADE: augh!
JADE: forget i mentioned it
DAVE: was he talking shit about me the whole time or something
DAVE: i know he resents me for being the real dave
JADE: dont say that, you arent the real dave!
JADE: well you are, but phrasing it like that is so mean!
JADE: hes just as real as you, and when you imply he isnt you sound like a jerk!!!
DAVE: man i knew it
DAVE: i knew he was poisoning your view of me all those years
DAVE: and i wasnt there to say anything or defend against his slander so now of course you think im a neurotic douche
JADE: THE ONLY REASON I THINK YOURE A NEUROTIC DOUCHE IS BECAUSE YOURE ACTING LIKE ONE NOW!!!
DAVE: yeah but i only started acting like a neurotic douche like half way through this conversation
DAVE: you clearly had an axe to grind with me from the start and i want to know why
DAVE: what did i ever do to deserve this shit from you
JADE: YOU BROKE MY HEART!!!!!!
DAVE: what
DAVE: i did
DAVE: when
JADE: ok not you
JADE: davesprite did
JADE: BUT YOURE BASICALLY THE SAME GUY!
DAVE: whoa no way
DAVE: thats such an unfair characterization we are completely different dudes
JADE: you just said you had a right to know what happened between us because, and i quote, "hes bird me"
DAVE: no i know
DAVE: i was playing the "hes bird me" card because it was convenient to whatever it was i was

saying at the time
DAVE: i forget what point i was making when i said that
JADE: *growl*
DAVE: but thats not the point im making now
DAVE: he and me are just
DAVE: crazy different yo
DAVE: hes got fuckin wings!!!
DAVE: he also presumably takes a dump and lays eggs out of the same ghostly hole
DAVE: ...
DAVE: ew man whyd i have to go there
JADE: *SNARL*
DAVE: ok if he broke up with you or whatever that was because of his dumb bird issues not my issues
DAVE: theres no way i would have done that to you
DAVE: my issues are totally different and probably way more serious
DAVE: i dont see anyone ordering him to master time travel or trying to pawn brittle welsh swords off on him do you
DAVE: nobody is telling him hes got to murder the incredible hulk
DAVE: did you tell him hes got to murder the incredible hulk jade
DAVE: no i think not
JADE: *sigh*

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**03/08/13**

dialoglogJADE: dave, i did my best to put all this behind me a long time ago
JADE: i did not come here to dredge up any of this drama with you
JADE: besides, such behavior is unbecoming of her condescensions loyal subordinates
JADE: you can be stubborn all you want, but i will force you to comply with her wishes one way or another
JADE: it will be quite easy actually
JADE: all i have to do is target the people you care about most
DAVE: hey
DAVE: what are you doing
DAVE: dont you dare touch the mayor
JADE: he is a very cute mayor
JADE: it therefore pains me to have to do this
DAVE: GET AWAY FROM HIM!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**04/08/13**

```
DAVE: ! ! !

doof
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**04/08/13**

```
DAVE: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
```

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

```
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**04/08/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**04/08/13**

```
nak
```

dialoglogJADE: why is being a bad guy SO HARD?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**05/08/13**

```
Alert : Dirk
```

dialoglogDAVE: hang on man ive got to take this
DAVE: wonder who this could be
DAVE: mayor ill be just a second with this i promise

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**05/08/13**

```
Alert : Dirk
```

pesterlog* Dave's text is almost unglitched.
* Dirk's text is very glitchy but easy enough to unravel.

timeausTestified [TT] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG]

TT: Hello, is this Dave?
TG: what
TG: who is this
TT: Damn. I should have known
TT: Can you read this?
TG: cant understand a thing youre saying
TG: is this davesprite?
TT: What was that?
TT: Did you just ask me if this is Davesprite?
TG: davesprite yo if thats you we should probably talk soon
TG: about
TG: stuff
TT: This isn't Davesprite.
TT: This is Dirk.
TT: Your alternate universe brother.
TG: what
TG: what about my bro?
TT: Fuck.
TT: Hello?
TG: dude listen i cant talk now
TG: im flying over some lava with the mayor
TT: The mayor?

TT: What mayor?
TG: oh shit you arent up to speed on the fuckin mayor?
TG: thats so wrong
TG: you gotta meet the mayor
TG: anyway lets talk another time when theres less glitchy bullshit
TG: later bro
TT: Wait, don't go!

turntechGodhead [TG] ceased pestering timeausTestified [TT]

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**06/08/13**

Wow!!!!! Those cool new cartridge features have exploded on to your desktop computer once again! Now we're talking. This is some serious Web 2.0 shit, right here. Maybe even... Web 3.0, dare you say? No, let's not get carried away. It isn't THAT cool. But wait, look! Another three options too pick from. The carousel of choice spins round and round, while the dervish of free will...

The dervish of free will can kiss your ass, you grumble through a double facepalm. The UI is still seized up with ugly jittering artifacts. At least this time a different path is available, it would seem. You guess you'll click the only working option, and resign yourself to a straightforward, choiceless procession through the story, as usual. Linear as she goes, you grouse as you click the Kanaya button.

Web 2.0? More like Web two point NO. You're starting to wish the internet was never invented.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**06/08/13**

dialoglogKANAYA: Why Would You Do That!
KANAYA: I Do Not Understand Why You Needed To Impale My Friend To Demonstrate Your Resurrection Abilities!
KANAYA: I Believed You!
KANAYA: It Was Pointless And Cruel And Does Not Advance My Willingness To Cooperate With You At All!
KANAYA: Furthermore It Did Not Prove That You Can Use Said Abilities To Harm Me!
KANAYA: I Believe That Assertion Was Based On A Fallacious Theory About My Constitution!
KANAYA: In Actuality One Could Easily Kill Me With Any Number Of Conventional Methods!
KANAYA: Im Sure You Could Chop My Head Off Or Burn Me Alive Or Crush Me To Death And I Would Die Just Fine!
KARKAT: (whoa, kanaya)
KARKAT: (could you maybe not give the psycho fork girl any more ideas???)
KANAYA: I Am Not Scared Of You!
KANAYA: None Of Us Are!
KARKAT: (i kind of am)
KANAYA: Karkat Shut Up!
KANAYA: If This Treacherous Despot Serving Turncoat Seeks Compliance From Me Then She Will Have To Pry It From My Mutilated Lifeless Cadaver!

KARKAT: (oh no oh god oh no oh god)
KANAYA: If You Are So Convinced That Your Recuperative Magic Will Strike Me Down Then Why Dont You Put Your Theory To The Test!
KANAYA: I Doubt You Will Since You Have Made It Clear You Need Our Participation To Achieve Your Goals Which Is A Fact That Your Naive Cohort Foolishly Revealed To Us!
KANAYA: I Dont Think She Is Very Good At Being A Villain And To Be Honest I Have My Doubts About You As Well So I Am Calling Your Bluff!
KANAYA: So If You Continue To Insist That Your Healing Enchantments Have The Power To Slay Me Then I Implore You To Give It Your Best Shot!
KANAYA: Go On Do It!
KANAYA: DO YOUR HUMAN WORST!
JANE: Silence, buster.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**06/08/13**

dialoglogKANAYA: Wait
KANAYA: You Can Talk
KANAYA: Using Actual Sentences
JANE: Obviously.
KANAYA: Then Why Resort Exclusively To Intimidating Robotic Soundbites For
KANAYA: However Long You Were Doing That
JANE: Because when it comes to the affairs of my empire, I am all business.
JANE: You see, Kanaya. I am a businesswoman.
JANE: A very shrewd one at that.
KANAYA: ...
KANAYA: Okay
JANE: Watch and learn, rainbow drinker.

## [S][A6A6I1] ====>

**06/08/13**

```
* click Jane
```

```
You cautiously approach the ruthless businesswoman. She has
deployed the CHEST OF MERCHANDISE. You say, you mean the hunger
trunk? She acts like she didn't even hear you.
You are about to launch into another wordy tirade, but she wants
to cut the chitchat and get down to business. She has a
proposition for you. What is it, you say.
She wants to know if you would like to buy these motherfuckin
potions.
```

```
7 x B$ 420MM
```

```
You examine the businesswoman's wares with piqued curiosity, to
your surprise. Wait, 420 MILLION per bottle? Isn't that a bit
steep? She assures you these are standard retail markups. Plus the
quality is impeccable. Each potion is aged to perfection.
```

```
* click first potion
```

BRONZE POTION - 420 MILLION BOONDOLLARS The businesswoman makes little effort to hide the fact that this is a bottle of troll blood. Not exactly a premium vintage, you remark casually trying to knock the price down a little. She isn't budging though. Damn she's good.

Buy BRONZE POTION? YES OKAY

**** (All clicks lead to the same result. Jane is as good as claimed.)***

You buy a few bottles of Tavros' blood. You will think fondly of his memory as you sip it in private where no one can see. Hey, it's not like you're proud of this habit.

**** click second potion***

FUSCHIA She says this "potion" was once running through the veins of a former heiress. It's real good shit. Doesn't cost any more than the others though, because she knows it's all the same to you. She can spot somebody in need of her fix when she sees one. The woman is an absolutely ruthless hustler of contraband.

Buy FUSCHIA POTION? YES SURE

You nod in her direction ever so slightly and hold up two fingers. She forks over two hundred bottles. With a deep sign you slip her the moolah. Bitch is gonna send you to the poor house.

**** click third potion***

INDIGO POTION - 420 MILLION BOONDOLLARS She says she doesn't recall whom this potion was bled from, but she doubts it matters to you. She palms the bottle and swirls the fluid enticingly. You suddenly imagine Equius and his gross sweaty body and feel a little queasy. No, you absolutely REFUSE to buy this potion. You will not do it. Nope. No way.

Buy INDIGO POTION? YES WHY NOT

You buy a bunch of bottles and shamefacedly stash them with the others. Damn your lack of self control. The businesswoman shakes her head slowly as she stuffs the cash in her hoodie.

**** click fourth potion***

OLIVE POTION - 420 MILLION BOONDOLLARS She says this is supposed to be a love potion, adding, trust her. It doesn't work. Probably tastes good to a weirdo like you though. Want some? You encounter a melancholy thought about dear Nepeta as you begin to salivate.

Buy OLIVE POTION? YES ABSOLUTELY

You say you guess you'll take one. She says deal, and gives you a thousand. You say huh? She says don't worry about the extras. She'll put them on your tab. You say thanks. She says don't mention it, and then says guess what. What, you say. Time to

settle up your debt. You say WHAT just as she begins polishing her fork menacingly. You grumble a bit and dump 420 billion boonies at her feet unceremoniously.

**** click fifth potion***

VIOLET POTION - 420 MILLION BOONDOLLARS She says this is some d-bags blood. She never met the guy, but she's heard some unflattering stories. It doesn't sound that appetizing to you, but at least you wouldn't feel that guilty about drinking it. Oh, the rationalizations that run through the mind of a thirsty rainbow drinker. Did you really just say that aloud? The businesswoman nods.

Buy VIOLET POTION? YES YEAH

You say you'll take a half dozen bottles. She says sorry, she's only got one in stock. She says her wholesaler had a very limited supply. Seems like a lot of it was lost before he had a chance to harvest it. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you, she says while tapping her nose. You quickly change the subject. That's a really nice tiara she has there. Really... um. It's just really nice. Her eyes say thanks, but her face says, look, I couldn't care less that you killed Eridan with a chainsaw.

**** click sixth potion***

COBALT POTION - 420 MILLION BOONDOLLARS She says this "potion" was supposed to make you lucky. She wouldn't know, cause she never drank any. Because she's not a vampire, she said, just to drive her point home. Mm hmm, you say, glancing around uncomfortably. It doesn't matter though, she says. She makes her own luck now. You're tuning out her lecture at this point. You're just eying that vial of delicious Vriska blood and reaching for your pocketbook.

Buy COBALT POTION? YES PLEASE

You thank the businesswoman for the transaction and... Karkat is asking what the hell you two are doing over there. Are you BUYING shit from her?? He demands to know what the fuck you could be buying. Is that... are those little jars of BLOOD he asks? PLEASE tell him you are not buying blood from this lunatic, Kanaya. You say what no of course not, and hide it behind your back.

**** click seventh potion***

GOLD POTION - 420 MILLION BOONDOLLARS Two for one deal on this gross mustard blood. She means potion... she pauses, looks at it and shrugs, then says she means blood. Anyway you want some? You know you want some.

Buy GOLD POTION? YES YEP

You say ok, you'll take two. She says that'll be 840 million. You say 840? What about the two for one deal? She says the two for one deal applies, but there's a mandatory 100% gratuity tacked on to the bill. You sigh, and cough up the dough. You cannot outfox Jane Crocker in cunning business practices. She is simply the best there is.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**07/08/13**

Wow!!!!! Those cool new cartridge features have exploded on to your desktop computer once again! Now we're talking. This is some serious Web 2.0 shit, right here. Maybe even... Web 3.0, dare you say? No, let's not get carried away. Hold the phone. Looks like this piece of shit is still broken. Who is surprised by this? The answer is nobody.

At least the third and final option is probably available now. Let's see what Rose and Terezi are up to.

What? What do you you mean it doesn't work. Are you sure? Try it again.

You're kidding. No, that can't be right.

Only the first option is working? So we have to go through the Dave arc AGAIN?

Sure, what the hell. Looks like we're reading the Dave arc again. Thanks for nothing, "The Information Age".

You know what was cool, you ask your computer rhetorically? WHEN STORIES USED TO BE ON FUCKING PAPER.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**07/08/13**

dialoglogJADE: see look, one of your time doubles is surely predestined to come from a few minutes in the future and appear behind me for a surprise attack, riiiight about...
JADE: now!
JADE: ...
JADE: no wait
JADE: riiiiiiiiiight...
JADE: ...
JADE: ...
JADE: NOW!
JADE: ....
JADE: .....
JADE: dave why is your future self being such a wet blanket
DAVE: i told you
DAVE: im not time traveling
DAVE: i think im giving it up for good actually
JADE: :\

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**07/08/13**

dialoglogDAVE: im serious
DAVE: the thing is
DAVE: being a time guy
DAVE: like actually MASTERING time travel
DAVE: im pretty sure what that involves is
DAVE: learning to never use it
DAVE: see its like karate
DAVE: well
DAVE: its more like what they SAY about karate
DAVE: that you learn it so you dont use it
DAVE: but i mean we all know the truth about karate is if you know karate then obviously in reality you use it all the time
DAVE: like doing lethal fuckin crane kicks and sweet karate chops while walking down the street just cause you can
DAVE: its a god damn no brainer...
DAVE: thats what...
DAVE: you do...
DAVE: with...
DAVE: karate. john what the fuck are you doing here

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**08/08/13**

dialoglogJOHN: er.
JOHN: i don't know.
DAVE: john dont get me wrong its cool that you randomly dropped by again but this wasnt really the best time
DAVE: we were kind of in the middle of a thing here
JOHN: whoops. sorry.
JADE: yeah john
JADE: did you really have to pick now of all times to materialize out of nowhere and taunt me?
JOHN: i'm SORRY!!!
JOHN: jeez, it was an accident!
JADE: so what now?
JADE: am i REALLY supposed to tackle you, just to watch you vanish yet again?
JOHN: no, no! please don't!
JADE: because i dont really feel like it
JADE: do you have any idea how frustrating that becomes after a while?
JOHN: i didn't mean to come here, really!
JOHN: i still can't control the jumps!
JOHN: i'm TRYING, but it just...
DAVE: dude are you time traveling
DAVE: please dont tell me youre time traveling
DAVE: you need to leave that shit to the experts
JOHN: no, it's not time travel!

JOHN: well, not technically.
DAVE: who do you think youre talking to here
DAVE: do you see this bright red gear on my hoodie
DAVE: that means i know stuff about time travel
DAVE: sure looks like youre time traveling to me
JOHN: no, i swear!
JOHN: ok, see, i went on a dream quest with some troll pirates.
DAVE: troll pirates
JOHN: argh, never mind. that's the long version of the story.
JOHN: ok, so i stuck my hand in this little magic house, and...
DAVE: john youre fucking shit up here
JOHN: what?
DAVE: you being here
DAVE: thats not supposed to happen
DAVE: all this shit were saying now
DAVE: its not supposed to go down like this i can feel it
JOHN: i know!
JOHN: i'm sorry, i would zap away again, but i don't know how!
DAVE: i dont think it matters now dude the pooch is already screwed
JADE: >:o
DAVE: wow wait that was a terrible figure of speech in this context but you know what i mean
DAVE: yo like i was JUST saying i didnt want to time travel anymore to avoid bullshit like this
JOHN: IT'S NOT TIME TRAVEL THOUGH!
JOHN: i promise!
DAVE: then what is it
JOHN: i dunno!
JOHN: like, some kind of surreal, history altering... reality hopping... magic power.
DAVE: thats time travel genius
JOHN: no way, dude.
JOHN: you have to trust me on this.
DAVE: alright
DAVE: but if it turns out you just created a doomed timeline and were all going to die im gonna be hella mad
JOHN: this isn't a doomed timeline.
JOHN: i'm telling you, i can change things.
JOHN: stuff that wasn't supposed to be changed.
JOHN: and i'm not saying bad stuff won't happen as a result of the things i change...
JOHN: but at least it won't make a doomed timeline!
JOHN: the new things that happen will just be...
JOHN: the stuff that's supposed to happen?
DAVE: huh
DAVE: thats pretty dope if true
DAVE: actually in a way that almost makes me more nervous
JOHN: it does?
DAVE: yeah messing with the alpha timeline
DAVE: i mean not the alpha timeline but the ALPHA alpha timeline

DAVE: almost seems
DAVE: heretical i guess?
DAVE: you sure you know what youre doing egbert
JOHN: um, earth to dave.
JOHN: i already said i don't have a clue what i'm doing!
DAVE: gotcha
DAVE: welp im sold
DAVE: but uh
DAVE: really man you kind of are interrupting a thing
DAVE: temporal mechanics not even withstanding
JOHN: what was i interrupting?
DAVE: i think this was going to be a serious conversation here
DAVE: i have a feeling jade and i were going to get all heavy with our relationship issues or whatever
JOHN: you were?
JADE: sigh
JADE: yes, unfortunately thats probably where this was going
JOHN: aw man, i'm sorry. i am fucking this up so bad.
JOHN: see, this is what i'm worried about.
JOHN: even though my random jumps are supposed to be a "safe" form of time travel, i'm still nervous that i might be ruining important events anyway.
JOHN: like, there was all this crazy stuff that happened to get us here, whether it was good or bad.
JOHN: and if i fumble around like this accidentally changing all that stuff, then i won't even know what's going on anymore.
JOHN: maybe no one will!
DAVE: uh
DAVE: does anyone even know whats going on NOW?
JOHN: that's what i'm saying!
JOHN: things are complicated enough as it is!!!
DAVE: truth
JOHN: ok, look...
JOHN: maybe we can try to minimize my impact on the current situation.
JOHN: if i fly away, do you think you can do whatever you were going to do in the first place?
JOHN: do you know what you were going to do?
JADE: yes
JADE: i was going to kick the mayor into the lava
DAVE: what??
DAVE: holy shit so uncool
JADE: i was going to make it clear i was serious about killing someone you cared about
JADE: so you would stop being a baby and start using your powers and swordfight with me you dumb jerk :p
DAVE: wow
DAVE: jade i think you might be a little too good at being a villain its kind of worrying
JADE: thank you :)
DAVE: so the mayor would be dead if john didnt show up?
JADE: oh yes absolutely

JADE: he would be burnt to a crisp right now i am sure of it
DAVE: god damn jade
DAVE: why would you do that you know eventually id probably start using my powers and reluctantly start embracing my role as a reluctant hero
DAVE: that shit always happens
JADE: no you wouldnt you were just going to argue with me forever!
DAVE: yeah maybe
DAVE: but the point is youre not going to bother killing the mayor anymore are you
JADE: i guess not
JADE: he is a very cute mayor after all
DAVE: see john your fake time travel shit is already paying off
DAVE: you saved the mayor congratulations
JOHN: ok, i'm glad the mayor is alive and well.
JOHN: but this is exactly what i wanted to avoid!
JOHN: isn't there some way you could just...
JOHN: pretend i never showed up, and let this play out the way it was supposed to?
JADE: sorry john
JADE: whatever dave and i were going to argue about
JADE: i think the moment has passed
JADE: the whole thing is kind of ruined to be honest
JOHN: DAMN IT!
DAVE: ok all yall settle down im getting a text
DAVE: ...
DAVE: i cant fucking read this

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**09/08/13**

Wow!!!!! Those cool new cartridge features have exploded on to your desktop computer once again! Now we're talking. This is some serious Web 2.0 shit, right here. Maybe even... Web 3.0, dare you say? Yes, you do dare say, just so you don't have to read this whole stupid paragraph yet again. WEB 3.0 IT IS!

The important thing is it appears the Rose and Terezi arc is available now. So you click on that and read it.

If this thing breaks one more time, I'm going to repost all the leprechaun romance stuff here instead.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**09/08/13**

dialoglogROSE: TEREZI, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER THERE?
TEREZI: NOTH1NG!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**09/08/13**

dialoglogROSE: Alright, then.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**09/08/13**

dialoglogROSE: What exactly are we supposed to be doing here?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**09/08/13**

dialoglogROSE: Why did she group the two seers together?
ROSE: Was there a point to that?
ROSE: What is her goal with these divide and conquer tactics?
ROSE: Everything is so unclear.
ROSE: Threads leading to the most fortuitous outcomes have gotten so badly tangled.
ROSE: I can't tell if it's the hangover, or if something else is happening.
ROSE: Something out there...
ROSE: Unaccounted for.
ROSE: Why can't I see it?
ROSE: Why have I become so blind again?
ROSE: No offense, Terezi.
TEREZI: 4R3 YOU T4LK1NG TO M3?
ROSE: NO, I'M TALKING TO MYSELF!
TEREZI: WHY?
ROSE: STOP MAKING ME YELL! I STILL HAVE A HEADACHE, AND SO DO YOU!
TEREZI: 4LR1GHT, SORRY!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**09/08/13**

dialoglogROSE: Why *am* I talking to myself?
ROSE: I think I've spent too much time around Dave.
ROSE: I've also probably spent too much time sharing his genes.
ROSE: Why must our family tree be plagued by so many shameless soliloquists?
ROSE: I wonder if our young parents are like this?
ROSE: I wonder if I will ever find out?
ROSE: And what should I do in the meantime?
ROSE: Should I...
ROSE: Should I really work on completing my personal planetary quest?
ROSE: That whole thing where I learn to "play the rain?"
ROSE: I guess I should feel exhilarated to have the chance again after all these years.
ROSE: Of course I should.
ROSE: But then,
ROSE: Why does it sound like such a drag?
ROSE: I haven't played the violin in a long time.
ROSE: I wonder if I even remember how.
ROSE: Honestly I can't recall ever feeling less motivated to satisfy a looming obligation.
ROSE: I think my quest was fundamentally bound to the nature of this land, which was customized to the profile, needs, and potential for growth of a thirteen year-old girl.
ROSE: But I'm not that person anymore.
ROSE: What if I
ROSE: What if I just
ROSE: Didn't bother doing it?

ROSE: Like, ever?
ROSE: Would anyone notice my dereliction?
ROSE: Would the powers that be strike me down where I loaf?
ROSE: What if I just said fuck it?
ROSE: What then, silly pink tortoise shells? Hmmmm??
ROSE:

ROSE: I guess I should stop procrastinating and have This Conversation with Kanaya.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**10/08/13**

```
Alert : ♍
Alert : Rose
```

pesterlogtentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering grimAuxiliatrix [GA]
TT: So.
TT: Have you made any progress in determining what our malefactors want from you and Karkat?
GA: Yes
TT: Well?
GA: Oh
GA: She Wants Us To Speak With Echidna
TT: And?
TT: ...
TT: Are you still there?
GA: Yes
TT: Speak to her about what?
GA: About Releasing The New Frog
TT: I see.
TT: At least it would seem you have a project.
TT: Terezi and I have received no such instruction.
TT: Hello?
GA: Hi
GA: Yeah
TT: Kanaya, do you want to talk about my problem?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**10/08/13**

pesterlogGA: What Problem
TT: The one pertaining to my substance abuse.
GA: Oh
GA: Right
GA: Okay
TT: Are you busy?
TT: You seem preoccupied.
GA: No
GA: Well
GA: Yes Sort Of

TT: What are you doing?
GA: Im Um
GA: Just Buying Some Things
TT: You're buying things?
TT: What things?
GA: Just Some
GA: Provisions
TT: Like what?
TT: And from whom?
GA: A Local Vendor
TT: Are you in a consort village?
TT: Don't those shops only sell jars of bugs and such?
TT: You're not buying jars of bugs, are you?
GA: No
GA: Definitely Not Jars Of
GA: Bugs
GA: No
TT: Kanaya, I'm confused.
TT: Could you be a little more descriptive?
GA: I Really Should Go
GA: Lets Talk About My Problem Later
TT: Your problem?
TT: Don't you mean my problem?
GA: Yes
GA: Definitely
GA: Bye
grimAuxiliatrix [GA] ceased trolling tentacleTherapist [TT]

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**10/08/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**10/08/13**

dialoglogROSE: TEREZI, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**10/08/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: CLOWN HUNT1NG

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**11/08/13**

Wow!!!!!

Wow indeed.

Here you go. Aranea's exposition on leprechaun romance, in its entirety, unedited and uncensored, as promised.

The pro8lem is that when the su8ject of leprechaun romance is 8roached, our overly o8essive troll intellects instantly assume the most ingrati8ting posture of admir8tion imagina8le. Which makes it hard! Hard to give it proper academic focus I mean, 8ecause of how gr8 it is. 8ut we will do our 8est to understand regardless.

Trolls have only four forms of romance. And though we consider it a complic8ted su8ject, spanning a wide range of emotions, social conventions, and implic8tions for reproduction, it is ultim8tely a superficial slice of what leprechauns consider the full 8ody of romantic experience. Our concept of romance, in spite of its capacity to fill our art and literature and to rule our individual destinies like little else, is still just that. A single, quaternary concept. A concept usually denoted 8y four sym8ols.

<3 <3< <> o8<

Leprechaun romance is more complic8ted than that. Leprechaun romance needs nine sym8ols. The nine quadrants of leprechaun romance are considera8ly more nuanced than our quaint notions of romance, and certainly more alien. In fact, so conditioned is my own understanding of romance that I can't help 8ut refer to them as quadrants, when in fact they are not quadrants at all! They are referred to as charms.

One of the charms is characterized 8y romantic love, as understood 8y 8oth trolls and humans. 8ut after that, all 8ets are off. There is no division 8etween 8lack or red, concupiscent or conciliatory. Instead their charms comprise a spectral continuum of more su8tly varying types of relationships, most of which are esta8lished in mutual chicanery, such as the exchange of pranks, coy riddles, slapstick shenanigans, and games of chance. Furthermore, a pair of leprechauns is not limited to a single charm. A relationship may 8e defined 8y multiple charms at once! In fact, some of the most interesting relationships arise from exotic charm com8in8tions. A sta8le relationship consisting of three or more charms is called a trove. These advanced relationships are often viewed as the ideal end result for a romance, much the way certain pairing rituals are for humans.

No charm is specifically tied to procre8tion, though any type of relationship could 8egin waxing concupiscent if lady luck should so decide. Certain charm com8in8tions are known to 8e more conducive to fertility than others. If the leprechaun pair has 8een so 8lessed, they will 8egin an ela8orate coupling procedure culmin8ting in a lively m8ting jig. The jigs are specific to the charms of course, similar to how different kinds of music lend themselves to various styles of dance.

* The next paragraph is glitchy but readable:

While their romance is endlessly captiv8ting, leprechaun reproduction may 8e the most interesting su8ject of all. Particularly from a perspective of detailed anatomical study, which I will get to shortly. 8ut first it 8ears pointing out that while for humans reproductive relationships are exclusively heterosexual, and for trolls they are 8isexual, for leprechauns they are exclusively homosexual. Yes, you heard right. That means the Felt are all super gay. A graphic description of their reproductive processes now follows.

* The next paragraph is completely glitched apart from some spaces for some teaser phrases to jut out impudently. Unlike other glitched texts so far I don't think there's a true original text underneath

to be reverse engineered.

... weird frog penis ... muppet 8uttock ... chafing ... wriggling ... puppet pelvis ... magic gnome phallus ... elf eggs ... 8urrowed fuck deep ... perky pro8oscis ... coarse kermit cock ... dragged across each other's gleeful faces ... wrist deep in puppet ass ... pro8oscalypse ... soft 8ul8ous 8ottom ... kind of jutting out and impudent ...

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**11/08/13**

dialoglogJADE: see look, one of your time doubles is surely predestined to come from a few minutes in the future and appear behind me for a surprise attack, riiiight about...

JADE: now!

JADE: ...

JADE: no wait

JADE: riiiiiiiiiight...

JADE: ...

JADE: ...

JADE: NOW!

JADE: ....

JADE: .....

JADE: dave why is your future self being such a wet blanket

DAVE: i told you

DAVE: im not time traveling

DAVE: i think im giving it up for good actually

JADE: :\

JOHN: (uh oh.)

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**11/08/13**

```
JOHN: !
```

dialoglogJOHN: (hey!)

JOHN: (you shouldn't be here!)

JOHN: (wha...)

DAVE: im serious

DAVE: the thing is

DAVE: being a time guy

DAVE: like actually MASTERING time travel

DAVE: im pretty sure what that involves is

DAVE: learning to never use it

DAVE: see its like karate

DAVE: well

DAVE: its more like what they SAY about karate

DAVE: that you learn it so you dont use it

DAVE: but i mean we all know the truth about karate is if you know karate then obviously in reality you use it all the time

DAVE: like doing lethal fuckin crane kicks and sweet karate chops while walking down the street just cause you can

DAVE: its a god damn no brainer thats what you do with karate

DAVE: but see with time travel

DAVE: all the stuff about learning it so you dont have to use it is true

DAVE: theres no good that can come of it

DAVE: you can crunch the logic on the loops all you want

DAVE: but all youre doing is painting yourself into a corner

DAVE: creating inevitabilities you have to rehearse and enact or face death for yourself or everyone you know

DAVE: and sometimes facing death is the very inevitability you have to rehearse

DAVE: and then you wait and wait knowing its coming and knowing it has to happen

DAVE: how do you think it made me feel when we were gathering up all those frogs

DAVE: and i knew the whole time in a little while you would have to watch me get shot

DAVE: but i couldnt say anything or it would mess it all up

DAVE: all cause i thought it would be cool to be marty mcfuckin fly

DAVE: but instead of shredding johnny b goode on guitar to get my parents to bang

DAVE: my crowning performance was doing a funny dance while getting pumped full of lead

JADE: .....

DAVE: then i had to leave everyone behind and get into the delorean and return to the 1980s

DAVE: but the delorean was actually a big purple moon

DAVE: and the 1980s was me accidentally reaching god tier and living on a shitty meteor for a while

DAVE: and i guess rose was doc brown

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**11/08/13**

dialoglogJOHN: (what the hell??)

JOHN: (gotcha!!!)

**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
It still keeps happening.
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
You come to the sobering realization that things will never stop from keep happening constantly.
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
And you can't take it anymore.
**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**
dialoglogJOHN: stop fooling around and go find roxy, you dumb goof!

**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**

```
BOP!

zap.
```

dialoglogJOHN: who's roxy?
JOHN: OW!

**[A6A6I1] ====>**
**13/08/13**

```
zap.
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**13/08/13**

```
Show Dialoglog
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**16/08/13**

```
whoooooosh

Show Dialoglog
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**16/08/13**

```
Show Dialoglog
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**16/08/13**

```
Show Dialoglog
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**16/08/13**

dialoglogJANE: It is just you and I now, Jake.

JANE: Alone at last.

JAKE: (Gulp!)

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**16/08/13**

dialoglogJAKE: Jane can you please tell me what in the sam hill is going on?

JAKE: Havent you kept me pinched in the hoosegow long enough?!

JANE: The what.

JAKE: What happened to my grandma! She seemed so nice then all of the sudden WHAMMO shes a gruesome monster!

JAKE: And whats with the thing she zapped on your head that flipped your cuckoo fruitcake switch! Is that what made you lose your marbles jane?

JAKE: And whyd you have to plant such a spanking haymaker on the old breadbasket? That really hurt! It still hurts!!

JAKE: And why oh WHY must my bottom rock these snug custard undies while you get to look like such a doggone BAD ASS?

JAKE: Am i at least permitted to put on a respectable pair of fucking shorts???

JANE: Absolutely not.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**16/08/13**

```
GCat: purrrr
```

dialoglogJAKE: But jane i...

JANE: Jake. Be quiet.

JANE: Having recently been crowned a supreme being of pure logic, my tolerance for your

antiquated horseshit has fallen to nil.
JAKE: Im sorry jane you know what a shameless blatherskite i can be!
JAKE: Especially when im nervous i start bumping my gums and prattling my screwball poppycock til im blue in the puss!
JAKE: You know how rough its been for me jane. After we almost hopped the broom and then dirk slipped me the mitten over the whole trickster sockdolager... it all caught me flat footed and knocked me right into a cocked hat!
JAKE: If squirreling me away in the calaboose like this is payback for the way i behaved youve got to believe me i never meant to hurt you jane! Im doing my best here and thats the real simon pure... SCOUTS HONOR!!!
JANE: Argh!
JANE: Jake, now you have done it.
JANE: You have made me exclaim in frustration audibly.
JANE: If your intent is to welcome another knuckle sandwich instead of my reasoning for your captivity, then go on. Say ONE MORE THING that sounds like something a corny old man would say.
JANE: I dare you.
JAKE: (Double gulp!!)
JANE: That's what I thought.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/08/13**

dialoglogJANE: Listen carefully, prisoner.
JANE: I stand to inherit a new empire very soon.
JANE: When Earth has reached its final destination, it will be repopulated with a fresh brood of loyal subjects over whom I will rule absolutely.
JANE: But I will not rule alone, Jake. Oh, no. I will need a husband to rule by my side.
JANE: That is where you come in.
JAKE: *Whimper...*
JANE: You and I will be wed, and we will rule my empire together with an iron oven mitt.
JANE: However, the mitt will be worn by me, and me alone. You will have no executive authority whatsoever, because you are too stupid.
JANE: You will always do exactly what I say, when I say it. You will be obedient, cheerful, mostly silent, and scantily clad. Is that understood?
JAKE: *Sob!*
JANE: You will also provide me with children so my imperial legacy will continue, and the Crocker brand will live on in infamy.
JANE: You will sire as many children as I ask for, and they will all be perfect, obedient little heirs and heiresses.
JANE: You do remember our recent agreement to have "a zillion babies," don't you, Jake? I do hope you were not planning to renege on this vow.
JAKE: *Sob sob sob...*
JANE: Our children will rule the empire when we are gone, which of course will be never, because we will be eternally young and beautiful and immortal and in love, for ever and ever.
JANE: We will travel the galaxy conquering planets and expanding my empire. No alien world will pose any resistance to our forces.

JANE: Especially not once I figure out how to unlock all that incredible "Page of Hope potential" hidden away in your pathetic, hunky body.
JAKE: *SOB!!!*
JAKE: Please no jane dont do this! I dont want to get married or sire children or rule an empire! Im scared and sad and afraid and i dont want to do this adventure anymore and i just want to go home!
JAKE: Please let me go back to earth jane! Just like it used to be! I just want to go back to my pumpkin patch in the jungle when things were simpler and all i had to worry about was being tackled by a feisty robot. I want to go back to when i didnt ruin all my friendships and when you didnt hate me and when you didnt go crazy and tell me to be your weird royal husband slave!
JAKE: WAAAAAAAAAAH!!!
JAKE: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!
JAKE: *Hoooornk!*
DIRK: Ew, dude.
DIRK: Don't blow your nose on your cape.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/08/13**

dialoglogJAKE: (Brain ghost dirk!)
JAKE: (*Sob...*)
JAKE: (Youve got to do something!)
DIRK: Sorry, man. I'd like to help you out.
DIRK: But I'm not real.
JAKE: (Dag nabbit!)
JAKE: (*Sniffle...*)
JAKE: (Are you sure theres nothing you can do?)
DIRK: I'm only as real as your ability to believe in me.
JAKE: (But i do believe in you.)
JAKE: (I believe in everybody!)
DIRK: Yeah right.
DIRK: You've never *really* believed in anyone your whole life, and you know it.
DIRK: Everything's always about you. Don't you remember? You already had this epiphany, dingus.
DIRK: I could only become truly real if you ever managed to harness those bomb as shit hope powers she mentioned.
DIRK: Then again, if you actually did that, you wouldn't even need my help.
JAKE: (But i cant!)
JAKE: (And i dont want to be a pawn in her lecherous baby making pastry empire.)
JANE: Jake.
JAKE: (*Blubber...*)
DIRK: Will you stop crying?
DIRK: It's reflecting poorly on both of us.
JAKE: (Sorry.)
JAKE: (*Sniff.*)
DIRK: Hey.
DIRK: Did you shave your legs?
JAKE: (No i think the magic god tier fire burned it all off...)
DIRK: God damn.

DIRK: They're so smooth.
DIRK: A car could swerve outta control on those gams.
JAKE: (I know. Its really weird.)
JAKE: (Speaking of legs...)
DIRK: Yeah. The little poofy asshole pants. I know.
JAKE: (Is that really what youre wearing now?)
DIRK: Yeah.
JAKE: (Sweet!)
DIRK: No.
JANE: JAKE.
JANE: To whom are you talking?
JAKE: Brain ghost dirk.
JANE: Brain... Ghost Dirk?
JAKE: Yes.
JANE: You are lying.
JAKE: No im not!
JANE: Brain Ghost Dirk sounds almost as fake as he is completely made up.
JAKE: But...
JAKE: *Snivel.*
JAKE: *WEEEEEEEEEEP!*
JANE: Oh, for goodness' sake.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**19/08/13**

```
GCat: purrrr
```

dialoglogJANE: Pull yourself together, Jake.
JANE: Your behavior is repugnant, and has no place in my empire.
JANE: What kind of man are you?
JANE: What kind of suitor to an heiress weeps uncontrollably when his imaginary friend's existence is called into question?
DIRK: She has a point there.
JAKE: *Wahhh!*
DIRK: Dude, would you quit bawling already?
DIRK: Stand up like a man, and punch her in the face or something.
JAKE: But i dont WANNA be a man and i dont WANNA punch her in the face!
JAKE: *WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*
JANE: Punch WHOM in the face, now?
JAKE: Nobody! *HOOOOOOORNK!*
JANE: Just sickening.
JANE: To think I wasted my youth pining over a vile maggot like you.
JANE: Jake, you should not be misled when I imply that I love you, or when I command you to marry me and sire my children.
JANE: In truth I detest you, and if not for certain assets you possess, I would be sorely tempted to fork you full of holes right now and feed your remains to my daughter.
JANE: .

JANE: .
JANE: .
JANE: But I won't.

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**19/08/13**
dialoglogJANE: You're lucky you're so hot.

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**20/08/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**20/08/13**

```
SCHWOOOOOOOOOOOO...
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**20/08/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**20/08/13**
dialoglogJOHN: hello?
JOHN: is uh...
JOHN: anyone inside that thing?
ROXY: who goes thr

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**20/08/13**
dialoglogJOHN: don't worry, i am not a villain.
JOHN: i'm just passing through, looking for someone.
JOHN: i was told to find a girl named roxy.
ROXY: roxy huh
ROXY: sounds like a babe
JOHN: heh.
JOHN: yeah, maybe.
JOHN: do you know her?
ROXY: kinda
JOHN: really?
JOHN: have you seen her??
ROXY: nope not in a while i am fraid
JOHN: darn.
ROXY: i could help you find her though
ROXY: w a series of vexing riddles + clues
ROXY: each more bewildering than the last
ROXY: each less infuriating than the next
ROXY: for i am the sphinx of this pyramid and that sort of coy bs is the shit i get up to ery day
ROXY: (all pyramids have sphinxes i decided j now)
JOHN: no, that sounds really dumb.
JOHN: i would rather just have some straightforward information as to her whereabouts.
ROXY: ummmmmmmmm

ROXY: *strokes sphinxly chin enigmatically*
JOHN: can you at least tell me what she looks like?
ROXY: well the thing is
ROXY: shes hard 2 recognize lately
ROXY: she started wearing a mask for some fukin reason
ROXY: maybe so as to avoid detection from snoopy boys??? ;)
ROXY: (just wonked @ u fyi)
JOHN: you just what?
ROXY: nothin!
JOHN: alright, well...
JOHN: can you tell me where and when you last saw her?
ROXY: heck yes
ROXY: it was last time i looked in a mirror
ROXY: theres no mirrors in jail though
ROXY: which is a shame
ROXY: could use an eyeload of that stone cold fox 2 get me thru the long nites
ROXY: hardest time i ever done :(
JOHN: oh my god.
JOHN: it's you!
JOHN: how could i possibly fall for such a stupid prank.
ROXY: ell em ay friggin OH
ROXY: youre almost as gullible as english
ROXY: how perf is it that thats some kinda family trait
JOHN: what?
ROXY: you must be john right
JOHN: yes.
JOHN: how did you know that?
ROXY: because jake rambled about meetin you a bunch of times
ROXY: also u sound like him
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: it seems like you have me at a disadvantage then.
JOHN: which is impressive, considering you are in jail, and also in a little green pyramid thingy for some reason.
JOHN: did you...
JOHN: did you actually build that thing?
ROXY: f yeah!
JOHN: that's cool. it's like a little fort.
JOHN: i built a fort once in my room. i made it out of a bed sheet, and some cruxite dowels.
JOHN: then my friend threw it in a bottomless pit.
ROXY: hahah
ROXY: thas awesome
JOHN: it was alright.
ROXY: no but 4 real dont wreck my fort or i fuck you up
JOHN: i wouldn't dare.
JOHN: aren't you going to come out so i can see you?
ROXY: i would but

ROXY: ive been tryin to concentrate on something
ROXY: so i built this sick pyramid deal to help focus my brain chi and spiritual majyyks and if at all possible to blitz my chakras out the yin yang
JOHN: is it working?
ROXY: no
ROXY: but at least its nice and dark and quiet in here and free of distactions
ROXY: or it was until a guy came along lookin for some chick
JOHN: what are you trying to do exactly?
ROXY: i have to make a spikeball appear out of thin air
ROXY: but all i can make are these lame cubes
JOHN: you made all these cubes??
ROXY: yup
JOHN: that's a neat power.
ROXY: ty
ROXY: i also made some pumpkins
ROXY: cubes n pumpkins
ROXY: the manifestations of amateurs
ROXY: theyre basically freebies for void players i think
JOHN: i remember making some of those cubes with my alchemiter.
JOHN: i think that's what a blank card makes? so yeah, they're super primitive.
JOHN: but making pumpkins is pretty impressive. they're like... these big ol' vegetables.
ROXY: no dude
ROXY: pumpkins are helllls o primitive
ROXY: voidwise theyre like the middle square on a bingo card
ROXY: drummin up a dumb gourd aint nothing to write home about
JOHN: well, if you're really having trouble...
JOHN: i know a thing or two about learning to use god tier powers.
JOHN: maybe i could help?

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**21/08/13**

```
DOOF
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**21/08/13**

dialoglogROXY: hay look
ROXY: its jake stuffed in a blue windsock
ROXY: heheheh
JOHN: huh?
ROXY: n/m
ROXY: so what kind of hot god tier trix can you teach me
JOHN: tricks...
JOHN: i guess i don't know any actual TRICKS per se, aside from how to use some of my powers.
JOHN: but i don't know if the same tricks apply to using your powers...
ROXY: u said u could help tho
JOHN: i said MAYBE i could!

JOHN: i dunno, i was just throwing it out there.
JOHN: like, maybe if i told you about some of the experiences i had when i was learning to do my windy stuff, you might have some kind of... voidey epiphany?
ROXY: a voidey epiphany
JOHN: yes.
ROXY: k then
ROXY: im all ears johnny windsock
ROXY: let loose ur wisdom whilst i rake in the epiphanies
JOHN: ok, um,
JOHN: i've noticed whenever i learn to do new things with my powers, it's usually in response to something. like something important that has to be done.
JOHN: so why are you trying to make this spike ball?
JOHN: and how important does it feel to you?
ROXY: well at first i was mainly tryin to make it because dog girl was forcing me to
ROXY: but now i think i keep trying because im gettin obsessed with making this dumb spikeball and PO'd that i cant do it
JOHN: i see.
JOHN: what actually IS this spike ball, if you don't mind my asking?
ROXY: its an alien egg
ROXY: 4 tha trolls
ROXY: to hatch em all back to life
ROXY: but only to be ruled by an evil witch so its gonna be shitty for them
ROXY: so yeah its kind of an important thing
ROXY: but at the same time it would probably be terrible if i actually made it so...
JOHN: then maybe the fact that you're conflicted about it is why you're having trouble?
ROXY: yeh maybe
JOHN: if you think it's important to make, but don't want to give it to the bad guys, why don't you just...
JOHN: break out of jail?
JOHN: then you could try to make the egg at your own discretion, and use it however you think is best.
ROXY: idk
ROXY: i broke outta here once already and the fuckin witch just nabbed me again
ROXY: and that was BEFORE she recruited jakes omnipotent goofball grandma to zap me back here the moment i step outside
JOHN: yeah. it is a tricky situation with grimbark jade on the loose, that's for sure.
JOHN: but i've been managing to evade her.
JOHN: i just swoosh the breeze around to hide my scent, and dissolve into wind and fly away if she finds me.
JOHN: maybe you could do something like that too?
JOHN: it seems to me if anyone should be able to avoid detection using their powers, it would be a void player.
JOHN: get it? a void... as in, avoid?
JOHN: heh.
ROXY: that is legit sound reasoning yo
ROXY: + a way lame pun 2 boot

ROXY: but remember how we were just talkin about the fact that when it comes to god tier shit i dont know what the eff im doin??
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: right.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**21/08/13**

dialoglogROXY: anyway
ROXY: i thought you were going to regale me with stories of your ascent through the windsock tiers
ROXY: such that i may through osmosis glean the vagaries of godhood
ROXY: then all i got to do is wait for this rude tidal wave of epiphanies n junk to wash over me and get me hella wise
ROXY: then and only then
ROXY: i will b able to make this shitty egg happen
ROXY: k?
JOHN: ok. where should i start?
ROXY: at the beginning!
JOHN: you mean like when i first became a god tier?
JOHN: that's a long story... i was kind of tricked into that.
JOHN: it might take some setup to understand.
ROXY: dude look
ROXY: i dont have grand illusions that this yarn you spinll be like some actual efficacious tutelage on fuckin pajama spells
ROXY: i just want to hear u talk about stuff
ROXY: wanna kno ur stories!!!
ROXY: go :3
JOHN: alright.
JOHN: in that case, i guess it all started on my thirteenth birthday.
JOHN: which was three years ago, by the way.
JOHN: i heard about this awesome game, or at least one i thought was awesome, and i wanted to play it with my friends.
JOHN: but it wasn't so easy to start. i had to get it from the mail, which meant sneaking around the house while avoiding my dad.
JOHN: which was kind of stupid and childish in retrospect, but blah blah blah.
JOHN: blah blah blah blah blah.
JOHN: blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.
ROXY: hmmmmm
ROXY: go on

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**21/08/13**

```
JOHN: blah blah blah


boyfriend material?

probably totes eligible
```

```
mental note: mack on
```

dialoglogJOHN: blah blah blah blah blah blah blah meteor.
JOHN: blah blah blah.
JOHN: blah blah blah blah blah nannasprite blah blah blah blah oil everywhere blah blah blah blah blah blah imps blah blah blah.
ROXY: m hm
JOHN: blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.
JOHN: blah blah blah your daughter blah blah at least i think she is blah blah blah blah.
JOHN: blah salamanders blah blah blah.
JOHN: blah blah blah blah blah trolls blah blah blah blah blah rocketpack blah blah blah died.
ROXY: rly
JOHN: blah blah karkat blah blah blah blah blah ectobiology.
JOHN: blah blah blah jack noir.
JOHN: blah blah blah blah blah blah blah queen's ring blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah my dad blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah a girl named vriska.
JOHN: blah blah blah blah windy thing blah blah blah blah blah blah ocean of green fire.
ROXY: wow
JOHN: blah blah blah quest bed blah blah blah blah blah.
JOHN: blah blah prototyped blah blah blah blah blah blah blah jade's omnipotent dog.
JOHN: blah blah chess guy blah blah blah blah blah flying around in my dad's car blah blah blah blah blah blah blah liv tyler.
JOHN: blah the battlefield blah blah blah blah huge wind drill blah blah blah blah the tumor.
JOHN: blah blah.
ROXY: pls continue
JOHN: blah blah blah followed rose blah blah blah blah blah blah blah mom and dad died blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah kissed her back to life.
JOHN: blah blah blah blah the scratch.
JOHN: blah blah huge record blah blah blah blah blah blah giant needle.
JOHN: blah blah blah blah blah green sun blah blah blah blah blah reset blah blah blah blah blah god tier jade blah blah blah blah blah blah blah golden battleship.
ROXY: ur kiddin me
JOHN: blah blah blah blah blah through a giant window.
JOHN: blah blah three years blah blah blah blah blah blah con air.
JOHN: blah blah thought it sucked blah blah blah blah but eventually came to my senses blah blah.
JOHN: blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah ghost busters 2 mmorpg.
ROXY: mmm

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**21/08/13**

```
oh no.
she's...

bored.

say more
```

```
interesting things!
```

dialoglogJOHN: blah blah blah blah blah blah DUEL WITH JACK NOIR!
JOHN: blah blah blah TURNED INTO WIND AND ESCAPED blah blah blah blah blah blah.
JOHN: blah blah blah blah COOL HAT WITH RABBIT EARS!
ROXY: oooh
JOHN: blah blah blah CRACKS IN PARADOX SPACE blah blah blah ENCHANTED DESERT blah blah blah MAGIC RING!
JOHN: blah blah ADVENTURE ON THE HIGH SEAS blah blah blah blah blah blah GHOSTLY TROLL PIRATES!
JOHN: blah ULTIMATE WEAPON blah blah blah blah blah blah DEFEAT LORD ENGLISH!
ROXY: !!
JOHN: blah blah blah blah HOUSE SHAPED THINGY!
JOHN: blah blah POKED MY HAND INSIDE blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah UNSTUCK IN CANON!
JOHN: blah blah blah TURNED BLURRY blah blah blah blah CLOWNS ON TOP OF THE WHITE HOUSE blah blah blah blah VAMPIRE HISSED AT ME blah blah blah blah LITERALLY INSIDE CON AIR blah blah blah GLITCHY BULLSHIT blah blah blah MET MYSELF blah blah blah blah FINALLY FOUND YOU HIDING IN THIS LITTLE GREEN PYRAMID! WHEW!
ROXY: omg

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**24/08/13**

```
JOHN: blah
```

dialoglogJOHN: so that's...
JOHN: pretty much the whole story?
JOHN: i left a bunch of stuff out though.
JOHN: if more important stuff that i forgot occurs to me, i will let you know.
ROXY: hey no thats fine
ROXY: that was all great and exciting as heck
ROXY: it sounds like you guys got up to a lot more crazy shit than we did
ROXY: for us its been mostly dicking around in a session full of spooky skeletons for half a year
ROXY: then fefeta died
ROXY: the end
JOHN: fefeta?
ROXY: fefeta was a dear sweet precious dear DEAR friend of mine
ROXY: she was beautiful and sweet and lovely
ROXY: she sploded
JOHN: wow.
JOHN: i'm sorry.
ROXY: oh we also became tricksters which as far as things that happen go was sooo dumb
ROXY: i guess thats kinda the epilogue of our story?
ROXY: oh yeah then we had hangovers and went god tier accidentally
ROXY: thats the double epilogue
ROXY: the end ex two combo

JOHN: i don't know, that all sounds pretty interesting to me.
JOHN: sometimes in life, when you look back on things it can feel like it was all boring and uneventful.
JOHN: but when you really think about it, you remember all these cool things that happened you forgot about.
ROXY: hm yeah
ROXY: them wise words j sock
JOHN: anyway, if you remember more about your adventure and want to tell me some time, i would love to hear it!
ROXY: haha ok
ROXY: um but hey
ROXY: i could not help but notice in ur story you was talkin about my mom sometimes

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**24/08/13**

dialoglogJOHN: your mom?
JOHN: well, yeah. but i know her as your daughter.
JOHN: but i mean, who the hell knows at this point?
ROXY: i know rite
ROXY: the curious case of the mutual moms
ROXY: it is
ROXY: the biggest mystery?
ROXY: u no
ROXY: once i even caught wind of some lore that implied i might even be my OWN mom
ROXY: (fefeta hinted that @ me once during a long spiel DAMN that girl could talk)
ROXY: how messed up would that be tho
JOHN: there is probably something to that actually.
JOHN: you were all the first batch of babies, after all.
JOHN: i think you were literal copies of yourselves?
JOHN: that's what it supposedly means to be a paradox clone.
ROXY: babies
ROXY: wat
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: i guess i kind of glossed over this stuff in my story.
JOHN: but i was the one who made us all in the first place, with a weird cloning machine.
ROXY: no fuckin shit???
ROXY: *is impressed*
JOHN: it was no big deal though. i was just messing around with a control panel, and some babies appeared.
ROXY: so we already met huh
ROXY: and i dont even remember because i was just some idiot bb
ROXY: that aint fair!
JOHN: come to think of it, we met one other time too.
JOHN: but you were asleep.
ROXY: ??
JOHN: you were floating around in purple pajamas, and i pushed you out of the way of a flying

fork.
JOHN: i almost forgot about that. but yep, that was you alright.
ROXY: you shoulda woke me up then
JOHN: i might have, but the fork stabbed me in the chest, and dream killed my sleep ghost. or something.
JOHN: you know how it is with dream logic.
ROXY: u mean how it makes lil 2 no sense ever
JOHN: yes, exactly.
JOHN: i guess i didn't think much about it at the time, but i had a sneaky suspicion that's who you were.
JOHN: you really look a lot like rose.
JOHN: she is looking for you, by the way.
ROXY: yeah?????
JOHN: she told me to go find you. and i did.
JOHN: so, she says hi.
ROXY: o man
ROXY: what else did she say
JOHN: uh.
JOHN: she said...
JOHN: she's looking forward to meeting you?
ROXY: awwwwww
ROXY: well if u see her again before i do tell her i cant wait to meet her too
ROXY: though tbh im kinda nervous about it but dont tell her that part haha
JOHN: sure!
JOHN: there's nothing to be nervous about though.
JOHN: she's just a nice nerd who likes to read and knit.
ROXY: i shouldnt be surprised to hear that
ROXY: me and all my friends are a bunch of silly nerds too
ROXY: even dirk who thinks hes 2 cool 4 school
ROXY: when in reality he is nowhere close to clearing the coolness threshold which exempts one from attending an educational institution :p
JOHN: speaking of which...
JOHN: i've been wondering where he is?
JOHN: i know jade's grandpa is in jail too, getting badgered by my evil nanna...
ROXY: u mean jake n jane
JOHN: yes, sorry.
JOHN: but i have not seen hide nor hair of dave's bro yet.
ROXY: i figured he got thrown in jail too
ROXY: although come to think of it i probly would have heard a bloody ruckus by now resulting from his inevitable escape attempt
JOHN: hmm.
ROXY: im not that worried about him though hes good at takin care of himself
ROXY: in fact i feel like all of us will be ok now that you guys are here
ROXY: but
ROXY: there is still one of my friends im worried about the most
JOHN: who?

ROXY: shes my best friend
ROXY: well ok
ROXY: i got a few best friends u know?
JOHN: yes.
ROXY: but she was always kind of a special best friend
ROXY: and last time i saw her she was in big trouble
JOHN: oh no.
JOHN: where is she?
ROXY: in the afterlife
ROXY: being dead
JOHN: ...
ROXY: her bro killed her
ROXY: which is bad enough
ROXY: but now hes out there
ROXY: hunting for her ghost
ROXY: shes doing her best to hide
ROXY: but her bro is an awful and relentless piece of shit and im afraid
ROXY: im afraid she might be already gone :(
JOHN: you're right, that is very concerning.
JOHN: who is she? would i know of her?
ROXY: dunno
ROXY: how in the loop are you on cherubs?
JOHN: oh!
JOHN: surprisingly, i know a LOT about that subject.
JOHN: for instance, did you know they turn into gigantic snakes when they have sex?
ROXY: :O
ROXY: :O
ROXY: :O
JOHN: i know. weird, right?
JOHN: that's probably not very relevant to the topic at hand, though.
ROXY: yeah prob not
ROXY: anyway u know about lord english right
JOHN: uh huh.
ROXY: ok well
ROXY: shes his sister
ROXY: her name is calliope
JOHN: ohhh.
JOHN: ok, this is starting to make sense.
ROXY: yep
ROXY: shes supposed to be critical to defeatin him somehow
ROXY: shes going on some quest out there to find a deadlier version of herself or whatever
ROXY: i dunno that could be all be true...
ROXY: and maybe its selfish of me but all i rly care about now is if shes ok??
JOHN: i understand. she is your friend.
JOHN: i would feel the same way.
ROXY: :)

JOHN: wait a minute...
JOHN: i've got it!
ROXY: got what
JOHN: i have such a good idea that would solve your problem.
ROXY: ????
JOHN: all you have to do is bring her back to life!

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**24/08/13**

dialoglogROXY: how
JOHN: easy.
JOHN: i have a magic ring!
ROXY: what
ROXY: u have one too
JOHN: yes!
JOHN: wait. what do you mean too?
JOHN: you have a magic ring??
ROXY: i HAD one
ROXY: fuckin lost it though
ROXY: made peeps invisible who put it on
JOHN: ah.
JOHN: no, mine doesn't do that.
JOHN: it brings ghosts back to life!
ROXY: FUCK
ROXY: no wai
JOHN: yes wai. way.
JOHN: it's back at my house.
JOHN: i could go get it right now!
ROXY: damn son
ROXY: i find this 2 be some truly baller happenstance
ROXY: if ur claim is true im.....
ROXY: im cry :')
JOHN: it is quite true.
JOHN: it should be a piece of cake.
JOHN: you just wear it when you go to sleep, and it comes with you in your dreams.
JOHN: then you find your cherub friend, put it on her finger, and bring her back!
JOHN: i think you can only use it once though. so once she's wearing it, it would be hers forever, or at least as long as she wants it.
ROXY: yo
ROXY: yooooo
ROXY: john thats amazing
ROXY: i dunno though that sounds like
ROXY: such an obscenely precious commodity
ROXY: u sure you want to let me use it?
JOHN: sure.
JOHN: it's no big deal, really.

JOHN: for a while i was hanging on to it, thinking that i might give it to...
JOHN: aw man, this is gong to sound dumb.
ROXY: hm?
JOHN: there was a girl who i was considering giving it to, for some reason.
JOHN: remember? she was the diabolical one who figured prominently in my long story.
ROXY: um
ROXY: oh yea
ROXY: fresca right
JOHN: yes, close enough.
JOHN: see, she REALLY wanted that ring.
JOHN: and she found out i had it, and...
JOHN: honestly, i'm not sure why it even crossed my mind to give it to her?
JOHN: i guess i was just used to the idea that i liked her for some reason.
JOHN: at least i thought i did.
JOHN: it was a stupid idea based on hardly anything. like one day of conversations.
JOHN: but since i've gotten to know her better...
JOHN: i don't know.
JOHN: i think i might actually...
JOHN: kind of hate her?
ROXY: yeah?
JOHN: yeah, she's...
JOHN: actually pretty awful!
JOHN: she's so full of herself, and mean to her friends, and...
JOHN: dangerous.
JOHN: really, really dangerous.
ROXY: ouch
ROXY: well what can i say john
ROXY: love sux
JOHN: yeah. it does.
JOHN: anyway, i don't think i can let anyone like that have the ring.
ROXY: but u dont mind trustin me w it?
JOHN: no!
JOHN: it's funny, after spending some time with a person who is legitimately crazy, it becomes easy to tell right away when someone...
JOHN: isn't?
ROXY: lol
ROXY: u sure about that
JOHN: well, yeah, everyone is a little crazy. i just mean not BAD crazy.
JOHN: besides, you don't even want the ring for yourself.
JOHN: you want to give it to someone you care about.
JOHN: that is what makes you one of the good guys.
ROXY: what a nice thing to say
ROXY: i bet sayin stuff like that is why ur their leader
JOHN: what makes you think i'm the leader?
ROXY: come on dude you are obvs the leader of otherkid teamsquad
ROXY: i can just tell

JOHN: haha, ok. i'll take that as a compliment.
JOHN: anyway, i'll go get the ring now.
ROXY: yay!
ROXY: ill wait here
ROXY: no need to set off the alarms with a daring escape just yet
ROXY: lets keep em lulled into a false sense of control over the sitch
ROXY: we can start scheming under their nose while u keep sneakin around undetected
ROXY: the last thing we want is for all hell to break loose before we know what were doin
JOHN: yeah, that's a good plan.
JOHN: if i had to guess, i'd say you must be the leader of your team squad too, right?
ROXY: naaaw
ROXY: that's jane
ROXY: as you can see shes the one with a knack for ruthless executive authority
ROXY: is a shame she only uses it when evil tho :(
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: but maybe we can do something about that, if we work together.
ROXY: :D
JOHN: alright. off i go.
JOHN: keep practicing your powers!
JOHN: see you, roxy.

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**24/08/13**

```
WHEWWW

DERSITE: ? ? ?
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**24/08/13**

## [A6A6I1] ====>

**24/08/13**

dialoglogROXY: aw yiss

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**24/08/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**24/08/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**24/08/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**27/08/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**27/08/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**27/08/13**
## [A6A6I1] ====>
**27/08/13**

```
SWOOP
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**27/08/13**

```
JOHN: ?
```

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**27/08/13**

```
missing
```

John Egbert's ring has gone missing.

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**27/08/13**

```
what the FUCK
```

WE ARE ALL COMPLETELY BLOWN AWAY BY THIS STUNNING REVELATION.

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**27/08/13**

```
zap.
```

WOW. MISSING. REALLY? AS IN NOT THERE?

HUH.

## [A6A6I1] ====>
**27/08/13**

IT'S NOT THAT INTERESTING.

## ACT 6 ACT 6 ACT 2
**28/08/13**

WE NOW RETURN TO YOUR FAVORITE WEB SERIES. HOMOSUCK.

ACT SOMETHING ACT SOMETHING SOMETHING. ALREADY IN PROGRESS.

## BE A DIFFERENT MALE.

**28/08/13**

THE LAST TIME THAT THINGS HAPPENED. THE MALE STORY HERO BLEW UP. SO FORTUNATELY. WE WON'T SEE HIM EVER AGAIN.

THAT MEANS WE NEED TO BE A NEW MALE TO LEAD THE STORY. HERE HE IS. WITH HIS DUMB BLACK GLASSES AND EVERYTHING.

HERE TO ONWARD. I WILL REFER TO THIS MALE AS. THE ALPHA MALE.

THE ALPHA MALE IS LESS BAD THAN THE ORIGINAL MALE. HE IS NOT AS ANNOYING. AND HAS NO TENDENCY TO RANDOMLY APPEAR AND BOTHER PEOPLE. HE ALSO LIKES COOL SWORDS. AND "IRONY" I GUESS. AND LIKE MYSELF. HE HAS CULTIVATED A TASTE FOR FINE ART. HENCE, HE WILL BE MY MALE OF CHOICE ON THIS ADVENTURE.

BUT I WILL ADMIT. THERE IS ONE REASON ABOVE OTHERS. WHY I HAVE DECIDED TO FAVOR THE ALPHA MALE.

## HE HAS EXCEPTIONAL TASTE IN PUPPETS.

**28/08/13**

```
CAL
```

YESSSSSSSSSSS.

## ALPHA MALE: CALL FOR BACKUP.

**28/08/13**

```
CLOSE UP.

Show Pesterlog

NOPE.
```

NORMALLY. HERE'S WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

HE WOULD TALK INTO HIS GLASSES OR SOMETHING. LIKE A PITIFUL LOSER. IN DOING SO HE WOULD SUMMON BELOW HIS RECTANGLE. WHAT IS KNOWN AS. A PESTERLOG.

IT IS NEVER ADVISABLE TO OPEN A PESTERLOG. YOU SEE. THE BUTTON IS A TRAP. WHICH WHEN SPRUNG. RELEASES WORDS UPON WORDS. WHICH ONLY SERVE TO REMIND YOU. OF YOUR INTENSE DISLIKE FOR THE PEOPLE SAYING THE THINGS. AS WELL AS. HOW LITTLE REGARD THE AUTHOR HAS. FOR YOUR VALUABLE TIME.

AS SUCH. THERE WILL BE NO WORDS DESCRIBED IN MY TALE. ONLY ACTION!

## SEND IN THE BITCHES.

**28/08/13**

THE ALPHA MALE WHISTLES FOR HIS BITCHES.

HE WILL NEED A LOYAL ENTOURAGE OF TOP FLIGHT FEMALES TO ASSIST HIM ON HIS IMPORTANT BOY JOURNEY.

## ACTUALLY. LET'S INVITE A COUPLE MORE TO THE PARTY.

**28/08/13**

THESE TWO DELECTABLE FLOOZIES WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO SHOW UP UNTIL A LOT LATER.

BUT LET'S BE HONEST. IT DOESN'T MATTER.

## ALPHA MALE: BEGIN GAME.

**29/08/13**

YOU AND YOUR COMELY HAREM OF HOOCHIE MAMAS CUT TO THE FUCKING CHASE. YOU SIDLE UP TO THE ASSORTMENT OF GAME JUNK. WHICH IS RELEVANT TO MAKING THIS HAPPEN.

==>

**29/08/13**

==>

**29/08/13**

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**29/08/13**

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**29/08/13**

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**29/08/13**

==>

**29/08/13**

JOHN: oh dear god.

poke

## DISREGARD THE UNIMPORTANT MALE GHOST BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

**29/08/13**

JOHN: this is really dumb

HE WILL NOT BE A PART OF THIS STORY.

## LET'S CONTINUE.

**29/08/13**

JOHN: why is everything SO SHITTY.

THE ALPHA MALE DOES THE REQUISITE THINGS WITH THE STUFF. HIS ADVENTURE IS NIGH.

## ALPHA MALE: GO OUTSIDE.

**29/08/13**

JOHN: this isn't how any of this happened, you idiot!

THE ALPHA MALE AND HIS TRUSTY BITCH PARADE PROCEED TO THE ROOF. TO WITNESS THE INCREDIBLE LAND OF FANTASY HE HAS ENTERED.

## ALPHA MALE: BE ON ROOF.

**30/08/13**

JOHN: hey, where do you think you're going! i'm not going to stand by while you mangle our story like this!

JOHN: augh, these stairs are so terrible! how are these even stairs?!

YOU SUCCESSFULLY BE ON THE ROOF. AND PREPARE TO HUMAN KISS YOUR SORRY PLANET GOODBYE. THERE IS NOT A DRY EYE IN THE PARTY. EXCEPT FOR THE MALE'S. AS WELL AS THE PUPPET'S.

## SUDDENLY. THERE IS A DRAMATIC CHANGE.

**30/08/13**

JOHN: wait!

JOHN: fuck!!

JOHN: oh my god. this door is DOG SHIT.

## I DON'T RECALL WHAT HIS LAND WAS THOUGH.

**30/08/13**

```
ED EMBERLEY'S
Drawing Book
MAKE A WORLD

Learn to draw the Ed Emberley way!
```

SOMETHING WITH LAVA I THINK? I DON'T REALLY CARE. I WILL JUST MAKE UP MY OWN. IT WILL BE A GREAT OPPORTUNITY. TO FLEX MY POWERFUL *WORLD BUILDING* MUSCLES FOR YOU TO BE DAZZLED BY.

YOU SEE. WHEN CRAFTING A STRONG AND COMPELLING NARRATIVE. I THINK IT'S IMPORTANT FOR AN ACCOMPLISHED ARTIST. TO GIVE HIMSELF THE LATITUDE TO DO WHATEVER HE WANTS. AND TO FUCK AROUND AS MUCH AS CHERUBICALLY POSSIBLE. AND THE SIZE OF THAT LATITUDE SHOULD BE. LITERALLY AS BIG. AS THE WHOLE FUCKING STORY.

AS SUCH. USING KNOWLEDGE ACCRUED FROM MY TOMES OF ARTISAN KNOWLEDGE. I WILL CHANGE MY "ART STYLE". TO DEMONSTRATE MY VERSATILITY. AND MAKE YOU BE IMPRESSED.

HOWEVER. THE MANGAS ARE CLEARLY TOO ADVANCED FOR NOW. AFTER I LEVEL UP IN FINE ART. MAYBE. BUT NOT NOW.

SO FOR THE TIME BEING. AND TO GET MORE PRACTICE. ALL OF MY WORLD ASSETS. WILL BE RESPECTFULLY PLAGIARIZED FROM THE DISTINGUISHED MR. EMBERLY.

## WOW, YES. SO GOOD.

**30/08/13**

```
LAND OF SOMEONE'S HANDICRAFTS I TOOK.
```

JOHN: what.

## ALPHA MALE: WHISTLE FOR STALLIONS.

**30/08/13**

```
HORSE WALKING
```

YOU BECKON A FLOCK OF NOBLE MOUNTS. YOUR PARTY WILL NEED THEM. TO GALLOP ACROSS MY BEAUTIFUL REALM OF WONDERS.

## STALLIONS: DESCEND.

**30/08/13**

THE ALPHA MALE'S REIGN OF ADVENTURE BEGINS HERE. ON THIS ROOF. OVERLOOKING AN ENCHANTED CLIFFSCAPE. HOST TO INNUMERABLE GORGEOUS STALLIONS.

HOW IRONIC. THAT HIS VERY DEPARTURE. WOULD BE IN THE PROXIMITY OF SOME HORSES. WHAT. YOU DIDN'T FOLLOW THAT? JUST THINK IT OVER.

THINK IT OVER.

## MOUNT STEEDS.

**30/08/13**

ALL MEMBERS OF YOUR PARTY SIT ON THEIR MAJESTIC BEASTS OF BURDEN. AND PREPARE TO RIDE LIKE THE WIND.

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING. THAT THE INCOMPLETE HORSES. MUST BE RESERVED FOR THE WOMEN.

## STEEDS: RIDE.

**30/08/13**

JOHN: wait!!!

JOHN: ugh. you're all such morons!

THEY'RE OFF! LOOK AT THEM GO.

==>

**30/08/13**

JOHN: eaeuurghghhh.

==>

**30/08/13**

JOHN: welp.

JOHN: guess it's time to saddle up.

JOHN: why the hell not.

==>

**31/08/13**

JOHN: unf.

==>

**31/08/13**

JOHN: this is literally the suckiest horse i have ever seen in my life.
JOHN: whatever.
JOHN: GIDDYUP!

==>
**31/08/13**

JOHN: YA! YAHHH!!! FLY, SHIT BISCUIT! FLY!!!

JOHN: NO, YOU DUMBASS! NOT THIS WAY!
JOHN: GO DOWN!
JOHN: DOWN I SAY!!!

==>
**31/08/13**

VIKING

JOHN: WOAH FELLA! WATCH OUT FOR THAT HELICOPTER!

JOHN: AND THAT ROCKET SHIP!

JOHN: AND THAT, UH...
JOHN: ROW OF SKY VIKINGS!
JOHN: YES, GO THIS WAY! DOWN!! GOOD HORSE!!!

==>
**31/08/13**

SUPER PERSON

JOHN: YEE HAW! ALMOST THERE!
JOHN: WAIT... HORSE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!
JOHN: OH GOD. WE'RE GONNA CRASH!

SKELETON

==>
**31/08/13**

JOHN: BOGUS ROXY, WATCH OUT! WE'RE GONNA CRAAAAAAAAASH!
JOHN: um...
JOHN: very slowly, it would seem.

==>
**31/08/13**

HORSE ACCIDENT.

==>
**31/08/13**

==>
**31/08/13**

==>
**31/08/13**

JOHN: sorry, bogus roxy. i will try to make it up to you.
JOHN: um. the real you, i mean.

==>

**31/08/13**

JOHN: oh hell no. this bozo is still at it.

```
drop > THE ALPHA MALE IS ACCOS-
```

## THE ALPHA MALE IS ACCOSTED BY A PACK OF WILD FOES.

**31/08/13**

RAUCOUS MELEE IS IMMINENT.

THE MALE REACHES FOR HIS BLADE. BUT DISCOVERS. HE DOESN'T HAVE ONE!

IN HIS HASTE TO BEGIN HIS JOURNEY. HE FORGOT TO TAKE IT.

## ALPHA MALE: RECEIVE BOON FROM YOUR CREATOR.

**31/08/13**

I GIVE THE MALE A MYSTERIOUS CHEST.

WILL WHAT IS INSIDE. TURN THE TIDE OF BATTLE?? LET'S FIND OUT.

## OPEN CHEST.

**31/08/13**

```
cop

ROXY: gigigle
JANE: Ditto.

JAKE: Yes.
ROXY: *sobe*
```

YOU OPEN THE CHEST. TO REVEAL A COLLECTION OF ILLICIT SMUT.

*JACKPOT* I SAY. BY WHICH I MEAN. YOU SAY.

## WITH YOUR TRUSTY SMUT. FORGE A SWORD.

**31/08/13**

YOUR FILTHY HUMAN PORNOGRAPHY. HAS BEEN FORGED INTO A FORMIDABLE BLADE.

YOUR FOES TREMBLE IN THEIR BOOTS!

## STRIKE THE WITCH.

**01/09/13**

```
POK
```

YOU DEAL A CRITICAL HIT TO THE HORRIBLE WITCH.

HOWEVER. AN ILL TIMED LEAP SUBSEQUENTLY CAUSES YOU TO SUFFER *MASSIVE DAMAGE*.

## YOUR NOBLE MOUNT ABSORBS MOST OF THE DAMAGE THOUGH.

**01/09/13**

THE HORSE HAS BEEN SLAIN.

THE WOLF THING CONSUMES THE CARCASS. AFTER HIS MEAL. HE LEAVES FULL AND SATISFIED. NEVER TO RETURN.

## THE WITCH ALSO DIES FROM HER INJURIES.

**01/09/13**

```
ROXY: nurnse rolal 2 the tummy rescue!
BOOM
JANE: Ooooooh.

JAKE: -re darling - me.
JANE: *fuckin swoon*

ROXY: pornspire
JANE: ♫ Who you ♩ gonna call. ♩
JANE: ♫ Ghost. Busters. ♫

ROXY: 2 r bb


JOHN: booooooooooooo!
```

SHE DROPS. LET'S SAY. ADDITIONAL PORNOS. YOU PUT THEM IN YOUR STASH.

## AS A RESULT OF ALL THAT. THE ROBOT GOES CRAZY.

**01/09/13**

JOHN: YOU SUCK!!!

ALL YOUR FOES HAVE BEEN DEFEATED. YOU WIN THE FRACAS!

AS THE BEST BOY HERO. WHO ACCOMPLISHED A SUCCESS. YOU ARE NOW ENTITLED TO THE SPOILS.

## ALPHA MALE: RECEIVE SPOILS.

**01/09/13**

JOHN: oh god dammit.

THE MALE SHEATHS HIS SWORD ON THE FLOOR. LOOKING COOL AND CASUAL. LIKE THE DANGEROUS HERO THING HE DID WAS NO BIG DEAL.

BUT ONE OF HIS FAITHFUL BIMBOS NEARBY THOUGHT IT WAS A *REALLY* BIG DEAL. SHE IS SWOONING HIS WAY RIGHT NOW. SHE WILL REWARD THE MALE FOR HIS MANLY DEEDS. WITH A HUMAN KISS!

HERE IS WHERE THE TALE BEGINS TO GET A LITTLE.

*SLOPPY*

AHAHA. HAHA.

## STORY RECTANGLE: ZOOM IN ON RAUNCHY SEDUCTION.

**01/09/13**

JOHN: no, stop! they're brother and sister you gross freak!!!

==>

**01/09/13**

JOHN: aaarggh. no. NO! i don't care HOW bogus they are!

JOHN: i won't...
JOHN: let you make...
JOHN: dave and rose...
JOHN: KISS!!!!!!!!!!

==>

**01/09/13**

JOHN: THAT'S ENOUGH! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE OF YOUR SHITTY STORY! IT'S SO UGLY AND STUPID AND IT'S MAKING ME MAD!!!

JOHN: RAAA- -AARRR- -UAARRAAUUAGHAAUAUUGHGAARRUAUAGHUUUAAAUAGGGGAAUHHGH!

==>

**01/09/13**

JOHN: AND ANOTHER THING! WHY DON'T YOU LEARN TO RESPECT GIRLS BETTER?!

JOHN: YOU'RE JUST MAKING THEM FOLLOW DAVE AROUND LIKE A BUNCH OF IDIOTS! THE ONLY THING YOU'RE LETTING THEM DO IS KISS THE BOY WHENEVER HE DOES SOMETHING BRAVE!

JOHN: THAT'S SO LAME! ALL THESE GIRLS HAD THEIR OWN COOL ADVENTURES! DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE MAKES YOU A WEIRD CREEP???

## IT SEEMS THE ALPHA MALE HAS BEEN SLAIN.

**02/09/13**

THIS OBVIOUSLY WILL NOT DO.

SOME ADDITIONAL BACKUP MALES ARE DEPLOYED. DUE TO, LET'S SAY. TIME TRAVEL.

## TIME TRAVEL KEEPS HAPPENING!

**02/09/13**

THE MALE IS BEING VERY RECKLESS WITH HIS LOOPS. WHAT A MESS!

## THE DUDE PILE. DOESN'T STOP. FROM GETTING TALLER.

**02/09/13**

IT CAUSES EVERYONE TO COMPLETELY FORGET. ABOUT THE INCREASINGLY AGITATED BLUE MALE. ALTOGETHER.

## THAT'S THE END OF HOMOSUCK. ACT. UH.

**02/09/13**

JOHN: I'M GONNA FUCKIN KILL YOU!!!!!!!!

CHAPTER TWO.

## THANK YOU FOR SUBSCRIBING TO MY STORY.

**02/09/13**

```
JOHN: I'M GONNA FUCKIN KILL YOU!!!!!!!!
```

BE SURE TO CLICK THROUGH THE FOLLOWING PAGES AS FAST AS YOU CAN. TO GET RIGHT BACK HERE. TO THE GOOD STUFF. BYE.

## ACT 6 ACT 6 INTERMISSION 2

**02/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**02/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**02/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**02/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**02/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**02/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**02/09/13**

```
GAMZEE: -
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**02/09/13**

```
GAMZEE: -
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**02/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

```
GAMZEE: ♏
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Rise, my 8ard.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: "Rise, my 8ard?"
ARANEA: Sheesh.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Aranea, if you want people to start taking you seriously, your chilling repartee is going to need some work.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Now, loyal minstrel.
ARANEA: Wake!
ARANEA: WAKE, I SAY!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: OOF!
GAMZEE: HONK.

## [S][A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

```
♏

Alert : ♌♌
```

dialoglogARANEA: Just gr8.
ARANEA: What does she want THIS time?

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

```
Alert : ♌♌
```

dialoglogARANEA: Shello?
MEENAH: hey twerket
MEENAH: da fuck you think youre doin
ARANEA: I have no idea what you're talking a8out.
MEENAH: bullship
MEENAH: you went after the blue nerds ring
MEENAH: you wearin it now aint you

ARANEA: I couldn't say, Meenah.
ARANEA: I do like to wear jewelry from time to time, just like you.
ARANEA: It's certainly possi8le there is a shiny new ring on my finger.
ARANEA: So what if there is?
MEENAH: aranea so kelp me god
MEENAH: you need to take that shit off right now
MEENAH: throw it in a volcano or somefin and just come home
ARANEA: First, I would appreci8 it if you referred to me as Mindfang.
ARANEA: Remem8er how I've 8een trying to make that 8e a thing l8tely?
ARANEA: Second, I have no intention of discarding this ring, now or ever.
ARANEA: Wheels are already in motion, Meenah.
ARANEA: Irons are heating up as we speak!
MEENAH: wheels
MEENAH: irons
MEENAH: aranea what
MEENAH: mindfang what are you even planning
MEENAH: you gonna meddle?
MEENAH: you gonna meddle i just know it UGH
ARANEA: I am just taking some initi8tive for a change.
ARANEA: Has it occurred to you that it might have 8ecome a little tiresome for me to spend eternity as a 8oring no8ody while so many others got to play important roles in determining the f8 of reality?
ARANEA: Heck, you were 8arely dead for two minutes 8efore you started assem8ling an army!
ARANEA: Even my altern8 universe self got to lead an amazing life. Which is all well and good for HER.....
ARANEA: 8ut what a8out ME, Meenah?
ARANEA: Water. 8oat. *Me.*
MEENAH: yo i feel you on that
MEENAH: trust me gurl
MEENAH: but you do realize youre makin a glubbin mess here
MEENAH: i mean you KNOW this shit aint like
MEENAH: part a the legit chain of events
MEENAH: you arent supposed to be there
ARANEA: Of course I know that.
ARANEA: Like I said, I have a plan.
MEENAH: W)(AT PLAN
ARANEA: I'm going to take over this session.
ARANEA: And then I am going to make sure it never 8ears fruit.
ARANEA: If I can stop this universe from 8eing cre8ted, then the young Lord of Time will never have hatched in the first place.
ARANEA: I won't merely 8e defeating an invinci8le foe. I will 8e erasing all the pain he has ever caused.
MEENAH: uh
MEENAH: serk have you lost it
MEENAH: you know all youre doing is making another doomed timeline where everyone dies right
ARANEA: Of course I know that.

ARANEA: Please, Meenah. Don't insult me. I've given this a lot of thought.
ARANEA: If anyone else attempted this, what you said would 8e true. 8ut I am not just anyone.
ARANEA: I am a very powerful Sylph of Light. I have had millions of sweeps to hone my a8ilities.
ARANEA: As one gifted with the aspect of light, certain outcomes will 8e prone to 8r8king in my favor.
ARANEA: And as an ancient, highly experienced sylph, I wield an unprecedented a8ility to heal.
ARANEA: A doomed timeline is really just an anatomical feature of a much larger organism. Like a capillary which comes to an end, 8ecause it has withered and died.
ARANEA: I 8elieve I will 8e a8le to heal this offshoot.
ARANEA: And with enough time and patience, I am confident I can restore its vitality to such a gr8 extent, it will effectively take over as the alpha timeline, thus reducing English to a lost footnote of paradox space.
ARANEA: Then the new alpha timeline will flourish under my immortal care. I will watch over it for eternity, assuring peace and harmony everywhere. There will 8e a new progeny of universes, and those universes will 8eget more universes, and each will 8enefit from my good grace. I will personally make sure nothing like the English mishap ever occurs again.
ARANEA: I mean, this is mostly theoretical, of course.
ARANEA: 8ut the most important thing here is that I am involved now.
ARANEA: It is vital to all our interests that I at least TRY.
MEENAH: aight
MEENAH: so you just totally flipped your think pan is all
MEENAH: got it
ARANEA: I appreci8 the vote of confidence.
ARANEA: Are we a8out done here?
MEENAH: no
MEENAH: so your timeline healing fantasy aside
MEENAH: your plan is to just waltz in there
MEENAH: an knock over the whole session
MEENAH: you do realize that means youll have to take down my grownup self
MEENAH: like
MEENAH: not to blow my own conch but she is arguably the greatest deadliest most stylin badass who ever lived
ARANEA: I am aware.
ARANEA: 8ut there is no one who is in a 8etter position to deal with her than myself.
ARANEA: After all, who knows you 8etter than I? ::::)
MEENAH: ok yeah but
MEENAH: you aint exactly shoppin for her mindfang
MEENAH: she got all these sick powers yo
ARANEA: It's like I said.
ARANEA: I've had quite a long time to refine my a8ilities.
ARANEA: I will have a few tricks up my sleeve.
MEENAH: man
MEENAH: this is gonna go so terribubbly
ARANEA: Meenah, I must say your attitude is a little surprising.
ARANEA: I thought you were typically gung ho a8out such audacious escapades?
MEENAH: yeah well

MEENAH: theres audacious and then theres bald faced flipping insmanatee
MEENAH: beside
MEENAH: did you ever stop and think about me
ARANEA: What a8out you?
MEENAH: you being alive again
MEENAH: all runnin around stirring up trouble while im still a ghost
MEENAH: im gonna miss you
ARANEA: I'll miss you too, Meenah.
MEENAH: will i ever sea you again
ARANEA: I really don't know.
ARANEA: When you're trying to do the right thing, there is always sacrifice involved.
ARANEA: Remem8er? That's why we all died in the first place.
MEENAH: i guess
ARANEA: 8esides. I'm sure Vriska would approve of my plan.
ARANEA: May8e she can explain my reasoning 8etter than I have.
MEENAH: um no
MEENAH: actually serket deuce isnt down with this at all
ARANEA: What?
ARANEA: She isn't?
MEENAH: nope
MEENAH: she thinks you bein dumb as a fuck
ARANEA: What did she say, exactly?
ARANEA: Were those her exact words?
MEENAH: dunno
MEENAH: this aint the serket twin message reelay service
ARANEA: Is she there with you?
MEENAH: yeah
ARANEA: Can you put her on?
MEENAH: no
VRISKA: Can I just talk to her already?
MEENAH: no
VRISKA: I just want to say a couple of things!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: call her yourself
VRISKA: I don't have a phone!
VRISKA: Here, let me talk to her.
MEENAH: NO
MEENAH: bitch dont touch my clam
ARANEA: Very well.
ARANEA: You have 8oth made yourselves a8undantly clear.
ARANEA: I will go it alone. 8ut that's what I was signing up for in the first place, I suppose.
ARANEA: Good8ye, Meenah. Take care.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Now then.
ARANEA: What to do a8out you?
ARANEA: Shall I continue to manipul8 you? Or will you comply with my orders if I decide to loosen my grip?

ARANEA: Perhaps the threat of 8eing controlled again will 8e enough to keep your capricious tendencies in check?
ARANEA: .....

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

```
GAMZEE: ♏
```

dialoglogARANEA: I guess it's a risk.
ARANEA: 8ut you seem so serene and compliant.
ARANEA: Alright. I will 8e gracious, and allow you some free will privileges.
ARANEA: Use them wisely, my trusty jongleur.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

dialoglogGAMZEE: MOTHER FUCK WHO'S ALL THIS FRESH PIMP RYDA I GOT MY WICKED PEEP ON FOR SUDDENLY? IT'S A MOTHER FUCKIN NINJALICIOUS HO-TITTY MIRACLE JACKED UP IN THIS BITCH ASS MOTHER FU--

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

```
GAMZEE: ♏
```

dialoglogARANEA: No.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**03/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Oh, wow. No.
ARANEA: You will not ever 8e speaking again. No.
ARANEA: Never, never, never again. Never.
ARANEA: Wow.
ARANEA: And I thought our Makara was awful. At least he had the decency to sew his mouth shut.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**04/09/13**

```
ARANEA: ♏
```

dialoglogARANEA: Anyway, I have wasted enough time dithering around with fools.
ARANEA: There is much work to 8e done.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**04/09/13**

```
DAMARAS: ♏
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**04/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**04/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**04/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**04/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**04/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**04/09/13**

```
Alert : 00
```

dialoglogMEENAH: nubs mcshouty
MEENAH: come in shouty
MEENAH: do you read me
KARKAT: WHAT?
KARKAT: WHO'S THERE.

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**04/09/13**

```
Alert : 00
```

dialoglogMEENAH: shouty is that you
KARKAT: YEAH.
KARKAT: I MEAN, NO.
KARKAT: THIS IS KARKAT.
KARKAT: IS THIS
KARKAT: IS THIS MEENAH?
MEENAH: yeh
KARKAT: OH.
KARKAT: HEY
KARKAT: LONG TIME NO, UH
KARKAT: I DIDN'T THINK I'D HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN.
KARKAT: NOT THAT I'M TELLING YOU TO PISS OFF OR ANYTHING, I'M JUST SURPRISED.
KARKAT: HOW HAVE YOU BEEN
KARKAT: I MEAN
KARKAT: NEVER MIND. THAT'S A FUCKING STUPID QUESTION.
KARKAT: YOU'RE A GHOST.
KARKAT: YOU'RE STILL A GHOST, RIGHT?
KARKAT: UH
KARKAT: HEY LOOK
KARKAT: I KNOW WE MADE THOSE TENTATIVE PLANS WHERE I WAS GOING TO JOIN YOUR ARMY.

KARKAT: AND THEN I GUESS NOTHING REALLY CAME OF THAT, BECAUSE...
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS SOME SHIT CAME UP?
KARKAT: YOU KNOW HOW THINGS GO.
KARKAT: ANYWAY, I'M SORRY I NEVER SAW YOU AFTER THAT, OR CALLED YOU, OR...
KARKAT: YOU KNOW WHAT? I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT WAS A FUCKING OPTION TO CALL YOU.
KARKAT: MAYBE SOMEONE COULD HAVE TOLD ME THAT WAS AN ACTUAL FUCKING POSSIBILITY???
KARKAT: I KNOW, WHAT A CRAZY THOUGHT. USEFUL, PRACTICAL INFORMATION BEING IMPARTED TO ME IN SOME MANNER FOR ONCE IN MY FU--
MEENAH: shouty stfu

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**04/09/13**
dialoglogMEENAH: we got a whale of a problem here

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**05/09/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**05/09/13**

```
Alert : Jade
```

dialoglogJANE: Crocker to Harley.
JANE: Come in Harley.
JANE: Do you read me?
JADE: yes :B
JANE: I suggest that you come to Derse right away.
JADE: what is it

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**05/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: We potentially have a problem here that is rather significant in size.

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**05/09/13**
dialoglogJAKE: Zzzzzz.

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**05/09/13**
dialoglogJAKE: Ooh neytiri...
JAKE: Zzz.
JAKE: Im learning so much about myself...
JAKE: Through your primitive culture...
JAKE: Snore.
NEYTIRI: Jake.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**05/09/13**

dialoglogJAKE: Whats that neytiri?
JAKE: Snooze.
JAKE: Why yes...
JAKE: Of course i am open to exploring alien intercourse with you...
NEYTIRI: Jake.
JAKE: Do what with my tail now?
JAKE: Oh my...
JAKE: Zzzzzzzzzzz.
NEYTIRI: Jake, wake up.
JAKE: Hold your horses neytiri im doing my best here...
JAKE: You know mobility isnt my strong suit what with this wobbly pair of puppet legs god gave me...
JAKE: Slumber.
ARANEA: JAKE!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**05/09/13**

dialoglogJAKE: BWUH???

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Greetings, Jake.
ARANEA: We meet again.
JAKE: Aranea?
JAKE: Wait this means im still dreaming doesnt it.
ARANEA: On the contrary!
ARANEA: You are awake now.
ARANEA: And I, alive.
JAKE: Hold the phone...
JAKE: Youre not a spooky ghost babe anymore?
JAKE: Girl! Ghost girl.
JAKE: (Dangit!)
ARANEA: No, Jake. I have returned from the dead for good.
ARANEA: And I have come for you.
JAKE: G-g-g-
JAKE: Gulp. :o
ARANEA: Surely you remem8er the first time we met? And what we talked a8out?
JAKE: Yeah.
JAKE: Um.
JAKE: Mostly?
ARANEA: I once spoke of your destiny. The one where8y you will deal the Lord of Time his first defeat. Do you recall?
JAKE: No.
JAKE: I mean...

JAKE: Maybe?
ARANEA: It doesn't matter. The plan has changed.
JAKE: It has?
ARANEA: Yes, Jake.
ARANEA: You see, in every hero of hope there dwells a gr8 hidden power, unrivaled 8y that of any other aspect.
ARANEA: And for a page, the journey to reach his full potential is longer than it is for any other class.
ARANEA: 8ut once that journey is over, how fearsome he 8ecomes!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: I am here to shorten that journey for you.
ARANEA: And in return for this favor, you will serve my needs.
JAKE: H-
JAKE: How?

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: There are many o8stacles within that are preventing you from accessing your true potential.
ARANEA: You cannot see them, Jake. 8ut I can.
ARANEA: I can see every fault and fissure in your mind. My vision 8-fold sheds light on every injury you have ever suffered, whether emotional or physical.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: I can repair it all for you, Jake.
JAKE: (Oh no...)

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: I can heal your mind.
JAKE: (Oh n-n-n-)

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: I can heal your soul.
JAKE: N-n-n-n-n-n-n-nooooOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: What's the matter?!
JAKE: Stop! Please stop!
JAKE: Why does everyone want to kiss me all the time!
JAKE: What did i ever do to deserve this sort of attention!
JAKE: I dont know what you all see in me i just dont understand it!
JAKE: Cant you see i just want you to LEAVE ME ALONE?

JAKE: CHEESE AND STUPID CRACKERS I AM A MAN NOT A PIECE OF MEAT!!!
JAKE: Waaah hah hah hah hah hah hah hah hah!
JAKE: WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-
ARANEA: Wow, alright!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: I'm sorry!
ARANEA: There! See?
ARANEA: I am respecting your personal 8oundaries. We don't have to kiss!
ARANEA: Good grief, that went poorly.
ARANEA: I only tried to kiss you 8ecause I knew you were attracted to me!
ARANEA: I thought I was doing you a FAVOR!
ARANEA: I don't know what I'm supposed to.....
ARANEA: Sigh.
ARANEA: You really are a piece of work, Jake. Here I am, a literal mind reader, and I still can't figure you out.
ARANEA: 8ut you're right.
ARANEA: My advances were inappropri8te, and in the future I will try to 8e more respectful.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: I'm still going to heal you though.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: It is nothing personal. There is simply no altern8tive.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Your power is too important to my plan!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**07/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: who took my ship??
JANE: I don't know.
JANE: When I arrived, it was already parked here.
JANE: Most illegally, I might add.
JADE: that is SO illegal
JADE: maybe we should call in some authority regulators to have it ticketed and towed
JANE: If you really wanted to relocate the vehicle, couldn't you just.
JANE: You know. Teleport it somewhere else?
JADE: yes
JADE: but i love watching those guys write their little tickets
JADE: theyre so cute
JANE: Indeed.
JANE: But observing adorable creatures issue citations will not address our problem.

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**07/09/13**
dialoglogJADE: do you think we should ask the condesce what to do?
JANE: I would rather not involve her in this matter.
JANE: We should be more than sufficiently equipped to handle it.
JADE: yes youre right
JADE: what would she think if we went whimpering to her every time some buffoon parked a battleship illegally
JANE: She would think we were a couple of silly children.
JADE: yeah
JADE: hmm
JANE: What?
JADE: maybe we should check on the prisoners again
JANE: That would be a logical course of action.
JADE: whoa
JANE: What?

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**07/09/13**
dialoglogJADE: something is happening...

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**07/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**07/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**07/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**07/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**08/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**08/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**08/09/13**
dialoglogROXY: SHAZAM!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**08/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**08/09/13**
dialoglogROXY: eep

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**08/09/13**
dialoglogROXY: yeah i think ima stay invisible a while

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**09/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**09/09/13**

**JAKE: TALLY HO**

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**09/09/13**
spritelogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> My god...
DAVESPRITE: what

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**09/09/13**
spritelogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> The power...

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**09/09/13**
spritelogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It's...
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It's over...
DAVESPRITE: over what

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**09/09/13**
spritelogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> IT IS E%CEEDING A CERTAIN AMOUNT IN QUANTITY

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**09/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: JAKE. CEASE POWERING UP AT ONCE.
JANE: YOU'RE DESTROYING EMPIRE PROPERTY!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**09/09/13**
dialoglogARANEA: I don't think he can hear you right now.
ARANEA: The hope field is nigh impenetra8le!
JANE: Who are you?
ARANEA: Who. Me?
ARANEA: Oh.....

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**09/09/13**

SMUG

dialoglogARANEA: Just some no8ody.

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**09/09/13**

```
snap.
```

dialoglogJANE: Harley.
JANE: You deal with Jake.
JANE: I will subdue the smug troll.
JADE: ok!

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**09/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**09/09/13**

```
STERN FATHERLY
CONFUSION

? ? ? ? ? ? ?
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**10/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: sorry jake you heard the lady
JADE: youre making a royal mess of the place
JADE: so im gonna have to zap you to the furthest ring!
JADE: what im saying is youve been very naughty and rambunctious so now you have to go outside

# JAKE: GADZOOKS

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**10/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: what
JADE: what the...
JADE: why cant.....

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**10/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: why cant i zap you away!

# JAKE: BOY HOWDY

JADE: augh shut up!
JADE: your booming cornball exclamations are hurting my doggy ears!!!
JADE: come on jade
JADE: focus!
JADE: FOCUS damn you!

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**10/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: grrr!
JADE: its so hard to concentrate while i have to stare at his STUPID little shorts!
JADE: i didnt ask for this jake!
JADE: i never wanted to see my grandpa in a sexy pair of underpants!!!

# JAKE: HOLY TOLEDO

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**10/09/13**

dialoglogJANE: What's the hold up?
JADE: my powers...
JADE: cant seem...
JADE: to penetrate...
JADE: THE HOPE FIELD!!!
JADE: *pant pant*

# JAKE: LAND SAKES ALIVE

JADE: ALSO HE KEEPS DOING THAT!!!
JANE: So I have overheard.
JANE: Jake, your righteous ascension has been quite impressive.
JANE: But that is incredibly annoying.

# JAKE: HELLO NURSE

JANE: Oh, for Pete's sake.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Well?
ARANEA: I thought you said you were going to su8due me.
ARANEA: I'm w8ting, miss Crocker.
JANE: What game are you playing, troll?
JANE: State your designs on my future husband.
ARANEA: Don't worry. I am only 8orrowing him temporarily as an equalizing force.
ARANEA: And once he has finished equalizing, I will tear your empire apart. ::::)
JANE: You will do no such thing.
ARANEA: Then it would seem the next move is yours.
ARANEA: I trust your weapon is not just for show.
ARANEA: Or did Her Condescension see fit to equip her heiress with a training fork?
JANE: .
JANE: .
JANE: My calculations say that it is highly probable you are enticing me into a trap.
ARANEA: It's no trap, I assure you.
ARANEA: I simply cannot 8e killed.
ARANEA: You see, as long as a certain charm remains in my possession, I am immortal.

ARANEA: Even more immortal than usual!
JANE: More immortal than usual??
ARANEA: Yes.
JANE: .
JANE: .
JANE: .
JANE: That's stupid.

# JAKE: BY GUM

JANE: Good gravy.
JANE: Can't you shut him up?
ARANEA: Sadly, no.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: alright jake
JADE: you win
JADE: if i cant zap you out of here then i have no choice but to let you stay
JADE: but i cant allow you to keep trashing the old ladys property
JADE: so ill just swap the planets instead!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: dont you remember when we used to be pen pals jake?
JADE: how many times did i help you solve a tricky problem?
JADE: i am very very clever
JADE: whereas you...
JADE: lets face it
JADE: are not :p

# JAKE: AY CHIHUAHUA

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/09/13**

```
Alert : ♋
```

dialoglogKARKAT: DAVE
KARKAT: COME IN DAVE.
KARKAT: DO YOU FUCKING READ ME.
DAVE: go

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/09/13**

```
Alert : ♋
```

dialoglogKARKAT: WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM HERE
DAVE: what?
KARKAT: I SAID WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM HERE
DAVE: what was that
KARKAT: I SAID
KARKAT: GOD DAMMIT
KARKAT: ARE YOU TALKING INTO THAT LITTLE ASS AGAIN
DAVE: dude your words are all muffled
DAVE: can you speak up
KARKAT: I SAID WE MAY HAVE--
DAVE: louder
KARKAT: I SAID WE--
DAVE: louder man
DAVE: sound doesnt travel through foam too well

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/09/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: I SAID WE MAY HAVE A REALLY BIG FUCKING PROBLEM OVER HERE!!!!!!
DAVE: im on my way

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**12/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**12/09/13**

# JAKE: BOBS YOUR UNCLE

dialoglogJADE: oh my god
JADE: stop powering up already!!!
ARANEA: Don't listen to her, Jake!
ARANEA: Continue powering up for as long as you like. You're doing wonderfully!
JADE: GROWL!!!!!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**12/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: you call that powering up?
JADE: hey i asked you a question gramps!
JADE: YOU CALL THAT POWERING UP?

# JAKE: JUMPIN JEHOSAPHAT

JADE: i will show you the true meaning of powering up

JADE: frankly your "hope field" is ridiculous and has nothing on the unlimited fury of THE GREEN SUN!!!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**12/09/13**
dialoglogJADE: RRRR!
JADE: RRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRR!!
JADE: RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**12/09/13**
dialoglogJADE: wait a minute...

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**12/09/13**
dialoglogJADE: why did i decide to swap derse with MY planet?
JADE: what was i even THINKING?!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**12/09/13**
dialoglog**JAKE: SOCK IT TO ME**
JADE: no...

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**12/09/13**
dialoglogJADE: impossible!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**12/09/13**
dialoglogJADE: how can the power of hope be so...

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**12/09/13**

**JAKE: SHIVER ME TIMBERS**

dialoglogJADE: *POWERFUL??????????????????*

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**13/09/13**
dialoglogJADE: rrrg
JADE: no
JADE: NO!!!
JADE: HOW CAN THIS BE HAPPENING TO ME?!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**13/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: dont you realize who youre DEALING with?
JADE: i am GRIMBARK *JADE* dammit!

# JAKE: WIN

JADE: I AM THE MOST POWERFUL DOGGY GIRL

# JAKE: ONE

JADE: WHO HAS EVER EXISTED

# JAKE: FOR

JADE: *IN THE HISTORY OF PARADOX SPACE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**13/09/13**

dialoglog# JAKE: THE GIPPER

JADE: ooooof

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**13/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**13/09/13**

```
skip skip
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**13/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**13/09/13**

```
ko'd.
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**14/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: JAKE.
JANE: DO YOU EVEN REALIZE WHAT YOU HAVE JUST DONE TO OUR BIOLOGICAL DAUGHTER?
JANE: YOU ARE OUT OF CONTROL. COME TO YOUR SENSES THIS INSTANT.
ARANEA: I know that you have a gr8 deal of fondness for your human family mem8er, even though you have 8een corrupted 8y an evil computer.
ARANEA: As such, it sincerely pains me to have to do this.
ARANEA: 8ut the moment she wakes up, she will simply 8ecome possessed again.
ARANEA: And then where would we 8e?
JANE: Wait.
JANE: Do what??

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Again, I am very sorry.

ARANEA: 8ut it must 8e done.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

```
tip
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

```
KABOOM
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

```
dead.
```

WIZORD OF OZ

"THIS IS WHAT THE REFRANCE"

```
SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF

sports

CHORLIE BROWN
CHARLIE BROWN: AUGH!
WUMP!
LUCY: ISN'T IT BETTER THIS WAY, CHARLIE BROWN? ISN'T IT BETTER TO TRUST PEOPLE?
Schulz
"THIS IS WHAT THE REFRANCE"

LITFOF

whirlybird

whirlybird
PHHPPPBBB

bbthb...
```

## [S][A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

```
HEROIC
JUST
HEROIC...
JUST

Lucky 8r8k!!!!!!!!
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

dialoglogDAVE: alright mayor
DAVE: ive got to go now
DAVE: not sure why but
DAVE: i have a really bad feeling about all this
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: i dont wanna scare you or come off as too dramatic or anything
DAVE: but
DAVE: if i never see you again i just wanted you to know
DAVE: its been real man
DAVE: you were always there for me
DAVE: you shared my darkest hours
DAVE: my deepest secrets
DAVE: and ill never fucking forget it
DAVE: goodbye mayor

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

```
smooch
```

dialoglogDAVE: i love you

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

dialoglogDAVE: rose come in rose do you read me over
ROSE: Yes?
DAVE: you might want to get your ass in gear
DAVE: shits going down on lofaf
ROSE: Could you elaborate?

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**14/09/13**

dialoglogDAVE: theres problems
ROSE: Then let us bounce.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**15/09/13**

dialoglogJANE: First of all.

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**15/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: *You've got some nerve.*

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**15/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: I will return shortly to annihilate you. Stay put.
ARANEA: Take your time. I'm not going anywhere. ::::)

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**15/09/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**15/09/13**
dialoglogARANEA: Roxy.

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**15/09/13**

```
ROXY: (frick!)
```

dialoglogARANEA: I know you are there.
ROXY: (frick!)

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**15/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: (Mumble mumble hag mumble suck it grumble.)

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**15/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: (Mumble mutter my egregious patootie.)

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**15/09/13**

```
JANE: ..?
```

dialoglogJANE: .
JANE: .
JANE: ?
GAMZEE: :o)

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/09/13**
dialoglogARANEA: You might as well come out of hiding so I can see you.
ARANEA: Ah yes. There you go!
ARANEA: Don't you look nice. I always did like the rogue outfit. And needless to say, I'm quite partial the void color scheme.
ROXY: im so fuckin flattered
ROXY: whore you
ARANEA: I 8EG your pardon?
ROXY: u heard me bitch

ARANEA: Oh.
ARANEA: "Who ARE you."
ARANEA: Yes. Ha ha.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**16/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Who am I, you ask?
ARANEA: That is no short story, I'm afraid.
ARANEA: It all 8egan on a peaceful, idyllic planet called 8eforus.
ARANEA: Unlike the Alternian trolls, with whom you are no dou8t more familiar, my people were-
ROXY: wowee shut ur dumb blue mouth
ROXY: i been spying on ya
ROXY: and eavesdropping on all your smug trash
ROXY: and i couldnt help but notice that ring youre wearing
ARANEA: Yes.
ARANEA: What a8out it?
ROXY: thats johns ring aint it
ARANEA: John's ring?
ARANEA: 8ut John never rightfully owned it.
ARANEA: In fact, it was originally intended as a gift to my young descendant.
ARANEA: It's only fitting that I wear it, and 8ring additional glory to the Serket name.
ROXY: yo
ROXY: thats another insane and smug thing u said just there
ROXY: do you even listen to urself
ROXY: for real though we were gonna give that ring to callie
ARANEA: Hmm?
ROXY: callie my goddamn bffsy from space
ROXY: shes a ghost and i wanna save her from her bro
ARANEA: Ah yes. The female cheru8.
ARANEA: I am perfectly familiar with her plight, as well as the relevance she purportedly has with respect to her 8rother's downfall.
ARANEA: In fact, I was one of the first ever to theorize a8out that! :::;)
ROXY: SMUG
ARANEA: 8ut the situ8tion has changed. That is all ancient history now.
ARANEA: I'm sorry, Roxy. 8ut I have no use for your cheru8 friend in my plans.
ARANEA: She will not 8e playing a role of any significance.
ROXY: oh man
ROXY: oh man
ROXY: i way hate you
ARANEA: Come on, now. Don't say things you can't take 8ack.
ARANEA: I'm actually very nice!
ARANEA: We are just getting off on the wrong foot here.
ROXY: no no
ROXY: no no no no
ROXY: oh man i rly hate you
ROXY: i cant even explain it i never hated somebody so much by just a few smarmy words outta

their grody chew hole
ROXY: eugh yechh ick ick blarff!
ARANEA: .....
ROXY: so yeh um
ROXY: now that i buttered you up and all gimme dat ring!!
ARANEA: No.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**16/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: That was quite the 8lack solicit8tion though.
ARANEA: Unfortun8tely, I don't think I will 8e a8le to reciproc8 your feelings of hostility. I find you to 8e too charming.
ARANEA: Still, you do have a way with words. If we were compati8le in that quadrant, you might have swept me off my feet!
ROXY: bwuh??
ARANEA: 8esides, I don't have time for new relationships right now. Too many irons in the fire, as you can see.
ARANEA: It does get to 8e a little 8othersome having people fling themselves at you all the time. It's always 8een my curse.
ARANEA: Did you know just earlier today, your friend Jake could 8arely keep his hands off me? ;;;;)
ROXY: what
ROXY: no way
ROXY: ur a filthy liar
ARANEA: I've 8een known to em8ellish now and then.
ARANEA: Relax! I am just having some fun with you.
ROXY: ...
ROXY: wheeee
ARANEA: 8ut now the fun times are over.
ARANEA: I cannot have an invisi8le, intangi8le trou8lemaker tiptoeing around trying to sneak this ring off my finger.
ARANEA: So I'm afraid I will have to put you down.
ROXY: yeah right
ROXY: im a let you u put me down over my dead body!!!
ARANEA: Don't 8e so dramatic.
ARANEA: Your 8ody will only 8e napping.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**16/09/13**

```
ROXY: Z
```

dialoglogARANEA: Pleasant dreams.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: hUff.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: this is it then, is it?
CALLIOPE: am i to spend the rest of eternity hiding inside this vortex?
CALLIOPE: how can i go in search of myself if i am blown to smithereens the moment i set foot oUtside?
CALLIOPE: maybe the trUth is...
CALLIOPE: sUch a fate woUld be preferable to this.
CALLIOPE: i am so dreadfUlly lonely. u_u

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: have they all forgotten aboUt me?
CALLIOPE: i gUess i coUld not blame them for getting on with their lives.
CALLIOPE: after all, what Use am i?
CALLIOPE: the only remotely important thing there is for me to do is to go looking for a more important version of myself.
CALLIOPE: and i can't even bloody well do that mUch!
CALLIOPE: i was a fool to expect anything more from my life.
CALLIOPE: my kind was never meant to have friends.
CALLIOPE: still.
CALLIOPE: i wish i had not been so hasty in tossing roxy and her sUnny mUm from my hideoUt.
CALLIOPE: even if they woUld have attracted attention... so what?
CALLIOPE: jUst a little longer.
CALLIOPE: a little longer woUld have been nice.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

```
CALLIOPE: ?
```

dialoglogCALLIOPE: :u
CALLIOPE: what's this now?
CALLIOPE: that doesn't look like one of my memories.
CALLIOPE: is...
CALLIOPE: is someone here?

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: hello?
CALLIOPE: .....
CALLIOPE: who's there?

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: what's happening?
CALLIOPE: oh dear.

CALLIOPE: oh dear, this can't be good!
CALLIOPE: i'd better hide. :U

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: shoot, are those footsteps?
CALLIOPE: oh shoot, oh shoot.
CALLIOPE: gotta hide, gotta hide!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: whoever is there...
CALLIOPE: don't come any closer!
CALLIOPE: (please don't, please don't.)
CALLIOPE: (i'm so scared and so miserable and so so lonely.)
CALLIOPE: i said don't come any closer!
CALLIOPE: i'm i powerfUl magician, i swear!
CALLIOPE: a magician who wants yoU to leave her alone!
CALLIOPE: PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE GIRL BEHIND THE CURTAIN!!!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: hi!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: its ok i wont hurt you. im a friend!
JADE: you can come out now
JADE: youre safe i promise!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: jade?

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogJANE: GET YOUR PAWS OFF ME YOU SHITFUCKING SHITFUCKER AUGH FUCK SHIT SHIT SHIT FUCK FUCK.
GAMZEE: honk.
JANE: YOU SCURRILOUS FUCKSHITTING CAD. UNHAND ME SO I MAY RESURRECT MY ACCOMPLICE AT ONCE.
GAMZEE: honk honk.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**17/09/13**

dialoglogJANE: WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME THIS TIME YOU DETESTABLE POO ROGERING CHARLATAN.
GAMZEE: honk.
JANE: I DO NOT WANT TO BUY ANYMORE OF YOUR POTIONS. I ALREADY BOUGHT

ALL THE USELESS SLOP I COULD EVER WANT FROM YOU, AND MADE A *KILLING* ON REDISTRIBUTION.
GAMZEE: HONK.
JANE: YOUR ENTREPRENEURIAL TACTICS LEAVE MUCH TO BE DESIRED. YOU ARE A DEPLORABLE BUSINESSMAN AND AN EVEN SHITTIER CLOWN. GET OFF ME.
GAMZEE: ...
JANE: DID YOU JUST TOUCH MY BOOB. DON'T TOUCH MY BOOB YOU FUCKFACED DUNG HUFFING TOILET GUZZLING IDIOT QUIPSTER SHITPECKER DICKLARK.
GAMZEE: :o)

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**17/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**17/09/13**
dialoglogDAVE: uh
DAVE: what

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**17/09/13**
dialoglogDAVE: oh no

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**17/09/13**
dialoglogDAVE: ohhhhh nooooooooooooo

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**17/09/13**

```
shit
```

dialoglogDAVE: shit shit shit shit shit

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**17/09/13**
dialoglogDAVE: gamzee what happened here
DAVE: did you see what happened
DAVE: not gonna answer me huh
DAVE: youre just gonna keep manhandling johns evil mom and not tell me what jades doing under this house
DAVE: sweet jesus youre an awful dude

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**18/09/13**

```
====[=.........]

FAKENESS
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**18/09/13**

```
ROXY: Z
```

```
====[=.........]

FAKENESS
```

dialoglogARANEA: Where did you come from?
ARANEA: I did not sense your approach.
DIRK: You can't sense what ain't real.
ARANEA: 8n't real?
ARANEA: It seems to me that you are quite real, Dirk.
DIRK: That's because my buddy Jake just helped me become a whole hell of a lot less fake.
DIRK: You see,
DIRK: He believes in me.
ARANEA: Hmm.
ARANEA: Honestly, Dirk. The convers8tion we are having right now 8ears a striking resem8lance to a8solute nonsense.
ARANEA: I recall once your dream self appeared out of thin air, just as you have done now.
ARANEA: And I did you the favor of helping you on your way. Don't you remem8er?
ARANEA: There's no need to thank me. I'm quite 8enevolent 8y nature. I prefer to do the right thing, even in situations where I'm not likely to receive credit for my good deeds.
DIRK: Holy shit.
DIRK: Can you stop saying stuff?
ARANEA: No need to 8e so rude. I'm just curious.
ARANEA: As an ancient and learned scholar, I'm versed in a wide range of unusual phenomena. However I must say I am flummoxed 8y the nature of your 8eing.
ARANEA: What exactly *are* you?

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**18/09/13**

dialoglogDIRK: I am Brain Ghost Dirk.
DIRK: You kissed my boyfriend.
DIRK: Prepare to die.

# JAKE: SHUCKY DARN

DIRK: Not helping, dude.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**18/09/13**

```
SHO3
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**18/09/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: H11111Y4444!
GAMZEE: HONK.
DAVE: whoa yeah
DAVE: terezi with the dropkick ambush from the fuckin sky

DAVE: go terezi kick his ass
DAVE: still dont have the slightest clue whats going on here but i fully endorse this turn of events

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**18/09/13**

```
JANE: ?
```

dialoglogDAVE: terezi do you know whats going on here
DAVE: do you know what happened to jade
DAVE: and where the hell is karkat
DAVE: is he ok
DAVE: terezi
DAVE: terezi
DAVE: ok she looks pretty serious about stabbing that clown
DAVE: i can respect that
DAVE: what about you
DAVE: hey
DAVE: hey johns hot mom did you see what happened
DAVE: shit i mean
DAVE: johns evil mom
DAVE: did you happen to...
DAVE: damn
DAVE: ok that was a really embarrassing and inappropriate freudian slip there
DAVE: dont think im gonna rebound from that one
DAVE: im uh
DAVE: im gonna stop talking now

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**19/09/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: D1D YOU R34LLY B3L13V3 YOU COULD RUN FROM M3 FOR3V3R, M4K4R4?
TEREZI: WH4T M4D3 YOU TH1NK YOU COULD COMM1T YOUR CR1M3S, TH4T YOU COULD D3C31V3 M3, *D3B4S3* M3, M4K1NG M3 F33L L1K3 *R4NC1D C1RCUS TR4SH*
TEREZI: ONLY TO SL1NK 4W4Y L1K3 4 F1LTHY CH33S3 CR1TT3R, W1THOUT 3V3R H4V1NG TO P4Y TH3 P1P3R???
TEREZI: D1D YOU HON3STLY TH1NK YOU WOULD N3V3R F4C3 JUST1C3?
TEREZI: WH4T DO YOU H4V3 TO S4Y FOR YOURS3LF?
TEREZI: *4NSW3R M3!!!*
GAMZEE: :o)
TEREZI: JUST 4S 1 THOUGHT
TEREZI: 1S 1T TH3 R3SPONS3 OF 4 R3L1G1OUS Z34LOT, SWORN TO 4 M1SGU1D3D VOW OF S1L3NC3?
TEREZI: OR 1S 1T TH3 R3SPONS3
TEREZI: *OF 4 COW4RD!!!!!!!*
GAMZEE: :o)
TEREZI: HOW 1 D3T3ST YOUR HORR1D "F41TH"
TEREZI: HOW 1 LO4TH3 TH3 SOD4 ST1CKY GROUND YOU KN33L UPON WH1L3 YOU

B3LCH YOUR VULG4R HYMNS OF M1RTH
TEREZI: HOW 1 R3V1L3 YOUR...
TEREZI: W41T
TEREZI: *sn1ff sn1ff*

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**19/09/13**

```
*sn1ff*
```

dialoglogTEREZI: H3R...

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**19/09/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: 1TS H3R
TEREZI: SH3S H3R3!
TEREZI: WH4T 1S *SH3* DO1NG H3R3?
TEREZI: 1T W4S SH3 WHO M4N1PUL4T3D M3 1NTO R3STOR1NG MY 3Y3S1GHT!
TEREZI: JUST 4S *YOOOUUUU* W3R3 TH3 ON3 WHO 1NST1G4T3D MY SP1R4L OF S3LF LO4TH1NG TO B3G1N W1TH
TEREZI: 1 N3V3R WOULD H4V3 CONS1D3R3D H3R S1LV3RY TONGU3D OFF3R 1N 4 M1LL1ON SW33PS 1F YOU H4D NOT PO1SON3D M3 SO
TEREZI: OH Y3S
TEREZI: 1T 1S 4LL TOO CL34R TO M3
TEREZI: YOU 4ND SH3 4R3 1N C4HOOTS NOW, 4R3NT YOU
TEREZI: *4R3NT YOU!!!*
GAMZEE: :o)
TEREZI: 4DM1T 1T, M4K4R4
TEREZI: YOU H4V3 B3COM3 JUST 4NOTH3R LOWLY N1BBL3 V3RM1N SCURRY1NG 4FT3R TH3 S3DUCT1V3 TUN3 OF H3R FLUT3!
TEREZI: YOU 4R3 BOTH TH3 WORST K1ND OF SCUM TO M3. OPPOS1T3, 4ND Y3T 3QU1V4L3NT
TEREZI: 1T 1S L1K3 TH3 L3G1SL4C3R4TORS H4NDBOOK S4YS
TEREZI: THOS3 WHO 4R3 CUT FROM TH3 S4M3 CLOTH
TEREZI: 4R3 F1T TO SW1NG FROM TH3 S4M3 ROP3!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**19/09/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: *JUST1C3 K1CK!!!!!!!*

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**19/09/13**

```
slice
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**19/09/13**

```
prance
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**19/09/13**

```
stab
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**19/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**19/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: Those were some nice moves.
ARANEA: I particularly enjoyed how you took a casual swing at my arm in the middle of that com8in8tion.
ARANEA: As if I am not perfectly aware that you understand the significance of this ring.
ARANEA: I know you must have overheard my convers8tion with Roxy.
ARANEA: Really, it is one of the gr8 disadvantages of having a reput8tion for offering detailed explan8tions.
ARANEA: When you inevita8ly start going on at length a8out your weaknesses, there are sure to 8e some eavesdroppers taking notes!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**19/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA: 8ut I really don't mind that you know my secret.
ARANEA: What kind of sport would I 8e if I didn't give you a fair shot at defeating me?
ARANEA: In fact, to show you what a generous and honora8le opponent I am, I will give you one free chance at disarming me.
ARANEA: I won't move an inch. I promise! Surely with your speed and swordsmanship, it will 8e a piece of cake.
ARANEA: Well?
ARANEA: Go on, Dirk. Have at it.
DIRK: ...

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**20/09/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: Y4!!!
TEREZI: F1GHT M3 YOU GUTL3SS POLTROON!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**20/09/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: 1 S41D F1GHT B4CK!
TEREZI: WH4T, *NOW* OF 4LL T1M3S YOU C4NT BR1NG YOURS3LF TO R41S3 4 H4ND TO M3?
TEREZI: 4LL YOU C4N DO 1S GR1N L1K3 4N 1MB3C1L3??
TEREZI: UGH, STOP SM1L1NG!!!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**20/09/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: 1 S41D W1P3 TH4T GR1N OFF YOUR F4C3
TEREZI: OR 1 W1LL P33L 1T OFF YOUR SKULL!!!

TEREZI: T4K3 TH4T! 4ND TH4T!!
TEREZI: OH Y3S, CLOWN. YOUR R3CKON1NG 1S 4T H4ND

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**20/09/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: WH4T DO YOU TH1NK YOUR3 LOOK1NG 4T?
TEREZI: DR34M ON, M1R4CL3 BOY
TEREZI: CH13F D3PUTY PYR4LSP1T3 C4N DO NOTH1NG FOR YOU NOW!
TEREZI: NO ON3 C4N S4V3 YOU FROM YOUR JUDGM3NT!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**20/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**20/09/13**

dialoglogJANE: Observing this tomfoolery for several minutes has been time well spent. I have no regrets whatsoever.
JANE: On that authentic note, I shall resume my effort to resurrect my omnipotent daughter, and regain the tactical advantage.
JANE: As a being of cold, flawless reason and logic, I have no cause to anticipate further impediments to this simple objective.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**20/09/13**

dialoglogJANE: Son of a dick.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**21/09/13**

dialoglogDAVE: i said put her down!
DAVE: bad anthropomorphic dogs!
DAVE: youre so bad!
DAVE: oh my god
DAVE: you are literally being the worst pair of anthro dogs i ever saw
DAVE: drop that goddamn girl i mean it
DAVE: dont you woof at me
DAVE: bad!
DAVE: BAD!!!
DAVE: you dont think im serious?
DAVE: im serious as a drive to the fuckin vet
DAVE: im not joking you dumb mutts i mean business here
DAVE: see ive got a sword too!
DAVE: its sharp
DAVE: and its awesome
DAVE: and...
DAVE: its fucking welsh!!!!!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**21/09/13**

dialoglogDAVE: ok listen
DAVE: jack and uh
DAVE: taller white jack
DAVE: clearly you are very loyal to jades corpse or whatever
DAVE: but you arent gonna help her by swiping the torso and growling at me like a pair of mangy assholes
DAVE: please
DAVE: just put her down
DAVE: look i got treats!
DAVE: i have snausages
DAVE: ok i dont have snausages
DAVE: i can get snausages!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**21/09/13**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: do yoU remember anything yet?
JADE: ummm
JADE: not really :\
CALLIOPE: that's a pity.
CALLIOPE: i was hoping yoU might be able to tell me what my friends are Up to.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**21/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: i wish i could tell you
JADE: but im still drawing a blank on everything!
JADE: i dont even remember what i was doing when i fell asleep
JADE: or even
JADE: IF im sleeping
JADE: er...
JADE: how are you supposed to tell if youre a ghost or not?
CALLIOPE: ghosts have spooky blank eyes like me.
CALLIOPE: bUt only after they remember they died.
CALLIOPE: so Until yoU recall what happened, i am afraid neither of Us will know.
JADE: darn
CALLIOPE: there is one way to be sUre, i sUppose.
JADE: what?
CALLIOPE: i coUld Use some of my potent anti-sleeping majyyks on yoU to see if yoU wake Up.
JADE: anti sleeping magics?
JADE: i mean majyyks?
CALLIOPE: yes.
CALLIOPE: bUt i mUst admit i am relUctant to do so, for selfish reasons. u_u
JADE: what reasons?
CALLIOPE: if yoU wake Up, yoU will disappear.
CALLIOPE: and i will be alone again.
JADE: aw
JADE: thats ok im in no hurry to go yet

JADE: or for that matter, to remember why im here
CALLIOPE: no?
JADE: i cant put my finger on it
JADE: but i have this awful feeling something bad happened
JADE: specifically something that happened because of me
CALLIOPE: really?
JADE: yeah :(
JADE: im worried i may have done some things i wouldnt be proud of
JADE: that maybe i could have even...
JADE: hurt some people
CALLIOPE: that is hard to believe.
JADE: i hope its just my imagination
JADE: in any case i feel like i could use some rest
JADE: and you seem very nice
JADE: so id rather relax here with you for a while than jump right back into...
JADE: whatever craziness is waiting for me out there
CALLIOPE: ^u^
JADE: by the way, i didnt catch your name...
CALLIOPE: i did not say it.
CALLIOPE: Using my fUll name coUld bring Us Unwanted attention.
CALLIOPE: instead yoU coUld refer to me by the name of my trollsona.
JADE: your trollsona?
CALLIOPE: yes.
CALLIOPE: it's callie.
CALLIOPE: pleased to meet yoU. :u
JADE: nice to meet you too callie :)
JADE: but
JADE: what is a trollsona?
CALLIOPE: it is the profile of a fictional troll which i enjoy pretending to be.
CALLIOPE: see?
CALLIOPE: do yoU like her?
JADE: oh
JADE: OH!
JADE: i get it... you are not really a troll?
CALLIOPE: nope.
JADE: omg she is so cute
JADE: or i should say
JADE: YOU are so cute!
CALLIOPE: :U
JADE: what a good idea
JADE: do you think i could make a trollsona too?
CALLIOPE: oh, yes!
CALLIOPE: that woUld be so lovely.
CALLIOPE: can i help?
JADE: sure!
CALLIOPE: which blood coloUr woUld yoU choose?

JADE: the BEST color obviously
JADE: which is green, DUH :p
CALLIOPE: that's the coloUr of my blood too!
JADE: wow really??
JADE: thats perfect
JADE: our trollsonas can be like
JADE: blood sisters or such
JADE: i dont know enough about troll culture to use proper terminology...
JADE: but lets just say thats what we are
CALLIOPE: agreed.
CALLIOPE: blood sisters it is!
JADE: what should my horns look like?
JADE: oh and for that matter
JADE: should i have horns instead of my dog ears, or in addition to them?
CALLIOPE: definitely in addition!
CALLIOPE: yoUr pointy ears are splendid.
JADE: ok
JADE: hmm where would they go though...
JADE: jeez i think we might need to do some drawings to make her look right
CALLIOPE: oh yes, let's!!!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**21/09/13**

dialoglogJADE: callie...
JADE: there is something very familiar about you
JADE: are you sure weve never met before?
CALLIOPE: i'm qUite sUre.
CALLIOPE: i woUld certainly have remembered meeting yoU.
JADE: but you did know my name...
CALLIOPE: well, yes.
CALLIOPE: i knew OF yoU.
JADE: hmmm
JADE: i cant shake the feeling that we have spoken before
JADE: maybe in an old dream i cant remember?
JADE: im not sure if its the sound of your voice or what
JADE: i dont recognize your face, but then thats not what you really look like is it?
CALLIOPE: no.
JADE: ...
CALLIOPE: before yoU ask, my actUal appearance is mUch less appealing, at least in my own view.
CALLIOPE: i woUld rather yoU didn't see it, if that's alright.
JADE: thats fine!
JADE: its not a big deal
JADE: if its true that weve met before, im sure ill remember in due time
JADE: lets not worry about it for now
CALLIOPE: okay.

JADE: by the way
JADE: what is with this stage?
JADE: is it from one of your memories?
CALLIOPE: no.
CALLIOPE: i thoUght it was yoUr memory?
JADE: i dont think so
JADE: it would seem to be some sort of imaginary figment that turned into a real object
JADE: i wonder why it looks like a drawing?
CALLIOPE: shrUg.
JADE: hey why dont you come up here and help me get these curtains open
JADE: since its the only thing weve got in this boring vortex we might as well try to have a little fun!
CALLIOPE: yeah!!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**22/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**22/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: NO, YOU IDIOT!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**22/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: Oh, you idiots.
JANE: You stupid, stupid dogs.
JANE: I AM TRYING TO REVIVE HER!!!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**22/09/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**22/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: Fine.
JANE: If that is how you are going to be...

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**22/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: You leave me with no alternative.

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**22/09/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**22/09/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**22/09/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**23/09/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**23/09/13**

```
PM/Jack: grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**23/09/13**

```
PM/Jack: woof woof woof woof woof woof woof w-
PM/Jack: -oof woof woof woof woof woof woof woof w-
PM/Jack: woof woof woof woof woof woof woof w-
PM/Jack: -oof woof woof woof woof woof woof woof w-
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**23/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: No, come back!
JANE: You were supposed to drop her first.
JANE: MY CALCULATIONS SAID YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO DROP HER FIRST!
DAVE: hey
DAVE: johns hot mom
DAVE: did you just say you can revive jade
JANE: Yes.

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**23/09/13**
dialoglogDAVE: thats all i need to know
DAVE: wait here
DAVE: and whatever you do
DAVE: dont die ok

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**23/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: .

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**23/09/13**
dialoglogJANE: Hot mom?

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**24/09/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**24/09/13**
dialoglogROSE: DAVE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**24/09/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**24/09/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**24/09/13**
dialoglogKARKAT: KANAYA WAIT UP!
KARKAT: YOU KNOW I CAN'T COMPETE WITH YOUR DRINKER FASTNESS.
KANAYA: My What
KARKAT: GOD DAMN IT.
KARKAT: WE'RE MISSING EVERYTHING!
KARKAT: HOW MUCH BULLSHIT IS IT THAT WE'RE PRETTY MUCH THE ONLY TWO ASSHOLES LEFT WHO CAN'T FLY?!
KANAYA: It Really Is Such Bullshit

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**24/09/13**
dialoglogKARKAT: DAVE?
KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK
DAVE: cant talk chasing dogs

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**28/09/13**
dialoglogARANEA: Dirk, how long did you want our standoff to last?
ARANEA: Don't get me wrong. I am flattered you seem to enjoy my company so much.
ARANEA: 8ut you are missing a golden opportunity to sever my arm while I'm preoccupied with overconfident 8lather.

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**28/09/13**
dialoglogARANEA: Really, you would 8e doing me a favor 8y taking my arm.
ARANEA: It would 8ring me that much closer to following in the footsteps of my true self.
ARANEA: She was a very successful pir8, you know. She lost her arm in 8attle to a cunning adversary she underestim8ted, much like yourself.
ARANEA: Won't you help me 8ecome who I was always meant to 8e?
DIRK: Ugh.
DIRK: Shut up.

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**28/09/13**

```
drop
```

```
clank
```

dialoglogDIRK: I'm not going to cut off your arm.
DIRK: It's such an obvious trap.
DIRK: You'll just put me to sleep or something. With your psychic powers, or maybe a long story.
DIRK: I have a better idea.
ARANEA: Oh?

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**28/09/13**

dialoglogDIRK: If I can't get the ring off your finger,

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**28/09/13**

dialoglogDIRK: I'll rip the soul out of your body.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**28/09/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**28/09/13**

dialoglogARANEA:

# AAAAAA

# AA

# AAAAAA

AA

AAAAAA

AA

AAAAAA

AA

AAAAAA

AA

AAAAAA

AA

AAAAAA

# AA

# AAAAAA

# AH

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**01/10/13**
dialoglogVRISKA: To 8e honest, I don't even want to hear any more.
VRISKA: Next time you have an upd8 on what my ancestor has 8een up to, please just keep it to yourself.

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**01/10/13**
dialoglogMEENAH: you sure
VRISKA: It's em8arrassing!
VRISKA: I cringe every time I think a8out her self-indulgent exploits.
MEENAH: mhm
VRISKA: Doesn't she realize this sort of thing never works?
VRISKA: You don't just go and insert yourself into the middle of all the action in the most hamfisted way possi8le just 8ecause you can't stand another second 8eing out of the spotlight.
VRISKA: That always goes horri8ly for everyone.
VRISKA: Even worse, it ends up making you look like an idiot.
VRISKA: And even MORE worse, it's making ME look like an idiot 8y associ8tion!
VRISKA: Why couldn't she have thought this through a little more?
VRISKA: Why couldn't she have at least TOLD us first?
MEENAH: shruggin ma shoulders yo

VRISKA: How is it that I understand this and she doesn't?
VRISKA: She's HOW much older than me?
VRISKA: Like a 8ajillion dream 8u88le sweeps or something?
VRISKA: All that experience and wisdom, and she's out there floundering around like fucking noo8.
MEENAH: (floundering)
VRISKA: It's so disheartening. She wants to 8e like Marquise so much, just like I used to.
VRISKA: 8ut she is NOTHING like her!
VRISKA: You kind of need to have a fuck ton of experience doing, you know... a lot of ruthless pir8tey shit 8efore you can pull that off?
VRISKA: You can't just 8e a 8ookish dwee8 all your life, then suddenly decide to flip the 8adass switch and expect people to take you seriously.
VRISKA: Also, to truly pull that off, it MIGHT help to actually 8e a goddamned adult.
VRISKA: I know, I must 8e totally off my swaychair for suggesting it. 8ut may8e, just MAY8E, there are certain roles and 8ehaviors which are 8est left to fully developed, grown ass people!
VRISKA: Not to sound like a wet 8lanket, 8ut my ancestor's journal contained some EXTREMELY mature content!
VRISKA: So now we have yet another stupid kid trying to fill the 8oots of a legendary pir8 queen, and it's amateur hour all over again.
VRISKA: All I can see in her is me when I used to.....
VRISKA: And it makes me want to.....
VRISKA: UGHHHHHHHH!
MEENAH: stop movin around all angry
MEENAH: you fuckin me up here
VRISKA: Sorry.
VRISKA: I'm just dismayed 8y some of the implic8tions of her actions.
VRISKA: Is this really how I came off when I used to pull this sort of shit?
MEENAH: dunno wasnt there
VRISKA: I have a sickening feeling it was just like this.
VRISKA: No wonder no8ody could stand me.
VRISKA: And here I am, 8itching at my ancestor like I know 8etter, like I've evolved 8eyond all that.
VRISKA: 8ut.....
VRISKA: Have I really?
VRISKA: Do I go around thinking I'm smarter than I used to 8e, 8ut end up repeating all the same old patterns without even realizing it?
VRISKA: Was the plan to find this treasure and 8uild an army just a rest8tement of my immature, egomaniacal 8ullshit disguised as a more "strategically sensi8le" plan?
VRISKA: If I can apparently keep kidding myself a8out this crap forever, then how would I know the difference?
VRISKA: I guess the thing I h8 most a8out her stunt isn't that it's a dum8 plan, or that we weren't included.
VRISKA: It's that it's making me wonder if I can trust any of my own judgments, even after all this time.
MEENAH: thats some baller inward reflection serk
VRISKA: I don't know a8out that.

VRISKA: If it's so 8aller, why is it making me feel like shit?
MEENAH: thats what its supposed to do i think
MEENAH: but like
MEENAH: tempurarily?
VRISKA: I guess.
VRISKA: What a8out you?
VRISKA: Does any of this reson8 at all?
VRISKA: I know you used to stir up shit with your friends.
VRISKA: You must have done some outrageous things which you thought were necessary for the good of the team. When you look 8ack, do you ever wonder what you were thinking? Or if you every truly evolved?
MEENAH: na
VRISKA: Oh, come on.
VRISKA: Don't leave me hanging in self dou8t lim8o here.
VRISKA: Gimme SOMETHING, Peixes.
MEENAH: haha
MEENAH: i dont know maybe??
MEENAH: sea my thing is
MEENAH: i dont verbally torture my cray schemes like all the serket girls
MEENAH: and that works ok for me
MEENAH: guess i made some mistakes but who really gives a flip
VRISKA: You don't care if you make mistakes?
MEENAH: not like you and she do
MEENAH: araneas deal is
MEENAH: what shes doin now isnt much different from how she always did stuff
MEENAH: the stuff she does is never about the things shes actually doing
MEENAH: its about what those things M-EAN and makin sure everyone KNOWS what they mean
MEENAH: and above all makin sure everyone understands how important she is cause shes obviously the source of all that critical M-EANING without which all action would be pointless right?
MEENAH: but thats not how i rolled
MEENAH: i just
MEENAH: did shit
MEENAH: and the shit i did
MEENAH: meant only the things the shit accomplished
MEENAH: and if that shit accomplished a dumb thing that sucked
MEENAH: then i guess thats what you call a mistake and oh fuckin well
MEENAH: mistakes aint make me feel too bad since i dont really connect results with my shelf worth
MEENAH: ya feel me
VRISKA: YES.
VRISKA: That is so right on.
VRISKA: If you asked me a long time ago, I'm sure I would have insisted that's exactly how I felt a8out everything I did too.
VRISKA: 8ut I don't know if that's true anymore.
VRISKA: In fact, I'm sure that WASN'T true.

VRISKA: I was always invested as hell in the consequences of everything I did, and how it made me look.
VRISKA: And how it made me feel a8out myself especially.
MEENAH: ok i will admit
MEENAH: i always felt hella bad about decisions leavin me with less gold
MEENAH: glub damn
MEENAH: feel a tide a shame wash over me just thinkin about going broke
VRISKA: Well of course.
VRISKA: Who the fuck wants to 8e poor?
VRISKA: That's for losers.
MEENAH: word

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**01/10/13**

```
braid
```

dialoglogVRISKA: Anyway, I have no idea what to do now.
VRISKA: Her ill-advised power play has ruined everything.
MEENAH: well
MEENAH: we still have this treasure here
MEENAH: why dont we just do the shit without her
MEENAH: you could whip up another ghost army
MEENAH: march it strait to english and start beatin him down
VRISKA: I don't think so.
MEENAH: why not
VRISKA: If you want to know the truth.....
VRISKA: When we were manipul8ting all those ghosts, Aranea was doing most of the work.
VRISKA: Her a8ilities are a lot more advanced than mine. I guess 8ecause she's 8een around for so long?
VRISKA: I was kind of riding her coattails, making it seem like it was a true colla8oration 8etween us.
VRISKA: It was actually very nice of her to allow people to get that impression. She didn't have to.
VRISKA: I should have just told every8ody that. I guess I wanted to 8elieve it too. Like we were equal partners in crime. Ancestor and descendant united at last, and working gr8 together.
VRISKA: I hope you don't think that makes me a huge phony.
MEENAH: why would i give a fish about that
VRISKA: Yeah.
VRISKA: You're right, you wouldn't.
VRISKA: I shouldn't 8e saying needy shit like that.
VRISKA: I'm just a 8it depressed, 8ecause it feels like I'm running out of friends all over again.
MEENAH: i hear you
MEENAH: she ditched me too
MEENAH: cant blame her i guess
MEENAH: what can i say girl loves her piratesona
MEENAH: she wanna be dat pirate chick so bad
MEENAH: who am i to fault ambition

MEENAH: she cast her lure into the lake of cute but dumbass dreams
MEENAH: i think her mindfang ideal is ridic to be lochness with you
MEENAH: that journal man
MEENAH: tales from the pirate who wont shut up
MEENAH: but then
MEENAH: im not one to talk about hero worship
MEENAH: i think my adult self happens to be the best best greatest most perfect beautiful woman -----EV-----ER an if you axed me if i wanted a crack at her job id be like glub yes put me down for T)(AT
MEENAH: so i legit hope it works out for her
MEENAH: but yeah
MEENAH: that dont mean i didnt get ditched
MEENAH: and that just
MEENAH: 38(
MEENAH: makes me reel sad
VRISKA: Same.
MEENAH: you sure we cant salvage the plan without her
VRISKA: I don't know.
VRISKA: Possi8ly?
VRISKA: The way I was picturing it, a major feature of the original three pronged approach was to use the army to lead a first wave assault against him.
VRISKA: Then while he was preoccupied 8y all those ghosts swamping him, I would go in for the kill with the secret weapon.
VRISKA: So without an army, I guess we'd need to get close enough to him to use it 8efore he killed us.
MEENAH: like uh
MEENAH: sneak up on him?
VRISKA: I guess.
VRISKA: 8ut I get the feeling Lord English is not the kind of guy you can just sneak up on.
MEENAH: kay what if
MEENAH: i found some way to teleport over to him
MEENAH: and i beat the shit out of him with my wrestling moves
MEENAH: then you bust out the weapon
VRISKA: Hahahaha.
VRISKA: That would 8e awesome, if somewhat implausi8le.
VRISKA: I guess we can think it over.
VRISKA: 8ut if we're getting real here, this has all made me feel pretty lukewarm on the plan.
VRISKA: Aranea checking the fuck out. And me recoiling at her hu8ris, which is o8viously just.....
VRISKA: My OWN 8ullshit, getting thrown 8ack in my face?
VRISKA: It's a 8it much.
VRISKA: You have to 8e a8le to trust your own judgment to make good plans, right?
VRISKA: I don't know if I do anymore.
VRISKA: I certainly don't right now.
VRISKA: Remem8er when our crew started re8elling against me in that cave, and I was kind of lashing out?

VRISKA: I think I might have 8een forcing it a little?
VRISKA: Like that whole dramatic speech I gave when I jumped into the flaming pit.
VRISKA: Was that really a genuine thing, or like, a desper8te last attempt to 8e who I think I should 8e?
MEENAH: that was badass though
MEENAH: i mean yeah you were chewin the scenery an being hammy as fuck but i thought it was cool and kinda funny
VRISKA: It wasn't supposed to 8e funny though!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: oh
VRISKA: Ah man.
VRISKA: I really don't know what to do.
VRISKA: I'm too depressed to think proactively a8out any of this.
VRISKA: May8e the truth is I don't even care all that much if anyone stops Lord English.
VRISKA: I think all I really cared a8out was getting to do it myself.
MEENAH: thats a good enough reason if you ask me
MEENAH: but hey if you aint feelin it you aint feelin it
VRISKA: What if we just.....
VRISKA: Gave up on the mission?
MEENAH: gave up
VRISKA: Yeah.
VRISKA: What do you think.
MEENAH: um
MEENAH: sure
VRISKA: Sure?
VRISKA: You don't think that would 8e a wussy move?
MEENAH: well yeah
MEENAH: it would be
MEENAH: if a couple of cowards did it
MEENAH: but that aint us
MEENAH: so we cool to do whatev
VRISKA: That's a very good point.
MEENAH: nofin wrong with stickin a fork in a shit idea that just makes you miserable
MEENAH: hell the best choice i ever made involved givin up
MEENAH: one day i said
MEENAH: fuck da throne
MEENAH: ran off to the moon
MEENAH: thats how this whole crazy mess kicked off
MEENAH: and if i didnt do that
MEENAH: i wouldnt of met you 38)
VRISKA:
VRISKA: ::::)

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**02/10/13**

| |
|---|
| FAKENESS |

dialoglogDIRK: JAKE, YOUR HOPE FIELD IS DISSIPATING!
DIRK: COME ON MAN, YOU DON'T NEED TO RELY ON HER TO KEEP BELIEVING!
DIRK: TRY AND HOLD YOUR SHIT TOGETHER FOR JUST A LITTLE LONGER!

# JAKE: FIDDLE FADDLE

DIRK: GOD *DAMN* IT, JAKE!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**02/10/13**
dialoglogROSE: Mr. Strider?
DIRK: ...
ROSE: What are you doing to this troll, if I might ask?

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**02/10/13**
dialoglogDIRK: GET HER THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**02/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**02/10/13**
dialoglogROSE: Gotcha.

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**02/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**
dialoglogTEREZI: WHY WONT YOU F1GHT B4CK?!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**

```
FAKENESS
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**
dialoglogTEREZI: WHY WONT YOU S4Y SOM3TH1NG??!!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**

```
FAKENESS
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**
dialoglogTEREZI: WHY WONT YOU *D13???!!!!*

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**
dialoglogJANE: Forgive me, Jake.

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**03/10/13**

# JAKE: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**06/10/13**

```
FAKENESS
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**06/10/13**

```
DEAD.
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**06/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**06/10/13**
dialoglogARANEA: Good GRIEF, that was painful.

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**06/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**06/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**06/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**06/10/13**
dialoglogGAMZEE: TeReZi...
GAMZEE: wHoA.
GAMZEE: PlEaSe StOp.

GAMZEE: YoU'rE mOtHeRfUcKiN...
GAMZEE: hUrTiNg Me. :o(

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

dialoglogTEREZI: OH...

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

```
drop
```

dialoglogTEREZI: OH GOD

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

```
clank
```

dialoglogTEREZI: WH4T H4V3 1 DON3

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

```
JANE: Z
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

```
JANE: Z
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

```
JANE:
-ZZZ
```

dialoglogGAMZEE:

HONK

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

```
TEREZI: !!!!!!!!
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

```
zzt.
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

```
bzz.
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

```
JANE: -ZZZZZZZZZZZ-

tackle.

ARANEA: Hrk.
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**06/10/13**

```
POW

cavort
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

```
JANE: Z
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

```
kapoo
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

```
shabop!
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
dialoglogROSE: GAMZEE!
ROSE: STOP THAT!!

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
dialoglogROSE: Or, wait.
ROSE: Is this some sort of blackrom thing?
ROSE: I certainly hope not.

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**11/10/13**
dialoglogROSE: Think, Lalonde. Think!
ROSE: What did Kanaya tell you about this quadrant?
ROSE: Does it really involve such gruesome fisticuffs?
ROSE: I...
ROSE: I can't remember!
ROSE: I was probably drunk during that particular lesson.
ROSE: What am I saying.
ROSE: I was drunk for all the lessons!
ROSE: Ugh, what a disgrace.
ROSE: I am the actual worst auspistice who ever lived.
ROSE: THE ACTUAL WORST!!!

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

```
clown suplex
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

```
fLiP
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

```
ATOMIC DOUBLE
JUGGALO BACKBREAKER
```

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: TEREZI...

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**11/10/13**

dialoglogKARKAT: NO

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/10/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/10/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/10/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/10/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/10/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/10/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/10/13**
dialoglogJAKE: Pardon me...
JAKE: Sir jester?
JAKE: I dont know what this masked bandit has done to deserve such a throttling...
JAKE: Something sufficiently felonious i presume?
JAKE: But it is hard to imagine she has not been punished enough and then some.
JAKE: Perhaps you could um...
JAKE: If its not much bother...
JAKE: See to...
JAKE: Unhanding the lady?
JAKE: Maybe?
GAMZEE: ;o)
ROSE: ENOUGH!

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/10/13**
dialoglogROSE: I don't care if it IS some sort of grisly courtship ritual.
ROSE: THIS HAS TO STOP!

## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/10/13**
## [A6A6I2] ====>
**16/10/13**

```
spell
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**

```
YANK.
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
dialoglogKARKAT: OH ******HELL****** NO

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
dialoglogKARKAT: LET HER GO THIS *INSTANT* YOU HEINOUS COD PACKING SHIT MIME!
KARKAT: WE AREN'T GONNA HUG IT OUT *THIS* TIME BRO, I'LL TELL YOU THAT MUCH RIGHT FUCKING NOW!!!
GAMZEE: honk.

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
dialoglogKARKAT: WHAT THE

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**

```
B--ty Cr--
```

**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
**[A6A6I2] ====>**
**16/10/13**
dialoglogARANEA: Oh shit.

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**16/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**16/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**16/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**16/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**16/10/13**

## [A6A6I2] ====>

**16/10/13**

## ACT 6 ACT 6 ACT 3

**17/10/14**

```
MORE
HOW TO DRAW
MANGA
VOL. 1
The Basics of Character Drawing

Go Office
```

WELCOME BACK.

(AGAIN.)

## YOUR UNIMPATIENCE HAS BEEN APPRECIATED.

**18/10/14**

```
?

Radial Menu

Premium Mode

Display Toggle


Shift

Ctrl

Alt
```

I CAN ONLY ASSUME. THAT WAITING FOR THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF MY VAUNTED SERIES, "HOMOSUCK". WAS AS TIME CONSUMING FOR YOU. AS IT WAS FOR ME.

I HAVE BEEN WORKING MY ASS OFF. LIKE ONE OF YOUR HUMAN MOTHERFUCKERS. AT PERFECTING MY CRAFTS MANSHIP.

YOU ARE PROBABLY WONDERING IF THE FRUITS OF MY LABORIOUS TOIL. WERE EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL.

I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND THE ANSWER TO BE THE FOLLOWING WORD.

## YES!!!!!!!!!!!

**18/10/14**

```
#1
```

I HAVE DONE IT. WHERE THE FINE ARTS ARE CONCERNED, I HAVE REACHED THE PINNACLE OF ACHIEVEMENT MOUNTAIN. I STAB MY CANE INTO THE PEAK (LIKE A FLAG), THUS MAKING A SNOWY AVALANCHE. ON TO THE HATERS BELOW!

JEALOUS MUCH, FAT ASS???

## HOW DID I DO SUCH A SENSATIONAL FEAT? YOU ASK.

**18/10/14**

THE MYSTERY TO SUCCESS. LAY HIDDEN AMIDST THE BYZANTINE MANGAS. ALL ALONG.

THESE OCCULT WIZARDRIES OF THE BRUSH. PURLOINED FROM COOL SCROLLS OF WISE MEN FROM THE EARTHLING EAST. HAVE BEEN GATHERED FOR MY STUDIOUS PERUSAL INSIDE A SEDUCTIVE TOME. EMBLAZONED WITH A FRIVOLOUS TART.

HOWEVER, MASTERING EACH SLY GAMBIT OF THE TRADE. IS NO EASY TASK.

AND YET EASILY MASTERING THEM. WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY. IS EXACTLY WHAT I DID!

## THIS FACT IS CALLED A *GAME CHANGER*.

**18/10/14**

TO PROFESSIONALS IN THE BUSINESS, THAT IS.

PREVIOUSLY. BEFORE I LITERALLY TRANSFORMED. INTO THE SUPREME DOUJINSHI MAN GAKA, STANDING BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES. I MADE SOME PREDICTABLE PLANS. REGARDING WHAT GOES NEXT IN MY STORY.

I GOT EVERYTHING READY. I DREW ALL OF "THE TROLLS". LOOK. ALL OF YOUR FAVORITES ARE HERE.

UH...

## KRABKRAB. HONK FRIEND. CAPE DOUCHE.

**18/10/14**

```
KRABKRAB.

HONK
FRIEND.

CAPE
DOUCHE.
```

## SMELLY HORSE MAN. OTHER GUY. BULL HORN WIMP.

**18/10/14**

```
SMELLY
HORSE
MAN.

OTHER
GUY.

BULL HORN
WIMP.
```

## AND LEST WE FORGET. A SALTY ARRAY. OF MISCELLANEOUS BITCHES.

**18/10/14**

```
THA BITCHES.
```

## OH. ALSO. THE BEFORE TROLLS. IN CASE OF EMERGENCY

**18/10/14**

SUCH AS IN CASE I WAS IN NEED. OF MORE FICTITIOUS IDIOTS TO MURDER. INSIDE MY DRAWINGS.

## BUT THESE PORTRAITS ARE NOW A MOOT POINT.

**18/10/14**

```
GARBAGE.
```

ALL OF THIS WRETCHED TRASH. GOES IN THE PLACE WHERE IT BELONGS. WHICH IS TO SAY, THE *GARBAGE*.

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU ARE AN ARTIST. SOMETIMES YOU CHANGE YOUR IDEA PLANS. BECAUSE THEY SUDDENLY SEEM TERRIBLE. DUE TO YOUR ASTRONOMICAL STRIDES IN CREATIVE MASTERY.

THESE WERE THE PIXEL PUPPETS. OF A LAUGHABLE AMATEUR. THEY ARE BENEATH ME NOW. MUCH LIKE YOU ARE.

BUT IN SPITE OF ALL OF YOUR BAD SHORTCOMINGS. I WILL LET YOU OBSERVE MY ARTISTIC BREAKTHROUGHS. BECAUSE OF HOW PROUD OF THEM I AM. AND WATCHING PEOPLE BE IMPRESSED AT MY DRAWINGS. EVEN DUMB JERKS. MAKES ME FEEL GREAT ABOUT MYSELF AND MY ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

## BEHOLD, MY EXCLUSIVE PRIVATE GALLERY.

**18/10/14**

```
I-AM-YOUR-LORD.deviantart.com


deviantART


SHOP  MORE  SUBMIT
```

I-AM-YOUR-LORD
MAN GAKA EXTRAORDINAIRE

Profile  Gallery  Prints  Favourites

Traditional Art / Professional Member

Caliborn  Male/Unknown

11 Deviations
0 Comments
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* under the fold on deviantART:

Activity

I-AM-YOUR-LORD posted a status
ATOP THE PINNACLE OF
ACHIEVEMENT MOUNTAIN

* profile on deviantART:

I-AM-YOUR-LORD
Caliborn
Artist / Professional / Traditional Art

EXCEPTION MAESTRO OF THE FINE ARTS. AND YOUR LORD.

Interests

Favorite visual artist
ME

Favorite movies
I HAVE NOT SEEN A MOVIE

Favorite TV shows
I HAVE NOT SEEN A TV SHOW

Favorite bands / musical artists
I DON'T KNOW

Favorite books
HOW TO DRAW MANGA

Favorite writers
ME

Favorite games
TABLE STICKBALL

Favorite gaming platform
I DON'T KNOW

Tools of the Trade
COMPUTER PENCIL

```
Other Interests
MEAT. ART. MURDER.
```

ABRA CAFUCKING DABRA YOU NASTY SHITNERDS.

READ IT AND WEEP!!!

(AND TELL ME HOW GOOD YOU THINK IT ALL IS. THANKS.)

## OK, THAT'S ENOUGH ADMIRATION. BACK TO OUR STORY.

**18/10/14**

```
COPYRIGHT.

DO NOT
STEAL.

* Comment on deviantART:
GOD'S GIFT TO THE YAOIS.
```

LOOK WHO JUST SWAGGERED INTO YOUR FUCKING BUSINESS.

IT'S GOD'S GIFT. TO "THE YAOIS". MY RESEARCH TELLS ME.

GET A LOAD OF THOSE BABY REDS.

## YOU MAY RECOLLECT. THAT THIS BLUSHING BISHONEN DREAM BOAT.

**18/10/14**

```
THIS IS
MY
PROPERTY

* Comment on deviantART:
BLUSHING BISHONEN DREAM BOAT
```

IS OUR ALPHA MALE.

NOT THAT I BLAME YOU FOR NOT RECOGNIZING HIM. FROM HIS ONCE PREVIOUSLY ODIOUS VISAGE, OF BEFORE.

BUT NOW, BY MY SKILLFUL HAND. THIS GORGEOUS MALE HERO. HAS BEEN ALLOWED TO RADIATE. WITH THE SUPREME DIVINITY. OF BOYMANGA HEAVEN.

## OH MY. WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

**18/10/14**

```
©

* Comment on deviantART:
MOE BROS
```

DON'T LOOK NOW. BUT ANOTHER BASHFUL BISHIE APPROACHES THE STAGE.

IT'S OUR TROLL MALE. KRAB GUY. QUITE A TEMPER, THIS ONE! HE BELLOWS

HIMSELF HOARSE DAILY. AT OUR SMART TALKING. GIVE NO FUCK. ALPHA MALE.

THESE MOE BROS PUT THE PAL, IN PALPABLE CHEMISTRY. THE KIND OF WHICH IS BAD, AS WELL AS EROTIC. THE SAGE ELDERS OF MANGA DESCRIBE THE QUADRANT THEY OCCUPY, AS I QUOTE "TSUNDERE". IT IS A TEMPESTUOUS LIAISON OF MUTUAL GRIEVANCE. AND YET, DEEP DOWN. THEY KNOW IN EACH OTHER'S HEART THAT THEY ARE SOLID DUDES.

## OK. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.

**18/10/14**

```
STEP
OFF

* Comment on deviantART:
A TEMPESTUOUS LIAISON OF MUTUAL GRIEVANCE
```

THIS IS WRONG. WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THE TOUCHING. THE TENDERNESS.

I KNOW IT. YOU KNOW IT. LET'S NOT PLAY A GAME WITH EACH OTHER.

WHERE, PER CHANCE, ARE THE BITCHES? I CAN HEAR YOU ASK.

YOU RAISE AN EXCELLENT POINT.

## BUT HEAR ME OUT!

**18/10/14**

```
© © © ©

* Comment on deviantART:
BEAUTIFUL FUCKING DUDES.
```

THE MANGAS PLAY BY DIFFERENT RULES. YOU'LL AGREE WITH THIS. WHEN YOU HEAR THE FACTS OF MY RATIONALE.

NATURALLY SUCH MAUDLIN DISPLAYS. OF TOUCHING AND SIMPERING. HAVE NO PLACE. WHERE ONLY COCKSURE, MASCULINE GENTLEMEN ARE PRESENT.

HOWEVER. BY THE MAN GAKA'S ILLUSIONRY. HE CHANGES EVERYTHING! WHERE BEFORE OUR MALES WERE COARSE. CHISLED. AND CRUDELY ANGULAR. BUILT FOR PRIME TIME. LIKE A FUCKING GARBAGE TRUCK. PLOWING THROUGH THE WALL. OF AN INDUSTRIAL BEEF MILL. SO CUT. SO *MAXED OUT*. THAT THEY COULD ONLY PROVOKE INSIDE A YOUNG MAN. THOUGHTS OF *RAW POWER*. NEVER DEBAUCHERY!!!

UNTIL NOW, THAT IS. BECAUSE OF MANGA. AND ITS INHERENT CAPABILITY TO TRANSFORM ALL THAT IS HARD AND CRUEL. INTO FIGURES OF SUBLIME BEAUTY. I FIND THIS ARTIFICE TO BE. MUCH LIKE THE SIREN SPELL OF THE TRICKSTER. YET, IMPOSSIBLY. EVEN MORE HAUNTING IN ITS ALLURE.

## I MUST SAY. THE ARTISTIC PLOY. IS INGENIOUS.

**18/10/14**

```
© © © © © © © © © © © © © © © ©

* Comment on deviantART:
ILLEGAL PASSION PARADISE.
```

IT OPENS UP SO MANY POSSIBILITIES. TO THE FIEND OF INDECENT SMUT. WHERE BEFORE, IT WAS ALL BUT IMPOSSIBLE. TO RENDER TRULY *****SENTIMENTAL***** IMAGERY, WITHOUT RESORTING TO BABES AND BIMBOS GALORE. DUE TO THE UTTERLY UNACCEPTABLE HAPPENSTANCE WHERE IN MACHO GUYS ARE PHYSICALLY POIGNANT WITH EACH OTHER. WHICH TO REASONABLE MEN IS THE MOST UNWELCOME PERSUASION OF LECHERY. OR THAT IS, IT WAS...

UNTIL NOW!

LOOK HOW SMART THIS HOAX IS. THANKS TO MANGA. SEE. THROUGH THE ELEGANCE OF BEAUTY AND FINESSE. IT SOFTENS THE UNCOUTH MALE EXTERIOR. BEVELING THE ANGLES OF PURE MUSCLE. TAMING HIS INCREDIBLE ANGRINESS. AND BY THE FLUSHING OF CHEEKS. THE DEWING OF BROW. THE GLASSING OF EYES. ONE BRINGS OUT OF ANY BRUTE, HIS TRUE INNER BISHIE. WHICH ACTUALLY IS MANGANESE. FOR A BEAUTIFUL FUCKING DUDE.

IF YOU'RE CONFUSED, BASICALLY THE IDEA IS. YOU PRETEND THEM TO LOOK MORE LIKE GIRLS. TO MAKE IT LESS WEIRD FOR EVERYBODY WHEN THEY DECIDE TO TOUCH EACH OTHER.

I MEAN. IT IS REPULSIVE TO WITNESS. DO NOT GET ME WRONG.

BUT YET, IT REMAINS...

## MAGICAL IN ITS FORBIDDENALITY.

**18/10/14**

```
ARTWORK
BY
CALIBORN

* Comment on deviantART:
MAUDLIN DISPLAYS OF TOUCHING AND SIMPERING.
```

## OH, BUT WHAT'S THIS?

**18/10/14**

```
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MATERIAL.
PROTECTED
BY LAW.

* Comment on deviantART:
AMOROUS FELINE FLOOZY.
```

AN AMOROUS FEMALE SASHAYS INTO THE SEXUAL PICTURE. TO SPOIL THE BOY FUN.

## IT'S NONE OTHER. THAN WHAT'S HER FACE.

**18/10/14**

```
® ® ® ®
```

DON'T BE DECEIVED. BY THE FACT THAT THIS FELINE FLOOZY IS TOO UNIMPORTANT FOR ME TO BOTHER NAMING. THIS IS AN *ORIGINAL CHARACTER*. WHO SHALL NOT BE STOLEN. PLEASE RESPECT MY PROPERTY.

THIS SACCHARINE TWIT HAS SOME INTERESTS, WHICH INCLUDE.

1. GIGGLING.

2. MAKING ME PUKE.

3. USING CAT WORDS, INSTEAD OF NORMAL WORDS.

4. SERVING NO PURPOSE.

5. WEARING STUPID CLOTHES.

6. PROBABLY SMELLING HORRIBLE.

## 7. GETTING MURDERED IN DRAWINGS.

**18/10/14**

```
SEE
YA.
```

UM, CAN SOMEONE SAY OWNED? MOVING ON.

## WELL, WELL, WELL, WELL. WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

**18/10/14**

```
THIS IMAGE
IS THE
PRIVATE
BELONGING
OF A
PROFESSIONAL

* Comment on deviantART:
A PLUCKY STRUMPET.
```

"HELLO BOYS", THIS PLUCKY STRUMPET SEEMS TO SAY WITH HER EYES. SHE IS LOOKING TO HORN THE FUCK IN. ON OUR TWO TOP DOGG'S ILLEGAL PASSION PARADISE. SHE IS NO DOUBT HOPING FOR... *MUCHAS SMOOCHES*

FAT CHANCE SISTER!!!

## "IDIOT GIRL NUMBER WHATEVER" LIKES:

**18/10/14**

```
-NEⓒ MINEⓒ MI-
MINEⓒ MINE
-NEⓒ MINEⓒ MI-
MINEⓒ MINE
-NEⓒ MINEⓒ MI-
MINEⓒ MINE
```

1. TOTAL FAILURE.

2. GETTING FRIEND ZONED BY QUALITY MALE HONCHOS.

3. LIVING IN PERPETUAL DISGRACE.

4. BEING A COMPLETE FUCKING THIRD WHEEL TO SOME COOL BOYS.

5. NOT BEING WORTH THE ALPHA MALE'S TIME OF DAY.

6. NOT BEING WORTH THE KRABKRAB'S TIME OF DAY.

## 7. NOT BEING WORTH ANYTHING. (A.K.A. "WORTHLESS")

**18/10/14**

```
FEEL FREE
TO STEAL
THIS ONE.
```

BYE.

## HERE COMES ANOTHER PRIME O.C. OF MINE, HOT OFF THE PRESS.

**18/10/14**

```
REGISTERED
WITH THE
GOVERNMENT
AS MY LEGAL
ARTISTIC
POSSESSION.

* Comment on deviantART:
A "LUCKY LADY".
```

NOT TOO SHABBY, RIGHT? YOU CAN JUST TELL THIS "LUCKY LADY" IS BRIMMING WITH CHUTZPAH.

ME THINKS SHE WILL BE A VERY CONTROVERSIAL CHARACTER. WITH EXCESSIVE COMPLICATIONS. AND AMBIGUOUS MORAL STUFF. IN HER PERSONALITY BULLET POINTS.

HER TRAITS AND OTHER SUCH CHARACTER THINGS. WILL BE A LOT TO LIST. WHICH IS FINE, BECAUSE IT WILL HELP YOU BELIEVE MY CREATION IS MORE INTERESTING. IN FACT. THIS IS ONE SUCH ADVANTAGE OF DOMINATING ALL KNOWN MANGA AS I

HAVE DONE. WHEN YOU'RE THIS GOOD, AND BRILLIANT. YOU DON'T EVEN REALLY NEED TO "TELL STORIES" ANYMORE. YOU CAN JUST MAKE SOME CHARACTERS. AND LIST THEIR VARIOUS QUALITIES EXTENSIVELY. AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH.

THE MANY. MANY INTRIGUING PERSONAL FACTS. OF THIS TRUCULENT FEMALE PROVOCATEUR. SHALL BE LISTED EXTENSIVELY.

## AS FOLLOWS:

**18/10/14**

```
PSYCHE-
OUT!!!
```

SHE ACTUALLY THOUGHT SHE WAS GOING TO BE RELEVANT. KEEP DREAMING BITCH!

## IT THINK WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME ON THESE NOBODIES.

**18/10/14**

```
?

Radial Menu

Premium Mode

Display Toggle


Shift

Ctrl

Alt
```

DON'T YOU? LET'S DROP THE BULLSHIT. AND STOP FUCKING AROUND.

YOU ARE PROBABLY WONDERING. "WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS MAYHEM?" YOU ASK.

## UH OH. HERE HE COMES.

**18/10/14**

```
HOLD THE
FUCKING PHONE...
```

DON'T LOOK NOW. BUT IT'S NONE OTHER. THAN THE BIG MAN HIMSELF.

## DAAAAAAAAAAAMN.

**18/10/14**

```
JUST.
DAMN.

* Comment on deviantART:
THE YAOIEST MOTHERFUCKER WHO EVER LIVED.
```

WHO YOU ASK, IS THIS BROODING BEAUTIFUL DUDE?

THIS IS YOURS TRULY. MY SELF INSERTION GUY. WHICH IS MY PREROGATIVE TO DO AS AN ARTIST. I LEARNED THIS FROM MY "MASTER". THE WISE ASSED GHOST WHO HAUNTED MY COMPUTER. HE WAS THE BEST THERE WAS AT STUFF LIKE THIS, HE TOLD ME ONCE. TRULY, HE WAS QUITE THE PIECE OF SHIT.

## SERIOUSLY. CAN I GET A GOD DAMN?

**18/10/14**

```
HOLY
SMOKES!
```

ASK ANY DECORATED SCHOLAR TO THE SCHOOL OF MANGA, AND HE WILL SAY. BEFORE YOU STANDS THE YAOIEST MOTHERFUCKER WHO EVER LIVED. ALL THINGS ABOUT THIS GORGEOUS BASTARD TELL YOU LOUD AND CLEAR. THIS IS A MAN OF CLASS AND STYLE.

HE IS DRESSED TO KILL. (LITERALLY! HAHA, YESSS.) LOOK AT THIS FANCY DAN, STRUTTING HIS STUFF AND DAPPER AS FUCK. YOUR BOY HERE PEACOCKS HARD AT HONIES APLENTY, NEGGING THE BITCHES AND CLOSING THE HOES IN A COAT THAT IS FIT FOR A LORD. LOOK AT THAT GOD DAMN COAT. I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GETS THAT COAT? PROBABLY DUE TO A SHENANIGAN THAT TAKES PLACE LATER. I DOUBT IT MATTERS THAT MUCH. IT LOOKS GREAT THOUGH, AND I LOVE IT.

## ALSO, HOW ABOUT A HAT?

**18/10/14**

```
FUCKING
INCREDIBLE
```

SURE, WHY NOT. THE HAT IS NOT CANONICAL TO MY FANON, BUT I DO NOT SEE THE HARM IN SUCH A DIGNIFIED ACCESSORY. AH YES, PERFECT. WHO COULD EVER BE ACCUSED OF BEING AN ASSHOLE WHILE WEARING THAT?? NOBODY.

OH, ALSO. SICK NASTY GREEN ELECTRICITY WINGS? FUCKING CHECK. I THINK WE ARE GOOD TO GO HERE.

## BIG MAN: HOLLER FOR YOUR WOMAN.

**18/10/14**

```
zap.
```

HIS WOMAN, THAT ELABORATE TRAMP FROM THE SURFACE OF THE TOME, HUSTLES TO THE SIDE OF HER DEBONAIR HOT SHOT. "MY'LADY" HE DOFFS RATIONALLY. THE MAN BRIMS WITH INTELLECTUAL IDEAS SHE WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. HE KNOWS MANY THINGS, ABOUT THE WORLD, AND BEING STRONG. BUT YET... HE STILL DOESN'T KNOW WHO SHE IS. THE GODDESS OF MANGA, PERHAPS?

IT IS NO MATTER. SHE MUST BOW DOWN BEFORE HER LORD. AS MUST YOU ALL SOME DAY.

## GODDESS OF MANGA: BOW DOWN.

**18/10/14**

SHE BOWS BEFORE YOU SUBMISSIVELY IN A SUBSERVIENT MANNER. EVERYTHING IS CORRECT ABOUT THE SITUATION. YOU THINK SHE'S REALLY ATTRACTIVE, AND IT MAKES YOU FEEL WEIRD PHYSICALLY. AND YET, UNLIKE YOUR SISTER, SHE KNOWS HER PLACE. AND HAS NO OPINIONS OR WORDS TO REMARK ABOUT.

I MEAN...

NOT TO IMPLY THAT ANY OTHER ASPECT OF HER IS LIKE YOUR SISTER. LIKE BEING ATTRACTIVE. WOW. WHAT? READ INTO STUFF MUCH? YOU DECIDE YOU HAVE TOO MUCH TIME ON YOUR HANDS. YOU STOP THINKING ABOUT THIS TOPIC STARTING AS OF IMMEDIATELY.

ALL IS WELL AND IDEAL AGAIN, WITHOUT YOU BLURTING OUT UNNECESSARY SEXY SCANDALS. IT IS ALMOST A BIT. *TOO* IDEAL, YOU THINK.

"HMM."

## SOMETHING IS A MISS.

**19/10/14**

```
?
```

hey.

YOU GO IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK. AT THE EYES OF THE HANDSOME BOY'S APPEARANCE. AND NOTICE A WORRISOME DISCREPANCY.

NO, THIS IS ALL WRONG, YOU FROWN. THESE GLASSY RED PEEPERS, LOVELY THOUGH THEY ARE. ARE NOT YOUR LORD'S FINAL FORM. OH NO.

## HIS EYES ARE SUPPOSED TO FLICKER ABOUT.

**19/10/14**

WITH THE HAT FLAVORS. OF MY LOYAL FROG PUPPET GUYS.

LEGEND DEMANDS, THIS IS A TRAIT OF SUPREME INVINCIBILITY. OWED TO A FULL BODY UNION. WITH THE CLOCKWORK MAJYY. MAYJYJ. MAKJACK.

THE CLOCKWORK BULLSHIT.

I DON'T KNOW WHY THAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN YET. BUT MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT...

TOGETHER?

HEY ASSHOLE, I'M TALKING TO YOU!

**.....**

**19/10/14**

```
CALIBORN: !
```

**.....**
**19/10/14**

**.....**
**19/10/14**

```
ANOTHER INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

**.....**
**19/10/14**

```
ANOTHER INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

**.....**
**19/10/14**

```
ANOTHER INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

**.....**
**19/10/14**

```
ANOTHER INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

**.....**
**19/10/14**

```
ANOTHER INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

**.....**
**19/10/14**

```
ANOTHER INTENSE STAREDOWN
```

**.....**
**19/10/14**

**.....**
**19/10/14**
it's you, isn't it.

**.....**
**19/10/14**

```
Lil Seb: no...
```

you're the guy who wrote that horrible story with all the fake daves!

you're behind all this, aren't you! i dunno how i know that, but i can just feel it!

you're the one who vriska and her pirate pals are all trying to stop! it was you who put all this into motion in some way i don't really understand! which means you're responsible for like a trillion people dying, and universes blowing up, and all my friends getting scattered around and acting like idiots, and my dad being dead!

ok, maybe you're not totally responsible for us acting like idiots, most of that is on us! but all that other bad stuff is your fault somehow, isn't it!

I'M GONNA KICK YOUR ASS!!!

## LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WE HAVE A HATER.

**19/10/14**

AS YOU CAN SEE, THE FORMER GHOST OF THE MALE HERO HAS COME BACK TO HAUNT ME. THIS IS NOT HIS FIRST UNWELCOME INTRUSION. INTO MY PRIVATE IMPORTANT AFFAIRS.

who... are you talking to?

TECHNICALLY. IT WILL NOT BE HIS LAST EITHER. BUT IT WILL MARK THE FIRST TIME HE IS FORCED TO PAY A TOLL FOR HIS RUDE TELEPORTATION CRIME.

OH YES, TODAY HE WILL PAY.

WITH HIS TEETH.

AND WITH HIS BLOOD.

um...

## GAME OVER KID.

**19/10/14**

## [S] GAME OVER.

**25/10/14**

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ACT 6 ACT 6 INTERMISSION 3

JANE: Z

SMACK

punch punch punch punch

egbert kick!

BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM BLAM
blam blam

DUDEBRO SLAP

nom

HIKE

```
CAPE
RIIIIIIIIIP


BZZZZZZZZZZ

HEROIC

HEROIC
JUST


zap.

CLICK.
```

# ACT 6 ACT 6 INTERMISSION 3 (Already in progress)

**25/10/14**

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

```
grab
```

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

```
flip
```

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

```
snap
```

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

## [A6A6I3] ====>

**25/10/14**

```
JUST
```

## [A6A6I3] ====>
**25/10/14**
## [A6A6I3] ====>
**25/10/14**
## [A6A6I3] ====>
**25/10/14**
## [A6A6I3] ====>
**25/10/14**
## [A6A6I3] ====>
**25/10/14**
dialoglogJOHN: what the fuck happened here?

## [A6A6I3] ====>
**25/10/14**
## ACT 6 ACT 6 ACT 4
**01/11/14**

```
CALIBORN: _
```

## .....
**01/11/14**
A TEEN DIDN'T LIKE THE DIRECTION OF MY STORY, SO HE CAME AND BEAT ME UP.
## THIS IS THE WORST THING THAT'S EVER HAPPENED TO ME.
**01/11/14**
AND BEAR IN MIND THAT ONE TIME, MY LEG WAS BITTEN OFF. AND I TRAGICALLY LOST A SISTER TO MURDER.
## AS SUCH, I MUST ADMIT.
**01/11/14**
TO BEING SUCCUMBED TO A NEW LOW. OF DEPRESSING EMOTIONS.

AS A TORTURED ARTIST. OF SO MUCH TALENTED PROMISE, AND INTELLECTUAL DARING, AND CULTURAL MAGNITUDE. THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT.
## THIS IS MY NADIR.
**01/11/14**
THE BLACKEST BALL BEFORE THE HOLE.

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE FEELINGS.
## I BUST MY CHERUB HUMP FOR YOU "PEOPLE".
**01/11/14**
DAY IN. AND DAY OUT. I BRING HOME THE FUCKING BACON.

I ACCOMPLISH ENOUGH PREMIUM CONTENT. TO CHOKE YOUR GLUTTONOUS CANDY HOLES. WHICH SERVE TO BARELY MUFFLE YOUR NOISY CRAVINGS. FOR MORE AND FOR MORE.

AND I DO THIS, FOR WHAT???

## UNGRATEFULTUDE.

**01/11/14**

## I KNOW WHAT THE CRUX TO THIS HORRIBLE PROBLEM IS.

**01/11/14**

IT IS THAT, I AM MISUNDERSTOOD.

THE ATROCIOUS HATERS AND WEAK CHILDREN WILL SAY THAT I AM A MONSTER. THAT I AM THE BIGGEST BAD GUY. AND THAT MY EVIL CRIMES NEED TO BE STOPPED USING TANTRUM PUNCHES. BUT NO.

I AM JUST A SIMPLE ARTIST.

## SURE, SOME OF THEIR LIES HAVE SOME CORRECT QUALITIES.

**01/11/14**

YES, IT'S TRUE I HATE MANY THINGS, AND WANT THEM DEAD. LIKE ALL NON CHERUBS. WHO AREN'T ME.

YES, I MOSTLY WANT TO SEE EVERY LIVING THING TURN EXTINCT IN BAD WAYS. AND OK, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SUCKER FOR MAKING FUNNY MURDERS HAPPEN.

BUT THOSE ARE REALLY JUST HOBBIES! THEY DON'T *DEFINE* ME.

## MY TRUE PASSION. IS TELLING STORIES.

**01/11/14**

I HUGELY INSIST. THAT I WALK THE PATH. NOT OF A VILLAIN. BUT OF AN ARTIST!!!

## I BLEED THE BLOOD.

**01/11/14**

OF A CRAFT'S MAN.

## I SWEAT THE STUFF.

**01/11/14**

OF A GENTLE SOUL.

## AND I WEEP THE TEARS.

**01/11/14**

## OF A POET.

**01/11/14**

## AND LIKE ANY BEAUTIFUL ART POET.

**01/11/14**

90°

WHO IS IN A STRUGGLE OF CREATIVE CALAMITY.

I MUST RETREAT TO MY CRAFT.

I WILL FALL BACK ON THE FUCKING BASICS.

FORM.

LINE.

ANGLE.

LINE.

MORE LINES.

## ADDITIONAL ANGLES.

**01/11/14**

```
NO

BAD

GREAT

YES
```

I WILL REGROUP.

I WILL REBUILD MY VISION, FROM PIXEL ONE.

I WILL REINVENT MYSELF AS AN ARTIST!!!

## AND AGAIN I WILL RISE.

**01/11/14**

```
PURE ART SKILL
```

LIKE A PHOENIX FROM THE ASSES. ("PLAY ON WORDS".)

THE ASSES BELONG TO THE HATERS OF COURSE. WHICH I HANDED TO THEM PERSONALLY. WITH MY STRONG BARE HANDS.

## AND SO I BIDE MY TIME.

**01/11/14**

```
"BLUE PRINT"
```

PERFECTING EVERY ASPECT OF MY CRAFT.

POLISHING, WHILE DEMOLISHING.

HONING, WHILE OWNING.

AND IN TIME.

YOU WILL SEE MY *MASTERPIECE*.

## BUT THE THING IS.

**01/11/14**

```
ZILLYLOOT!
```

```
DISCOVER

HONK WHEE TOOT BOING IT'S A KICKSTARTER PARODY! WHEEEEEEEEEEE-

PROJECT : CALIBORN'S MASTERPIECE

BACKERS : 15
PLEDGED : *** OF ONE ZILLION* GOAL
*ONE ZILLION = MANDATORY MINIMUM/MAXIMUM GOAL
Back This Project
minimum pledge

TREAT TIERS! (SQUEAK)

50c
a real SWEET TOOTH!

100c
YUM YUM. PASS THE SYRUP!

200c
GRAPE SCOTT!!! hehe

300c
donut? more like doYES!

400c
ORANGE you glad you pledged?

500c
BANANA you glad you pledged?
```

MASTERPIECES DON'T COME CHEAP.

I KNOW I SAID, BLAH BLAH, I'M A SENSITIVE ARTIST. MY SOUL IS CRYING. STUFF LIKE THAT.

BUT LET'S FACE THE CRASS FACTS. I AM A GOD DAMN BUSINESS MAN. AND ART COSTS FUCKING MONEY.

**AND SO I WILL NEED YOU TO PLUNGE YOUR GRUBBY FISTS.**

**01/11/14**

```
c c c c c
```

FAR DOWN YOUR MONEY POCKETS. AND DONATE GENEROUSLY TO THE NEXT AND GREATEST ACT OF HOMOSUCK. YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.

AS WE SPEAK. MY CLOSEST FRIENDS AND ALLIES. ARE DIGGING DEEP, AND CHIPPING IN. TOTALLY OPTIONALLY.

OR ELSE!!!!!!!!!!

**THE SAVVY CASH GIVER WILL ALSO BE PLEASED TO KNOW.**

**01/11/14**

```
PUBLIC ADDRESS
DEPOSIT/VERIFY
```

```
HAAHAAHAAHEEHEEHEEHOOHOOHOO

WITHDRAW/SPEND
PRIVATE KEY

1LMKzdqh

c c c

* the two QR codes translate to:
http://www.mspaintadventures.com/
HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO HAA HAA HEE HEE HOO HOO HAA HAA
HEE HEE HOO HO
```

THAT I AM GRACIOUSLY ACCEPTING "CAL COINS". THE BLEEDING EDGE OF MODERN IMAGINARY CURRENCY. WHICH I RECENTLY MADE UP WITH MY COMPUTER. AND CAN CONFIDENTLY CLAIM. TO LARGELY UNDERSTAND.

## PLEASE STAND BY VERY IMPATIENTLY.

**01/11/14**

THROUGH THE NEXT LENGTHY BARRAGE OF NOT IMPORTANT STUFF.

I WILL BE USING LOTS OF FANCY SOFTWARE MONEY, TO CRAFT MY SWAN'S SONG.

TUNE IN NEXT TIME ON HOMOSUCK. FOR THE THRILLING AND ARTISICALLY UNBELIEVABLE CONCLUSION. OF HOMOSUCK.

## [S] BYE FOREVER, ALMOST.

**01/11/14**

## ACT 6 ACT 6 INTERMISSION 4

**03/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**03/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**03/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**03/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**03/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**03/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**03/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**03/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**05/11/14**

dialoglogJOHN: hey there.
JOHN: are you dave's bro?
JOHN: ...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: hey!
JOHN: did you hear me?
JOHN: where is everyone?
JOHN: i'm john by the way.
DIRK: John.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/11/14**
dialoglogDIRK: Could you please just leave me alone.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: what?
JOHN: why?
JOHN: i don't understand.
JOHN: do you know what happened here?
DIRK: Yeah.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/11/14**
dialoglogDIRK: I failed.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/11/14**

```
JOHN: !
```

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**05/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**05/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: roxy?

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: what happened to rose?

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
dialoglogROXY: mom

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**07/11/14**
dialoglogROXY: mom!
ROXY: please
ROXY: wake up
ROXY: ...
ROXY: its me
ROXY: ur um
ROXY: daughter kinda
ROXY: ...
ROXY: please dont die
ROXY: ...
ROXY: ...
ROXY: ...
ROXY: rose

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/11/14**
dialoglogROSE:

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/11/14**
dialoglogROSE: W,

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/11/14**
dialoglogROSE: What...
ROSE: Happened to me?
ROXY: the witch got u
ROXY: with her fork
ROXY: but youre gonna be ok
ROSE: Oh.
ROSE: That's nice.
ROSE: *Cough.*
ROXY: maybe you uh
ROXY: shouldnt try to talk now
ROSE: You saved me, didn't you?
ROXY: ...
ROSE: Thanks.
ROSE: But,
ROSE: She's gone, isn't she.
ROSE: For good, I mean.
ROXY: ?
ROSE: I saw her die.
ROSE: And.
ROSE: It's a shame how...
ROSE: *Cough.*
ROSE: A shame that I never even...
ROSE: Got to tell her...
ROSE: I loved her.
ROXY: who?

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/11/14**
dialoglogROSE: Kanaya.
ROSE: But...
ROSE: You too, mom.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/11/14**
dialoglogROSE: You too.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: is she...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**10/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: i'm sorry.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**10/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: i got here too late to do anything.
JOHN: because as far as i may think i've come...
JOHN: i still don't know what i'm doing.
JOHN: dave's bro in the funny pants was right.
JOHN: but not about himself.
JOHN: i was the one who let everybody down.
JOHN: i'm the failure.
JOHN: it's me.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**10/11/14**
dialoglogROXY: you saw dirk??
ROXY: where is he
JOHN: he was back there, floating near all the exploded planets.
JOHN: he told me to leave him alone, so i did.
JOHN: and now he's stuck somewhere inside all those shitty glitches, which just keep getting worse.
ROXY: do you think we can get him out
ROXY: he is like
ROXY: my only friend who isnt dead yet
JOHN: i don't know.
JOHN: i have been able to clean up some glitches here and there...
JOHN: but they're everywhere now.
JOHN: it's like the whole universe is corrupted.
JOHN: or, more than just the universe.
JOHN: you know what i mean.
JOHN: there's no way i can use my windy powers to blow it all away anymore.
JOHN: and even if i did... then what?
JOHN: everything has gotten so fucked up!
ROXY: yeah
ROXY: sigh

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**10/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**10/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**10/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: poor rose.
JOHN: she was always too brave for her own good.
JOHN: this is exactly what happened last time.
ROXY: last time?
JOHN: um.
JOHN: it was years ago.
JOHN: when jack killed our parents.
JOHN: and we tried to fight him but we weren't strong enough to face him yet.
JOHN: so he killed her.
JOHN: but at least that time...
JOHN: i could bring her back to life.
ROXY: how
JOHN: uh...
JOHN: just, like...
JOHN: using a certain method.
JOHN: that is not an option anymore.
ROXY: ...
JOHN: that's the weird thing about this for me.
JOHN: i'm sitting here, looking at my dead friend.
JOHN: and it's really sad.
JOHN: but at the same time...
JOHN: all of this has already happened before.
JOHN: the death and tragedy and stuff.
JOHN: getting painted into the corner of yet another unwinnable situation.
JOHN: it keeps happening.
JOHN: and i don't know how to stop it!
ROXY: yeah
ROXY: me neither

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**10/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: but we can't give up, right?
JOHN: i mean, we've all been in worse situations and gotten out of those, right?
ROXY: er
ROXY: have we rly
JOHN: well...
JOHN: hm.
JOHN: no, i guess we haven't.
JOHN: i guess this like, may be quite literally the worst thing that's ever happened??
JOHN: i mean, not to put too fine a point on ranking shitty things.

JOHN: but this is about as unbelievably shitty as it gets.
JOHN: i keep thinking about what i could have done to...
JOHN: or what i STILL could do if only i...
JOHN: if somehow i could learn to control this...
JOHN: or like, even better understand this...
JOHN: this stupid, zappy, retconny...
JOHN: WHATEVER IT IS.
JOHN: bluh.
ROXY: john yo
ROXY: chill
JOHN: chill?
ROXY: yes
ROXY: maybe we should try to like
ROXY: not worry about shit so much anymore
JOHN: why not?
JOHN: there are so many problems!
ROXY: i know
ROXY: i know all about the problems
ROXY: and we are both way brave and all
ROXY: im sure between us we proved that hella many times already
ROXY: but man
ROXY: i never wanted anything more than to meet my mom
ROXY: to meet rose i mean
ROXY: and to just
ROXY: be with her and talk
ROXY: and try to understand this bond i felt like we always had without ever knowin each other
ROXY: i kept getting so close
ROXY: dreamin about her...
ROXY: wakin up too soon...
ROXY: and finally
ROXY: the last time i woke up
ROXY: was just in time to see her die
ROXY: its like
ROXY: the witch was holding out just long enough for the dream to feel like a real possibility
ROXY: before taking it away
ROXY: then u take that ultrasad thing
ROXY: and pile on all the other brutal manure raining down on this epic shit charade
ROXY: and ive got to say john
ROXY: this is starting to feel an awful lot like the end
JOHN: the end?
ROXY: yeah
ROXY: whatever the end of the road feels like
ROXY: has gotta feel like this
ROXY: maybe we should just
ROXY: admit to ourselves this is probably what its like when you find yourself in a timeline where everything went wrong

ROXY: and you know it means youre doomed
ROXY: and the only thing left to do is face the fact you have to ride it out into nothingness
ROXY: stop worryin so much
ROXY: and try to let it go
JOHN: you mean, like.
JOHN: ...
JOHN: what do you mean?
ROXY: i mean
ROXY: accept that we lost
ROXY: admit that the people we wanted to be with
ROXY: the life we always wanted
ROXY: it was never gonna happen
ROXY: except maybe in the afterlife
ROXY: our friends are there
ROXY: callies there
ROXY: my mom is there
ROXY: why shouldnt we be there too
ROXY: why not just
ROXY: let the doomed timeline work its gloomy majyyks
ROXY: and slip away into nothing with the rest of this mess
JOHN: ...

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**10/11/14**

```
JOHN: ...
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## [A6A6I4] ====>

**10/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**10/11/14**

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JOHN: ?
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**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**
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**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: terezi?

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: whoa.
JOHN: are you ok??

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**

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DOOF
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**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**10/11/14**
dialoglogTEREZI: F1X TH1S

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**11/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**11/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**11/11/14**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: this was yoUr home?
JADE: m hm!
JADE: well, sort of
JADE: it looked more realistic when i lived here

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/11/14**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: ah, yes. i recognize it now.
CALLIOPE: it's jUst like jake's home, bUt with less foliage.
JADE: foliage?
CALLIOPE: on his earth, these hills we covered in trees.
CALLIOPE: in yoUrs i sUppose there was more care given to landscaping. :U
JADE: huh!
JADE: thats interesting
CALLIOPE: is it?
JADE: ummm
CALLIOPE: i'm not sUre that it is, particUlarly.
JADE: heheh yeah i guess not
CALLIOPE: bUt it is very nice here, even if it is only a stylistic approximation of yoUr home.
CALLIOPE: pity there are no trees thoUgh.
CALLIOPE: i have never actUally seen one.
JADE: you havent?
CALLIOPE: come to think of it,
CALLIOPE: i have never even seen a plant... u_u!
JADE: :O
CALLIOPE: plenty of meat thoUgh!
CALLIOPE: meat was left for Us in great sUpply.
CALLIOPE: candy too.
CALLIOPE: bUt nary a plant for as far as the eye coUld see.
JADE: that sounds terrible!
JADE: when i was a kid i grew up with plants all around me
JADE: but i was very lucky... i guess i took all the nice things about my life on this island for granted
JADE: i even had my own garden where i grew flowers and vegetables and fruits and such
JADE: that is all i ever ate, the things i grew myself
CALLIOPE: ooh!
JADE: but i will admit to having developed a taste for meat since becoming a dog <_<;
CALLIOPE: meat is very good.
CALLIOPE: for all the complaints i might have aboUt my childhood, near exclUsive sUbsistance Upon raw flesh is not one.
CALLIOPE: bUt then, i am sUre that comes with the territory of being a monster. heh.
JADE: :o
CALLIOPE: i didn't mean to change the sUbject.
CALLIOPE: please tell me aboUt yoUr garden!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: my grandpa set it up for me in the atrium
JADE: i would spend hours tending to my plants and playing music for them
JADE: it was one of the places where i was the happiest i can remember being
JADE: i miss that garden

CALLIOPE: what happened to it?
JADE: it blew up
JADE: and then i built my house waaaay up, on top of where it used to be
JADE: in the years since that happened i thought about rebuilding it
JADE: as a way to pass the time on my long lonely journey...
JADE: but i was too depressed to grow anything
CALLIOPE: hm, yes.
CALLIOPE: i believe i can sympathize.
JADE: what sort of place did you grow up in that didnt have plants?
JADE: was it a desert?
CALLIOPE: of sorts, yes.
CALLIOPE: it was earth, actUally.
JADE: ???
CALLIOPE: my earth was mUch less hospitable toward life than yoUrs.
CALLIOPE: i am sUre i was the only living thing left on the planet.
JADE: that sounds lonely
CALLIOPE: it was.
JADE: but didnt you say meat was left for "us" earlier
CALLIOPE: oh.
JADE: was someone else there?
CALLIOPE: yes.
CALLIOPE: technically.
CALLIOPE: bUt he was only there while i slept.
JADE: who?
CALLIOPE: my brother.
JADE: oh!
JADE: i had a brother too
JADE: its funny we keep discovering ways that we are alike
CALLIOPE: yes, bUt not so mUch in this way.
CALLIOPE: for one thing, yoU and yoUr brother never detested each other, to my knowledge.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/11/14**

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Special Stardust
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dialoglogCALLIOPE: also yoU and he spent most of yoUr lives apart.
CALLIOPE: to yoU i'm sUre it seemed a crUelty to grow Up so divided.
CALLIOPE: bUt to me that woUld have been a great liberty.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: this is where you and your brother lived?
CALLIOPE: u_u

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/11/14**
dialoglogJADE: callie...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/11/14**
dialoglogJADE: when you said you were a monster...
JADE: what did you mean?
JADE: were you just being hard on yourself...
JADE: or did you mean that literally?
CALLIOPE: no.
CALLIOPE: i was being rather literal aboUt my trUe appearance.
JADE: i see
JADE: and your brother looks the same way too i take it?
CALLIOPE: yes.
CALLIOPE: we look identical, thoUgh he was sUrely more a monster than i.
CALLIOPE: he still is.
JADE: was this his tooth?
CALLIOPE: yes.
CALLIOPE: it was once mine as well, bUt that is a topic which woUld reqUire some elaboration.
CALLIOPE: to tell yoU the trUth, i woUld rather not talk aboUt my brother. or anything from my past, really.
CALLIOPE: dwelling on it for long makes me feel very anxioUs.
JADE: thats ok, we dont have to talk about it
JADE: its just
JADE: seeing this tooth
JADE: and listening to your voice...
JADE: i think im finally starting to remember something
CALLIOPE: oh?
CALLIOPE: what do yoU remember?
JADE: i remember
JADE: you!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/11/14**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: me???
JADE: yes
JADE: im quite sure now that we met once before while i was asleep
JADE: it was you, and yet...
JADE: it wasnt
CALLIOPE: do yoU mean to say yoU saw my trUe appearance?
JADE: i think so

CALLIOPE: egad.
CALLIOPE: i hope i didn't frighten yoU.
JADE: i was a little scared at first actually
JADE: but it was not so much because of what you looked like
CALLIOPE: :u
JADE: your voice was the same
JADE: and i can tell now that you are basically the same person she was
JADE: yet...
JADE: you seemed so different
JADE: so much more
JADE: serious
JADE: also...
JADE: you were a god tier!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: what do you think it means callie?
JADE: if that was you... but not QUITE you... then who was it?
CALLIOPE: that was a version of myself i coUld have become, bUt for whatever reason, did not.
CALLIOPE: she is the one i am sUpposed to find.
CALLIOPE: bUt it woUld seem yoU foUnd her first.
JADE: i see
JADE: an alternate universe version of yourself?
CALLIOPE: yes.
CALLIOPE: the version who was able to defeat my brother before he coUld commit his mayhem.
JADE: that makes sense
JADE: no wonder she was so...
JADE: well
JADE: no offense to her, but you are much friendlier :)
CALLIOPE: i was that bad, was i?
CALLIOPE: or, ahem. she?
JADE: not really...
JADE: it was not long at all before i could tell she was good
JADE: actually, the more i think about it, the more im starting to remember about the encounter
JADE: she had a lot to say
CALLIOPE: what did she tell yoU?
JADE: she mainly told me stories!
CALLIOPE: :U
JADE: she seemed to really like telling stories
JADE: so i think your personality must have been in there somewhere :D
CALLIOPE: yoU don't...
CALLIOPE: by any chance...
JADE: you want to know if i remember any?
JADE: yes, its been coming back to me little by little
JADE: i think i can retell some of them
CALLIOPE: ^u^

JADE: hey i have an idea
JADE: why dont you help me?
CALLIOPE: how?
JADE: do you have anything to write on?
JADE: a pad of paper or such?
CALLIOPE: i think so. one moment.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/11/14**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: how's this?
JADE: perfect!
JADE: ok, i will write the words, and you can draw the pictures
CALLIOPE: oh, what a good idea!
JADE: yes
JADE: ok where to begin
JADE: if i recall...
JADE: the first story was about how she defeated her brother
JADE: but i dont remember much about that one
JADE: and maybe you dont even want to hear a story that has to do with him?
CALLIOPE: that woUld be the way in which she and i differ.
CALLIOPE: in my story, it was the other way aroUnd.
JADE: hmm
JADE: that makes sense
JADE: the rest of her stories i think were meant to account for the differences in the way her life went
CALLIOPE: ooh. how interesting.
CALLIOPE: now i am very cUrioUs!
JADE: :)
JADE: so she went on to tell another story
JADE: not one about your brother
JADE: but one about mine
CALLIOPE: it already soUnds like a mUch more pleasant story.
JADE: well
JADE: not exactly...

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: this is the story about how he died

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**14/11/14**

dialoglogTEREZI: TH3 POW3RS YOU W3R3 T4LK1NG 4BOUT 34RL13R
JOHN: huh???
TEREZI: DO NOT HUH M3 3GB3RT
TEREZI: YOU LOOK L1K3 4N 1D1OT, BUT W3 BOTH KNOW YOU 4R3 NO FOOL
JOHN: hey!
ROXY: i wouldnt argue w her john

ROXY: shes all bloody and she clearly means business
JOHN: er...
JOHN: ok, you're right.
JOHN: yes, terezi. i agree to the fact that i look like an idiot.
JOHN: primarily because you seem badly wounded and angry.
JOHN: are you sure you're ok?
TEREZI: SHUT UP!!!
TEREZI: ON ROS3'S R41NBOW C4NDY PL4N3T
TEREZI: YOU 4PP34R3D 4ND S41D YOU H4D TH3 4B1L1TY TO CH4NG3 TH1NGS
TEREZI: TO 4LT3R H1STORY W1THOUT DOOM1NG TH3 T1M3L1N3
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: the thing with that is, um...
JOHN: wait a minute.
JOHN: terezi, are...
JOHN: are those jade's shoes???

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**14/11/14**

dialoglogTEREZI: M4YB3
JOHN: maybe?????
TEREZI: Y3S
JOHN: yes as in yes??
JOHN: or yes as in maybe?!
TEREZI: Y3S 4S 1N M4YB3
JOHN: terezi.
JOHN: why are you wearing jade's shoes?
JOHN: WHERE'S JADE?!
TEREZI: J4D3'S D34D

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**14/11/14**

dialoglogJOHN: aw, man.
JOHN: not jade too.
JOHN: are you sure?
TEREZI: Y3S JOHN
JOHN: you mean like DEAD dead?
TEREZI: 3V3RYBODY'S D34D, JOHN
JOHN: everybody??
JOHN: even dave???!!!
TEREZI: H3'S D34D, JOHN
TEREZI: 3V3RYBODY'S D34D
TEREZI: 3V3RYBODY 1S D34D, JOHN
JOHN: so...
JOHN: jade, dave, karkat... they're all...

JOHN: EVEN THE CUTE MAYOR GUY WHO DAVE LOVES SO MUCH??????
TEREZI: JOHN L3T'S NOT DO TH1S

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**14/11/14**

dialoglogJOHN: dammit.
JOHN: well, did you actually take jade's pulse?
JOHN: you know, she does like to sleep a lot.
TEREZI: 1 SN1FF3D BOTH H3R 4ND D4V3'S PO1GN4NTLY OV3RL4PP1NG TORSOS V3RY C4R3FULLY FOR 4 HUM4N PULS3
TEREZI: 4L4S 1 FOUND NON3 >:[
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: and then...
JOHN: you decided to take her shoes.
TEREZI: Y3S
JOHN: and you thought that was an appropriate thing to do...
JOHN: why, exactly?
TEREZI: JOHN, H3R SHO3S W3R3 R3D, SP4RKLY, 4ND D3L1C1OUS
TEREZI: 1 4M ONLY FL3SH 4ND BLOOD
JOHN: ugh, you are such a weirdo.
JOHN: why are all troll girls so WEIRD?!
JOHN: every single one i have met is some kind of depraved lunatic.
JOHN: all the troll boys i have met are just lame weenies though.
JOHN: well, except for karkat. karkat was great.
JOHN: may he rest in peace :(
TEREZI: DON'T FUCK1NG S4Y TH4T!!!
JOHN: what?!
TEREZI: H3 1S NOT D34D!
JOHN: but, you just said...
TEREZI: 1 M34N, H3 DO3SN'T H4V3 TO B3!
TEREZI: 1 D1D NOT COM3 H3R3 TO B4TH3 1N TH3 R3PUGN4NT 4TT1TUD3 OF 4 D3F34T1ST DORK
TEREZI: 1 C4M3 H3R3 TO FORC3 S41D DORK TO US3 H1S 1NCR3D1BL3 4ND TOT4LLY UNPR3C3D3NT3D POW3RS TO S3T 3V3RYTH1NG R1GHT, 3V3N 1F 1T M34NS ST4BB1NG H1M UNT1L H3 COMPL13S
JOHN: ok! you don't need to stab me, really!
JOHN: don't you think i WANT to?
JOHN: we just lost everyone we cared about! of COURSE i want to go back and change things!
JOHN: i just have no idea HOW!!!
TEREZI: TH4T 1S NOT MY PROBL3M
TEREZI: JUST 4S 4 L4CK OF STYL1SH G3MSTON3 STUDD3D FOOTW34R 1S 4LSO NOT MY PROBL3M, 4S OF PR3C1S3LY TOD4Y
TEREZI: TH3S3 TH1NGS 4R3 YOUR PROBL3MS TO SOLV3
TEREZI: BOTH TH3 P1T14BL3 L4CK OF COMM4ND OV3R YOUR Z4PPY PROW3SS, 4S W3LL 4S TH3 GROT3SQU3 P41R OF B4N4N4 LO4F3RS ON YOUR F33T

JOHN: EARGH, I FRIGGIN' *HATE* TROLL GIRLS!
ROXY: john

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**14/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**14/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: what?

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**14/11/14**
dialoglogROXY: have you ever seen your denizen?

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**17/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: no.
JOHN: well... i almost did once.
ROXY: what happened
JOHN: i was tricked into going to see him early.
JOHN: by a blind prankstress who shall remain nameless.
TEREZI: >:\
JOHN: but at the last minute, i was talked out of it by a pal from the future.
JOHN: i wasn't ready to see him yet.
JOHN: i would have died if i did.
ROXY: k
ROXY: but like
ROXY: what if u are now
JOHN: what if i'm what?
ROXY: ready
ROXY: i mean
ROXY: if nows not the right time
ROXY: then when even would be

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**17/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: i guess you have a point.
JOHN: would that...
JOHN: actually accomplish anything though?
ROXY: dunno man im just spitballin here
ROXY: they are supposed to be these ginormous monsters that you either fight...
ROXY: or you listen to their riddles and they help solve all ur problems or something
ROXY: arent they?
JOHN: uh.
JOHN: more or less?
JOHN: i think their purpose is a bit more mysterious than that, and i guess more, like... majestic?
ROXY: majestic???
JOHN: i don't know!

JOHN: i'm probably not the best guy to ask about denizens. jade met hers, but she's...
JOHN: a sprite could explain it better than me. didn't you ever talk to your sprite about them?
ROXY: nah
ROXY: me and fefeta never talked much about that stuff
ROXY: we mainly traded lame puns n talked about our shitty love lives
JOHN: you did?
JOHN: wow, what kind of sprite did you even have??
ROXY: :(
JOHN: er, never mind.
JOHN: i did not mean to touch upon yet another sad subject.
JOHN: anyway, maybe you're right, and my denizen could help me with these problems.
JOHN: but at the same time...
JOHN: there are SO MANY problems!
JOHN: even if i learned to control my powers better, we would STILL have to deal with all this glitchy bullshit!
JOHN: i could zap around and fix everything, but if it's all still garbled, how would i even know it was fixed?!
JOHN: maybe you were right, roxy.
JOHN: what if it's all too much to overcome this time, even for typheus?
TEREZI: 1 H4V3 H34RD 3NOUGH!
TEREZI: JOHN, YOU H4V3 SL4ND3R3D OUR TROLL M4L3S 4S W33N13S
TEREZI: 4ND WH1L3 1 COULD NOT POSS1BLY D1SPUT3 TH1S CH4R4CT3R1Z4T1ON
TEREZI: TOD4Y 1 L1ST3N TO 3XCUS3S FROM NON3 OTH3R TH4N TH3 SUPR3M3 W33N13 H1MS3LF!
JOHN: :O

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**17/11/14**

dialoglogTEREZI: YOU W1LL GO S33 YOUR D3N1Z3N 4T ONC3
TEREZI: 4SK H1M TO H3LP YOU UND3RST4ND YOUR POW3RS, 4ND 4CC3PT WH4T3V3R PR1C3 H3 D3M4NDS
TEREZI: TH1S 1S NOT N3GOT14BL3!
JOHN: god, alright!
JOHN: i was going to agree to go see him anyway!
JOHN: can't a guy just think out loud a bit before making a big decision?
TEREZI: NO
JOHN: wow, ok.
JOHN: my bad i guess???
TEREZI: Y3S
TEREZI: STOP TH1NK1NG, YOU H4V3 4LW4YS B33N T3RR1BL3 4T 1T
TEREZI: L34V3 TH3 M1ND WORK TO M3

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**17/11/14**

dialoglogJOHN: fine, then i guess it's settled.
JOHN: i will go to lowas and see my denizen.

JOHN: but what will you guys do?
TEREZI: PROB4BLY NOTH1NG
JOHN: nothing?
TEREZI: 1F YOU 4R3 SUCC3SSFUL
TEREZI: TH3N W3 W1LL STOP 3X1ST1NG
TEREZI: 1 DOUBT 1T W1LL B3 L1K3 H4V1NG TO L1V3 TH3 R3ST OF OUR L1V3S 1N 4 DOOM3D T1M3L1N3
TEREZI: T3CHN1C4LLY TH4T 1S WH4T W3 4R3 DO1NG R1GHT NOW
TEREZI: 1 PR3SUM3 TH4T S1NC3 YOU H4V3 B33N 3NDOW3D W1TH TH3 4B1L1TY TO R3WR1T3 C4US4L1TY, NOT UNL1K3 TH3 M3CH4N1SM B3H1ND TH3 SCR4TCH
TEREZI: 3V3RYTH1NG 4S 1T 1S NOW W1LL S1MPLY C34S3 TO B3
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: ...
TEREZI: WH4T?
JOHN: i mean, even though everything in this timeline is about as shitty as it gets...
JOHN: that still seems kinda sad.
ROXY: yeah
ROXY: i think them is just the breaks dude
JOHN: i guess so.
JOHN: what do you think you will do with the time you have left?
ROXY: ummmm
ROXY: idk shit around all melancholy for a spell
ROXY: question my life choices
ROXY: probly bury my mom somewhere in the desert
ROXY: give her a quick funeral
ROXY: says goodbye to her an everything else
ROXY: and then
ROXY: curl up into a ball
ROXY: and wait to unexist?
JOHN: holy shit that's the saddest thing i've ever heard!
JOHN: argh, why'd you even have to tell me that!
ROXY: hey u asked
JOHN: no, that sucks!
JOHN: don't do that.
ROXY: meh why not
JOHN: because it's stupid plan for crappy idiots.
ROXY: j f C what a burn
ROXY: i think i might cease to exist just from that burn
JOHN: yes, laugh at my truly sick burn if you must, but everyone's getting on my case for being so defeatist, and THAT'S the best plan you can come up with?
ROXY: i didnt get on your case for being defeatist tho
ROXY: i was actin tons more defeatist than u on account of the emotions from my moms tragic corpse
ROXY: the trolls been the one bustin your windsock remember
TEREZI: 1T'S TRU3
TEREZI: 1 H4V3 B33N DO1NG TH4T

JOHN: yeah, i just think...
JOHN: no matter who's going to stop existing when, if i do something proactive, then you should too!
JOHN: even if only on principle.
ROXY: .....
ROXY: such as?
JOHN: why don't you go see your denizen too?
ROXY: wat
JOHN: that's your denizen there, isn't it?
ROXY: no thats a statue
JOHN: yes, i know it's a statue.
JOHN: i mean, it is a depiction of her, right?
ROXY: oh
ROXY: yeh
JOHN: so if i'm going to see mine, why don't you go see yours too?
ROXY: go see nix...
ROXY: why
JOHN: why not!
ROXY: cause im not the hero with the magic "fix literally everything" powers that need masterin
JOHN: no, but you still have things to learn, don't you?
JOHN: did you ever make that spike ball?
ROXY: um no
ROXY: but what would even be the point of that anymore
JOHN: i dunno.
JOHN: it's just a thing you were going to set your mind to, but haven't done yet.
JOHN: just like i said i was going to get that magic ring so you can give it to your friend. remember that?
ROXY: yeah
JOHN: i haven't done that yet either.
JOHN: but that doesn't mean i have to give up on that idea.
JOHN: what if, after i see my denizen...
JOHN: what if i could still do that?
ROXY: ...
JOHN: i'm just saying, you have no idea what there is to learn from her.
JOHN: maybe finding out what there is to learn is most of what there is to learn?
JOHN: what if making alien spike balls is only the beginning of understanding your powers?
JOHN: what if she can help you channel some sort of incredible... voidey thing?
ROXY: voidy thing
JOHN: yes, like a windy thing, but with void instead of wind.
ROXY: whats a windy thing
JOHN: a windy thing is obviously a bunch of damn wind blowing around!
ROXY: soo
ROXY: ur saying she can teach me to make void blow around
JOHN: no!
JOHN: i didn't mean it that literally.
JOHN: i mean, maybe something more abstract? like, i dunno...

JOHN: learn to phase out of reality, and somehow preserve yourself in the void, even if i alter history...
JOHN: so that maybe when the time is right, you can just... pop back into reality?
ROXY: wow
ROXY: u rly think she can tell me how to do that
JOHN: i have no idea!
JOHN: i'm just saying...
JOHN: who knows?
ROXY: not to be a wet windsock john but that sounds far fetched as heck
JOHN: ok, yes, probably.
JOHN: it just feels shitty leaving you here to have a sad funeral, and then stop existing.
ROXY: sometimes john
ROXY: u just gotta throw a sad funeral for ur dead teen mom and then stop existing
ROXY: LE SHRUG
JOHN: le shrug my LA BUTT!
JOHN: i'm not going to see my denizen unless you agree to see yours.
JOHN: that is the deal, and that's final.
ROXY: daaamn son
ROXY: as in, damn, LITERAL offspring of some peeps i kno
ROXY: shit be strict
TEREZI: 4L1V3 L4LOND3, JUST DO WH4T H3 S4YS
TEREZI: PO1NTL3SS OBST1N4CY 1S 4 SH4R3D F4M1L14L TR41T WH1CH 1S MOST UNW3LCOM3 4T TH1S T1M3

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**17/11/14**

dialoglogROXY: ok fiiine
ROXY: ima go see some big ass goddess of the night if itll make u get this show on the stinkin road aready!
JOHN: thank you.
JOHN: that is all i ask.
ROXY: so uh
ROXY: now?
JOHN: i...
JOHN: hmm.
JOHN: i guess?
ROXY: hmm
ROXY: like this exact actual second then
JOHN: um.
JOHN: i don't know.
JOHN: probably?
ROXY: alright
ROXY: i guess we should like
ROXY: go then
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: no time like the present, right?

ROXY: right
JOHN: then, um.
JOHN: so hey.
JOHN: if this works, and i somehow erase you from history...
JOHN: i mean, this version of you...
ROXY: haha
ROXY: yeah
ROXY: if that happens then uh
JOHN: it was nice to meet you... ?
TEREZI: TH1S 1S FUCK1NG BRUT4L
ROXY: :?

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**17/11/14**

dialoglogTEREZI: 1 4M NOT 4BOUT TO SP3ND MY F1N4L MOM3NTS SLOWLY BL33D1NG TO D34TH WH1L3 TWO HUM4N DORKS OBL1V1OUS TO TH31R OWN P41NFULLY 3V1D3NT ROM4NT1C T3NS1ON FUMBL3 THROUGH 4 DR4WN OUT S3R13S OF 4WKW4RD GOODBY3S
TEREZI: D1DN'T YOU JUST M33T, L1K3 TOD4Y??
JOHN: y..... um...
ROXY: um.... y....
TEREZI: J3GUS, SOM3ON3 FLOG M3 W1TH 4NOTH3R SH1TTY CLOWN, 1 C4N'T T4K3 ON3 MOR3 M1NUT3 W1TH YOU 4DOR4BL3 DW33BS
TEREZI: YOU C4UGHT M3 4T TH3 B444D T1M3, 3GB3RT 4ND L4LOND3. 4NY OTH3R D4Y 1 WOULD B3 T34S1NG YOU 4BOUT TH1S 1N 4 PL4YFUL 4TT3MPT TO M4K3 YOU BOTH UNCOMFORT4BL3, WH1L3 G1GGL1NG M4N14C4LLY
TEREZI: BUT LOOK 4T M3
TEREZI: 1 S41D *LOOK 4T M3*
TEREZI: DO3S TH1S STR1K3 YOU 4S 4 F4C3 WH1CH 1S PR3P4R3D TO G1GGL3 M4N14C4LLY???
ROXY: ._.
TEREZI: 1 4M D3CL4R1NG TH1S M33T1NG OF TR4G1C Y3T 4DOR4BL3 FUCKUPS COMPL3T3LY 4ND UTT3RLY 4DJOURN3D
TEREZI: NOW S4Y GOODBY3
TEREZI: Y3S TH3R3 YOU GO, JUST L1K3 TH4T
TEREZI: H3Y
TEREZI: WH4T, YOU'R3 JUST GO1NG TO W4LK 4W4Y?
TEREZI: HOW 4BOUT 4 HUG
TEREZI: Y3S, TH3 TH1NG YOU DO W1TH YOUR 4RMS
TEREZI: NO, NOT M3! DON'T TOUCH M3
TEREZI: W1TH 34CH OTH3R
TEREZI: OK, JUST 4 L1TTL3 CLOS3R, 4ND...
TEREZI: TH3R3 YOU GO!
TEREZI: TH1S 1SN'T BL4STOFF R3S34RCH, P3OPL3
TEREZI: 4LR1GHT, 1 TH1NK TH4T'S GO1NG TO DO 1T
TEREZI: TH3 GOODBY3 H4S B33N S3CUR3D

TEREZI: 1 M34N R34LLY
TEREZI: HOW DO YOU 3V3N FUNCT1ON ON 4 D4Y TO D4Y B4S1S W1THOUT M3
TEREZI: HOW DO3S *4NYBODY?*
TEREZI: HMM
TEREZI: M4YB3 TH3Y D1DN'T?
TEREZI: 1 GU3SS TH4T 3XPL41NS TH3 M3SS W3'R3 1N. FUCK1NG 3UR3K4!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**17/11/14**

```
HOP
```

dialoglogROXY: lmao
ROXY: scarf troll ur p funny
ROXY: hope i meet ya again
ROXY: or at least some version of myself meets some version of urself
ROXY: whew wat an abstract wish! fantasy wishgiver dreamchrist dont even kno what that meant enough to make it happen or not
ROXY: he and his loyal entourage of religion-wizerds just shruggin @ eachother
ROXY: um k so
ROXY: good luck fixin all the shit john
ROXY: anyway im out
ROXY: phasin down to the core o this sucker 4 denizen timez
ROXY: later dudes
ROXY: *poof!*

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**17/11/14**

```
*poof*!
```

dialoglogJOHN: bye!!!
JOHN: heh, she didn't hear me. she was already under ground.
JOHN: but yeah, i guess i will get going too.
JOHN: thanks for the weird, angry pep talk, terezi! see you.
TEREZI: 3GB3RT, WH3R3 TH3 H3LL DO YOU TH1NK YOU'R3 GO1NG
JOHN: but you just said...
TEREZI: G3T B4CK H3R3!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**19/11/14**

dialoglogJOHN: ok! dang.
JOHN: what is it?
TEREZI: DON'T YOU TH1NK W3 SHOULD GO OV3R TH3 4CTU4L PL4N F1RST?
JOHN: er.
JOHN: i thought we just did that?
JOHN: i'm going to see typheus.
TEREZI: NO YOU N1TW1T
TEREZI: 1 M34N WH4T YOU'R3 GO1NG TO DO 1F YOU SUCC3SSFULLY L34RN TO

CONTROL YOUR POW3RS
JOHN: oh yeah.
JOHN: heh. good point.
TEREZI: SO WH4T 1S YOUR PL4N
JOHN: i don't have one.
JOHN: i mean, other than to go talk to a monster who i presume to be a giant snake, and see what happens.
JOHN: do you have any ideas?
TEREZI: HMM
JOHN: what do you think i should change, terezi?
TEREZI: 1 DON'T KNOW
TEREZI: 1 R34LLY SHOULD KNOW
TEREZI: BUT
TEREZI: 1 DON'T >:[
JOHN: why do you think you should know?
TEREZI: B3C4US3 1 4M 4 S33R OF M1ND!
TEREZI: 1T 1S MY JOB TO KNOW SUCH TH1NGS
TEREZI: 1 4M SUPPOS3D TO FOR3S33 OUTCOM3S OF C3RT41N 4CT1ONS, 4ND GU1D3 MY FR13NDS TO V1CTORY
TEREZI: BUT 1'V3 N3V3R B33N V3RY GOOD 4T US1NG MY POW3RS
TEREZI: LOOK 4T WH3R3 TH3Y'V3 L3D M3!!!
TEREZI: 1 LOST 4LL F41TH 1N MY 4B1L1T13S LONG 4GO
TEREZI: SORRY JOHN
TEREZI: 1'M NOT SUR3 1 C4N H3LP YOU
JOHN: can't you at least try?
TEREZI: TRY *WH4T*, 3X4CTLY?
JOHN: anything!
JOHN: like, put your hands on your head, like psychics do, and just...
JOHN: i dunno! try anything at all that might help me figure out what to do.
JOHN: i just don't want to be zapping around time and space at random, with no rhyme or reason to what i'm trying to fix!
JOHN: please terezi, just try.
JOHN: i need your help.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**19/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**19/11/14**

dialoglogTEREZI: OK
TEREZI: 1 W1LL TRY SOM3TH1NG
JOHN: cool!
TEREZI: 1 H4V3 NO 1D34 1F TH1S W1LL WORK
TEREZI: OR 1F TH3R3 1S 3V3N 4NY TH3OR3T1C4L B4S1S FOR 1T WORK1NG
TEREZI: BUT 1'LL N33D YOU TO DO SOM3TH1NG
TEREZI: TO H3LP M3 TRY 1T

JOHN: ok.
JOHN: what?

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**19/11/14**

dialoglogTEREZI: TRY TO HOLD 4 C3RT41N THOUGHT 1N YOUR M1ND
TEREZI: 4S CL34RLY 4ND ST34D1LY 4S YOU C4N
TEREZI: 4ND T3LL M3 WH4T 1T 1S
JOHN: a thought?
JOHN: like...
JOHN: what kind of thought?
TEREZI: 1 DON'T KNOW
TEREZI: SOM3 1D34
TEREZI: 4N 1M4G3
TEREZI: OR M4YB3...
TEREZI: 4 PHR4S3?
TEREZI: TH4T M1GHT B3 S1MPL3R
JOHN: sure.
JOHN: what kind of phrase?
TEREZI: 4NY PHR4S3
TEREZI: 4S LONG 4S YOU'R3 SUR3 YOU'LL B3 4BL3 TO R3M3MB3R 1T CL34RLY L4T3R ON
JOHN: hmm.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**19/11/14**

dialoglogJOHN: hmmmm.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**19/11/14**

dialoglogJOHN: hmmmmmmm.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**19/11/14**

dialoglogJOHN: ok, i got one!
TEREZI: GOOD
TEREZI: T3LL M3

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**19/11/14**

dialoglogJOHN: there's no place like home.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**19/11/14**

dialoglogTEREZI: OK
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK 1 C4N WORK W1TH TH4T
TEREZI: NOW B3 SUR3 YOU *R3M3MB3R* 1T
JOHN: i will.

TEREZI: 4LR1GHT, ST4ND B4CK
TEREZI: L3T'S G1V3 TH1S 4 SHOT

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**19/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**19/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**19/11/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**19/11/14**

```
fizzle...
```

dialoglogJOHN: what happened?
JOHN: did it work?

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**19/11/14**
dialoglogTEREZI: NO

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**19/11/14**
dialoglogTEREZI: 1T D1D NOT

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**19/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: well...
JOHN: damn.
JOHN: it was worth a shot, i guess.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**19/11/14**
dialoglogTEREZI: 1'M SORRY
TEREZI: 1 C4N'T H3LP YOU
TEREZI: 1 C4N'T H3LP 4NYON3
TEREZI: YOU'D B3TT3R GO
JOHN: but what will you do?
TEREZI: 1 W1LL PROB4BLY JUST BL33D TO D34TH 1N TH1S D3S3RT
TEREZI: 4LON3 4ND 1RR3L3V4NT
JOHN: that's so shitty though!
JOHN: what if you...
TEREZI: STOP!!!
TEREZI: JUST STOP
TEREZI: TH3R3'S NOTH1NG MOR3 FOR M3 TO DO
TEREZI: 1 DON'T 3V3N H4V3 4 D3N1Z3N TO GO V1S1T
TEREZI: MY FR13NDS 4R3 D34D, 4ND 1 W4ST3D MY L1F3
TEREZI: 1T 1S OV3R FOR M3

TEREZI: 4ND YOU 4R3 TH3 ONLY HOP3 W3 H4V3 L3FT
TEREZI: SO G3T OUT OF H3R3

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**19/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**19/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: i guess you're right.
JOHN: ok, off i go then.

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**19/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: if i master my powers, i guess... i'll figure something out?
JOHN: don't worry terezi.

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**19/11/14**
dialoglogJOHN: i'll make sure none of this ever happens.

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**19/11/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**21/11/14**
dialoglogJADE: im starting to remember the things she told me so vividly now
JADE: its amazing what a creative project can do to get your mind turning
CALLIOPE: ^u^
CALLIOPE: what shall i draw first?
JADE: the land of wind and shade!
JADE: that is where the story starts
CALLIOPE: i see.
CALLIOPE: which story, exactly?
CALLIOPE: her story, or yoUrs?
JADE: hmmm
JADE: both, as a matter of fact
JADE: my story began with a tragedy on lowas, which led to meeting her in the first place
JADE: and then, she used my memory of that tragedy as a starting point for her story, which turned out to be related
CALLIOPE: ooh, fascinating!
CALLIOPE: (i love stories)
JADE: (i know)
JADE: ill start with mine, since that will make everything else make sense
JADE: so go ahead and start drawing
CALLIOPE: what?
JADE: lowas!!
CALLIOPE: right!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: how's this?
JADE: looks good!
JADE: dont forget to put a really tall house poking out of the top
CALLIOPE: oh yes, of coUrse.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: so yoU say yoUr story begins with a tragedy?
CALLIOPE: what shall i draw next to depict this tragedy?
JADE: nothing yet... ill get to that!
JADE: but yes, the tragedy is why i was alone on the golden ship
JADE: it was not long after our three year journey began

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: i was relaxing in our makeshift livingroom, giving john and davesprite some space to themselves for a while so they could catch up
JADE: john wanted to visit his home again
JADE: so i happily obliged and shrunk them both down so they could hang out in his tiny tall house
JADE: it seemed like the nice thing to do...
JADE: but i came to regret that decision more than any ive ever made
JADE: i was minding my own business when out of nowhere...

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: lowas exploded!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: i couldnt believe it
JADE: it was totally inexplicable
JADE: there was no trace of them at all... they were both dead
JADE: i supposed it must have meant johns death was heroic... but i couldnt for the life of me imagine how
JADE: to me it was as pointless and arbitrary as a death could be

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: i looked within myself as hard as i could to see if there was some power i had, in all my omnipotence, to bring them back
JADE: but i couldnt
JADE: they were gone
JADE: i would spend the next three years on that ship without my two best friends
JADE: sure, there were still consorts and chess guys to keep me company
JADE: but the loss was too much for me to bear
JADE: i felt so alone

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: weeks and months went by...
JADE: i didnt have the slightest sense of how quickly or slowly time was passing
JADE: any sense of purpose to reaching the destination had vanished, and delicious though it was, no amount of nannas cake would bring me comfort
JADE: toward the end of the journey, when i feeling particularly despondent...

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

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JADE: Z
```

dialoglogJADE: i fell asleep and had a dream
JADE: and that is when i met a very powerful, strangely charismatic creature...
JADE: her name was calliope ;)

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: as i said, she was somewhat like you, and yet so unalike
JADE: her presence was so serious and grave
JADE: her hollow eyes were piercing... but not hostile
JADE: but the prevailing sense i got from her was one of loneliness
JADE: before she even said a word, i could feel it somehow, that this was a deeply lonely soul
JADE: until i met her, i thought i was the loneliest person in the universe
JADE: but a feeling told me she had been here by herself for a long long time
JADE: i felt sorry for her
JADE: and relating to her plight helped me overcome the feelings of intimidation
JADE: so we began to talk
JADE: we traded stories about ourselves
JADE: she spoke of the brother she killed
JADE: i spoke of the brother i lost
JADE: and when i mentioned johns death
JADE: that is when she became very serious again
JADE: she began to recount how john had died, repeating to me the same story i just told you
JADE: she described the spontaneous destruction of lowas which left me alone for years
JADE: i wondered why she was recounting this tragedy that happened to me, and for that matter how she knew of it herself
JADE: she went on to say that lowas was destroyed because johns denizen had suddenly woken up
JADE: typheus, a great monster of truly terrifying power
JADE: she said he had destroyed his land and slayed his own heir of breath not out of malice, but to make a slight correction
JADE: i asked her...
JADE: what do you mean, "correction"?

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: she said that the john from my reality, and his entire planet, needed to be erased
JADE: and that the slumbering denizen in all his mysterious wisdom knew this
JADE: she told me that the dreams of a denizen draw from the same well of potential from which every conceivable possibility arises
JADE: the same place skaia gets its power from
JADE: so if an agreement with a denizen is reached in one reality, that same denizen in another reality could become aware of it, and respond accordingly
JADE: it seems that john, somewhere, in some other plane of existence, had made just such an agreement
JADE: she said that the john i knew, like herself, was only one version of a person
JADE: there was a different version of john from another reality poised to play a more significant role
JADE: you see, the john from that reality in an act of desperation had gone to see typheus, and struck a bargain with him
JADE: she would go on to explain the nature of that bargain in the next part of her story
JADE: but from my perspective, the consequence of this bargain was to lose my friends, and to live with that for years without understanding why
JADE: losing them still hurt, but i was so relieved to at least understand the reason, and to realize their senseless deaths were actually serving a bigger purpose
JADE: i thanked her for letting me know

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

```
she was not hum&ellipsis
```

dialoglogJADE: she told me she was not human, and had no frame of reference for empathizing with my feelings
JADE: but if there was one thing she could relate to, it was the feeling of being alone
JADE: the feeling of waiting for what seems like eternity by yourself, until finally your purpose presents itself
CALLIOPE: ...
JADE: ....

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: i feel sorry for her.
CALLIOPE: er, for myself, i suppose. but then again, that feeling is nothing new.
JADE: heh
CALLIOPE: it's an odd statement she made, thoUgh.
JADE: what?
CALLIOPE: not having the frame of reference for empathizing with hUman feelings.
CALLIOPE: if yoU asked me, i woUld say i have the vantage to relate to both hUmans and cherUbs, so when yoU describe yoUr feelings of sadness over losing friends, i'd have more than enoUgh groUnds for commiseration.
CALLIOPE: do you think that this version of me never...
JADE: never what?
CALLIOPE: never had hUman friends like i did?

JADE: i have no idea
CALLIOPE: what a strange thoUght.
CALLIOPE: to grow Up with only my brother for "company"...
CALLIOPE: and not even have my hUman friends to get me by.
CALLIOPE: what a dreadfUl fate. the poor thing.
CALLIOPE: maybe that was the difference?
CALLIOPE: what let her predominate over her brother, whereas i was too, erm...
CALLIOPE: "hUmanly socialized" to sUcceed in my cherUbic rite of passage?
JADE: could be!
JADE: i dont know enough about cherub rites of passage to say either way
JADE: human rites of passage either, for that matter
CALLIOPE: so then what happened!
JADE: right! anyway...
JADE: thats when she began her story in earnest
JADE: the one she summoned me in my dreams to tell me
JADE: the story of the other john who made a deal with typheus
JADE: it began with the same place my mine did
JADE: lowas
JADE: ...
JADE: so, go on
CALLIOPE: what?
JADE: draw lowas again!
CALLIOPE: oh!!
CALLIOPE: wait.
CALLIOPE: all over again?
JADE: ummmmmm
JADE: no, you can just copy the first one you did :)
CALLIOPE: what a lovely idea.
CALLIOPE: i'd hate to hold Up the pace of yoUr exciting tale with a bUnch of sUperflUoUs doodling.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: good enoUgh?
JADE: yes, but...
JADE: there are also supposed to be glitches around
CALLIOPE: glitches?
CALLIOPE: what do yoU mean by glitches?
JADE: like computery glitches i think
CALLIOPE: that soUnds hard to draw.
JADE: ok why dont we not worry about showing the glitches for this story
JADE: they would just make it harder to see whats going on...
JADE: which is probably the point now that i think about it?
CALLIOPE: the point?
CALLIOPE: of what?
JADE: i never thought much about it

JADE: it just seemed like a weird detail she mentioned
JADE: but i guess it was some strange form of corruption in their session that made everything harder to understand
CALLIOPE: where did the corrUption come from?
JADE: no idea!
JADE: i guess it was just one more way everything got messed up for them
JADE: like, just another surreal obstacle for a hero to overcome?
JADE: oh, that reminds me
JADE: you need to draw john there as well!
CALLIOPE: right-o.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: there yoU go.
CALLIOPE: one hero.
CALLIOPE: sans sUrreal obstacles!
JADE: :)
JADE: when she mentioned that i didnt give it a second thought
JADE: but now that i am trying to reconstruct everything and tell you what to draw...
JADE: hmm
CALLIOPE: hm?
JADE: i guess when youre trying to tell a story it forces you to think a lot more about everything than when youre just listening to one
CALLIOPE: tis qUite trUe.
CALLIOPE: perhaps yoU shoUld start writing?
CALLIOPE: how did she begin?
JADE: let me think...
JADE: hmm, maybe we should pause before i go on?
CALLIOPE: paUse??
JADE: like
JADE: some sort of intermission
JADE: so i can collect my thoughts a bit, and to give the audience a little breather between two significant arcs
JADE: we were at it for a pretty good while there, after all
CALLIOPE: what... aUdience?
JADE: well, that would be you in this case
JADE: ooh i know!
JADE: i can doodle a quick story about the antics of the silly consorts on the golden ship before moving on
CALLIOPE: >:U

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: one of the things i did to pass the time on the ship was give them funny names
JADE: lets meet our cast of characters for this intermission shall we?
CALLIOPE: ...

JADE: lets see, there waaaas
JADE: bubbleupagus
JADE: thips ahoy
JADE: nak be nimble
JADE: slowpoke malone
CALLIOPE: jade.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: detective glubsbudget
JADE: fidgety herbert
JADE: doctor snausages
JADE: yiffyiff
CALLIOPE: JADE!
JADE: huh?

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: I'M SORRY BUT I DON'T CARE ABOUT THIS RIGHT NOW!
CALLIOPE: YOUR CONSORT FRIENDS ARE SO VERY CUTE AND THEIR NAMES ARE SILLY AND I LOVE THEM ALL BUT I WANT TO HEAR THE REST OF THE STORY!
CALLIOPE: PLEASE LET'S GO BACK TO ILLUSTRATING HER STORY, I'M SO CURIOUS!!!!!!!!!!
CALLIOPE: PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE!
JADE: wow, ok sorry!!!!!
JADE: yes youre right this is a stupid diversion... lets continue
JADE: um callie...
JADE: your hand :o

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/11/14**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: oops. :u
CALLIOPE: ahem. pay no attention to that.
CALLIOPE: do carry on.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**24/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: so... anyway
JADE: like i said, she just finished telling me that she was able to beat her brother in this reality
JADE: but apparently, that wasnt supposed to happen?
JADE: so she lived out the rest of her life in a doomed timeline and eventually died
JADE: she didnt mention how
JADE: and then...
JADE: and then she did this kinda fancy transition
JADE: darn, i dont think ill do it justice
JADE: a transition to a story about MY brother... who was stuck in a doomed timeline too

JADE: i think ill mess it up if i try to match what she said word for word
JADE: she had a really fanciful way of putting things
CALLIOPE: there's no need to try to recite what she said.
CALLIOPE: jUst tell the story in yoUr own voice, as yoU have already been doing!
CALLIOPE: it will be more fUn that way.
JADE: ok
JADE: so the bottom line was
JADE: almost all our friends had died
JADE: and johns only hope was to return to his planet, and attempt to complete his personal quest

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**24/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: as you know, we all have personal quests that are unique to our planets
JADE: the nature of the quest is never easy to understand at first
JADE: they are presented to us through enigmatic riddles conveyed through the lore of the land
JADE: for john it was to journey to the place where "constellations danced beneath the clouds"
JADE: it was said the heir of breath was to free the stars from the shade and release them into heaven
JADE: this was just a mysterious way of saying what he REALLY had to do

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**24/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: the stars were actually fireflies
JADE: theyd been flying around trapped beneath the overcast sky ever since john first brought lowas into existence by his arrival
JADE: and paradoxically, theyd been imprisoned there for ages even before that
JADE: such is the way of our lands
JADE: they are newly born the day we arrive...
JADE: and yet they always were

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**24/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: to free the fireflies john would have to play a special song
JADE: it had to be played just right to summon the breeze through the pipes
JADE: but there was a problem...

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**24/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: the pipes were all clogged with oil!
JADE: the first day john came to his land, oil began oozing up from the core, flooding the pipes and filling the oceans
JADE: to play the song, first he would need to clean up the oil
JADE: and to do that, he would need to face the slumbering one himself
JADE: he would need to face typheus

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**24/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: but as he wandered through the catacombs down to the planets core
JADE: he wasnt thinking about freeing fireflies or cleaning up oil
JADE: he was seeking the help of his denizen to master a power he couldnt control
JADE: luckily for him, denizens always seem to understand what you want
JADE: and more importantly, what you need, whether you know it or not

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**24/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: ...
JADE: is something wrong callie?
CALLIOPE: hm?
JADE: go ahead and draw typheus!
CALLIOPE: oh...
CALLIOPE: yes, Um...
JADE: you do know what he looks like dont you?
CALLIOPE: i believe i do.
JADE: it doesnt have to be perfect
JADE: just draw a big green snake monster!
CALLIOPE: a big green snake monster yoU say...
CALLIOPE: :u
JADE: yes
JADE: a snake monster with the most unspeakably hideous face you can imagine
JADE: but you dont have to be too literal about that
JADE: feel free to draw something a little more representational :)
CALLIOPE: hrm.
CALLIOPE: i am not sUre if...
CALLIOPE: i am particUlarly comfortable rendering sUch imagery.
JADE: why not?
CALLIOPE: it strikes me as...
CALLIOPE: rather indecent.
CALLIOPE: for reasons i woUld be too embarrassed to explain. u_u;
JADE: thats ok
JADE: why dont i draw it?
CALLIOPE: very well.
CALLIOPE: bUt yoU mUst excUse me if i giggle.
JADE: ok but i dont see whats so indecent about a big old snake!
CALLIOPE: tee hee!
JADE: lol

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**24/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: when john got to the core he arrived to find typheus awake and ready for him
CALLIOPE: (giggle.)
JADE: he was then presented with the choice
CALLIOPE: (snicker.)
JADE: stop, youre gonna make me crack up too!

JADE: this part is serious!!
CALLIOPE: i apologize. please...
CALLIOPE: (snort.)
CALLIOPE: go on.

## [S][A6A6I4] ====>

**24/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: his choice was presented as a kind of riddle
JADE: spoken in a language only he could understand, spelling out the conditions he must accept
JADE: but speaking from experience, once a player is given the choice between two courses of action, it will hardly feel like a choice at all
JADE: if the heart is in the right place then the right thing to do always seems obvious
JADE: so john accepted his denizens terms
JADE: and with that...

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**25/11/14**

```
JOHN: !!!
```

dialoglogJADE: typheus opened valves to the core
JADE: and flooded it with oil!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**25/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: there was no way out
JADE: he could not transform into wind because he was completely submerged!
JADE: so he was faced with two possibilities
JADE: either he could figure out how to make himself disappear completely, using the ability he hoped to master
JADE: or he could drown in the oil

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**25/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: drowning obviously would have been bad :p
JADE: but disappearing wouldnt be much better!
JADE: he would appear somewhere else, having made no progress on his personal quest
JADE: his planet would still be polluted and he would be no closer to playing his song
JADE: somehow he understood the only way was to conceive of a third option
JADE: an idea beyond the simple binary set of outcomes before him
JADE: and interestingly
JADE: it was coming to this understanding which gave him the first glimpse of how to control the power
JADE: he realized it wasnt himself that he needed to make disappear...

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**25/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: it was the oil!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**26/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: he dispersed every drop throughout existence

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**26/11/14**

```
- DATA STRUCTURES
- discrete mathematics
- ^CAKE
- ~ath
- DIS*
- AUTOMATA

Monday, April 13, 19??

The Common Hornographer

Space Rocks Knock Local Burb's Block Off

Populace oblivious to broader significance of events, assuming them is any,
which there definitely isn't.

Shortly after 4 A.M. today, a downpour of meteors in a residential neighborhood
became yet another instance in a pattern of recent rocky cosmological
phenomena. The incidet, aside from property damage and loss of life, was
downplayed by authorities as "not all that big of a deal."


HELLO DAVE.




J♦  7♠  K♠

> Find your sprite. Realize your purpose.


Betty Crocker

FRUIT GUSHERS
NEW

BODACIOUS BLACK LIQUID SORROW


Alert : ♒
Alert : ♎


NEIGH

OPERATION REGISURP

HUGE BITCH

BLUH BLUH


Alert : ♍
```

dialoglogJADE: leaving a little mark for anyone who might notice, signifying his final mastery over his confining reality

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**26/11/14**

```
VRISKA: 8ut do it fast, ok?
VRISKA: Please don't make me 8leed to death slowly


BOOF


}}                  ETIRW
I SA WON NEVE NIRG SIHT
   ELFITS OT EL_ISSOPMI
      SI TI SWALF TN_UQ
   FO LANESRA GNIRAEDNE
      OS SIH TNEMELPMOC
     TON DID SGNIVIGSIM
)SIH FI ,NIAGA( ,TSAHGA
        )EM DLOH( DLUOW{{

the big mans about 2.
WRECK SOME HAVOC.....
in the yard.


TAVROS: ?♥ ?♥ ?♥ ♥

three years mind fuck


SS43H34GSG3...

NICE ABSCOND x2 COMBO!


Faygo

-OMESTUCK


JOHN: hey, where do you think you're going! i'm not going to stand by while you
mangle our story like this!
JOHN: augh, these stairs are so terrible! how are these even stairs?!


DAMARAS: ♏
```

dialoglogJADE: but more importantly...

(http://www.mspaintadventures.com/oilretcon.html)

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**26/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: leaving his planet clean

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**26/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: and the pipes clear

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**26/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: finally they were ready to let the breeze flow

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**26/11/14**

dialoglogJADE: so he could play his song

## [S][A6A6I4] ====>

**28/11/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**01/12/14**

```
ACT6
ACT6

CLICK.
```

## [S][A6A6I4] ====>

**01/12/14**

```
[A]


ROXY: sup
```

## [S][A6A6I4] ====>

**01/12/14**

**** click Roxy***

You find a spunky babe in a cool blue outfit hanging out on your planet. She doesn't belong here! What the hell is going on you wonder loudly.

You interrogate the rogue teen babe for answers. You mean girl. Rogue teen girl.

**** click any of the seven boxes***

sup

sup

sup

sup

sup

sup

sup

sup

sup

sup

sup

sup

sup

sup

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**02/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: roxy???

ROXY: sup

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**02/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: what are you doing here?

JOHN: i thought you were going to see your denizen!

ROXY: i did

JOHN: you did?

ROXY: yeh

JOHN: how did it go??

ROXY: it went ok

JOHN: yeah?

JOHN: what happened??

ROXY: oh u know

ROXY: ventured to spooky subterranean lair 4 a bit of cathartic and life altering monster realtalk

JOHN: ok, that is a funny way of putting it, but yeah, me too!

ROXY: yup i figured ur monster quest happened

ROXY: i mean once the gross black shit disappeared and the wind started blowing like a motherfucker

JOHN: what did ur monster say?

JOHN: i mean your.

ROXY: hey maybe we shoud try to be more respectful abt our god monsters...

ROXY: her names nix!

JOHN: right...

JOHN: what did nix say?

JOHN: did she speak in the weird babbley language that you could still understand somehow, even though it made no sense?

ROXY: fuck yes

ROXY: was downright incomprehensible in the most mysteriously understandable way

JOHN: ha ha.

ROXY: she told me this riddle thing

ROXY: that basically spread it all out for me

ROXY: like what my options were and what would happen if i did the options and like the metaphysical and moral consequences of doing those options

JOHN: yeah.

JOHN: typheus pretty much did the same thing with me.

JOHN: typheus was the name of my snake monster, by the way.

ROXY: oooh u had a snake monster?
JOHN: yes, he was awesome.
JOHN: so, did nix give you some sort of challenge to overcome, which by doing so, you could get in touch with your powers?
ROXY: uh
JOHN: which enabled you to appear here, by doing like this incredible voidey thing, that let you phase out of existence, and magically appear with me in this weird plane of reality?
ROXY: lol no
ROXY: she p much just told me to fly to your planet
ROXY: so i did

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**02/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: huh.
JOHN: you mean, like...
JOHN: you just... wrapped up your conversation with her. left her lair...
JOHN: and then flew to lowas?
ROXY: yes
JOHN: ohh... kay?
ROXY: lmfao
ROXY: i know right, wow wat a quest!
ROXY: but when u think about it it was the totes obvious thing to do
ROXY: i didnt know it at the time but you were gonna make your whole planet disappear
ROXY: so if i wanted to keep persisting thru your history altering hijinks then all i really had to do was uh
ROXY: come along for the ride
ROXY: no monsterly NITE MAGICS needed!
JOHN: yeah, that makes sense.
ROXY: there were stipulations though
ROXY: mad stips if u will, vis a vis buttloads of opaque goddess riddles
JOHN: right. you mean the "choice" thing?
ROXY: yes
JOHN: what were the mad stips?
ROXY: she said
ROXY: keep in mind i am paraphrasing
ROXY: if paraphrasing is even a thing you can do with stuff said in unfathomable monster jargon
ROXY: that either i could stay behind and vanish into nothingness forever, and everyone in the new reality would inherit all the bigtime responsibilities, including a version of myself who had no memory of any of this and never experienced all the loss and sadness i just went through
ROXY: or
ROXY: i could go with you
ROXY: but in doing so, everyone i loved would know that loss instead
ROXY: w/e that means.....
JOHN: yeah!
JOHN: typheus gave me almost the exact same sort of choice
JOHN: something about other people feeling the loss i felt, if i accepted his challenge.

JOHN: which i'm sure is probably... not good?
JOHN: but, i mean, what else was i going to do?
JOHN: i couldn't just let things stay the way they were.
ROXY: yes exactly
ROXY: her caveat sounded ominous as shit
ROXY: but
ROXY: there was somethin that didnt sit well with me about doing nothing
ROXY: accepting her terms just felt right u know?
JOHN: yes.
ROXY: sooo
ROXY: here i am
JOHN: yes!
ROXY: :)

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**02/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: i'm glad it worked out like this.
JOHN: i was fully prepared to do this alone... to hop around and change things in whatever way.
JOHN: and i would get to see my friends again, even if they don't remember all the same stuff i do.
JOHN: which was a lonely feeling, if that makes sense?
JOHN: but now i'll have someone else to remember the way things originally went.
ROXY: word
JOHN: yes. word indeed.
ROXY: but i know what you mean
ROXY: its nice to have uh
ROXY: like a witness i guess?
ROXY: someone to authenticate the rough shit u went through
ROXY: even if we never end up talkin about it again
ROXY: the fact that at least SOMEONE else knows
ROXY: makes it feel like it didnt all mean
ROXY: nothing?
JOHN: right.
ROXY: because even if it all gets erased and put back all better
ROXY: i dont think the stuff we went through and the feelings we had meant nothing
ROXY: imo the feelings themselves
ROXY: and the way they shaped us
ROXY: that all means...
ROXY: somethin
JOHN: ...
ROXY: hahaha forget it
ROXY: talkin out my ass here
JOHN: no, it makes sense.
JOHN: and anyway, if nothing else, everything that happened brought us here.
JOHN: the stuff we're about to do, whatever it is, wouldn't be possible otherwise.
JOHN: and that feels pretty important, if you ask me!

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**02/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**02/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**02/12/14**
dialoglogROXY: so
ROXY: all that wind
ROXY: that was you right
JOHN: yes.
ROXY: hmmmmm
ROXY: i dont see any glitchy trash
ROXY: guess your humongous blowy spell did away with all that grody nonsense?
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: yeah, i guess you're right.
JOHN: i didn't even notice until you just mentioned it, but yeah, i guess that dumb problem is finally busted.
JOHN: thank god!
ROXY: fo real
ROXY: i heard music 2
ROXY: did u hear music?
JOHN: yes, that was me too.
JOHN: i was playing a magic organ.
ROXY: oh relay
JOHN: yes, see, there's this huge organ...
ROXY: that is almost certainly what she said
ROXY: WONK
JOHN: oh, shush. :p
JOHN: anyway, this huge PIPE organ...
JOHN: it let me play the breeze, so to speak.
JOHN: i think that was the only way to get rid of all those clouds, and let the fire flies go home.
ROXY: this is their home huh
JOHN: i guess so?
JOHN: i am surprised by how my quest turned out too, to be honest.
ROXY: it is kinda bittersweet
ROXY: seeing all of twinkly herberts bros and sisters going home
JOHN: twinkly who?
ROXY: my pet firefly
ROXY: im guessin this is where he was from
JOHN: oh.
ROXY: they all seem happy though
ROXY: look at em all blinkin away
ROXY: into the blank ass yonder
JOHN: heh.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**02/12/14**

dialoglogROXY: why is the sky blank btw
JOHN: it's blank because it's...
JOHN: nothing.
ROXY: nothing
ROXY: why is it nothing
ROXY: where even are we
JOHN: it's nothing because we are literally nowhere.
ROXY: uh
ROXY: ok how can you tell its actually a field of nothingness
ROXY: as opposed to just a bunch of regular empty space that happens to look vaguely neutral
JOHN: how can i tell?
JOHN: i guess i just can.
ROXY: no but how
JOHN: why don't you ask yourself!
JOHN: you're the one who asked me why it was blank in the first place.
JOHN: so why did you choose the term "blank" in your question?
ROXY: .....
ROXY: DAMN
ROXY: owned @ the philosophies
JOHN: so owned.
JOHN: you will find i am the best there is at those.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**02/12/14**

dialoglogROXY: is true
ROXY: im always gettin owned at those by you and ur kin
ROXY: recently your crazy dog sister was schoolin me on perfectly generic cubes
JOHN: you mean generic objects.
ROXY: generic fort blox :p
JOHN: yes.
ROXY: now u are droppin truth bombs about blank skies on me
ROXY: shouldnt i be like innately stellar at this sorta stuff as a void player
ROXY: must be comin off slow as fuck on the uptake here arent i
JOHN: not really.
JOHN: you seem pretty smart to me.
ROXY: i do
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: you have a funny and snappy way of talking, like dave.
JOHN: but unlike that knucklehead, i sense that behind all your jokes, you are probably some kind of brainiac, like rose.
ROXY: whow
JOHN: don't get me wrong, i meant knucklehead in a good way.
JOHN: dave is actually the best dude, you would like him.
ROXY: i bet you are correct

ROXY: so dave...
ROXY: hes uhhhhhh
ROXY: my son right??
JOHN: argh!
ROXY: !
JOHN: i mean. yes, pretty much.
JOHN: honestly, it gets weird to think about all our relations in that way sometimes.
ROXY: i getcha
ROXY: like when i think about u and wolfjade being the kids of jane and jake i...
ROXY: i...
ROXY: omfg
ROXY: that SO CUTE :3
JOHN: um.
ROXY: so what is it u thinks weird about dave being my son?
JOHN: i think we should just change the subject!
ROXY: ahaha alright
ROXY: what were we talking about again
JOHN: we were talking about blank skies and fort blocks and such.
ROXY: oh yis
JOHN: and you thought you should know more about things like that as a void hero...
JOHN: which reminds me.
JOHN: do you think you are any closer to making that alien egg?
ROXY: hmn
JOHN: i mean, after seeing nix.
JOHN: did you feel, like, a power boost or anything?
ROXY: a power boost???
ROXY: like mega man or
JOHN: no, not like mega man.
JOHN: i mean, like...
ROXY: youre askin if she taught me to do the voidey thing
JOHN: well, did she?
ROXY: naw dude
ROXY: i told you
ROXY: we did our chat in some horseshit elven baloney tongue
ROXY: and she just told me to come here
ROXY: like thats literally it
ROXY: "go to planet if u want to live"
ROXY: so i did
ROXY: there wasnt really any soul searching or gettin in touch with my inner miracles
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: well that's kind of a bummer.
JOHN: i hope you weren't shortchanged out of an important mystical and spiritual process of self discovery.
ROXY: pfffahahaha
JOHN: ?
ROXY: pfhehehehehehehehe

JOHN: what?
ROXY: sorry its just
ROXY: sometimes you sound so much like jake its rly quite uncanny
ROXY: but yeah i dont care about that really
ROXY: it was either take an uneventful and nonspiritual trip to a wind planet, or just stop existing altogether
ROXY: i think ill be fine without the self discovery part
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: or...
JOHN: wait.
JOHN: what if this was part of it?
ROXY: part of what
JOHN: your quest?
JOHN: like, to be here, and learn to use your powers better?
JOHN: we are kind of in a realm of literal nothingness right now.
JOHN: maybe you will be able to draw energy or inspiration from the void, or whatever?
ROXY: NIX.....
ROXY: why u sly old bitch
JOHN: does that make sense?
ROXY: it kind of does
ROXY: it kind of LOADS of does
JOHN: oh, sweet!
JOHN: i was just grasping at straws there, but now that you agree, i'm suddenly a lot more confident in my theory.
ROXY: heheh yeah (...jake)
JOHN: so why don't you try it out again?
ROXY: what
ROXY: the egg?
ROXY: like right now?
JOHN: sure?
ROXY: meh tbh im a bit sick of tryin to summon that ugly damn egg
ROXY: how about later??
ROXY: i would rather just keep bee essing with u for a while rather than get right down to freakin business
JOHN: i guess there's really no hurry.
JOHN: not in this place at least.
JOHN: i don't think this place has any bearing on other time lines.
JOHN: it's almost like...
JOHN: like taking a time out from our canonical lives.
JOHN: so if you wanted, you could take as much time to practice here as you need.
ROXY: im down as heck with that
ROXY: could use a breather from my canonical life
JOHN: me too.
JOHN: even though...
JOHN: i'm not sure i have one anymore?

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**04/12/14**

dialoglogROXY: hmm
ROXY: well since we already talked about MY quest...
ROXY: and like spiritual mega man style power boosts and all
ROXY: what about yours
ROXY: howd that go
JOHN: how'd it go?
JOHN: pretty well, i'd say.
ROXY: no but
ROXY: i know you blew away some clouds and blanked out the sky and all
ROXY: but the point was so you could learn to control your zappy powers
ROXY: did you?
JOHN: i think so.
JOHN: but i haven't really tried a controlled jump yet.
ROXY: i c
ROXY: well when you do
ROXY: where do you think youll jump to first
JOHN: i have no idea.
JOHN: the thought of changing the time line is still mind boggling to me.
ROXY: well if nothin else
ROXY: u really should go grab that ring
ROXY: before the smug troll can take it
ROXY: i mean there was lots of problems already but her comin back to life really fucked us over to the shittiest max possible
JOHN: that's right!
JOHN: i definitely wanted to go back and get the ring off my couch before i lost it.
JOHN: at the very least, that way you can use it to help your friend.
ROXY: yup!
ROXY: any other ideas?
JOHN: not yet.
JOHN: so much has happened, it's hard to even think about.
JOHN: and it's not even limited to what i've been through, either.
JOHN: i've seen a lot of other crazy stuff, just from my random jumps.
ROXY: like what
JOHN: like...
JOHN: like the last place i was, actually.
JOHN: just before i came back, to find your session in ruins.
JOHN: haha. i actually got into a pretty serious fight.
ROXY: o?
JOHN: with this guy.
JOHN: a skull kid.
JOHN: he's a huge asshole, and a horrible artist.
ROXY: u saw the skull kids drawins?
JOHN: unfortunately.

JOHN: in fact, i was in his drawings once.
JOHN: it was a true nightmare come to life.
ROXY: D:
JOHN: i am pretty much convinced he is the guy behind all of the problems we ever had, even though he is a complete ignoramus.
ROXY: then you mean
ROXY: it was callies bro
JOHN: yeah, probably.
JOHN: i have a feeling some day we will all have to take him down.
JOHN: but...
JOHN: probably when he grows up to be his adult self.
JOHN: when i beat him up, he was just a teen scamp, like us.
JOHN: but with a skull for a head, a robot leg, a cape which i ripped to shreds, and a pair of dumb suspenders.
ROXY: you beat him up????
ROXY: daaamn
ROXY: yall must be STRONG
JOHN: meh, not particularly.
JOHN: i was just really angry, and i caught him off guard drawing some shitty animes.
ROXY: ahahahahaha
ROXY: fuck his animes
JOHN: they were quite literally the worst animes i have ever seen.
JOHN: i hope i hurt his drawing hand, and he never does any more ugly art for the rest of his stupid immortal skull monster life.
ROXY: yeah
ROXY: i know that guy
ROXY: he used to troll my friends all the time
ROXY: wait no
ROXY: used to "jeer" us
ROXY: he was a tool

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**04/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: hmm, it just occurred to me...
JOHN: aside from fixing the time line, there's another benefit to my new power.
JOHN: once we all decide we're ready to fight him, i can just zap us all right to him.
JOHN: we could take him by surprise again.
JOHN: i really doubt he'd be able to handle us if we all clobbered him at once!
ROXY: thats pretty good thinkin
ROXY: but um
ROXY: maybe were getting ahead of ourselves here
ROXY: makin plans 4 rumble royale with mangaka dudebro, lord of the shitwanks
ROXY: we should probably focus on bringing our loved ones back to life first
JOHN: ...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/12/14**
dialoglogROXY: is uh
ROXY: is that dirks anime sword
ROXY: whats up with that

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: this is where dave's bro died a few years ago, probably while being heroic and cool.
JOHN: jade made his body disappear to bury him, but i guess she left the sword here.
JOHN: she and dave sprite and i gathered around where he was buried and dave sprite said some stuff about him.
JOHN: stuff that was really funny and rambly but also weirdly poignant...
JOHN: i guess it was a bit like a funeral?
ROXY: a funeral u say
JOHN: yeah.
ROXY: ...
JOHN: ...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/12/14**

```
phase...
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/12/14**
dialoglogROXY: yoink!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: anyway...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**05/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: you're right.
JOHN: taking a break from the mayhem is nice and all.
JOHN: but i should probably get going.
JOHN: i have a lot of responsibility now.
JOHN: i hope i can live up to it.
ROXY: well to quote an extremely wise and hunky dude i once knew...
ROXY: oh man he was so so wise i hope i dont butcher his quote but

ROXY: i think it goes a lil somethin like
ROXY: you can handle it john
ROXY: i believe in you!
JOHN: aw, thanks!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**05/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: remember what i said too, about practicing voidey stuff.
ROXY: i will
JOHN: good.
ROXY: alright cool
JOHN: yeah.
ROXY: yeah
JOHN: cool.
ROXY: dammit
JOHN: what?
ROXY: were doin this again
JOHN: doing what.
ROXY: being awkward instead of getting our shit in gear
JOHN: haha. whoops.
ROXY: too bad grouchy scarf troll aint here to coordinate another stilted goodbye
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: it's just as well though.
JOHN: there is no need for goodbyes.
JOHN: if i really can control it now, i should be able to come back here any time i want.
JOHN: which means i won't be gone long!
ROXY: k i will be here
ROXY: waitin
ROXY: trainin
ROXY: partying with those yellow lizards
JOHN: those are salamanders.
ROXY: fuck
JOHN: later, roxy.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**05/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**05/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**05/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**07/12/14**

0:30

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**

```
JOHN: !
```

dialoglogJOHN: yikes!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: i shouldn't mess around with that moment.
JOHN: it is WAY too fundamental.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: let's try this again.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: wow, no.
JOHN: what ever is going on here...
JOHN: this is completely useless to history.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: let's get it together, john.
JOHN: you've got to go somewhere relevant!
JOHN: try to think of something that will help target a certain point in time.
JOHN: try to think about...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: ...one of your pals!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**

```
JOHN: !
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: (wait a minute.)
JOHN: (i remember this...)

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**

```
JOHN: !
```

dialoglogJOHN: (hey!)
JOHN: (you shouldn't be here!)
JOHN: (wha...)

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**

```
A6A6I1 [====
```

dialoglogJOHN: (what the hell??)
JOHN: (gotcha!!!)

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**07/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: stop fooling around and go find roxy, you dumb goof!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**08/12/14**

```
BOP!

zap.
```

dialoglogJOHN: who's roxy?
JOHN: OW!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**08/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: wow, i can't believe how naive i was...
JOHN: like... a day ago?
JOHN: hmm.

JOHN: it feels like it's been longer than that.
JOHN: hard to believe!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**08/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: i was so confused when that happened.
JOHN: i was sure the other me knew so much more than i did at the time.
JOHN: which is kind of true... but also kind of not?
JOHN: like, if i traveled back here, and altered reality in a non time travely way, then why do i remember doing it?
JOHN: did i just make some sort of stable retcon loop?
JOHN: does that even make sense??
JOHN: i think i did the right thing though, zapping my other self out of there.
JOHN: it was like... a retroactively preemptive continuity adjustment.
JOHN: ...
JOHN: retroactively preemptive???
JOHN: what am i even talking about.
JOHN: this power is kind of complicated...
JOHN: i need to be more careful.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**09/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: got to come up with a better plan than zapping to wherever my stupid whims take me.
JOHN: i really could use some help with this.
JOHN: but who should i ask?
JOHN: dave?
JOHN: he knows stuff about time travel.
JOHN: but then, it's not really time travel is it.
JOHN: no...
JOHN: i need someone with a different kind of skill.
JOHN: someone who knows how the consequences of certain actions play out.
JOHN: someone like...
JOHN: rose?
JOHN: is that what her powers did?
JOHN: i really should have taken some time to figure out what her powers did.
JOHN: or maybe...
JOHN: wait a minute.
JOHN: WAIT!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**09/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: i think i understand what she was trying to do now!
JOHN: she was trying to give me a way to come back.
JOHN: like, zero in on her thought signal, or something.
JOHN: terezi, you're a genius!
JOHN: i mean, you're a weirdo! but you're also a genius!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: alright, let's see if this works.
JOHN: maybe if i just think it hard enough...
JOHN: ahem.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: there's no place like home...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: there's no place like home!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/12/14**

```
HOME

3NT3R P4SSWORD:

→ H → HO → HOM → HOME

[Submit]
```

## [????????]
**09/12/14**

```
♎
```

3NT3R P4SSWORD:
[Submit]

<- OR GO B4CK!!!
P4SSWORD H1NT1F YOU DON'T KNOW TH3 P4SSWORD Y3T, 1T M34NS YOU'R3 NOT SUPPOS3D TO, DUMMY! GO B4CK!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/12/14**
dialoglogTEREZI: 1 C4N'T B3L13V3 TH4T 4CTU4LLY WORK3D

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/12/14**

dialoglogVRISKA: Hey Meenah.
VRISKA: Any idea where we are now?
MEENAH: iunno
VRISKA: Do you think...
VRISKA: This could 8e the "Dark Carnival"??
MEENAH: nah
MEENAH: that shit aint real
MEENAH: its a made up religious belief pimped out by trash clowns
VRISKA: Are you sure?
MEENAH: shell yes
MEENAH: be fake as shit
MEENAH: of course the religious beliefs themselves are real
MEENAH: makin it convenient for anyone who wanna exploit those delusions for her own badass objectives
MEENAH: like pulling in clams hand over flipper and ruthlessly subjugating the general public
MEENAH: i mean
MEENAH: not that id ever bother with a dope scheme like that
MEENAH: just saying

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**12/12/14**

dialoglogVRISKA: Ok, I can 8uy that there's no such place as the Dark Carnival, and TOTALLY get 8ehind slamming the 8eliefs of people I dislike.
VRISKA: 8ut really...
VRISKA: Whose memory do you think this place is from?
MEENAH: fishska
MEENAH: how long you been dead now
VRISKA: Uh.
VRISKA: I don't remem8er, to 8e honest.
MEENAH: but you still ask questions like that
MEENAH: whose brain this from, where that noise originate...
VRISKA: I'm just curious!
VRISKA: This is such an odd thing to encounter.
VRISKA: Who experienced this? Some alt-alt-alt version of Karkat's lame ancestor?
VRISKA: A chess creature from a distant unrel8ted session, after its post-reckoning getaway, who then repopul8ted a dead planet, and started 8uilding amusement parks??
VRISKA: I just tend to wonder things. It's in my n8ture.
MEENAH: it could be anything
MEENAH: could even be a random patchwork of fifty different memories all contributin to nofin that ever existed in particular
MEENAH: who cares where they from
VRISKA: I guess now that you mention it, I don't actually.

VRISKA: At all.
VRISKA: May8e I was just making convers8tion????????
VRISKA: Sometimes I just want to shoot the 8reeze with you!
MEENAH: yer cute
VRISKA: Yeah, yeah.
VRISKA: So I've heard. ::::P

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**12/12/14**

dialoglogMEENAH: the point is you just gotta keep lookin at the d-bubble junk and take it in stroke no matter how messed up it is or how much you think it shouldnt exist
VRISKA: Take it in stroke?
MEENAH: yeah like
MEENAH: swimming stroke
MEENAH: instead a walkin stride
MEENAH: *LIKES FISH N SHIT*
VRISKA: I knew what you meant. I was just teasing.
MEENAH: why i oughta

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**12/12/14**

dialoglogVRISKA: So do you want to hang out here a while?
VRISKA: Or fuck off to some other less ostent8tious hodgepodge of memories.
MEENAH: dunno does it look fun to you
VRISKA: Hmm.
VRISKA: I don't know. Does it look fun to you?
MEENAH: it kinda does
VRISKA: Yeah.
MEENAH: it kinda REELY does
VRISKA: YEAH!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**12/12/14**

dialoglogVRISKA: So what do you want to do first?
VRISKA: Go on this, um...
VRISKA: Slowly rot8ting horse cylinder?
MEENAH: eugh fuck no
VRISKA: Agreed.
VRISKA: I think I h8 horses, actually.
VRISKA: They sort of creep me out?
MEENAH: yeah?
VRISKA: I had a weird experience one time where I was surrounded 8y a 8unch of horses for no reason, and it was the most ominous fucking thing.
VRISKA: I think I've just decided that 8eing surrounded 8y horses might 8e the ultim8 8ad omen. Nothing good can ever follow or precede those circumstances.
MEENAH: i never seen a horse
MEENAH: except i guess the robot kind

MEENAH: would not recommend
VRISKA: Sounds like a nightmare.
MEENAH: nah just like a mediocre situation prompting a bored thumbs down
VRISKA: Yeah.
VRISKA: So, scratch the Horse-A-Whirl. That's out.
VRISKA: Do any other rides sound fun to you?
MEENAH: no
VRISKA: No?!
MEENAH: come on v serk
MEENAH: you dont go to amusment parks to hit up a bunch of rides for wigglers
VRISKA: Oh, sorry, Your Royal Highness. I forgot a8out the standards I was dealing with here.
VRISKA: Then what do you do?
MEENAH: you just shit around acting cool
MEENAH: not giving a fuck
MEENAH: being an all around punk and hasslin people who glance at you crooked
VRISKA: What people??
MEENAH: uh well
MEENAH: the other ghosts who eventually either show up or dont who cares
VRISKA: That's fair.
VRISKA: You know, it's 8een nice having you around to remind me that nothing's actually worth worrying a8out anymore.
VRISKA: It's still easy to forget sometimes!
MEENAH: mmm
VRISKA: 8ut seriously, we should do something fun here!
VRISKA: Come on, let's keep looking around.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**12/12/14**

```
TATTOOS
```

dialoglogVRISKA: What a8out that?
MEENAH: what
VRISKA: The tattoo place.
VRISKA: Do you want to do that?
MEENAH: do what
VRISKA: You could get a tattoo!
MEENAH: uh
VRISKA: No, this sounds gr8.
VRISKA: You should totally get one! It would suit your look, and like, your whole "punk 8rand" so perfectly!
VRISKA: Actually I'm surprised you don't have one already.
MEENAH: what makes you think i dont
VRISKA: W8.
VRISKA: DO you?!
MEENAH: course i do
VRISKA: Where??

VRISKA: Can I see????????
MEENAH: pfpffpffffff
MEENAH: only if you lucky
VRISKA: Um, didn't anyone ever tell you?
VRISKA: Luck is kind of my specialty.
MEENAH: oh scrod dammit i forgot lucks just as much your shit as it was two faced whats her serk
VRISKA: :::;)

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**12/12/14**

dialoglogMEENAH: why dont you get one
VRISKA: ME?!
MEENAH: yea
MEENAH: if you think gettin inked up sound so chill then how boat you first
VRISKA: 8ut.....
VRISKA: I don't like tattoos!
MEENAH: why not
VRISKA: 8ecause.....
VRISKA: Hmm.
VRISKA: I don't know actually.
VRISKA: It's just an opinion I remem8er feeling strongly a8out at one point.
MEENAH: well
MEENAH: do you still
VRISKA: I guess?
VRISKA: I just remem8er having some trumped up opinion a8out like, how they looked 8ad, or were a8out "trying too hard", or...
VRISKA: I don't even know really.
VRISKA: Like ruining your 8ody with some lame thing you'll regret some day.
MEENAH: you dont even have a body
VRISKA: I know!
VRISKA: Well, I do. I mean, WE do, just not...
VRISKA: Not in the same way that felt so direly important, during our 8rief and em8arrassing stints with mortality.
VRISKA: I guess now that I think a8out it, it doesn't feel like as 8ig a deal anymore, and may8e it was just a totally stupid opinion to 8egin with?
MEENAH: im down with that conchlusion
MEENAH: whatll it be then
VRISKA: You mean, whether I should get one?
MEENAH: no if you want to buy a whale
MEENAH: yes do you want a sweet tat or no
VRISKA: I don't know!
VRISKA: What would I even get!
MEENAH: def somefin nautical
VRISKA: Nautical, eh?
VRISKA: Well there's a shocking suggestion, if I ever heard one.
MEENAH: yes it is a curve ball i know

MEENAH: but i like keepin suckas on they toes
VRISKA: It's not a 8ad suggestion, actually, even if it quite literally is the only one you're capa8le of at any given moment.
VRISKA: I do genuinely love pir8te stuff.
MEENAH: 38D
VRISKA: Ok! You talked me into it!
VRISKA: I'm going to do it. I'm excited.
MEENAH: omg yay!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**14/12/14**

dialoglog(JOHN): what is going on here?
(JOHN): should i, uh...
(JOHN): should i go?
JOHN: yes, me.
JOHN: i mean, yes john.
JOHN: wow, it's kind of weird talking to myself.
JOHN: i'm not sure if i'm a very big fan of the experience?
(JOHN): tell me about it!
JOHN: but yeah, you should get going.
JOHN: terezi's experiment worked.
JOHN: you'll find out all about it later.
(JOHN): i will?
JOHN: actually, i'm not sure?
JOHN: now that i changed how things happened for you, you might not get the idea to come back here like i did?
JOHN: which i guess makes this situation a true paradox, unlike all those lame stable time loops dave makes.
(JOHN): so, what does that actually mean for me?
(JOHN): what am i supposed to do now?
JOHN: i don't know what it means.
JOHN: unfortunately, you may not be relevant anymore.
JOHN: i'm the john who is learning to use his flashy powers to reconstruct the time line, so that responsibility is on my shoulders now, not yours.
JOHN: sorry, i am just keeping it real!
(JOHN): ...
JOHN: well, who really knows how it will turn out.
JOHN: maybe you will still have important things to do?
JOHN: i don't have all the answers, i just know terezi and i have to talk now, so you should go.
(JOHN): where?
JOHN: where you were about to go anyway!
JOHN: go see typheus, and do the quest thing.
JOHN: it worked out great. well, for me at least.
(JOHN): ok, i will.
(JOHN): i do hope i get to still be relevant, but i will understand if that turns out not to be the case.

JOHN: that's the spirit!
TEREZI: N3RDS

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**14/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: so, that thing we did with the password...
JOHN: we can use that trick to our advantage, right?
TEREZI: TH4T'S TH3 1D34
TEREZI: 1F W3 COM3 UP W1TH 4 L1ST OF K3Y THOUGHTS
TEREZI: YOU SHOULD B3 4BL3 TO DO WH4T YOU JUST D1D
TEREZI: 4ND Z3RO 1N ON SOM3 OF MY M3MOR13S, 4ND CH4NG3 4 F3W TH1NGS
JOHN: like what?
TEREZI: GOOD QU3ST1ON
TEREZI: W3 H4V3 4LL M4D3 4 LOT OF M1ST4K3S
TEREZI: 1 COULD N4M3 4 DOZ3N T3RR1BL3, STUP1D TH1NGS P3OPL3 H4V3 DON3 JUST OFF TH3 TOP OF MY H34D
TEREZI: WH1CH 1F 3R4S3D WOULD PROB4BLY 1MPROV3 TH3 S1TU4T1ON
TEREZI: 4ND Y3T
TEREZI: 1 DON'T F33L L1K3 1 H4V3 TH3 CR3D1B1L1TY TO HOLD 4NYON3 4CCOUNT4BL3 OTH3R TH4N MYS3LF
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK 1 WOULD F33L L1K3 4 HYPOCR1T3 1F 1 TR13D TO F1X OTH3R P3OPL3'S M1ST4K3S

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**14/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: yeah, i know what you mean.
JOHN: when i try to think of what to fix...
JOHN: all i can do is look back on what i did wrong.
JOHN: i never should have let that ring out of my sight.
JOHN: going back and getting the ring is the first thing we should do, right?
JOHN: i guess that one is kind of a no brainer.
JOHN: besides, i promised roxy i'd get it.
JOHN: i kind of blew it last time i told her i'd get it.
JOHN: so maybe i shouldn't mess that up again, heh.
JOHN: what do you think, terezi?
TEREZI: HM
JOHN: but other than that, the sky is the limit.
JOHN: really, what do we do?
JOHN: do i go back to when we were just starting to play the game, and give us some advantages?
JOHN: but then, messing up our session causes this whole chain reaction...
JOHN: we never would have met the trolls, or had any reason to scratch the session...
JOHN: and if we didn't scratch the session, there never would have been an alternate reality where roxy and her pals got to play, thereby meeting us...
JOHN: when you start looking back and realizing how interrelated everything is, it starts feeling like an overwhelming job to fix it.
JOHN: on the one hand, you don't want to change so much that the reality you create is barely

recognizable.
JOHN: you want to keep everything as similar as possible, so you get to keep all the lessons you learned and the important experiences you had with your friends.
JOHN: but on the other hand...
JOHN: if you aren't going to change something substantial enough to make a real difference, why bother at all?
JOHN: it's like, go big or go home, you know?
JOHN: sort of a catch 22 when you think about it.
JOHN: is any of this making sense?
JOHN: terezi?
JOHN: terezi!!
TEREZI: WH4T
JOHN: were you listening to a word i said?
TEREZI: NOT R34LLY

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**14/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: augh!
JOHN: come on terezi, get it together!
JOHN: i was saying some really deep and insightful stuff, probably.
JOHN: i bet ROXY would have thought it was cool.
JOHN: uh...
JOHN: what are you doing?
JOHN: are you...
JOHN: writing on your scarf?
JOHN: in...
JOHN: blood? :\

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**14/12/14**

dialoglogTEREZI: H3R3
JOHN: what the hell is this?
TEREZI: 4 L1ST OF 1NSTRUCT1ONS
TEREZI: JUST FOCUS ON 4LL OF TH3S3 K3Y THOUGHTS, 1N 3X4CTLY TH1S ORD3R
TEREZI: FOR 34CH ON3, DO 3X4CTLY WH4T 1T T3LLS YOU
TEREZI: 4ND TH3N QU1CKLY MOV3 ON TO TH3 N3XT ON3, UNT1L YOU 4R3 DON3
JOHN: huh?
TEREZI: 3V3RY CH4NG3 1 4M T3LL1NG YOU TO M4K3 W1LL H4V3 1NCR3D1BLY SUBTL3 CONS3QU3NC3S
TEREZI: HOW3V3R, TH3Y W1LL B3 4BSOLUT3LY 3SS3NT14L FOR CR34T1NG 4 MOR3 F4VOR4BL3 OUTCOM3
TEREZI: BUT ONLY 1F YOU FOLLOW MY 1NSTRUCT1ONS TO TH3 L3TT3R, NO QU3ST1ONS 4SK3D!
JOHN: wow.
JOHN: but how do you know these are the exact right things to change?
TEREZI: 1 S41D NO QU3ST1ONS 4SK3D!!!

JOHN: ok, jeez.
JOHN: i was just curious!
TEREZI: YOU 4SK3D M3 TO US3 MY POW3RS TO H3LP YOU
TEREZI: TH4T 1S WH4T 1 4M DO1NG
TEREZI: 1T 1S NOW YOUR JOB TO TRUST M3 4ND DO WH4T 1 S4Y
JOHN: ...it is?
TEREZI: CL34RLY
TEREZI: TH1S BLOODY SC4RF CONT41NS S3CR3T W1SDOMS OF TH3 M1ND WH1CH 4 LOWLY HUM4N W1ND BOY COULD N3V3R D4R3 TO F4THOM
TEREZI: 4ND NOW TH3 W1ND BOY MUST 3MBR4C3 H1S ROL3 4S TH3 W4YW4RD H31R, UNBOUND FROM TH3 T13S OF C4US4L1TY, 4ND PUT 4LL H1S F41TH 1N 4 F4LL3N S33R TO BR1NG R3D3MPT1ON TO US 4LL
JOHN: haha, ok now i know you're full of shit!
TEREZI: Y3S
TEREZI: BUT COULD YOU PL34S3 JUST T4K3 TH3 FUCK1NG SC4RF 4ND DO WH4T 1 S4Y
JOHN: alright, why not.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**15/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: this is a lot of instructions.
JOHN: all these will take me to certain events in your life?
TEREZI: 1D34LLY, Y3S
JOHN: well, at least you have a plan.
JOHN: who am i to say it isn't the right one?
TEREZI: NOBODY
JOHN: oh snap!
JOHN: terezi, did you know, even though you're a weirdo, and we probably wouldn't get along most of the time, i kind of missed you?
JOHN: you were one of the first trolls i ever talked to.
JOHN: we got off on a weird foot with your death threats, and jokey antagonism, and it's almost like we never stopped being on that foot?
JOHN: it makes me nostalgic for simpler times...
JOHN: do you remember when you made me those maps to follow?
JOHN: in a way, following your instructions will be like that tom foolery all over again!
TEREZI: 1 DO R3M3MB3R
TEREZI: TH3 M4PS 1 S3NT TO YOU W3R3 C4RTOGR4PH1C M4ST3RSTROK3S, 4ND R3PR3S3NT3D 4 SH1N1NG 3X4MPL3 FOR 4LL WHO WOULD 4SP1R3 TO HO4X GULL1BL3 DW33BS 3V3RYWH3R3
TEREZI: BUT L3T'S NOT W4ST3 GOOD S3NT1M3NT4L1TY H3R3
TEREZI: YOU 4R3 4BOUT TO STROLL DOWN M3MORY L4N3 W1TH M3 1N 4 MUCH MOR3 L1T3R4L S3NS3
TEREZI: WH3R34S 1...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**

```
take
```

dialoglogTEREZI: ON3 MOM3NT
JOHN: huh?
TEREZI: YOU'LL N33D ON3 MOR3 TH1NG FOR YOUR JOURN3Y
TEREZI: WH4T 1S YOUR F4VOR1T3 COLOR
JOHN: um...
TEREZI: TH4T W4S 4 RH3TOR1C4L QU3ST1ON, NUMBNUTS

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**

```
TOSS
```

dialoglogTEREZI: H3R3

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**
dialoglogTEREZI: GOOD LUCK, 3GB3RT >:]
TEREZI: NOT TH4T YOU'LL N33D 1T
JOHN: why not?
TEREZI: B3C4US3 W3 M4K3 OUR OWN LUCK
TEREZI: 4ND YOU'R3 4BOUT TO PROV3 TH4T

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**

```
keel
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**

```
PLOP
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**

```
D34D
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**15/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: god, you are so fucking weird.

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**16/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**16/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**16/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**16/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**17/12/14**
dialoglogJANE: Excuse me!

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**17/12/14**
dialoglogJANE: Apologies for the intrusion,
JANE: But I seem to be lost.
JANE: Could you please tell me where I am?

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**17/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**17/12/14**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: JANE! :U

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**17/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**17/12/14**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: oops.
CALLIOPE: sorry. u_u
CALLIOPE: i'm not terribly experienced with the practice of in-person expressions of friendship.

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**17/12/14**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: jane, don't be frightened...

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**17/12/14**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: it's me!
CALLIOPE: callie!

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**17/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**17/12/14**

dialoglogJANE: Of course!
JANE: Oh my goodness, what a wonderful surprise!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**17/12/14**

dialoglogJANE: Come here, you!
JANE: This is an expression of in-person friendship we Earthlings refer to as a hug.
CALLIOPE: hee hee!
CALLIOPE: yes. ^u^

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**17/12/14**

dialoglogJANE: Forgive me, I don't recall your telling me you were named Callie.
JANE: Come to think of it, I hardly remember anything at all.
JANE: Not even how I got here.
CALLIOPE: i woUld not fret over it. yoUr memory shoUld begin to retUrn in dUe time.
CALLIOPE: jade here has been remembering all sorts of things, as we record her memories in oUr storybook.
JADE: hi jane!
JANE: Hello, there.
CALLIOPE: why don't yoU join Us?
CALLIOPE: i'm sUre yoU will have mUch to add to oUr story.
JANE: I'd love to.
JANE: I feel as though I could use a rest.
JANE: I'm quite exhausted for some reason. I must have been walking along that yellow path for longer than I can remember.
JADE: heheh. i said the same thing when i got here too
CALLIOPE: tis trUe.
JANE: Um, pardon me, though,
JANE: I also cannot recall for the life of me whether you mentioned your friend to me.
JANE: Or that you were both trolls...
CALLIOPE: ah, bUt we are not trolls!
JADE: nope :B
CALLIOPE: these are oUr trollsonas.
JANE: Trollsonas, you say?
JADE: callie helped me make mine
JADE: arent we adorable?
JANE: You truly are.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**17/12/14**

dialoglogJANE: Say.
JANE: Do you suppose...
JANE: I could make a trollsona too?

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**17/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**18/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: might as well get started.
JOHN: let's see, the first key thought is...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**18/12/14**

R3UNION

GO G3T R1NG

dialoglogJOHN: "R3UN1ON"?
JOHN: do i have to think the numbers too?
JOHN: how do i even do that?
JOHN: whatever, here goes nothing.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**18/12/14**
## [????????]
**18/12/14**

3NT3R P4SSWORD:
[Submit]

<- OR GO B4CK!!!
P4SSWORD H1NT1F YOU DON'T KNOW TH3 P4SSWORD Y3T, 1T M34NS YOU'R3 NOT SUPPOS3D TO, DUMMY! GO B4CK!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**18/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**18/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: whoa, it worked!
JOHN: ha ha, i remember this!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**18/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: oh man, this is great.
JOHN: hey guys!

JOHN: hey me!!
JOHN: you're looking almost as handsome as the other me i just saw.
JOHN: don't ask, it's a long story. all you need to know is we are both looking great, as usual.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: dang, this was such a cool moment!
JOHN: hard to believe it was only...
JOHN: hours ago?
JOHN: days ago?
JOHN: these zappy shenanigans are making me lose track of time.
JOHN: whatever, it was just a really nice surprise when you all randomly appeared on my birthday and fell on the grass!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: i would love to have this sweet reunion all over again with you guys...
JOHN: we had some great conversations here on this lonely stone henge planet. i really wouldn't mind listening to everything we said again word for word!
JOHN: but i can't.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: i don't know if this makes sense...
JOHN: but when we all came together like this out of the blue, and had our long awaited reunion...
JOHN: i'm not sure if we really earned it yet?
JOHN: we didn't realize it at the time, but there were still a bunch of problems waiting to happen.
JOHN: like, some lingering issues that were going to pull us all apart again, and make us fight to get back together once and for all.
JOHN: but don't worry, i'm working to overcome all those problems right now.
JOHN: that's why i'm here!
JOHN: it's also why i can't hang around all day babbling like a fool. i really need to quit yapping and hit the road.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: see you karkat!
JOHN: i hope your pals don't take it personally, but you were always my favorite troll.
JOHN: the shouty tirades you are going to have on this hilly planet are going to be epic and hilarious. i will never forget them.
JOHN: kanaya, take good care of him for me, ok? thanks.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: dave! see you in a different reality, buddy.
JOHN: be sure to take care of mr. mayor too.
JOHN: your beautiful friendship with a cute chess man is an inspiration to us all.
JOHN: i hope and firmly believe it will transcend the boundaries of even the most ludicrous retcon

shenanigans.
JOHN: (heheheh.)

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: goodbye, rose. it makes me happy to see you alive and well, even if only for a minute.
JOHN: i'm going to make sure i never have to watch you die again.
JOHN: sorry if that sounds morbid and confusing, but... yeah.
JOHN: and if you see her around, say hello to roxy for me!
JOHN: haha, oh yeah. hey terezi.
JOHN: i feel like this is some big joke you are in on too.
JOHN: but you probably don't have the slightest clue what's going on, do you?
JOHN: maybe it's better that way, heh.
JOHN: anyway, the plan is going perfectly so far. ;)
JOHN: (i just winked.)

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: so yeah, time to go get that ring.
JOHN: i don't know what's going to happen to you all once i change stuff...
JOHN: maybe you'll stop existing? i don't have a damn clue, to be honest.
JOHN: but just so you know, you will always keep existing in my heart.
JOHN: bye!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

```
again
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

```
it's there!
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

```
HELL YES HELL YES HELL YES...
```

dialoglogJOHN: gotcha!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**18/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: it feels good to have it back.
JOHN: the dear, sweet, precious ring of ghost life...

JOHN: i'll never lose track of it again!
JOHN: i definitely won't let...
JOHN: um...
JOHN: wait, who was going to steal this ring again?
JOHN: the other vriska, with the short pirate skirt... what was her name?
JOHN: meh, it doesn't matter. she's probably irrelevant now.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/12/14**

dialoglogMEENAH: BOOM
MEENAH: there goes another one
VRISKA: Wow, yeah.
MEENAH: dude sure is busy today
VRISKA: I've got to hand it to him.
VRISKA: As far as indestructi8le, reality-destroying monsters go, he really is tireless.
VRISKA: Even though on some level I can tell he's pro8a8ly a complete moron, his dedic8tion and persistence is actually pretty admira8le.
MEENAH: holla
VRISKA: How many ghosts do you think were in that 8u88le he just wrecked?
MEENAH: dunno
MEENAH: hard to give a carp really
MEENAH: and not just cause im a sociopath
VRISKA: What do you mean?

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/12/14**

dialoglogMEENAH: hes just reclamming souls who hangin around too long anyway
MEENAH: before i died i was already like i aint give a fuck about death much
MEENAH: i looked at it like life had a price of admission no one could afford
MEENAH: in the ticket takers eye theres no way you could ever earn your stay
MEENAH: so to stick around you gotta learn to steal
MEENAH: but shit catches up with all thieves in the end
MEENAH: even the great ones
VRISKA: ...
MEENAH: i lived like death wasnt no thing
MEENAH: at all times overdue
MEENAH: a hard stop to being you
MEENAH: and only chumps arent fine with that
MEENAH: but then i die
MEENAH: and find out dying dont mean what little i thought it did
MEENAH: so all those spook eyed souls up there scared to death of double dyin?
MEENAH: fuck em
VRISKA: Peixes, have I ever told you, for a no-8ullshit fish princess, you sure have a way with words?
MEENAH: yeah youve kissed my ass before if thats what you askin

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/12/14**

dialoglogVRISKA: Ooh, look!
VRISKA: Another space tragedy.
MEENAH: daamn
VRISKA: I will say this much. All the cosmic mayhem is really quite pretty.
VRISKA: Almost like the 8ig man out there is putting on a fireworks display, just for us.
MEENAH: daw
MEENAH: lord muscleguy be thoughtful as fuck
VRISKA: How far do you think he'll go?
VRISKA: To find... who was it? His "kid sister"?
VRISKA: Is he really going to keep smashing the 8lack space forever until he finds her, til it's all gone?
VRISKA: Is it actually POSSI8LE to shatter a continuum that's theoretically infin8te?
MEENAH: shrug
VRISKA: Like I said. Got to admire the guy's determin8tion.
VRISKA: Still, I can't imagine he's led a very enjoya8le existence.
VRISKA: I mean, sure. May8e he THINKS he has. In the way that totally delusional, egomaniacal people tend to do.
VRISKA: I 8et he never had anyone in his life who was actually important to him.
VRISKA: Someone who could have helped him see that nothing is worth that kind of o8session.
VRISKA: That it's 8etter to just try and 8e happy.
MEENAH: poor skull guy 38(

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**21/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**23/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: ok, bloody scarf.
JOHN: where to next?

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**23/12/14**

FR4M3D

dialoglogJOHN: framed, huh?
JOHN: i mean... "FR4M3D".
JOHN: ...which i guess is pronounced the same way, but you have to yell it in terezi's weird annoying voice?

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**23/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: wow, that was kind of a sick burn.
JOHN: maybe i should be nicer to her, since she is bailing my stupid ass out of this jam, and also she died.
JOHN: ok, here i go.

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**23/12/14**
**[???????]**
**23/12/14**

| |
|---|
| ♎ |

3NT3R P4SSWORD:
[Submit]

<- OR GO B4CK!!!
P4SSWORD H1NT1F YOU DON'T KNOW TH3 P4SSWORD Y3T, 1T M34NS YOU'R3 NOT SUPPOS3D TO, DUMMY! GO B4CK!!!

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**23/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**23/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**23/12/14**

R3SCU3 TH3 W1TN3SS
B3F0R3 H3 IS MURDERED!
(DON'T GET C4UGHT)

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**23/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**23/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**23/12/14**

| |
|---|
| TEREZI: >:? |

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**23/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: so...
JOHN: you wanted me to steal a stuffed dragon from your room?
JOHN: how is this even the slightest bit important to the time line?

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**23/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: whatever.
JOHN: maybe stealing this dragon is the most important thing to ever happen in the history of stupid time shenanigans?
JOHN: who am i to judge.
JOHN: ok, what's next...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**23/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**23/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**23/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**25/12/14**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**25/12/14**

MOM3NT

dialoglogJOHN: "MOM3NT"?
JOHN: wow, that sounds really nonspecific.
JOHN: what moment do you mean, terezi??
JOHN: way to narrow that down.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**25/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: guess i'll find out. this better be good!

## [???????]
**25/12/14**

3NT3R P4SSWORD:
[Submit]

<- OR GO B4CK!!!
P4SSWORD H1NT1F YOU DON'T KNOW TH3 P4SSWORD Y3T, 1T M34NS YOU'R3 NOT SUPPOS3D TO, DUMMY! GO B4CK!!!

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**

WR1T3 M3SS4G3 ON W4LL

[???] DON'T- [??????]

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**

```
shoosh
```

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**

```
JOHN: y
```

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**

```
TEREZI: ?
```

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**

```
JOHN: yo-
JOHN: ne-
```

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**

```
JOHN: you don't need him.
```

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**

```
JOHN: (this is john by the way, ha ha.)
```

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**25/12/14**
dialoglogJOHN: heheheh

JOHN: i am like the ultimate prankster now... nanna would be so proud!
JOHN: it's kind of like if dr. who used his fancy phone booth to go around playing tricks on people, and that's all he did.
JOHN: then maybe that show would be less lame!
JOHN: also, harry anderson should be all the doctors.
JOHN: wow, i should use my retcon powers to make THAT show happen! wow, yes.
JOHN: it's like all of the super heroes say, with great power comes great responsibility.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**25/12/14**

dialoglogJOHN: hmm.
JOHN: i wonder who the "him" was in terezi's note.
JOHN: karkat, maybe?
JOHN: man, i sure hope terezi didn't send me on a time travel quest just to fix her fucking boyfriend problems.
JOHN: god DAMNIT terezi!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**28/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**28/12/14**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: what else do yoU remember, jane?
CALLIOPE: the more yoU tell Us, the closer we may come to jogging yoUr and jade's memory of how yoU died.
CALLIOPE: not to mention, the closer we will get to completing this lovely illUstrated story. :u
JANE: Hrm.
JANE: My recollection continues to be so darn hazy.
JANE: Is there anything from my session that you can remember, Callie?
CALLIOPE: UnfortUnately from my perspective, most of it was blacked oUt.
CALLIOPE: everything else i know, i have learned from ancient joUrnals, whose veracity i have come to regard as...
CALLIOPE: tenUoUs.
CALLIOPE: yoU two are the only primary soUrces i have left to reconstrUct the tale. if only yoU can keep jogging yoUr memories!
JANE: I see.
JANE: Well, I do recall quite a bit more from our stint as tricksters.
JANE: For some reason all those memories are still quite vivid.
JANE: I suppose I could recount more of that drunken tomfoolery and extend our trickster chapter.
CALLIOPE: oh, yes!!! i woUld absolUtely adore hearing more aboUt yoUr trickster adventUres.
CALLIOPE: it pleases me to no end hearing that yoU experienced sUch joyfUl escapades as a resUlt of the birthday present i gave yoU! :U
JANE: Um. Yes!
JANE: Joyful.
JANE: That's what they were. So joyful.
JANE: What a present! You are a true sweetheart, Callie.
CALLIOPE: ^u^

JANE: So, where was I?
JANE: Ah yes. Dirk had just acquiesced to the siren's song of the trickster.
JANE: When all the rainbow magic and sparkle dust had subsided, there he stood, as stoic and rigid as ever.
JANE: He was like a plank of wood in orange trousers and suspenders. A bronze statue in a silly pair of wrist warmers. A stone-faced automaton with a shock of vermilion hair, in which comfortably nestled what appeared to be an orange soft drink.
JANE: The juju's potent spell seemed only to strengthen his resolve in betraying no emotion whatsoever.
JANE: But would his curmudgeonly facade prove a deterrent to Roxy's lascivious wiles? Methinks not!
JANE: She advanced upon him with her magic ring, seeking his hand in quadruple betrothal.
JANE: Her lips puckered and quivered, like an amorous cephalopod skulking the briny ocean depths for a handsome mate.
JADE: guys i think weve heard enough about the trickster stuff :|
CALLIOPE: (shoot!)

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**28/12/14**

dialoglogJADE: jane, dont you remember when we turned into bad guys?
JANE: Bad guys?
JADE: yeah...
JADE: i turned into an evil werewolf for a while
JADE: and you i think were some kind of cyborg
JANE: Yes, that does sound very familiar.
JANE: Can you tell me anything else to nudge my recollection?
JADE: ummmmm
JADE: you had a pitchfork thingy and your outfit was bright red
JANE: Yes, of course!
JANE: I do remember that now.
JANE: Oh dear. I really was behaving horribly, wasn't I?
JADE: yeah, we both were
JADE: it feels like it was all a bad dream
JADE: im glad its over now, even if it means were probably dead
JANE: Mm-hm.
JANE: It's coming back to me now...
JANE: Gosh, how embarrassing it is to recall my actions.
JANE: They somehow manage to trump my indiscretions as a trickster.
JANE: The things I said to Jake!!!
JADE: :o
JADE: what did you say?
JANE: I can't even bring myself to talk about it.
JANE: You're right, Jade. We probably are better off dead than having to face the music for our shameful deeds.
CALLIOPE: i do not wish to pry into matters that make yoU Uncomfortable...
CALLIOPE: bUt can yoU at least recall the circUmstances which were likely to have resUlted in

yoUr deaths?
JANE: Hm.
JANE: Yes, I believe I can.
JANE: Remembering my encounter with Jake in his prison cell has reminded me of a crisis that followed shortly thereafter.
JANE: It caught us all quite by surprise, if I recall, even the Condesce.
JANE: I believe there were unanticipated factors which even she was unable to account for.
CALLIOPE: can yoU recall the natUre of this crisis?
CALLIOPE: jade and i will do oUr best to record it!
JANE: Yes, hold on.
JANE: Allow me a moment to get back into my storytelling voice.
JANE: ...
JADE: ...
CALLIOPE: ...
JANE: Ahem.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**28/12/14**

dialoglogJANE: 'Twas like Jade said. We'd been hoodwinked by none other than the Batterwitch herself.
JANE: The old lady's fishy mind tricks had us both behaving like a pair of crooks!
JANE: We were all too willing to do her dirty work, and none too shy about reveling in our misdeeds.
JANE: It was as if she'd pulled the stops on our sense of conscience. At last we were free to act upon our darkest desires.
JANE: And if it please the jury, I'd prefer said desires were kept stricken from this record. >:B
JADE: i second the motion
CALLIOPE: (doUble shoot!!)

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**28/12/14**

```
jail→
```

dialoglogJANE: The crafty witch made sure I would be the brains of the operation.
JANE: She saw to it her heiress had a super computer wrapped around her noggin years in advance.
JANE: A state of the art Thoughtwave Tiaratop, for the up and coming junior battermaster on the go -- with the factory default set to EVIL!
JANE: But if I was the brains of the outfit, Jade was the uncontested brawn.
JANE: Within two shakes of a dog's tail, she kicked Dirk to the curb of the incipisphere.
JANE: Then in one fell swoop, she and I pinched Roxy and Jake respectively, and hauled them right off to the slammer for interrogation.
JANE: The slammer, as we all know, is how one describes the penal system when feeling extra angry at crimes.
JANE: Their crime, you ask? It was being on the wrong side of the law.
JANE: And by wrong, I mean right.
CALLIOPE: jane, slow down! this is all solid gold.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**28/12/14**

dialoglogJANE: But before we could badger hapless pals in the slammer, there was work to be done.
JANE: We were to prepare for the others, scheduled to arrive shortly on a meteor from the furthest ring.
JANE: I was ordered to build up the houses on our planets to reach Skaia. The witch said it was critical to her plans.
JANE: Whereas Jade was told to intercept the meteor, and scatter all her friends on the four new planets.
JANE: They were all to be separated into pairs, and prepared to receive instruction to help us advance the cause.
JANE: But then, something went wrong. Something fully unanticipated, even by the Witch!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**29/12/14**

?

dialoglogJANE: Before Jade could intercept the meteor, she disappeared without a trace.
JADE: i did? :o
CALLIOPE: (jade, shh! this is getting exciting.)
JANE: Perhaps it's my shoddy memory acting up again, but I have no recollection of what happened to her.
JANE: This left the Witch's scheme in total shambles, and without Jade's unlimited power at her command, the situation on Derse was vulnerable.
JANE: Jade's friends were now unaccounted for, and could freely move about the medium without being caught.
JANE: They used their freedom to maximum advantage. Staying a step ahead of the Witch, they organized and came up with a plan.
JANE: The plan, you ask?
JANE: A prison break!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**29/12/14**

dialoglogJANE: They struck at just the right moment, while the Witch was out searching for them. They had established a series of clever decoys to lure her away.
JANE: Their assault on the Derse prison was furious, with only myself and a few agents on hand to fend them off.
JANE: Their aim was to free Jake and Roxy, and I can only presume, me as well from my corrupted state.
JANE: But I was not about to go down easy. Oh no.
JANE: The melee was fierce, and alas...
JANE: Not without casualty. :(
CALLIOPE: what happened, jane?
CALLIOPE: was someone slain? other than yoU and jade?
JANE: I'm sorry. The memory is coming back to me.
JANE: It is difficult to talk about, let alone present it with a flourish a good story deserves.

JADE: well forget about the story for a second
JADE: just tell us with regular words... i mean if you want to
JANE: No, it's ok.
JANE: I shall persevere.
JANE: Our tale must go on.
CALLIOPE: (;u;)

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**29/12/14**

```
spell!
```

dialoglogJANE: Roxy's young mother made an exceedingly aggressive move to free her estranged daughter.
JANE: She attacked me with a fearsome enchantment of blinding light!
JANE: I deftly sidestepped her sorcery, and in my demented state found myself enraged by her claim on my beloved Bffsy.
JANE: I let my fork sail, straight and true, toward the interloping Lalonde.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**29/12/14**

```
ROSE: !!!

push
```

dialoglogJANE: But Roxy...
JANE: In a sudden fit of gumption, she intercepted my fork.
JANE: Directly through her chest.
JANE: I knew it before her heart even stopped.
JANE: Her death was surely heroic.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**30/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**30/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**30/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**30/12/14**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**30/12/14**

```
untie
```

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**30/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**30/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**30/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**30/12/14**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
spritelogDRAGONSPRITE: sniff sniff
DRAGONSPRITE: sniff sniff sniff sniff
JOHN: (hey, would you quit it!)
JOHN: (i'm trying to keep a low profile here.)

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**

MURD3R

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
spritelogDRAGONSPRITE: bye!
DRAGONSPRITE: heeheeheeheehee!

**[???????]**
**01/01/15**

3NT3R P4SSWORD:
[Submit]

<- OR GO B4CK!!!
P4SSWORD H1NT1F YOU DON'T KNOW TH3 P4SSWORD Y3T, 1T M34NS YOU'R3 NOT SUPPOS3D TO, DUMMY! GO B4CK!!!

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**

D3PLOY THE W1TN3SS H3 1S CR1T1C4L TO TH3 1NV3ST1G4T1ON !!!!!!!

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**

```
pucker
```

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**

```
TEREZI: ...
```

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**01/01/15**

dialoglogJOHN: uh, mission accomplished i guess??
JOHN: well, scarf item number four, at least.
JOHN: there you go, terezi. your stupid plush dragon can help with your weird "investigation", or whatever fucked up thing you're doing there.
JOHN: thank god i changed that! we sure are making some awesome progress here...
JOHN: not.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**01/01/15**

dialoglogJOHN: ok, there's just no way that change was important.
JOHN: i know this stuff can be pretty subtle, but come on.
JOHN: she HAS to be messing with me at this point.
JOHN: with my new powers, i feel like i'm the ultimate prankster, but to be honest, i'm having a hard time figuring out who is pranking WHO here, exactly.
JOHN: ...
JOHN: it's me, isn't it.
JOHN: i'm the one getting owned, aren't i.
JOHN: owned by a crazy blind girl, trolling me through time with notes written in her blood moments before she died.
JOHN: but she's also kind of... trolling herself too?
JOHN: damn.
JOHN: i am dealing with a true professional here.
JOHN: alright, enough of this asinine horse play.
JOHN: let's see what the scarf of stupidity has in store for me next!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**04/01/15**

JUST1C3

[?????]3 NO- [?????]

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**04/01/15**

## [???????]

**04/01/15**

♎

3NT3R P4SSWORD:
[Submit]

<- OR GO B4CK!!!
P4SSWORD H1NT1F YOU DON'T KNOW TH3 P4SSWORD Y3T, 1T M34NS YOU'R3 NOT SUPPOS3D TO, DUMMY! GO B4CK!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/01/15**

```
-ICOLAS CAGE
MEG R-
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/01/15**
dialoglogJOHN: yeesh.
JOHN: what a gruesome scene.
JOHN: i wonder which troll this was?
JOHN: she looks really cute...
JOHN: it's sad that she died.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/01/15**
dialoglogJOHN: let's see... what does she want me to do here?
JOHN: i'm all out of stuffed dragons, so i don't think anyone will be cracking this case any time soon.
JOHN: hmm...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/01/15**

```
CAGE
MEG R-
```

dialoglogJOHN: so i guess the clown guy did this?
JOHN: i'm laughing my ass off.
JOHN: it looks like he left all this bullshit littered around the body to frame vriska.
JOHN: did terezi actually fall for this?

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/01/15**
dialoglogJOHN: ok, this one's easy enough.
JOHN: there, you're welcome terezi.
JOHN: keep up the good work at solving dumb crimes.
JOHN: whoops, here you come! got to go.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**04/01/15**

pesterlogTG: spidertroll
GC: YOU 4R3 CORR3CT
GC: TH3 SP1D3R13ST ON3 OF 4LL
TG: youve decided to take her down then
GC: 1 GU3SS SO
TG: you dont sound that psyched about it
GC: W3LL, 1M H3R3 T4LK1NG TO YOU 4BOUT 1T 1NST34D OF 4CTU4LLY DO1NG 1T, 4R3NT...
GC: HUH?
TG: what

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**04/01/15**

```
JOHN: it was gamzee you idiot!!!
JOHN: um... over→
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**04/01/15**

```
hey terezi... when you told me
to say 'you don't need him', did you
mean karkat or dave? maybe you
shouldn't date dave either. the way
you and he described it, it sounds
like it got weird. i dunno, just
offering some friendly dating advice!
man, this caper we're doing is
so crazy. anyway, later!
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**04/01/15**

```
NICOLAS CAGE
MEG R-

it was gamzee
you idiot!!!
```

pesterlogTG: terezi
TG: hello
TG: wtf is going on there

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**04/01/15**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**06/01/15**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**06/01/15**

# HONK

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**06/01/15**
**[???????]**
**06/01/15**

3NT3R P4SSWORD:
[Submit]

<- OR GO B4CK!!!
P4SSWORD H1NT1F YOU DON'T KNOW TH3 P4SSWORD Y3T, 1T M34NS YOU'R3 NOT SUPPOS3D TO, DUMMY! GO B4CK!!!

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**06/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**06/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**06/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**06/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**06/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**06/01/15**

GR4B 4 HORN... YOU W1LL KNOW WH4T TO DO

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**06/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**06/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**06/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**06/01/15**

```
HONK

TEREZI: FUCK
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**06/01/15**

```
TEREZI: !!!
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**06/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**06/01/15**

```
!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**06/01/15**

```
INN
```

dialoglogJOHN: there.
JOHN: i honked the stupid horn.
JOHN: one more to go...
JOHN: terezi, are we getting to the point any time soon?
JOHN: i'm getting tired of all this meaningless, prankstery bullshit.
JOHN: i would like to be able to say we at least TRIED to change something important here.
JOHN: i'd rather not have to go back to roxy and say, sorry! your mom has to stay dead forever, because terezi decided to play some funny jokes on me for no reason, and also fix her romance problems.
JOHN: it'd be nice to do something that would actually be significant enough to, you know, prevent that from happening?!
JOHN: ...
JOHN: huh?

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**06/01/15**

```
INN

:o)
```

dialoglogJOHN: OOF!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**08/01/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Haha!
MEENAH: hehehe

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**08/01/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Hahahaha!
MEENAH: heheheh

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**08/01/15**

dialoglogMEENAH: heheheh

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**08/01/15**
dialoglogMEENAH: hehehehehe
VRISKA: Hahahaha!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**08/01/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: Hahahaha...
MEENAH: hehehe...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/01/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: Haha.
MEENAH: heheh

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/01/15**
dialoglogMEENAH: heh...

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/01/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: Ha.

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**09/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/01/15**

?

dialoglogJANE: I knew that I was her only hope for resurrection.
JANE: Perhaps my cybernetic intelligence was not as flawless as I believed.
JANE: In my haste to revive her, I neglected to let them know I was the only chance she had.
JANE: If they understood the nature of my powers, they may have tempered their aggression.
JANE: And if I wasn't so hurried to use those powers, I may not have let my guard down.
JANE: Alas, I did let my guard down, and with it, my queen.
JANE: But more importantly, my friend, who surely stayed dead.
JANE: Poor Roxy.
CALLIOPE: do yoU sUppose we shoUld be expecting her ghost to join Us too?
CALLIOPE: thoUgh i admit, part of me feels gUilty hoping she will join Us in death. u_u
JANE: I do not know.
JANE: But guilt notwithstanding, I truly hope to see her again.

JANE: Killing a dear friend while in a compromised state of mind... it's frightening to imagine having to "live" with that for eternity.
JANE: I'd be miserable if I never had the opportunity to make amends.
JADE: its sad she died, but then, isnt it kinda sad we all died?
JADE: personally im really hoping she shows up!
JADE: jane why dont you prepare a trollsona for her as a gesture of reconciliation?
JADE: its the least you can do :B
JANE: Why, yes.
JANE: I do believe I can make that sacrifice for the good of our friendship.
CALLIOPE: HUZZAH!!!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

dialoglogJADE: so getting back to the story
JADE: i take it from what you said about letting your guard down...
JADE: you believe this was how you died?
JANE: I'm almost certain of it.
JANE: I can remember nothing beyond that moment.
JANE: And if one of your friends managed to get the better of me, I have no doubt my death would have been just, considering the trouble I caused.
JADE: yeah...
JADE: likewise :\
CALLIOPE: do yoU remember who it was that killed yoU?
CALLIOPE: not to hoUnd yoU for details, bUt trivia like this tends to be historically important.
CALLIOPE: plUs, i woUld like to draw this scene. :u
JANE: I'm sorry. My memory of the incident overall is quite vague.
JANE: But it wouldn't surprise me if the one who dealt my fatal blow was the leader of the raid.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

?

dialoglogJANE: This was the unanticipated factor.
JANE: Their leader was someone who was not expected to show up with them at all.
JANE: The presence of this lone interloper was enough to discombobulate a scheme millions of years in the making.
JANE: This hero occupied a blind spot as much to the Condesce as to my present recollection, but of this much I am sure.
JANE: The hero was bold, wily; the sort of firebrand personality they needed to take such a stand.
JANE: An intrepid soul who was not about to take the verdict of paradox space lying down.
JANE: You see, Callie, your historical documents make no mention of the leader of the raid, because originally, the curtains closed early on this plucky customer.
JANE: But the hero was written back into our story by some inscrutable gambit of circumstance which we may never fully understand.
JANE: And with that flourish of revisionism, the tide of luck turned on a shiny new dime. All bets were off!
JANE: The tilt between the friendly and felonious was a true horse race again. A real barn burner in

the brewing.
JANE: Yes, there'd still be hell to pay after Jade and I made our exit, sure as sugar cubes.
JANE: There'd be ashes to sift, wounds to mend, fallen to mourn. Not being privy to the aftermath, I can only surmise as well as the next gumshoe.
JANE: But with respect to the fate of our comrades, of this much I am convinced.
JANE: When the curtains finally closed, this time, their leader would make sure everyone was standing on the right side of them.
JANE: That is to say, the side any interested onlooker would be able to witness.
JADE: ...
JADE: jeez!
JANE: Hm?

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

dialoglogJADE: youre really good at telling stories jane!
CALLIOPE: yes, i'd no idea yoU had sUch a talent. how sneaky of yoU to hide sUch a gift from me all this time!
JADE: hear hear! 5 stars, would listen again! :)
JANE: Aw, shucks, you guys. :B

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

```
:O)
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

dialoglogJOHN: uh, wow.
JOHN: not sure what to expect for this one.
JOHN: alright, here goes.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

FL1P

KNOCK H3R OUT! YOU

C3N'T L3T M3 K1LL H3R

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/01/15**
## [????????]
**11/01/15**

```
♏
```

3NT3R P4SSWORD:
[Submit]

<- OR GO B4CK!!!
P4SSWORD H1NT1F YOU DON'T KNOW TH3 P4SSWORD Y3T, 1T M34NS YOU'R3 NOT SUPPOS3D TO, DUMMY! GO B4CK!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/01/15**
dialoglogJOHN: NOOOOOO, TEREZI!
JOHN: DON'T DO IT!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/01/15**

```
run
```

dialoglogVRISKA: John????????

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/01/15**

```
egbert
punch!

DOOF.
```

dialoglogVRISKA: What are you doing heAUGH!!!!!!!!
JOHN: KAPOW!!!!!
TEREZI: JOHN NO! >:O

## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/01/15**
## [A6A6I4] ====>
**11/01/15**

```
flip
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

```
spin
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

```
THUD.
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

```
plop
```

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

dialoglogTEREZI: JOHN, WH4T H4V3 YOU DON3!
JOHN: whew! that was close.
TEREZI: WHY 4R3 YOU H3R3??
TEREZI: *HOW* 4R3 YOU H3R3???
JOHN: it's a long story terezi. don't worry about it.
JOHN: the important thing here is, we did it. everything's going to be ok now.
TEREZI: D1D *WH4T?!*
JOHN: um...
JOHN: i'm not sure, actually.
TEREZI: OH MY FUCK1NG GOD
JOHN: well, i just clobbered vriska and knocked her out, like you said.
JOHN: jeez, i hope i didn't punch too hard...

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**11/01/15**

dialoglogJOHN: wow, she's really down for the count, isn't she.
JOHN: i got a lot of extra punching practice in my fight with the skull jerk.
JOHN: maybe i gained a bit too much man grit for my own good?
TEREZI: WH4T 4R3 YOU T4LK1NG 4BOUT!
TEREZI: DO YOU H4V3 4NY 1D34 WH4T YOU'V3 JUST DON3?
JOHN: yes.
JOHN: i randomly appeared and knocked vriska out cold, just like the scarf told me to.
TEREZI: WH4T SC4RF???
JOHN: um...
JOHN: this one?
TEREZI: YOU W3R3N'T SUPPOS3D TO DO TH1S!
TEREZI: 1 W4S SUPPOS3D TO K1LL H3R!
TEREZI: YOU JUST DOOM3D US 4LL!!!
JOHN: no, no...
JOHN: i mean, yeah, it was supposed to go that way originally!

JOHN: but now it doesn't have to, because of like, weird retcon magic, and also your crazy mind schemes.
TEREZI: M1ND SCH3M3S?!
JOHN: yes.
JOHN: well, you from years in the future, just before you died.
JOHN: i got help from your older, possibly wiser self. you helped me come back here, using the mysteries of the mind.
TEREZI: 1 S33
TEREZI: BUT TH4T DO3S NOT 4NSW3R TH3 MOST 1MPORT4NT QU3ST1ON OF 4LL
JOHN: what.
TEREZI: WHY 4R3 YOU SUCH 4 DORK?!
JOHN: shut up!
TEREZI: L3T M3 S33 TH4T SC4RF
JOHN: no!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**12/01/15**

dialoglogTEREZI: Y3S, G1V3 1T H3R3
JOHN: no, quit it!
TEREZI: YOU FUCK3D W1TH TH3 4LPH4 T1M3L1N3. 1 W4NT 4NSW3RS
JOHN: hey, i had to jump through a lot of your lame prankstery hoops to get here!
JOHN: plus i saved vriska from your back stabbing ways, so you don't need to do that for... whatever stupid reason you were going to?
JOHN: how about a little gratitude!
TEREZI: JUST T3LL M3 WH4T TH3 SC4RF S4YS
TEREZI: 1 N33D TO KNOW WH4T 1 S41D!
JOHN: look, all it says is this list of bloody passwords and instructions, most of which are dumb pranks!
TEREZI: PR4NKS? >:?
JOHN: yeah, i think so.
TEREZI: WHY WOULD 1 S3ND YOU B4CK 1N T1M3 TO PL4Y PR4NKS
JOHN: because you're a weirdo!
TEREZI: SCR3W YOU!
TEREZI: W41T
TEREZI: SO YOU 4CTU4LLY *W3R3* TH3 ON3 WHO STOL3 MY DR4GON, 4ND WROT3 THOS3 NOT3S?
JOHN: yeah.
TEREZI: WHY
JOHN: i don't know!
JOHN: you told me to.
JOHN: probably to prevent you from fucking up your life?
TEREZI: 4ND YOU'R3 SUR3 YOU D1DN'T JUST M4K3 4 DOOM3D T1M3L1N3 H3R3?
JOHN: yeah, pretty sure!
JOHN: this is like, a fresh start. from this point on.
TEREZI: G1MM3 TH3 SC4RF
JOHN: no! stop badgering me about the damn scarf!!!

TEREZI: 1T'S M1N3 THOUGH, 1T H4S MY BLOOD ON 1T!
JOHN: no, it belonged to my dear departed FRIEND, her name was *future* terezi!
TEREZI: YOU B4ST4RD >:x
JOHN: look, it doesn't even say anything else, i already did everything!
JOHN: wait...
TEREZI: WH4T
JOHN: ok, there is one last thing i have to do.
TEREZI: WH4T
JOHN: it says i have to give you my wallet.
TEREZI: WH4T??

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**12/01/15**

dialoglogJOHN: but...
JOHN: i don't actually have my wallet?
TEREZI: YOU DONT?
JOHN: no.
JOHN: i lost it years ago.
JOHN: i think i gave it to...
JOHN: damn. who was it.
JOHN: liv tyler, the bunny?
JOHN: or was it that short chess dude.
JOHN: shit!
TEREZI: WHY WOULD 1 T3LL YOU TO G1V3 M3 YOUR W4LL3T 1F YOU DON'T H4V3 1T
JOHN: i guess you didn't realize i lost it??
JOHN: hell, even i can't remember what items we still have half the time.
JOHN: terezi, just between you, me, unconscious vriska, and that dumb clown there, this adventure has been one huge mess.
TEREZI: WH4T COULD 3V3N B3 SO 1MPORT4NT 4BOUT G1V1NG M3 YOUR W4LL3T?
JOHN: hmm.
JOHN: actually, it says give "her" your wallet.
JOHN: did "her" mean you, or vriska?
TEREZI: ???
JOHN: i guess it's a moot point, since i don't have it.
JOHN: let's just call it one small flaw in your otherwise mostly stupid plan, and get on with our lives.
TEREZI: 1T'S NOT MY PL4N!
JOHN: yes it is!
JOHN: or, was.
JOHN: i mean, will be.
JOHN: or... won't be anymore? now that we changed stuff.
TEREZI: UGH, SHUT UP
TEREZI: M4YB3 1F YOU COULD T3LL M3 *WHY* W3 N33D TH3 W4LL3T, W3 COULD M4K3 OTH3R PL4NS TO COMP3NS4T3?
JOHN: um.
JOHN: i dunno. maybe you need to captcha something really big?

TEREZI: L1K3 WH4T
JOHN: i don't know!
JOHN: it's just some vague crap you wrote on a scarf!
KARKAT: JOHN????
JOHN: oh fuck.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**13/01/15**

dialoglogKARKAT: HOW IN THE CONTEMPTIBLE NAME OF MY PERMANENTLY HATE-SOILED JERKOFF TROUSERS CAN YOU ***POSSIBLY*** BE HERE?!
JOHN: no, i'm not doing this!
JOHN: i'm not explaining the retcon shit again!
KARKAT: RET-*WHAT* SHIT??
KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO VRISKA?
KARKAT: IS
KARKAT: IS THAT *GAMZEE* TIED UP ON THE FLOOR THERE?
KARKAT: WITH A HORN SHOVED IN HIS MOUTH???
GAMZEE: *HONK*
JOHN: sigh.
KARKAT: TEREZI, WHY IS GAMZEE TIED UP ON THE FLOOR.
KARKAT: I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU. I THOUGHT HE HAD GOTTEN TO YOU FOR SURE.
TEREZI: TH4T 1S SW33T OF YOU K4RK4T, BUT TH3R3 W4S NO N33D TO WORRY
TEREZI: 1 CR4CK3D TH3 C4S3
TEREZI: W1TH 1NV3ST1G4T1ON SK1LLS L1K3 M1N3, 1T W4S 1N3V1T4BL3 >:]
JOHN: (lmao.)
KARKAT: UM, OK???
KARKAT: IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE IF SOMEBODY TOLD ME WHAT SORT OF PREPOSTEROUS SHIT WAS TAKING PLACE UP HERE.
KARKAT: WHAT HAPPENED TO VRISKA? WHY IS SHE PASSED OUT ON THE FUCKING FLOOR?!
JOHN: because i punched her in the face.
KARKAT: WHAT
JOHN: you heard me.
KARKAT: OK, JOHN, LISTEN. FIRST OF ALL, SHUT YOUR FUCKING MOUTH.
KARKAT: I DON'T EVEN KNOW *WHERE* TO BEGIN ADDRESSING THE GLOBE NUMBING ABSURDITY OF YOUR SUDDEN PRESENCE ON THIS METEOR.
KARKAT: LET'S JUST AWKWARDLY STRAFE ALONG THE PERIMETER OF THAT HUMONGOUS, STINK-BELCHING TRUNKBEAST IN THE ROOM, AND LET THE VIOLENTLY UNINHIBITED NERD-GRILLING COMMENCE.
KARKAT: *WHY* DID YOU PUNCH VRISKA IN THE FACE??????????
KARKAT: I MEAN...
KARKAT: NOT THAT I NECESSARILY BLAME YOU, BUT STILL.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**13/01/15**

dialoglogJOHN: karkat, take it easy.
JOHN: here, read this.
KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS.
JOHN: it's all on the scarf, buddy.
JOHN: it's all on the scarf.
KARKAT: GET THIS NASTY FUCKING RAG OUT OF MY PROXIMITY!
TEREZI: H3Y, TH4T'S M1N3!
KANAYA: Uh

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**13/01/15**

dialoglogJOHN: oh man.
JOHN: this is turning into a stupid circus.
GAMZEE: *HONK*
JOHN: shh!
JOHN: i should really get out of here.
JOHN: the time line is already boned enough as it is without me hanging around.
KARKAT: WHAT? YOU'RE LEAVING ALREADY??
JOHN: i mean...
JOHN: i guess it doesn't matter THAT much if i'm here?
JOHN: we already changed history like... almost completely?
JOHN: that was kind of the point.
JOHN: vriska's not dead anymore, so that means...
JOHN: wait, what does that actually mean?
KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT!!!
KARKAT: WHAT'S THIS SHIT ABOUT VRISKA BEING DEAD? CAN SOMEONE EXPLAIN THIS TO ME!
KANAYA: Vriskas Dead?
KARKAT: NO!!!!!!!!!
KARKAT: SHE'S ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR OVER THERE, THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING!
JOHN: so, that means i'll never be able to get the life ring from tavros...
JOHN: but i already have the ring? so i guess that doesn't matter?
SOLLUX: wh0's talking.
JOHN: wait, does this really mean vriska's ghost stops existing, or...
JOHN: is her ghost just going to keep existing in the dream bubbles because of "reasons"?
KANAYA: Karkat What Is He Doing Here
KARKAT: WOW, GREAT QUESTION!
KARKAT: WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A FUCKING NUMBER AND GET IN LINE FOR THAT ONE!!!
KARKAT: I'VE ALREADY GOT MINE! IT'S THE FIRST NUMBER THERE IS. AN ANGRY, TREMBLING DIGIT, TOWERING AND ERECT, POINTING DIRECTLY AT THE TRASHFACED KINGPIN OF INEXPLICABLE HORSESHIT HIMSELF, *GOD*!!!!!
JOHN: and if i never ended up meeting her ghost...
JOHN: i guess i never stuck my hand in the house thing to get the retcon powers in the first place, so how...
JOHN: god damn it.

KARKAT: HER GHOST??????
KARKAT: HE'S TALKING ABOUT GHOSTS EVERYBODY!
KARKAT: EVERYBODY LISTEN, HE'LL SURELY EXPLAIN EVERYTHING ANY SECOND NOW! THIS SHOULD BE GREAT!
SOLLUX: can s0me0ne please tell me wh0 is talking.
KARKAT: SHHHHH, SOLLUX PIPE DOWN! HE'S ABOUT TO SPILL THE FART NIBLETS, I CAN FEEL IT!!!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**13/01/15**

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pat pat
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dialoglogJOHN: ok guys, really, i've messed with your time line enough as it is.
JOHN: sorry for clocking you, vriska, if you can hear me in your dreams. haha, you probably can't.
JOHN: but hey, i guess this means i get to meet alive you soon, instead of ghost you? so that's neat.
KARKAT: EGBERT DON'T YOU DARE FUCK OFF
JOHN: please tell her i'm sorry for punching her in the face.
JOHN: but also, she's welcome for saving her life.
JOHN: i'll see you guys later. um, in three years to be precise.
KARKAT: WHAT???
KARKAT: NO, DON'T
KARKAT: YOU STAY THE HELL PUT. DO YOU HEAR ME YOU UGLY, PEEJAY PACKING, FLAPSNIFFING *SHIT INFANT*
JOHN: bye dude!

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**13/01/15**

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GAMZEE: HONK
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## [A6A6I4] ====>

**13/01/15**

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**13/01/15**

dialoglogKANAYA: I Suddenly Dont Understand Anything And Am Currently Casting Sincere Doubt On The Laughable Insinuation That I Or Anyone Else Ever Actually Did For Even A Single Moment
SOLLUX: kanaya, d0n't be such a damn n00b.
SOLLUX: the explanation for all the stuff i just heard is s0 0bvi0us.
KANAYA: What Is The Explanation

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**13/01/15**

dialoglogSOLLUX: mutha.

## [A6A6I4] ====>

**13/01/15**

pesterlogSOLLUX: fuckin.

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**14/01/15**
dialoglogSOLLUX: shenanigans.

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**15/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
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**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**15/01/15**
**[S][A6A6I4] ====>**
**18/01/15**

JADE: i remember now

**** you have to click here even though there's no ==>***

CALLIOPE: remember what?

JADE: i remember what happened to us!

**==>**

JADE: janes story helped jog my memory of the final moments
JADE: shes right

==>

JADE: when i went to hijack the meteor, there was someone there i didnt expect to see
CALLIOPE: who was it?

==>

JADE: i think jane covered the "who" pretty well with her colorful description already

==>

JADE: whats more interesting is, it made me realize ive been wrong all along

==>

JANE: Wrong about what, Jade?

==>

JADE: we were never dead at all

==>

JADE: weve been asleep!

==>

**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**18/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**18/01/15**
**[A6A6I4] ====>**
**18/01/15**
**[S] ACT 6 ACT 6 ACT 5**
**12/04/15**
**AH. SO NICE OF YOU TO JOIN ME.**
**12/04/15**
TO JOIN ME, FOR...
**MY MASTERPIECE!**
**12/04/15**
THE FRUITS OF MY ARTISTIC TOILS ARE FINALLY AT HAND. YOU'RE WELCOME IN ADVANCE FOR THE NARRATIVE MAJESTY YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS. IT COST LITERALLY MILLIONS OF CALCOINS TO PRODUCE. AS WELL AS MOST OF MY ATTENTION SPAN FOR ANY FURTHER CREATIVE ENDEAVORS. BUT YOU WILL PROBABLY AGREE, TEARFULLY. THAT IT IS WORTH ALL OF THIS EXPENSE, AND MORE. TO SEE MY TINY ACTORS OF LIVING PUTTY, *DANCE*.

GET READY. TO GET DAZZLED. AS I FUCKING DESTROY THE TRANSCENDENTAL BOUNDARIES OF "UNCONVENTIONAL MEDIA".

(THAT JUJU CHEST SHOULDN'T BE MOVING. SORRY. I BUMPED IT.)

## LET US BEGIN.

**12/04/15**

THE TALE MY MASTERPIECE DESCRIBES, IS BASICALLY A SPOILER TO THE ENDING OF THINGS. IT TAKES PLACE IN A FUTURE MOMENT. LONG BEYOND WHEN WE, YOU, OR I HAVE ANY BUSINESS SEEING WHAT HAPPENS.

BUT I FOUND OUT AND LEARNED OF THIS SPOILER. I SAW IT ONCE, ON ONE OF MY PLANET'S MANY SCREENS. THE LAND OF "COLOURS". AND THE LAND OF "MAYHEM". IT KNOWS ALL. AND IT WILL SHOW ANYTHING TO ANY MAN. WHO IS WILLING TO FIND THE RIGHT KEY. AND IT TURNS OUT THAT JUST SUCH A MAN. IS THE MAN THAT IS ME!

## SO I WILL SHOW YOU WHAT I SAW.

**13/04/15**

NOT WITH THE CRUDE 2 DIMENSIONAL SHAPES FROM MY COMPUTER PENCIL. BUT WITH THE LAVISH 2+ DIMENSIONAL FORMS OF MY GROUND BREAKING CLAY PUPPETS. BEHOLD AS I INNOVATE OBJECTS OF ARTISTIC EXPRESSION, WHICH YOU TRASHY FUCK MUNCHES NEVER THOUGHT TO PIONEER BEFORE IN A MILLION YEARS. HERE'S A SHOT OF ME BOWING IN ADVANCE FOR BEING GREAT!

## AH YES. MOVIE MAGIC AT ITS BEST.

**13/04/15**

I WILL TELL YOU WHAT I SAW IN THE SCREEN. BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY, THAT IT HAPPENED PRECISELY AS I SHOW YOU HERE. SHOT FOR SHOT.

THIS TAKES PLACE AFTER I GET THE MAGIC RAINBOW EYES. AND YET, STILL BEFORE I AM HUGE AND WEAR A DAPPER TRENCH COAT FOR WINNERS. BUT AS YOU CAN SEE. AT THIS POINT, IN MY RISE TO DOMINANT INVINCIBILITY. I'M FEELING PRETTY CHUFFED ABOUT MYSELF. MY POWER IS SICK, AND MY SPECIAL EYE BALLS ARE GNARLY AS CAN BE. I WOULD TELL YOU I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO BE THIS COOL, BUT AS YOU KNOW. I AM A MAN OF PATIENCE AND APLOMB.

## ALSO, LOOK CLOSELY.

**13/04/15**

I'VE GOT MY JUJU CHEST THERE. WHICH I WILL WIN AS SOME CHOICE BOOTY, FROM VICTORIOUSLY SLAUGHTERING MY DENIZEN. KING YALDOBOB. INSIDE IS A MIGHTY WEAPON. WHICH WILL COME INTO PLAY A LITTLE LATER. IN MY THEATER OF WOBBLING PUPPET DRAMA. IT'S LIKE THEY SAY ABOUT THE THEATER. IF YOU SEE A JUJU IN ACT ONE. THEN THE JUJU WILL PROBABLY BE USED RIGHT AWAY IN ACT ONE. TO MAKE EVERYTHING MORE EXCITING, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

ALSO, WHICH I SHOULD MENTION...

## ONE MORE BANNER PIECE OF SWAG IN MY POSSESSION.

**13/04/15**

I'M NOT SURE HOW I COME ABOUT THIS LATER. MUCH LIKE THE CLOCKWORK LASERS, AND PRIMO FASHION JACKET. IT'S A RING, THAT FOUND ITS WAY TO ME SOMEHOW. A GOLDEN RING OF VOID. IT BECOMES MINE ONE DAY. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING, I NEVER KNEW I ALWAYS WANTED, YET SOMEHOW, PREEMPTIVELY COVETED. IT LETS ME STAY CLOSE TO THE DARKNESS. TO VANISH, AND APPEAR AGAIN, IN PLACES I HAVE NO BUSINESS FUCKING WITH. FULL OF PLUMP AND MEATY PEOPLE. ALIVE AND LIVING. WHO ONE DAY, WILL PLEAD WITH THE GODS. BEGGING THEM TO CURSE MY NAME.

## HERE I AM LORDING IT OVER MY MINIONS.

**13/04/15**

THE CLASSIC HONK FRIEND. MY RABBIT PAL FOR LIFE. AND MY FLOPPY PUPPET BUDDY. I'M BOSSING THEM AROUND, BEING THE SHIT, AS ALWAYS. WHATEVER.

## WHEN SUDDENLY.

**13/04/15**

EIGHT ASSHOLES SNUGGED UP IN THEIR GOOFY PAJAMAS APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE, FOR SOME WRESTLING ROYALE WITH YOURS TRULY. THEY ALL STEAL A RIDE WITH THE WIND PRICK'S SNAPPY GHOST MAGIC, TO CATCH ME UNAWARES. IT WORKED! JUDGING FROM MY SKULL EXPRESSION, I WAS REALLY REALLY SURPRISED.

## BUT THEN.

**13/04/15**

MY SKULL TURNS GIDDY, AND SINISTER. BECAUSE I KNOW IN MY HEART THAT TRULY, THEY ARE ABOUT TO GET OWNED.

## THEY ARE ALL FRISKY, AND READY TO FIGHT.

**13/04/15**

I CAN TELL THEY ARE PSYCHED ABOUT THIS. LIKE THEY HAVE BEEN PLANNING IT, AND BIDING THEIR TIME, AND NOW THEY THINK THEY ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO OVERTAKE ME, IF ONLY BECAUSE OF THE SURPRISINGNESS OF THEIR AMBUSH. AND MAYBE THEY ARE EVEN RIGHT. MAYBE THEY COULD BEAT ME. THEY HAVE A LOT OF FIGHTING LEVELS AND MAGIC BOONS NOW, JUST LIKE ME. BUT SEE. I DON'T EVEN GIVE THEM THE CHANCE.

## LIKE I SAID. I HAVE A SUPERIOR WEAPON.

**13/04/15**

AND I SEE NO REASON NOT TO USE IT RIGHT AWAY. WHAT WOULD BE A FUCKING POINT, IN HOLDING OUT? SUSPENSE?? BULLLL SHIT. I PULLED OUT THE BIG GUNS NIGH INSTANTANEOUSLY, BECAUSE I THINK LIKE A GREAT WINNER.

BUT LIKE MOST THINGS THAT ARE GOOD. THE THING HAS LIMITATIONS.

## AND RULES AND STUFF.

**13/04/15**

ALL JUJUS HAVE RULES. THE COOLER THE JUJU. THE TRICKIER THE RULES. FOR ONE THING. THIS WEAPON COULD ONLY BE USED AGAINST FOUR GUYS AT A TIME. BECAUSE ITS SHAPE HAS. LIKE FOUR SLOTS OR SOMETHING. SO I CHOOSE MY TARGETS CAREFULLY.

I SELECT THE FOUR OF THESE JOKERS, WHO I DEEM THE GREATEST THREAT TO ME. THE BLUE PHILISTINE WITH THE BELLIGERENT FISTS, OF COURSE. SO HE CAN'T OWN ME AGAIN, WITH HURTFUL INSULTS TO MY ART. AND ALSO THE ALPHA MALE AND HIS SMOOTH WAYS, SAY GOODBYE TO HIM TOO. I COULDNT RISK MESSING WITH HIS SWORD, WHICH I UNDERSTAND TO BE THE ONLY THING IN REALITY THAT IS POISON TO MY INVINCIBILITY. BECAUSE OF AN ILLEGAL INGREDIENT, A WHITE ROUNDCIRCLE OF TOTAL KNOWLEDGE.

OH, I TARGETED THEIR TWO CORRESPONDING FEMALES AS WELL, BECAUSE WHY NOT. THE DOG ONE IS A NIGHTMARE OF POWERS, AND THE ORANGE ONE PERTURBS ME WITH HER DICTIONARY BLITHER.

GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD TEENS!!!

## AND JUST LIKE THAT, THEY WERE GONE.

**13/04/15**

THEIR SOULS WERE TRAPPED IN MY JUJU. FOREVER.

THIS SOLVES ONE PROBLEM FOR ME. BUT STARTS ANOTHER. THE JUJU WHEN ITS SHAPES ARE FILLED. CHANGES IN NATURE. IT STOPS BEING A WEAPON I CAN USE, EVER AGAIN. IT'S WEIRD, AND A BIT LAME, BUT YOU CAN'T BE TOO PICKY ABOUT AWESOME JUJUS. YOU HAVE TO TAKE THE GOOD WITH THE BAD. ONCE I USED IT...

## IT BECAME MYSTERIOUSLY INTANGIBLE.

**13/04/15**

LIKE A HOLE. A GAP, IN THE TEETH OF MY STORY. THAT NOW EXISTS, AS A DANGEROUS LIABILITY TO ME PERSONALLY. IT CAN ONLY EVER BE USED AS A WEAPON AGAINST ME, FROM NOW ON. SUCH IS WHAT YOLOBROTH, THE GREAT LEWD SNAKE, WILL TELL ME ABOUT THE JUJU WHEN WE MEET. SO AFTER USING IT, IT MADE ME NERVOUS.

## SO IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE.

**13/04/15**

I TRAPPED IT BACK IN THE CHEST! AND BANISHED IT AWAY, WHERE NO ONE WOULD EVER FIND IT. DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE FURTHEST RING. USING MY RING-BASED COMMUNION WITH THE VOID. POOF!!!!!!!!!!! GOOD LUCK DIGGING THAT ONE UP, HATERS. IT IS *NEVER GOING TO HAPPEN*.

WITH THE FIRST FOUR BANISHED, THE TEAM OF HEROES WAS CUT IN HALF, TO BE MUCH EASIER FOR ME TO DEVASTATE. A SMUTTY SWORDSMAN, AN UNDERPANTS WIMP, AND TWO FLIPPANT BIMBOS? I WOULD CALL IT A CAKE WALK. BUT WHEN YOU ARE THIS COCKY AND BRASH. YOU DON'T WALK. YOU STRUT. NO MATTER WHAT KIND OF DESSERT YOU FIND UNDER YOUR FEET.

## I SHOULD ALSO RELEVANTLY MENTION.

**13/04/15**

I AM STILL IN POSSESSION OF THE SWORDMAN'S JUJU. HIS FLOPPY FRIEND OF CHILDHOOD. THE ONE WHICH I RECOGNIZED TO BE AN EMPTY HUSK. HE DEMANDS FROM ME, THAT HE WANTS IT BACK. PRESUMABLY FOR EMOTIONAL SUPPORT. I

CAN IN NO WAY BLAME HIM.

KEEP AN EYE ON THIS ONE. THE FORESHADOWING OF HIM, IS PRE-IMPORTANT FOR LATER.

## NOW IS WHEN THE PUMMELING BEGINS.

**13/04/15**

THE FRACAS IS LOUD AND LARGE. POWER LEVELS ARE OFF THE CHARTS. YOU CAN'T EVEN FOLLOW WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH YOUR EYES!

## I'M MOSTLY TOYING WITH THEM THOUGH.

**13/04/15**

IT'S ALL TOO EASY, FOR AN ASCENDED LORD BOY LIKE ME. I HAVE A PLATTER FULL OF KNUCKLE SANDWICHES TO GO AROUND, PLUS OTHER HUMAN FOOD PRODUCTS YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH, BUT ALSO INVOLVING KNUCKLES TO MAKE THE PUNCHING METAPHOR WORK. THERE IS *MORE* THAN ENOUGH TO SATISFY EVERY HUNGRY FIST-DESERVER.

AND I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. THAT I HAVE. A *REPUTATION*. FOR HAVING A PROBLEM OF UNFAIR CRUELTY THAT GOES AT SILLY LADIES MORE THAN GREAT GENTLEMEN. TO WHICH I TAKE GREAT OFFENSE. BUT STILL, LET IT BE UNCONDITIONALLY ACCEPTED, THAT I AM A FAIR MAN, WHO LISTENS TO CRITICISM, AND WORKS EVER AND ALWAYS. TO IMPROVE MY MASTERFUL CRAFT. AND MY TREMENDOUS DECENCY.

## SO.

**13/04/15**

I HAVE COMMITTED, THROUGH A PLEDGE OF PERSONAL BEAUTIFICATION. TO TRY DOING LESS MISOGYNY. AND START DOING MORE PROSOGYNY. IN FACT. I FUCKING LOVE SOGYNY! AND I WILL *F*I*G*H*T* ANYONE WHO DISAGREES FROM THAT.

HENCEWITH. LOOK. ALL BODILY TERRORISM. IS BEING DEALT IN A PRECISELY EQUAL AND RESPECTFUL WAY. BOTH TO FEEBLE HOE, AND TIP-TOP GENT ALIKE.

## I'M RUINING THEM, REALLY.

**13/04/15**

IT'S NOT A CONTEST. THEY ARE A BUNCH OF PITIFUL EMOTION CHILDREN, AND I AM A PREMIER, INVINCIBLE TITAN OF ROUGHHOUSE BRUTALITY. IT'S TOO EASY. SPEEDO BOY IS DOWN FOR THE COUNT, BECAUSE I SLAPPED HIM GINGERLY. THE MASKED FLOOZY IS LOOKING A BIT... WOOZY (HA HA.) THE CAKE MAID TOOK ONE DRUB TOO MANY AND HAS TO LIE DOWN FOR AN OVERWEIGHT NAP. THIS LEAVES ME, MANO & MANO, AGAINST THE ANIME PRINCE AND HIS NONSENSE TROUSERS.

## IT WAS A PRETTY GOOD FIGHT BETWEEN US.

**13/04/15**

BECAUSE HE'S STRONG, AND I ADMIRE THAT. WHY SHOULDN'T I LET A BATTLE HAPPEN FOR LONGER, WHEN TWO TOUGH DUDES ARE INVOLVED, STRUTTING THEIR STUFF. BUT IN THE END, HIS SHARP GLASSES AND SWORD MACHISMO WEREN'T ENOUGH. I GOT THE SUPREME DROP ON HIS POWERFUL BODY WITH MY WRESTLING MOVES.

## MY OVERCONFIDENCE, WAS MY ACHILLES DOWNFALL THOUGH.

**13/04/15**

I MADE, ADMITTEDLY, THE AMATEUR'S BONER. I TURNED MY BACK ON THE BODY.

THE CRYBABY IN THE YELLOW PANTIES GOT UPSET WITH ME. THAT I WAS WAILING SO EXCELLENTLY ON HIS INCREASINGLY BATTERED PRETTYBOY NINJA STUD.

## AND BY UPSET.

**13/04/15**

I MEAN HE THREW A FULLY FLEDGED TANTRUM OF *PURE HOPE*.

## THE HOPE... MY GOD.

**14/04/15**

IT WAS BLINDING. BEAUTIFUL EVEN.

OK, MAYBE THE COTTON ISN'T DOING IT JUSTICE. HMM.

OK, YEAH, MAYBE THAT JUST LOOKS STUPID.

YOU KNOW, YOU TRY THINGS. AND SOMETIMES. IT JUST LOOKS LIKE SHIT. LET'S CALL THIS. MY ONE AND ONLY FUCKUP IN HISTORY.

## WELL, MY SECOND MAYBE.

**14/04/15**

SECOND ONLY TO UNDERESTIMATING THIS SAD SACK WUSS OF HOPE. WHO KNEW THAT SUCH A SIMPERING CHARLATAN. HAD SUCH AN OUTBURST STOWED IN HIS GIRLY BOSOM. CLEARLY, NOT I. EVEN THOUGH I HAD THE INFORMATION WELL IN ADVANCE. IT WAS JUST *THAT* SURPRISING.

## IT SEEMS THAT HOPE POWER IS OVERWHELMING.

**14/04/15**

EVEN TO THE CLOCKWORK MANJUNK. IT LOOKED LIKE I THOUGHT I COULD USE MY RAINBOW SEIZURE FIELD TO OVERPOWER HIS MASSIVE GAY HOPE BUBBLE. ALAS. IT WAS MY PERFECTLY JUSTIFIED HUBRIS WHICH BIT ME IN THE ASS, IN THE END. EVEN THOUGH I'M SURE I MUST HAVE KNOWN THIS OUTCOME WAS GOING TO HAPPEN. (IT CAN STILL BE WORTH IT TO GET OWNED. IF IT MEANS HAVING A LOT OF SELF ESTEEMED HUBRIS ABOUT YOURSELF.)

AND SO, THE ENGLISH BOY DEALS ME MY FIRST DEFEAT EVER, SINCE ASCENDING AS AN INVINCIBLE TECHNICOLOR TIME KID.

## I GET DUNKED AS FUCK.

**14/04/15**

AND LAND SQUARE ON MY BOTTOM. I REMAIN PRONE FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, STARING AT THE CEILING. BLINKING A BIT. PONDERING WHERE THINGS WENT WRONG IN LIFE. HOW I. THE LORD OF TIME. COULD EXPERIENCE SUCH WOEFUL OWNAGE.

THERE IS NO BODILY HARM OF COURSE. EXCEPT TO MY INCREDIBLE EGO. WHICH IS

A FATE WORSE THAN GETTING BROKEN BONES. SO I JUST LIE THERE. THINKING SADLY. ACHIEVING SOME DEPRESSION.

I'M SURE AT THIS POINT. I TURN TO THOUGHTS OF RESPECT. RESPECT FOR THE PANSIED ASS, PRETTY LEGGED PAGE. AND HIS MAYBE ACCIDENTAL PROWESS. I UNDER MISESTIMATED HIM, AND ADMIRATION HAPPENS IN MY BREAST. MAYBE I'LL JACK HIS SWAGGER TOO, AS HE ONCE DID MINE. MAYBE AFTER A LIFETIME OF UTTERLY DESERVED HUMILIATION, SOBBING, AND SPONTANEOUS URINATION. HE'S EARNED THAT MUCH.

(THE CLUE HERE IS THAT I STEAL HIS NAME. GOD. YOU THICK, STUPID FUCKS. WHY DO I BOTHER WITH SUB TEXTS, OR FINE LITERATUREY NUANCE. GOD. FUCK! GOD. I TAKE HIS NAME LATER. ENGLISH. THAT'S ME LATER. THAT'S MY NAME. YOU STUPID BRAINLESS FUCKS. HOLY SHIT, YOU ARE DUMB AS BOZOS COME. GOD!!!)

## MEANWHILE, STRIDER REGROUPS FROM HIS TROUNCING.

**14/04/15**

AND SEES HIS CHANCE TO DO AWAY WITH ME FOR GOOD. HE KNOWS BY NOW THAT HE CAN'T KILL ME. BUT CAN DO HIS NEXT BEST THING. WHICH IS TO BANISH MY SOUL.

HE'S HURT BAD AND IS SLOW TO USE HIS PINK SOUL KILLING SPELL. THIS GIVES ME TIME TO REBOUND FROM MY SHAMEFUL ASS WHOOPING TOO. AND PULL MY SORRY BUTT OUT OF THE OWN ZONE.

## SO I GET UP. AND...

**14/04/15**

I NEARLY GET THE DROP ON HIM BEFORE HE RELEASES HIS SPELL. BUT THEN... WHAT'S THIS?

THERE'S A COMMOTION. THE HAUNTING SOUND OF NEIGHS. EXCEPT. THEY'RE ROBOT NEIGHS?

THAT IS WHEN THE HORSES COME IN TO PLAY. THE GOD DAMN HORSES. HOW TRULY AND UTTERLY IRONIC. THAT MY VERY DEMISE COULD BE IN THE PROXIMITY OF SOME HORSES. WHAT. NO REALLY, WHAT. I DIDN'T FOLLOW THAT. I'M STILL NOT FOLLOWING IT, TO BE HONEST. I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OVER. I'M THINKING IT OVER *RIGHT NOW*. AND I HAVE A FEELING. I'LL BE THINKING IT OVER FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. PERHAPS WE ALL WILL.

WAIT, THEY SHOULD BE ROBOTS.

HOLD ON WHILE I PAINT THE HORSES TO LOOK LIKE METAL HORSES. DAMN, THE WORK OF A CRAFTYMAN IS NEVER DONE.

## SO BASICALLY.

**14/04/15**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON. SO I'M REALLY DISTRACTED. I'M SAYING TO MYSELF, THIS IS OMINOUS AS SHIT. NOTHING GOOD CAN EITHER FOLLOW OR PRECEDE AN EVENT SUCH AS THIS. AND THEN, THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENS.

## THE SWEATY MUSCULAR GHOST APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE.

**14/04/15**

I HAVE NO IDEA WHO HE IS. OR WHERE HE CAME FROM. JUDGING FROM THE FACE OF THE GUYS, THEY DON'T EITHER. NOBODY SEES THIS COMING. IT IS A TOTAL AMBUSCADE, AND MY SKELETON JAW IS DROPPED AS SHIT. HE PINS ME IN PLACE WITH HIS RIPPED MUSCLES, AND I'M COMPLETELY IMMOBILIZED. PARTLY BECAUSE OF THE *STRENGTH*, BUT ALSO DUE TO MY AWE AND ADMIRATION. I JUST CAN'T MOVE.

## THIS GIVES DIRK JUST THE TIME HE NEEDS.

**14/04/15**

TO DO HIS FLAMBOYANT PINK SPELL.

IT OWNS ME COMPLETELY. BUT SADLY TO DIRK MAYBE, IT ALSO OWNS THE MUSCLE HERO. BOTH OF OUR SOULS ARE CONSUMED BY THE ENCHANTMENT.

## I THINK HE THOUGHT HE COULD DESTROY MY SOUL.

**14/04/15**

BUT HE BIT OFF MORE THAN HIS FLESHY SKULL COULD CHEW. SO HE USED HIS "IRONY" AGAIN. AND STUCK MY SOUL IN HIS JUJU. EXACTLY THE WAY. I STUCK HIS BUDDIES IN MY JUJU. THE ONE I GOT FROM YODELBOOGER. IT'S LIKE POETIC JUSTICE I GUESS. EXCEPT PUPPETRY, INSTEAD OF POETRY. SO PUPPETIC JUSTICE. OH YES. I LIKE THAT.

THE MUSCLE GHOST CAME ALONG FOR THE RIDE. AND I GUESS HIS SOUL GOT TRAPPED IN THERE TOO? I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT MEANS. HONESTLY IT IS DISTURBING AS HELL. AND I'D PREFER NOT TO DWELL ON ITS GREATER RAMIFICATIONS TO MY LONG TERM EXISTENCE. MAYBE IT'S GOOD? OR MAYBE IT'S DUMB. MAYBE IT'S. GOOD AND DUMB. OR SMART AND BAD. THERE ARE SO MANY WORDS THINGS CAN BE WHEN YOU'RE CONFUSED.

## AT THIS POINT.

**14/04/15**

HIS BELOVED JUJU IS NO LONGER A HOLLOW VESSEL. IT IS VERY MUCH CROWDED IN THERE, CHOCK FULL OF SOULS, BELONGING TO HARDCORE BRAWLING BRUTES. AND HE KNOWS IT. HIS PUPPET IS NOW A PROBLEM TO DO AWAY WITH, JUST LIKE MY JUJU WAS. SO THEY DO THE SAME BASIC THING. THEY GET THEIR DRUNKARD SORCERESS OF VOID TO BANISH THE PUPPET ONCE AND FOR ALL, INTO THE DARKNESS. NEVER TO BE FOUND AGAIN BY PROBING HANDS OF MEAT.

## YES, NEVER TO BE FOUND.

**14/04/15**

BUT NOT NEVER TO RESURFACE. OH NO.

YOU SEE, MY SOUL IS A TENACIOUS ONE. I KNOW THIS FACT FIRST HAND, BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN INSIDE MY BRAIN ALL MY LIFE! IT'S A REAL MOTHER FUCKER, I'LL TELL YOU THAT MUCH. THE PUPPET'S ESSENCE WILL FLOP AND FLUTTER THROUGH THE SHADOWS FOR ETERNITY. SURFACING IN THE NIGHTMARES OF THE UNSUSPECTING. WEASELING ITS WAY INTO THE HEARTS OF YUCKY SHITTY CHILDREN. AND WHEN ITS INFILTRATION IN THAT UNIVERSE HAS TAKEN HOLD, THE SEED WILL HAVE BEEN PLANTED. AND IT WILL PAVE THE WAY FOR MY EMERGENCE, TO WREAK MY BADNESS. FROM UNIVERSE. TO UNIVERSE. TO UNIVERSE. EACH ONE WILL FALL. AND EACH TIME I WILL GET STRONGER. AND OLDER. AND BIGGER. AND BUFFER! OHHHHHHHHHHH YES.

IT WILL BE TIME.

## IT WILL BE TIME, INDEED, FOR ME TO GET...

**14/04/15**

```
RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPED!
```

## AND NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME.

**14/04/15**

```
RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPED!
```

I MUST PUT DOWN THE TOYS AND WAYS OF A CHILD. AND CONFRONT THE BIG THINGS OF BECOMING A HUGE MAN. BY DUELING THE SUPREME BEAST OF MY LEGEND LAND, HIS SERPENTINE EMINENCE, YOGURTBONER HIMSELF. I'M ABOUT TO GO FIGHT HIM NOW, SO THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU WILL EVER HEAR MY EXCELLENT VOICE.

I WILL DUEL AND CRUSH MY SLITHERING SEXUAL SNAKE BOSS, TO FINISH WHAT I STARTED WHEN I STEPPED MY METAL FOOT INTO THIS CHILDREN'S FARCE. I WILL DO THAT BECAUSE I WANT TO, AND WHEN THAT IS SAID AND DONE, AND YOU SEE ME AT THE PEAK OF A MOUNTAIN OF TROPHIES, RESTING ON MY THRONE OF PRIZES, I WANT TO GET TO TELL YOU THAT I DID WHAT I WANTED TO DO. SO IF YOU REMEMBER JUST ONE THING I SAY, OF SO MANY GREAT THINGS SAID BY ME, THEN PLEASE REMEMBER THIS.

I WANTED TO PLAY A GAME.

## [S] MSPA Reader: Mental breakdown.

**21/04/15**

```
?AR AR x7 AR AR?
```

```
CONFIRMED
```

```
JOHN: Z DIRK: Z ROUND 1
```

TG: PUPPETS
TG: AWESOME

# NOT

TG: -TS REALLY ALL THERE IS TO SAY ON THE MATTER

BOOYEAH

SPIKE

STOMP.

honk

CONFIRMED x2 COMBO

MURDER MODE

TT: That's a little creepy.

No it's not.

TT: Yes it is.

No it's not.

TT: It kind of is.

DEAD.

0:00:00

# HONK

HONK LET'S PLAY A GAME. EYESTAB x2 COMBO!!!

There should be no reason for you to feel uncomfortable with this information. Try to think of me as your kindly human uncle figures. In fact, if I were in your presence now, I would offer you candy to prove it.

TT: Oh my god.

TRUTH

TRUTHSPLODE

## [S] ACT 6 ACT 6 INTERMISSION 5

**22/04/15**

```
Vriskagram

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```

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GAMZEE: HONK


MAYOR: ?


GAMZEE: HONK!


slap!


KANKRI: 6lah 6lah 6lah
VRISKA: yawn


GAMZEE: ♏


JANE: ???
```

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**27/04/15**
dialoglogDAVE: is it time yet
VRISKA: No.
DAVE: oh
DAVE: how about now
VRISKA: No!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: Dave, we've 8een w8ing for three years.
VRISKA: Three years is a pretty long time. Long enough for me to have picked up the ha8it of calling them years instead of the far more sensi8le unit of measurement, sweeps.
VRISKA: I think you should 8e a8le to survive just a little longer.
DAVE: i still dont understand whats supposed to happen
DAVE: hes just supposed to like
DAVE: appear?

VRISKA: That's my understanding, yes.
DAVE: you mean
DAVE: here
DAVE: on this frog circle thing
VRISKA: I don't know!
VRISKA: Somewhere in this session. At which point, if he has any 8rain at all, he'll seek us out.
DAVE: so jade came on a gold ship through a tiny window apparently
DAVE: but john wasnt on it??
VRISKA: Well, his corpse was, somewhere.
VRISKA: 8ut that John doesn't matter anymore.
VRISKA: Kind of like how there was a 8ird version of you out there, now presumed dead, who also didn't matter.
VRISKA: The "real" John and the other Lalonde girl will spontaneously appear from a different reality.
VRISKA: I determined a lot of this through my time travel reconaissance work upon arriving in this session.
VRISKA: Sorry to steal all the timey thunder from the gr8 "Knight of Time", end quote, 8ut someone had to take the initi8tive and go on a fact-finding mission.
DAVE: no its cool
DAVE: you can have that thunder if you want it
ROSE: When exactly is this supposed to happen?
VRISKA: Soon!
ROSE: And she's...
ROSE: Unhurt?
ROSE: Will she remember our brief encounter?
VRISKA: This is a totally different Lalonde girl. Things went differently for her, so she'll have different memories.
VRISKA: I have no idea if you and she interacted at all in her timeline.
VRISKA: I don't know the full extent of John's alt-reality experiences either. 8ut apparently things went raw for them in a8out as many ways as you can imagine.
VRISKA: Presuma8ly 8ecause I wasn't around to keep everyone's shit in order.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/04/15**

dialoglogTAVROSPRITE: oHHHHHH,
TAVROSPRITE: sNAP,!
VRISKA: ::::)
TAVROSPRITE: aHAHA, bUT YEAH, i AGREE WITH THE SENTIMENT LARGELY,
TAVROSPRITE: oF YOU BEING MORE COMPETENT, tHAN MOST PEOPLE IN GENERAL, vRISKA,
VRISKA: Thanks, Tavros!
TAVROSPRITE: }:)
KARKAT: HEY, LOOK
KARKAT: I KNOW I'M NOT CONSIDERED "IMPORTANT" ENOUGH TO BE "IN THE LOOP" ON CERTAIN KEY TACTICAL DECISIONS ANYMORE
KARKAT: AND THAT I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON MOST OF THE TIME

AND THEREFORE AM FORCED TO TAKE ANY BULLSHIT THAT HAPPENS WITH A GRAIN OF SNACK MINERAL BIG ENOUGH TO BLUDGEON A MAN TO DEATH
KARKAT: BUT IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TROUBLE VRISKA, MAYBE YOU COULD TAKE A MOMENT TO EXPLAIN WHY TAVROS IS NOW A SPRITE?!
KARKAT: AND EQUIUS TOO, AND ALSO, WHY EQUIUS IS WEARING A NEW PAIR OF MORONIC LOOKING SUNGLASSES.
KARKAT: THANKS IN ADVANCE!!!
VRISKA: Sorry if you're having trou8le keeping up with the times, Karkat.
VRISKA: I didn't explain it 8ecause I thought the nature of the development was fairly self evident?
VRISKA: I mean, no offense, 8ut I didn't hear anyone else voicing any confusion.
VRISKA: What a8out you, Kanaya. Did you think it was fairly self evident?
KANAYA: I Thought It Was Fairly Self Evident
VRISKA: Yeah. See????????
KANAYA: You Apparently Took It Upon Yourself To Prototype The Three Year Old Cadavers Of Two Of Our Deceased Friends
KARKAT: NO, I GOT THAT!
KARKAT: I'M NOT A FUCKING IDIOT.
KARKAT: I MEAN, WHERE DID YOU FIND THESE UNPROTOTYPED KERNELS? DIDN'T THESE PEOPLE ALREADY ENTER THEIR SESSION?
VRISKA: Yes, they did MONTHS ago, from the current frame of reference. 8ut this is a VOID session, Karkat.
VRISKA: I thought we talked a8out this?
KARKAT: ??????
VRISKA: A void session 8y definition is one where the players enter the game with the kernels unprototyped.
VRISKA: As such, it 8ecomes totally dysfunctional. It can't 8ear fruit, 8ecause there's no 8attlefield in Skaia, unless you go to the trou8le of putting one there of course.
VRISKA: Which the Condesce has already done for us! Via "Grim8ark Jade", prior to our arrival. Quite consider8te of her, really.
VRISKA: This is aside from the point though. The 8ottom line is, this session comes courtesy with four unprototyped kernels, waiting to 8e put to use.
VRISKA: So, not 8eing one to let a sweet perk go to waste, I took initi8tive and put two of them to use myself.
VRISKA: Really, this is some 8asic stuff, and I'm SURE we went over it all at one point during our trip.
ROSE: We did.
ROSE: Karkat, don't you remember when I walked everyone through this?
ROSE: I was making extensive notes in my journal. When I looked away for a moment, you and Dave wrested the tome away, and began scribbling phalluses in it while giggling like children.
KARKAT: UM, MAYBE?!
KARKAT: I GUESS THAT RINGS A DONG SHOUTER.
DAVE: (a what? dude lmao)
KARKAT: (WHAT? SHUT UP.)
KARKAT: LOOK, A LOT HAS HAPPENED IN THREE YEARS. WE'VE ALL BEEN THROUGH... STUFF.
KARKAT: AM I REALLY EXPECTED TO REMEMBER EVERY TEDIOUS MORSEL OF

EXPOSITION FROM OUR RESIDENT LIGHT-BORES?
VRISKA: Rose, get a load of this ungr8teful philistine! He doesn't deserve our fucking acumen.
VRISKA: 8etween your nerdish o8session over the knowledge granted 8y our aspect, and my unprecedented a8ility to weaponize said knowledge with ruthless gamesmanship, we are dou8le-handedly saving the asses of everyone on this team.
ROSE: I'm glad at least one person here appreciates this categorical certainty.
KANAYA: (Hey I Appreciate That Categorical Certainty!)
ROSE: (Whom do you think I was referring to?) ;)
KARKAT: WOW OK, WHAT THE FUCK EVER TO THAT VAINGLORIOUS LOAD OF CRAP.
KARKAT: I'M STILL SPOUTING OFF HERE!
KARKAT: I THINK
VRISKA: That's fine, Karakt!
VRISKA: Take all the time you need to collect yourself, and continue frothing at the mouth whenever you're ready.
KARKAT: OK, I FIGURED OUT SOME STUFF I'M STILL EITHER PISSED OFF AND/OR CONFUSED ABOUT.
KARKAT: YOU SAY THERE ARE FOUR KERNELS HERE...
KARKAT: YOU KNOW, WE *DID* LOSE MORE THAN TWO FRIENDS ON THAT METEOR.
KARKAT: WHICH REMINDS ME, I GUESS I SHOULD SAY... HI TAVROS AND EQUIUS, AGAIN??? NICE TO SEE YOU GUYS BACK WITH US, SORT OF.
KARKAT: PARDON ME IF I CAN'T GET TOO SENTIMENTAL ABOUT THE REUNION, SINCE ALONG THE WAY HERE, WE RAN INTO ABOUT TEN DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF YOUR STUPID GHOSTS.
KARKAT: THAT KIND OF LETS A LITTLE AIR OUT OF THE POIGNANCY BALLOON, SORRY!
TAVROSPRITE: hEY BUDDY, };)
KARKAT: DON'T WINK AT ME
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Greetings old friend
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Not to worry, I have stored enough poignancy in my heaving, balloon-like pectorals for the both of us
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Though I should clarify that appro%imately half of my personally couldn't give the faintest fidgeting horse dump about you or your sentimental notions
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Also I am very busy here, so stop talking to me completely
VRISKA: Hahahaha!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: Oh man. Classic.
DAVE: haha...ha
KARKAT: OK, THAT WAS WEIRD?
DAVE: (um... yeah)
KARKAT: AND SPEAKING OF WEIRD, ONE THING THAT BUGS ME ABOUT THIS IS...
KARKAT: I GUESS IT IMPLIES YOU'VE BEEN HORDING THE BODIES OF OUR DEAD FRIENDS FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS?!
KARKAT: THAT'S A BIT FUCKED UP! EVEN FOR YOU.
KARKAT: AND NOT TO GET TOO MACABRE, BUT I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY WOULD HAVE LIKE, ROTTED BY NOW OR SOMETHING.
VRISKA: Yes, there was some moder8te decomposition.

VRISKA: I did my 8est to preserve them for the journey, after quickly rounding up the 8odies while people had their 8acks turned.
KARKAT: WELL SHIT
KARKAT: THAT'S A HELL OF A MYSTERY, THAT I ALWAYS THOUGHT WAS A MYSTERY, BUT FOUND IT TOO DISTURBING TO CONTEMPLATE SOLVING
KARKAT: BUT DAMN IF IT DIDN'T JUST GET SOLVED, SO THAT'S FUCKED UP.
VRISKA: If you would stop 8eing a wuss for a half second a8out a 8unch of corpses, I'll explain my reasoning.
VRISKA: These are the only two sprites I had any intention of using for resurrection purposes.
VRISKA: I 8rought Tavros 8ack, 8ecause let's face it, that was kind of my fault, for unnecessarily impaling him with his own lance and all.
VRISKA: It was my responsi8ility to make amends for that! So I did.
TAVROSPRITE: aWWWWWWWWWWWWW, yEEAAAA-
VRISKA: Tavros, don't interrupt.
TAVROSPRITE: wHOOPS,
VRISKA: Then, I made Arquiusprite happen 8ecause, first of all, he's a national fucking treasure.
VRISKA: Literally everything he says is perfect and hilarious, and if I hear a single word to the contrary from the peanut gallery, the motherfucker with a 8eef rockets to the top of my shit list. So please, I enthusiastically invite one of you no-taste mouth 8reathers to talk smack a8out the A-man. Make my day!
DAVE: vris yo nobodys arguing with you on that everybody here thinks hes pretty cool
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> [shades]
DAVE: like just enough freakshow steps removed from being my bro i guess enough to make me not feel like-
VRISKA: Dave, don't interrupt either.
VRISKA: No8ody's allowed to interrupt me when I'm talking up Arquiusprite! That's the rule.
TAVROSPRITE: (owNeD!) (woW, oWned,)
DAVE: (oh stfu)
VRISKA: SECOND, the guy is a fucking tactical genius.
VRISKA: Totally conniving and calcul8ting, and unafraid to use methods that are just a 8IT morally du8ious to achieve his o8jectives.
VRISKA: And since I can't stick around for too long, your party is going to need someone like that.
VRISKA: 8esides, it seems like a really fitting f8 for Equius. He genuinely seems to 8e more comforta8le with this st8 of existence, and seems a lot happier than I ever remem8er him 8eing when he was alive.
VRISKA: So I'm perfectly willing to do him this solid. After all, he did help me out when I 8lew my arm off. So now we're square!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You mean triangular
VRISKA: What?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Triangular
VRISKA: I don't...
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It's the shape of my clop d----d glasses
VRISKA: Oh.
VRISKA: OH!
VRISKA: Ahahahaha! See what I mean, guys??

VRISKA: He's a fucking riot!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Agreed
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Thank you for the STRONG endhorsement, lowblood slash person I've never heard of and don't care about
VRISKA: HAHAHAHA!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'll be finished my work here momentarily
JAKE: Excuse me...
JAKE: Mister arquius?
JAKE: What exactly are you... doing to her?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I am disabling her tiara top
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It is e%tremely delicate work, not to be trusted to human hooves
VRISKA: Yes.
VRISKA: I've also decided it's imper8tive to reclaim Crocker from the Condesce 8efore she can wake up and cause more trou8le.
VRISKA: Her powers will 8e incredi8ly advantageous to winning the 8attle ahead. If you can keep her out of harm's way, in addition to providing her general purpose resor8tive capa8ilities, she also represents one extra life for every8ody.
VRISKA: And since heroic deaths could 8e getting handed out like inexpensive to8acco flutes pretty soon, I'm guessing this 8oon is gonna come in handy!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/04/15**

dialoglogTEREZI: SO UM
TEREZI: WH4T 4BOUT OUR OTH3R D34D FR13NDS?
VRISKA: Huh?
TEREZI: YOU KNOW... N3P3T4, 3R1D4N...
VRISKA: Oh right. Them.
VRISKA: I was getting to that!
TEREZI: OH OK
TEREZI: 1 KNOW W3 T4LK3D 4 LOT OF STR4T3GY 1N 4DV4NC3, VR1SK4
TEREZI: BUT 1 R34LLY DON'T R3M3MB3R YOU M3NT1ON1NG 4 PL4N TO PROTOTYP3 OUR FR13NDS' CORPS3S
TEREZI: M1GHT H4V3 B33N N1C3 TO G3T 4 H34DS UP!
TEREZI: UM, NOT TO M4K3 4 B4D PUN, ON 4CCOUNT OF TH3 F4CT TH4T MOST OF TH31R H34DS W3R3 L1T3R4LLY S3V3R3D >:[
VRISKA: Yeah, sorry!
VRISKA: I had a lot of logistics 8uzzing around in my 8rain.
VRISKA: It's hard to keep you apprised of EVERYTHING that crosses my mind.
VRISKA: I promise I'll 8e as thorough and transparent a8out my motives as I can from now on, ok Pyrope?
TEREZI: OK >:]
VRISKA: So after prototyping Tavros and Equius, that leaves four remaining dead friends, 8ut only two empty kernels.
VRISKA: O8viously this presents quite a dilemma!
VRISKA: Well, ok, technically three and a half friends, whatever the fuck that means.

VRISKA: Nepeta, Feferi, Eridan, and Sollux's... dead 8ody? With his "half ghost" floating out there with Aradia.
VRISKA: I know that caveat sounds stupid as hell, 8ut let's not get hung up on it.
VRISKA: The fact is, we've got four corpses, 8ut only two slots remaining.
VRISKA: And there's no way I'm going to lump their 8odies into the same sprite to make a pair of freaks resigned to an existential hell worse than death.
VRISKA: Except in Arquiusprite's case, since those two nutjo8s mesh with each other's personalities so phenomenally.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I must complimount the e%quisite judgment you've shown in this matter
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> But if I may suggest, neigh, perhaps, command?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You should prototype the two royal bloods and be done with it
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> They deserve it
VRISKA: No!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: Arquius, your reserv8tion is noted, 8ut the hemospectrum is 8ullshit.
VRISKA: It's not going to factor into this decision!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I STRONGLY disagree, but also, sort of don't care
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> As you were
VRISKA: So considering there are four left, and I can't personally say that any is more deserving of life than the others, I intend to let them all rest in peace.
VRISKA: That is my ruling, and I'm inclined to call it final.
VRISKA: They can live out the rest of their afterlives in the dream 8u88les, which still need to 8e saved from Lord English, lest we forget.
VRISKA: 8ut of greater importance HERE is the fact that this leaves two empty kernels as a resurrection 8ackup, in case one or two of you jokers dies in the line of duty once too often.
VRISKA: 8elieve me, you'll thank me later for thinking this all through so well in advance.
TEREZI: OK, TH4T'S 4 GOOD R34SON TO H4V3 SP4R3 K3RN3LS, BUT...
TEREZI: M4YB3 W3 SHOULD B4CK UP 4 B1T!
TEREZI: 1'M NOT SUR3 YOUR V3RD1CT ON OUR D34D FR13NDS 1S TOT4LLY 41R T1GHT, OR TH4T YOU H4V3 TH3 4UTHOR1TY TO M4K3 4 F1N4L RUL1NG!
VRISKA: Come on, Terezi. I'm not saying I'm an "authority" on mortality here, I only said my ruling was final 8ecause my logic was so impecca8le!
VRISKA: It was kind of like, a figure of speech??
TEREZI: Y34H R1GHT
TEREZI: L3T'S TH1NK 1T THROUGH 4 L1TTL3 MOR3
TEREZI: SOLLUX'S H4LF GHOST 1S P3RF3CTLY H4PPY OUT TH3R3 W1TH 4R4D14
TEREZI: W3'V3 S33N H1M 4ND CONF1RM3D 1T OURS3LV3S, SO TH3R3'S NO R34SON TO CONS1D3R H1M
TEREZI: 4ND 3R1D4N???
TEREZI: H3 MURD3R3D F3F3R1, 4ND TR13D TO K1LL K4N4Y4 4ND SOLLUX!
TEREZI: H3 DO3SN'T 3V3N D3S3RV3 TO B3 1N TH3 RUNN1NG
TEREZI: BUT N3P3T4 4ND F3F3R1? WH4T D1D TH3Y 3V3R DO TO 4NYBODY?
VRISKA: Yes, this is my point exactly!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: I don't want to 8e the ar8iter of Eridan's value as a person 8ecause of the mistakes he's

made!
VRISKA: Or Feferi's or Nepeta's or Sollux's or ANY8ODY'S!
VRISKA: The only reason I chose these two over others is on account of taking responsi8ility for some nasty shit I PERSONALLY did, plus also some tactical consider8tions for the gr8ter good, 8ut that's different.
VRISKA: I would think you of all people would 8e on the same page as me when it comes to taking responsi8ility for your own actions, while in the same stride, not judging other people for their misdeeds too harshly.
VRISKA: 8ut if you feel comforta8le continuing to crown yourself as the Queen of Justice, then 8e my guest!
TEREZI: OH G1V3 M3 4 BR34K
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK W3 BOTH KNOW TH3 JUST1C3 1SSU3S H3R3 4R3 PR3TTY CUT 4ND DR13D
TEREZI: SOLLUX *W4NTS* TO B3 WH3R3 H3 1S
TEREZI: 3R1D4N 1S 4 MURD3ROUS DOUCH3
TEREZI: TH3 G1RLS 4R3 1NNOC3NT
TEREZI: 1 S4Y W3 BR1NG TH3M B4CK!
VRISKA: Terezi, please. Let's not 8icker in front of the party.
VRISKA: We need to 8e showing solidarity here!
TEREZI: W3 DO?
VRISKA: Yes. We are equally important to the party as its overarching executives. The ones with the most experience in the department of guile and ruthlessness.
VRISKA: I may project my voice louder than you, and 8orrow the spotlight for a little longer, 8ut you were always the soul of Team Scourge!
VRISKA: I couldn't 8e doing this without you. I wouldn't even want to!
TEREZI: 4W
TEREZI: Y34H, OK
TEREZI: YOU'R3 R1GHT... 1'M B3H1ND YOU 4LL TH3 W4Y!
VRISKA: ::::)
VRISKA: I st8ted my case, 8ut if you REALLY want to revive them, that's fine with me.
VRISKA: I've got the torso parts with me right here, so feel free to round them up and prototype them any time.
TEREZI: YOU DO?
TEREZI: ...WH3R3?
VRISKA: In the hunger trunk!
VRISKA: I've stashed all the spare remains there to keep them fresh, along with our, ahem. Final living party mem8er.
TEREZI: HUH?
GAMZEE: HONK
TEREZI: OH
TEREZI: OHHHHH
TEREZI: HMM
TEREZI: WOW, Y34H
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK, UM
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK 1'LL R3V1V3 TH3M... 4 L1TTL3 L4T3R?
TEREZI: Y34H.

TEREZI: L4T3R.
VRISKA: Suit yourself!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/04/15**

dialoglogDAVE: so
DAVE: am i inferring correctly from some shit i just heard
DAVE: that uh
TEREZI: 1NF3RR1NG WH4T?
DAVE: that vriska is like the de facto team leader now
DAVE: or vriska and terezi...
DAVE: i dunno i never understood the scourge shit
DAVE: you two have always been like this scheming giggling enigma huddled together in peapod for hella self-tickled murderdorks
DAVE: couldnt for the life of me figure out what youve been getting up to on that meteor
DAVE: is this it
TEREZI: 1S WH4T 1T??
DAVE: the plan you were hatching all along
DAVE: is this like your big move
DAVE: your power play to usurp karkat as team leader finally
VRISKA: Oh 8rother.
VRISKA: Dave, no, this isn't a coup. It's just common sense rearing its ugly head for a change.
DAVE: oh got it
VRISKA: Good.
DAVE: wait no dont got it
VRISKA: Argh!
DAVE: it sounds like youre just like
DAVE: being the leader now cause you want to
DAVE: and making all the plans because nobody else wants to or really cares
DAVE: i mean not that i even care either i just want to set the record straight
DAVE: karkat are you cool with this
VRISKA: Sigh. ::::|
DAVE: karkat
DAVE: karkat
DAVE: karkat
DAVE: yo karkat
KARKAT: WHAT!!!!!!
DAVE: oh my god
DAVE: dude were you just not listening to any of that
KARKAT: TO WHAT?
KARKAT: WHAT
KARKAT: WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW?
DAVE: hahaha
DAVE: man how long have you been tuning all this shit out
DAVE: i mean i literally just said i dont give a fuck about any of the shit vriska is saying so maybe im not one to talk but at least i had the decency to actually be joking about that

DAVE: what the fuck are you even doing
KARKAT: SORRY!
KARKAT: YEAH, SORRY, I'M GUILTY!
KARKAT: I ZONED OUT ON SOME OF SERKET'S SELF IMPORTANT BLITHER, AND WAS CARRYING A *PRIVATE CONVERSATION* WITH THE MAYOR.
KARKAT: IS THAT OK??
DAVE: dude you dont have to get the go ahead from me
DAVE: shoring up a lil one on one time with the mayor is literally always acceptable
DAVE: what were you talking about
KARKAT: IT'S PRIVATE!
DAVE: i didnt hear you mumbling anything though
KARKAT: WE WERE MOSTLY COMMUNICATING THROUGH A SERIES OF SIMPLE GESTURES
KARKAT: I WAS TALKING SMACK ABOUT CERTAIN PEOPLE HERE, AND CHOSE TO REMAIN DISCREET ABOUT IT!
DAVE: no yeah i know what thats all about
DAVE: how when you talk to the mayor and most of the time words arent even necessary like he just *knows*
DAVE: man the mayor is just so wonderful i love him so much
DAVE: hey lets all take turns hugging him
KARKAT: NO!
KARKAT: THAT'S FUCKING STUPID, JUST
KARKAT: WHAT WERE YOU SAYING? WHEN I WAS SPACING OUT JUST THEN?
DAVE: oh nothing really
DAVE: just wondering how you felt about vriska usurping your leadership role
DAVE: and if maybe you wanted to throw a vintage shitfit about that or...
KARKAT: OH!
KARKAT: *OH!!!!!*
KARKAT: HAHA!
KARKAT: HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!
KARKAT: THAT'S A GOOD ONE DAVE!
KARKAT: WOW! HAHA, HA, HAHAHAHA! ME LEADER?? TOO FUNNY!
KARKAT: I AM ENTIRELY AND SINGULARLY BAFFLED THAT IT COULD STILL EVEN *OCCUR* TO ANYONE TO ENTERTAIN THE NOTION THAT I MIGHT STILL BE PLAYING *ANY* ROLE EVEN WITHIN SNIFFING ORBIT OF A LEADERSHIP POSITION OF THIS RIDICULOUS PARTY.
KARKAT: WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME I DID *ANYTHING* OF A LEADER-LIKE NATURE, WITHOUT BEING TRUMPED BY VRISKA'S MACHIAVELLIAN LIMELIGHT GLUTTONY?
KARKAT: OR FOR THAT MATTER, WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME THERE WAS ACTUALLY ANYTHING LEADERY *TOO* DO, THAT DIDN'T INVOLVE SNUGGLING UP ON THE COUCH TO WATCH "GOOD LUCK CHUCK" FOR THE FIVE HUNDREDTH TIME?!
KARKAT: I HAVE SERIOUSLY JUST BEEN ASSUMING HER COMPLETE TAKEOVER OF ALL LEADERSHIP DUTIES WAS SOME FAIT ACCOMPLI SHIT FOR THREE SOLID YEARS, AND HAVE SINCE BEEN ENJOYING THE PEACE AND QUIET OF ZERO RESPONSIBILITIES, WHICH IS WHY QUITE FRANKLY, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO KEEP MY

BLOOD PRESSURE DOWN, AND NOW RESEMBLE THE LIVING EMBODIMENT OF PEACE AND FUCKING TRANQUILITY WHICH PRESENTLY BASKS BEFORE YOU IN A STATE OF FROTHING, EUPHORIA-HOBBLED TURDVANA!!!!!!!!
DAVE: ok so vintage shitfit it is
VRISKA: Karkat, that was a 8eautiful soliliquy of acceptance and understanding of your role, due to acknowledgement of your overwhelming personal limit8tions.
VRISKA: 8ut 8e that as it may, you still ACTUALLY DO need to 8e paying attention here, so you can keep up with the plan.
VRISKA: While I may 8e the leader now, this may 8e the last day I see any of you for a very long time.
VRISKA: Someone's going to need to step up when I'm gone!
KARKAT: ALRIGHT SERKET, THEN I'LL MAKE THIS A LOT EASIER FOR YOU, AND THE TEAM AS A WHOLE.
KARKAT: STARTING NOW, I HEREBY RENOUNCE MY ROLE AS A LEADER OF THIS GROUP, OR ANY, FOREVER!
KARKAT: VRISKA ALONG WITH HER TACTICAL VIRTUOUSITY AND MONSTROUS EGO ARE MORE THAN SUITED FOR THE ROLE.
KARKAT: AND IF, WHEN, AND TO *WHEREVER* SHE EVENTUALLY DECIDES TO FUCK OFF FOR MYSTERIOUS, YET-TO-BE-EXPLAINED REASONS, THEN ANYBODY ELSE WHO FEELS INCLINED CAN SLIDE RIGHT INTO THAT POSITION, SO LONG AS IT ISN'T ME!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/04/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Gr8! It's settled, I'm the leader.
VRISKA: I gladly accept the 8aton you are going to such lengths to pass to me, Karkat. Honored in fact.
VRISKA: Not everyone is nearly as passion8 a8out la8els or ranks as you. In fact, I'm pretty whatever a8out the distinction. 8ut your melodramatic endorsement of my a8ilities is appreci8ted.
KARKAT: LJSDLKFJASDLALKJASDKLSHDKLAHSFKLASHB
KANAYA: Excuse Me
KANAYA: Miss Leader
VRISKA: Hmmm????
KANAYA: Not That It Would Ever Occur To Me To Cast The Slightest Doubt On Your Strategic Expertise
KANAYA: But I Was Wondering When You Were Planning On Getting To The Actual Strategy Part Of This Meeting
VRISKA: Glad you asked, Maryam!
VRISKA: Way to keep the meeting on point. Remind me to give you a promotion.
KANAYA: A Promotion To What
VRISKA: Nothing. No8ody's getting a promotion, it was a joke.
KANAYA: Fuck
VRISKA: The answer is very soon!
VRISKA: As soon as Eg8ert and Lalonde get here.
VRISKA: Which should 8e...
VRISKA: Riiiiiiiight a8out...

VRISKA:
VRISKA: Riiiight a8out.....

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**27/04/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: Just give it another second or two!
VRISKA: Riiiiiiight...
DAVE: vriska
VRISKA: Riiiiiiiight!!! About...
DAVE: yo can we maybe bust out some refreshments while we wait for this totally imminent thing to transpire
DAVE: can i take a look in the fridge
VRISKA: There are no drinks in the fridge!
DAVE: whats in the fridge
DAVE: sorry i think i missed that part of the conversation
GAMZEE: HONK
DAVE: oh
DAVE: yeah never mind
VRISKA: Shh! Sh, shh-shhhh, SHHHHHHHHH!
VRISKA: Shut the fuck up.
VRISKA: They're here!

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**27/04/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/04/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/04/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: Hi John!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/04/15**
dialoglogJOHN: whoa...

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/04/15**
dialoglogJOHN: HI EVERYBODY!
DAVE: (wow)
DAVE: (wow)
DAVE: (hes really here isnt he)
KARKAT: HEY JOHN
DAVE: (wow)
KARKAT: (DON'T JUST MUMBLE TO YOURSELF YOU RUDE FUCK, SAY HELLO)
DAVE: oh yeah hey john
DAVE: whats up
JOHN: hey dave, not much!
JOHN: hi again karkat!

JOHN: haha, i only saw you like five minutes ago, but i guess that was years ago for you. dang.
JOHN: you've probably been through a whole lot of silly nonsense, haven't you?
JOHN: wait never mind, you don't have to answer that. there will be plenty of time to catch up!
JOHN: hi to everyone else too!
JOHN: oh man, i missed you all so much! even the people i don't know very well, or haven't met yet.
JOHN: oh!!!
JOHN: by the way, this is roxy.
JOHN: she's my new friend, and we just went on crazy adventure together, to save the time line and come find you all.
JOHN: so here we are!
ROXY: umm

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/04/15**
dialoglogROXY: heh
ROXY: hi

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/04/15**

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dash
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/04/15**

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Doof!
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/04/15**
dialoglogJOHN: d'awww.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**29/04/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**29/04/15**

dialoglogJOHN: oh, hey terezi!
TEREZI: H3LLO, 3GB3RT
JOHN: guess our plan worked out pretty well, huh?
JOHN: this session is in MUCH better shape than the last time i saw it.
JOHN: you really bailed us out!
TEREZI: YOU'R3 W3LCOM3
JOHN: i mean, not that... you SPECIFICALLY had anything to do with it.
JOHN: you were as much the beneficiary of your future self's crafty schemes as i was.
JOHN: so don't get too smug!!!
TEREZI: NO, 1'M PR3TTY COMFORT4BL3 B31NG SMUG, 4ND T4K1NG CR3D1T FOR FUTUR3 M3'S 1D34S
TEREZI: 1'V3 4LW4YS B33N ON 3XC3LL3NT T3RMS W1TH MY FUTUR3 S3LF
TEREZI: SH3 4ND 1 G3T 4LONG F4MOUSLY >:]
JOHN: pff, ok. whatever you say.
JOHN: oh, that reminds me...
JOHN: i know the scarf agenda wasn't really YOUR idea per se...
JOHN: but do you have any idea what all that stuffed dragon shit was about?
JOHN: did that like...
JOHN: actually serve a purpose in the time line?
JOHN: or were you just fucking with me?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/04/15**

dialoglogTEREZI: 1 W4S 4LMOST C3RT41NLY FUCK1NG W1TH YOU
JOHN: ok, wow. great.
JOHN: good to know.
JOHN: thanks for that, terezi. that was a really awesome use of our time.
TEREZI: 1'M GL4D W3 4R3 1N COMPL3T3 4GR33M3NT
VRISKA: W8, what?
VRISKA: What's this a8out stuffed dragons?
VRISKA: Terezi, what stupid thing did you make John do?
TEREZI: 1 JUST S3NT H1M ON 4 F3W TOT4LLY 1ND1SP3NS1BL3, M1SS1ON CR1T1C4L 3RR4NDS 1S 4LL
TEREZI: NO B1G D34L
JOHN: yeah, forget it.
JOHN: long story short is, i got owned, the end.
JOHN: by the way, good to see you again vriska!
VRISKA: Good to see you too, John!
JOHN: it's cool that you're alive now, instead of being a cunning ghost pirate.
JOHN: i think your, um, *ways* probably are more valuable to have here, in the land of the living.
JOHN: at least... i hope so??
VRISKA: I couldn't agree more!
VRISKA: I never got a chance to thank you for knocking me out a few years ago. I mean... o8viously? 8ecause I was unconscious.
VRISKA: 8ut thanks for that. I was 8eing an idiot, and deserved it.
VRISKA: And as a 8onus, it apparently saved my life???????? So, thanks.

VRISKA: You're a real friend. ::::)
JOHN: don't mention it!
VRISKA: I've received quite a few 8eatings in my time, and not only did I have each one coming, 8ut they all led to 8ig changes for me, on the road to 8ecoming the impecca8ly evolved person I am now.
VRISKA: So 8y that measure, it was pro8a8ly the most critical smackdown of my entire life!
JOHN: that's cool.
JOHN: if you ever need another really important punch in the face, just let me know. i'm your man.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/04/15**

dialoglogJOHN: rose!
ROSE: Hi, John.
JOHN: hi!!!
JOHN: nice to see you, alive and well again.
JOHN: not to mention in the correct time line!
ROSE: Yes, you did it.
ROSE: I'm still a bit unclear on exactly what it was you did, but whatever it was, you sure did the hell out of it.
JOHN: yeah!!!!!
ROSE: Thank you for returning with my m-
ROSE: My, um.
ROSE: M,
ROSE: My Roxy.
ROXY: :D :D :D :D :D
ROSE: Thank you for returning with my Roxy, is obviously the remark I meant to say, and is the statement of a reasonable person.
JOHN: of course!
JOHN: really, it is so good to see you.
JOHN: i'd give you a hello hug, but you seem kinda tied up at the moment.
JOHN: oh my gosh, how cute.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/04/15**

dialoglogJOHN: hello, um...
JOHN: jake, right?
JAKE: I...
JAKE: Yes.
JOHN: you sent me a letter once, right?
JOHN: in the box full of weapons, and a rabbit?
JAKE: Oh.
JAKE: Yeah.
JAKE: Um yeah that was me.
JOHN: thanks for that!
JOHN: that was cool. it made me really curious to meet you.
JAKE: Right.

JAKE: Me too.
JOHN: ...
JAKE: I mean.
JAKE: Curious to meet you not me.
JAKE: Not the letter i mean that didnt make me...
JAKE: I mean i was always curious to
JAKE: Dog gone it.
JOHN: what?
JAKE: Just
JAKE: I had stuff i wanted to say when we met.
JAKE: Theres so many people here.
JAKE: I dont...
JAKE: Sorry.
JOHN: it's ok!
JOHN: i understand, i'm shy too.
JOHN: let's catch up some time, just you and me. man to man.
JAKE: Ooh!
JAKE: Roger that.
JOHN: oh, hey tavros.
JOHN: looks like... you're here too?
TAVROSPRITE: hHHHHELL, dEFINITELY,
TAVROSPRITE: bUT, dON'T WORRY,
TAVROSPRITE: i'M NOT VERY SHY,
JOHN: yeah, i know.
TAVROSPRITE: sO YOU CAN FEEL FREE TO SAY AS MANY THINGS TO ME IN A CONVERSATION, aS YOU WANT,
JOHN: that's, uh... nice to know.
JOHN: maybe later!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/04/15**

dialoglogJOHN: hi dave!
DAVE: hey bro
JOHN: you're back, and alive!
JOHN: all because of me.
DAVE: i guess thats the thing were all accepting as true yeah
JOHN: it's ok, there's no need to thank me.
DAVE: i mean i wasnt going to but like not as a means of being an arbitrary dick to my number one childhood pal from the past
DAVE: i have literally no first hand cognizance of ever being in danger i just fucked around on a meteor for a bunch of years
DAVE: and here i am and so are you
DAVE: which i think is pretty dope
JOHN: it is very dope. :)
JOHN: hey karkat, don't leave me hanging here.
KARKAT: WHAT?

JOHN: there is more than enough fist bump to go around for everybody.
JOHN: i left it hanging there just for you, but you are leaving me high and dry here dude.
DAVE: karkat holy shit where are your manners
DAVE: leaving a fist unbumped like that this is a new low
KARKAT: OH MY GOD
KARKAT: YOU DIDN'T LEAVE YOUR FIST THERE "HANGING" FOR ME
KARKAT: YOU FIST BUMPED DAVE, THEN WITHDREW YOUR FIST TO SAY SOME THINGS
KARKAT: AND THEN *RE*-OFFERED YOUR FIST TO ME, THE *MOMENT* YOU SAID DON'T "LEAVE ME HANGING"
KARKAT: I SAW YOU WITH MY OWN EYES!
JOHN: karkat, wow that is really pedantic!
JOHN: and now you actually ARE leaving me hanging, in order to explain your nonsense.
JOHN: i'm this close to revoking your bumping privileges!
DAVE: god damnit
DAVE: here

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/04/15**

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BUNP
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dialoglogDAVE: strider to the rescue
DAVE: the fist bump has been secured
KARKAT: DAVE NO
KARKAT: FUCK!
KARKAT: I WANTED TO DO IT OF MY OWN VOLITION!
KARKAT: THIS DOESNT'T COUNT, IT'S NOT REAL
JOHN: oh, it's real buddy!
KARKAT: NO, I'M GOING TO FIST BUMP YOU LATER, WHEN I'M FEELING IT, BUT IT'S GOING TO BE FUCKING NATURAL.
KARKAT: MARK MY WORDS!
JOHN: we'll see, karkat.
JOHN: we'll see.
DAVE: wrecked

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/04/15**

dialoglogJOHN: hey dave...
JOHN: why is jade asleep?
JOHN: and also teen nanna.
JOHN: or, jane i mean.
DAVE: oh uh
DAVE: yeah vriska had to knock them out
JOHN: what??
JOHN: why?
DAVE: they were kickin up a ruckus
JOHN: can you wake them up?

VRISKA: DON'T WAKE THEM UP!!!!!!!!
JOHN: !!!
DAVE: yeah we cant
DAVE: some kind of brainwashing thing going on
DAVE: gotta keep em napping
DAVE: especially jade im sure you know what kind of crooked ass baloneyfuck powers she got
DAVE: cant let her turn those against us
JOHN: right.
DAVE: she should be pretty psyched to see you though
JOHN: you think?
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: um
DAVE: i dunno if you know this or not but
DAVE: apparently along the way our version of john died
DAVE: so she made the whole trip without you
JOHN: oh no!
DAVE: yeah this timeline was gearing up to be pretty tragic i guess but then you sorta deus exxed out of nowhere and spared us those sadtimes
DAVE: i mean from your point of view i guess it isnt deus ex shit you were just the normal john you always were all zipping around like a nerdy hypergod saving everything from whatever
DAVE: but from our standpoint you just kinda yanked yourself out of random ass nothing but hey you know what ill take it
JOHN: man.
JOHN: i had no idea.
JOHN: i guess that's what typheus meant?
JOHN: that's so sad...
JOHN: poor jade!
JOHN: i can't believe she had to spend all that time on the ship thinking i was dead...
JOHN: i mean, i guess i WAS dead. but...
JOHN: you know what i mean.
JOHN: are you sure we can't wake her up for a second, just so she can see i'm alright?
VRISKA: >::::|
DAVE: feel free but i have a feeling youll just be joining her nap if you try
JOHN: darn.
JOHN: i guess we'll have to catch up later.
JOHN: hey, what about dave sprite?
DAVE: dead
JOHN: noooo!
JOHN: that sucks too!
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: i guess so
JOHN: you guess??
DAVE: its a weird subject for me
DAVE: like
DAVE: the guy was always on borrowed time wasnt he
DAVE: i mean that was his whole "thing" right

JOHN: i dunno.
JOHN: i'll miss him anyway, even if he isn't the "real dave".
JOHN: i kinda feel bad for ever thinking of him as a less real version, actually.
DAVE: yeah hes me and exactly what i would be like if i was a moping existential bird so its kind of embarrassing to even talk about ok
DAVE: i guess it is """sad""" but you know a lot of versions of me have died
DAVE: lots of versions of all of us including you
DAVE: isnt whats important that certain dubiously categorized iterations of ourselves are all alive here and now and hanging out
JOHN: yeah, that is what's important!
JOHN: i guess there will be time to reflect on everything that was lost later, like dead time clones and double dead ghosts, or other such hogwash.
JOHN: right now i'm still so excited to see everybody.
JOHN: there's so much crazy stuff for us all to catch up on...
JOHN: i don't even know where to start, it's overwhelming!
DAVE: dont stress over it
DAVE: we still have some time to kill before shit starts getting real in this session
DAVE: at least according to our vriska in chief
JOHN: what do you mean?
DAVE: all the bad guys are still just outside the incipisphere
DAVE: they wont converge here until a few hours or so
DAVE: so lets all just sit back a while and shoot the shit
DAVE: and i do mean empty our clips into the shit, like really pump that turd full of lead
DAVE: right up until she gets bossy again and commandeers our fly brotimes with more shrill tactical exhortations
JOHN: ok, that sounds great!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/04/15**

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CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!
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You are confronted with an especially empowering CHARACTER SELECTION MENU. Eight choices???????? Free will has done it again. It has caused you to feel alarmed and anxious. But maybe, just maybe, slightly excited as well. You cautiously click on a batch of teens to discover your true feelings.

Eight possible options is actually KIND OF A LOT, now that you think about it. It may be easy to forget to click some of them. To make absolutely sure you've clicked on all teen batches before proceeding, you check to see if all the links below are purple first. If any of them are blue, it means you didn't read those, and you probably should before continuing. Wow, free will sure is a lot of responsibility and hard work.

ONE | TWO | THREE | FOUR | FIVE | SIX | SEVEN | EIGHT

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/04/15**

dialoglogJOHN: so tell me about your ridiculous meteor journey!
DAVE: um
JOHN: the dave from the bad time line told me some funny stories when we got together on the grassy hill planet
JOHN: but we weren't actually hanging out for that long, so i didn't hear much.
JOHN: also, i'm MOSTLY sure vriska wasn't alive during their trip.
DAVE: oh well let me tell you
DAVE: vriska was most certainly alive during this one
DAVE: like almost
DAVE: extra-alive, if thats possible
JOHN: haha.
JOHN: i think i know what you mean.
JOHN: i spent some time with her when she was a ghost, and uh...
JOHN: let's just say whatever her mortality status is, she makes her presence hard to ignore.
KARKAT: YES. YES!
KARKAT: I LOVE THIS.
KARKAT: CAN WE SPEND OUR WHOLE REMINISCENCE JUST DESTROYING VRISKA, SLIGHTLY ABOVE AUDIBLE LEVEL?
VRISKA: Slightly?
VRISKA: Karkat, you only have one volume setting.
KARKAT: WOW, FUCK YOU?!
DAVE: ok dude maybe lets not spend our paltime trash talking serket if only cus theres no way youre not getting repeatedly trounced exactly just like that
KARKAT: FFFFFFFFFFFFFYEAH.
KARKAT: YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT.
KARKAT: OK, I'LL CHILL OUT. YOU'RE RIGHT DAVE, AS USUAL.
JOHN: wow.
JOHN: karkat, for a funny shouty guy, you backed down on that really fast.
JOHN: i'm almost... a bit disappointed?
JOHN: i was looking forward to more of your patented ravings!
KARKAT: HEY, JOHN FUCKBERT, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M A LITTLE MORE MATURE AND REASONABLE THAN THE LAST TIME YOU SAW ME.
KARKAT: I'M A LOT MORE THAN MR. HOLLERSPONGE ONE-NOTE, AND ANYONE WHO DISPUTES THIS CAN CORDIALLY INVITE ME TO PLAY THEIR DIRTY SEED FLAP LIKE A DISCOUNT HARMONICA.
JOHN: oh. well, i'm sold.
KARKAT: SERIOUSLY THOUGH, IT'S PRETTY COOL TO FINALLY MEET YOU. I MEAN, UNDER MORE CIVIL, RATIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES.
KARKAT: UNLIKE WHATEVER THE *FUCK* THAT BRIEF ENCOUNTER WAS THREE YEARS AGO WHERE YOU KO'D VRISKA AND THEN POOFED YOUR FLIMSY ASS INTO THE FUCKALL CONTINUUM.
KARKAT: I KNOW I SEEMED REALLY MAD ABOUT THAT AT THE TIME, FOR WHATEVER REASON.
KARKAT: BUT REALLY, I'VE HAD SOOOOO MANY BORING HOURS ON THAT METEOR TO SPEND BARELY REFLECTING ON THE ROUGHLY TEN THOUSAND WAYS I DON'T GIVE THE SLIGHTEST FUCK ABOUT WHATEVER IDIOTIC TWIST OF FATE TRANSPIRED

BACK THERE.
JOHN: heheh. ok?
KARKAT: I'M COMPLETELY OVER IT.
KARKAT: I'M OVER A LOT OF THINGS ACTUALLY.
JOHN: ... you are?
KARKAT: YEAH.
KARKAT: LIKE, REMEMBER BACK WHEN I WAS YELLING AT YOU ALL THE TIME FROM MY COMPUTER.
KARKAT: BACK THEN I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE FELT NERVOUS OR AWKWARD ABOUT THIS ENCOUNTER.
KARKAT: BECAUSE OF... WELL, YOU KNOW.
JOHN: no?
KARKAT: I WAS HITTING ON YOU BRIEFLY, AND IN A VERY CONFUSING NON-CHRONOLOGICAL WAY, WITHOUT EVEN QUITE REALIZING HOW BADLY I WAS SHOVING MY STRUT POD DOWN MY OWN STATEMENT TUNNEL.
DAVE: dude
KARKAT: I MEAN, UNTIL YOU MERCIFULLY AND WITH A FAIR AMOUNT OF TACT SHUT ME DOWN.
KARKAT: DON'T YOU REMEMBER?
JOHN: uh...
JOHN: maybe?
KARKAT: HOW CAN YOU NOT REMEMBER THAT?
JOHN: i dunno, it was a long time ago!
JOHN: and we had a lot of ridiculous conversations...
KARKAT: OK, WELL MAYBE IT WAS A BIGGER DEAL FOR ME THAN IT WAS FOR YOU.
KARKAT: I MEAN, *OBVIOUSLY* IT WAS, THAT'S SORT OF THE WHOLE POINT.
KARKAT: BUT THE *REAL* POINT IS, OR THAT I WAS *TRYING* TO MAKE, IS THAT IT *ISN'T* A BIG DEAL ANY MORE.
KARKAT: BECAUSE I'M OVER IT!
DAVE: karkat what the fuck are you doing
KARKAT: WHAT!
KARKAT: I'M TALKING, QUITE CASUALLY, ABOUT SOME SHIT THAT'S NOT A BIG DEAL.
KARKAT: AND THE *POINT* IS THAT IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL ANYMORE, SO I'M JUST CASUALLY SAYING THAT! GOD.
DAVE: ok its not an unreasonable conversation to have but like
DAVE: we JUST started friend-jamming about past anecdotes to get us all up to speed or whatever
DAVE: and youre already trucking out these guns
KARKAT: GUNS? WHAT GUNS!
DAVE: just sayin, it doesnt sound that casual and no big deal if you keep saying its casual and no big deal oh and also its the first fuckin thing out of your mouth to john in three years
KARKAT: SORRY!
KARKAT: I'M SO TRULY FUCKING SORRY. I FORGOT THERE WAS SUCH AN OUTSTANDINGLY SMOOTH PILE OF SHIT IN A CAPE WITHIN MY JUDGMENT RADIUS!
JOHN: no, i mean, i think i remember.
JOHN: i think you were um, "black flirting" with me or something, but in backwards order, and

while constantly yelling.
JOHN: and i didn't really even know what that was.
JOHN: and then i told you i wasn't a homosexual, so it was kind of a moot point, but also, you didn't even know what that was either?
KARKAT: YES!
KARKAT: THAT'S BASICALLY WHAT HAPPENED
KARKAT: AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I WAS *TRYING* TO SAY I WAS OVER, AND WASN'T A BIG DEAL ANYMORE, BUT NOW IT'S A BIG DEAL AGAIN I GUESS?
KARKAT: THAT'S FUCKING GREAT! THANKS DAVE!
DAVE: yo im hardly one to talk here since i am a goddamn geyser of hilariously self-pulverizing freudian bloopers
DAVE: at this point i cant even pretend to keep a lid on any shit ive got in me cause i know sooner or later during one of my rad soliloquies ill just pratfall butt backwards into an embarrassing admission and i just have to be like yeah... yeah ok thats my shit thats what im about lets just get the fuck on with our lives
DAVE: so when johns like hey man and youre all locked and loaded with some stuff about how youre 'over him' and go on and on about it its like some way obvious protest-too-much shit and everybody knows it so i dont see how it salvages any of your dignity or whatever to pretend thats not whats happening
KARKAT: OH MY FUCKING GOD...
DAVE: so what im saying is if youre so eager to push this out there-
KARKAT: I'M NOT "PUSHING THIS OUT THERE"!
DAVE: if youre pushing this out there which you are then maybe we should rap about it
DAVE: i mean discuss it critically and earnestly not drop ill rhymes or anything tho that could be sweet too
KARKAT: UEHRNGH.
DAVE: so are you SURE you still dont have these unreconciled blackrom feelings about john
DAVE: i say we air this out before it ferments into some rank and hella unexamined feeling sauce
JOHN: dave, i think you're making karkat uncomfortable!
JOHN: are you being a wise guy and trying to make us uncomfortable?
DAVE: no!
DAVE: i dont do that to bros thats huge uncool
DAVE: i dont see what has to be uncomfy about chattin out our true ass thoughts and emotions
KARKAT: YEEUURHNGHGHH.
DAVE: dude you clearly had a spades thing for john but i dont recall you ever bringing it up
DAVE: is this something you been thinking about all this time or
KARKAT: NO!
KARKAT: NOT... NOT REALLY
DAVE: yeah we coulda talked about this
DAVE: i have all KINDS of shit to say about john seeing as he was my number 1 dude for approximately the majority of 13 years
DAVE: the main dead end here man is like, nothing personal at all its just that he is literally incapable of hating anyone
KARKAT: I KNOW THAT!
KARKAT: THAT IS THE *EXACT* FUCKING THING I KNEW AND UNDERSTOOD, AND WHY I FELT SO STUPID ABOUT IT IN HINDSIGHT!

JOHN: well...
JOHN: not that i really want to egg on this train of thought, but i dunno if that's quite true.
KARKAT: IT'S NOT?
JOHN: i can get really angry and hate stuff too, just like you. but i think only in extreme cases?
JOHN: the skull guy in suspenders i got REALLY pissed off at...
JOHN: but i am a hundred percent sure that hate was platonic!
DAVE: gettin pissed off at a suspender dude sounds like just the sort of yarn i wanna be all ears for some time
DAVE: but ok thats something to work with
DAVE: hey karkat maybe theres some hope yet maybe its not a total lost cause
KARKAT: NERGH!
JOHN: ok, dave, it definitely sounds like you're trying to own us now!
DAVE: own
DAVE: what
DAVE: no way
DAVE: im being real as a motherfucker
JOHN: being able to hate things i think is...
JOHN: the smaller part of that equation?
JOHN: what about the other part? don't you think that's, uh...
JOHN: a little more significant?
DAVE: what part
JOHN: the part about not being a homosexual!!!
DAVE: john
DAVE: dude i gotta say
DAVE: when you talk about being or not being "a homosexual" you kinda sound like a corny old man
JOHN: what! why?
JOHN: no, that's a normal way of putting it!
JOHN: i mean... it's a pretty normal thing to say, right? when that's... how... you are?
KARKAT: SOMEBODY FUCKING KILL ME.
DAVE: what does normal mean though
DAVE: normal was some crap that ruled our dead civilization
DAVE: we left that behind years ago
DAVE: its all a huge pile of shit that doesnt matter anymore
JOHN: oh. kay?
JOHN: so then, you're saying...
JOHN: what are you saying?
DAVE: im not sure i guess
JOHN: ...
DAVE: ok i guess what im saying is
DAVE: i dont think its all as simple as you think it is
DAVE: or maybe not like ACTIVELY think it is but continue to assume it is on account of NOT thinkin about it much
DAVE: due to a lot of junk about the subject that gets shoved into our brains from movies and stuff while we were just dumb kids
JOHN: i,

JOHN: hm.
DAVE: im just saying it probably isnt as absolute or simplistic as the way youve been framing it
DAVE: or maybe it is for you personally i dont know
DAVE: im just guessing you havent spent much time thinking about it if only cause all the stuff we read and watch suggests that like even examining your honest thoughts about it is perilous road to go down
DAVE: cause if you actually think too much about it without always having that undercurrent of haha nope nope nope THEN what happens
DAVE: what if it turns out youre like...
JOHN: ...like?
DAVE: like not exactly the way you thought you were
DAVE: or maybe not so much that, as old presumptions about what you were turn out to be not that relevant?
KARKAT: (WHY. WHY ARE THESE WORDS HAPPENING TO OUR CONVERSATION.)
DAVE: i dunno man
DAVE: not sure what youve been doing the last 3 years all riding a large boat, then saving everyone from apocalyptic whatever
DAVE: but ive had a fuck ton of time on my hands to think about stuff
DAVE: about stuff ive said and done in the past why i said and did them
DAVE: a lot of things i once would have insisted were like part of my brand and helped me come across cool and smartassy
DAVE: but now im not so sure
DAVE: we used rip on each other all the time for being gay even though we knew we werent which of course is what made it "funny" remember
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: i dunno, it was pretty funny, sometimes.
JOHN: it was just a lot of joking around!
DAVE: yeah i know
DAVE: it frankly IS funny to say how gay something is sometimes and lets face it sometimes someone or something is just flat out REALLY fucking gay and theres no two ways about it
DAVE: its more like that through the preponderance of all that jokey shit is an underlying implication that its all lame stuff for pansies but not like us no were not lame and ha ha thats the joke
DAVE: which thrives on this like double-buried implication that the REAL COOL SHIT is founded on this absurd wanky ideal about masculinity which if you think about it is 1. dumb as fuck 2. the male adulation of masculinity to that extent TO BE HONEST is pretty fucking gay unto itself and 3. was always some totally impossible shit for us to live up to anyway
DAVE: i think all thats mixed up with the same phony ideals about heroism
DAVE: like living up to the storybook idea of what a hero to me feels almost interchangeable with living up to societys snapshot of what a hard manly dude should be
DAVE: i stopped pretending i could ever live up to either thing a while ago
DAVE: and mainly have spent time looking back on the sheer magnitude of all my "joking around"
DAVE: i used to lambaste fuckers left and right grinding them into the pavement over how gay they probably were and how much they were quite possibly jonesin to kiss some dudes or such
DAVE: and i dont really feel bad about it in the sense that it was jerky or like "insensitive" necessarily even though i guess it maybe was

DAVE: more that i feel like it was probably transparent
DAVE: a massive front of outrageous snark to disguise a lot of insecurity
DAVE: like a fuckin coverup
DAVE: as long as i kept clowning hard about it i didnt actually have to think about it or face my actual beliefs
JOHN: dave, um.
JOHN: all that's cool and all, and...
JOHN: i think i mostly agree?
JOHN: but...
JOHN: ummmm, how do i put this.
JOHN: are you...
JOHN: are you gay now?
DAVE: what no
KARKAT: (THE WORDS. WHY WON'T THE WORDS STOP. DEAR GOD.)
JOHN: i dunno, it sounds to me like you're trying tell me something here!
DAVE: man no look
JOHN: i mean, it's ok if you're gay now!
JOHN: that's totally cool, if true.
JOHN: i just think...
JOHN: you turning gay would be kind of a weird consequence of me changing the time line around?
JOHN: ok, not "weird"...
JOHN: just, unexpected!
JOHN: i dunno what i did that would account for that.
JOHN: maybe saving one of terezi's plush toys did some goofy homosexual butterfly effect thing on you?
JOHN: jeez, who knows!
DAVE: dude you arent listening
DAVE: although a gay butterfly effect is a pretty funny idea lets not dismiss that as a concept altogether
DAVE: anyway maybe what im tryin to say is sorta getting lost in the weeds here
DAVE: the fact that you were wondering if i "turned gay" makes me think maybe youre still not quite on the wavelength im tryin to ramble on here
DAVE: maybe we should wrestle this topic to the ground another time, theres a lot more id wanna say but this is probably not the venue
DAVE: i mean not literally wrestle to the ground because that is maybe literally the gayest course of action we could possibly take but you know what i mean
KARKAT: (YES! LATER! TALK LATER, BECAUSE THEN THE WORDS WOULD STOP! OH WOULDN'T THAT BE LOVELY.)
JOHN: that's fine, we can talk about anything you want, any time.
JOHN: i'm just still confused about what you're getting at, is all.
JOHN: like, what is the bottom line here?
JOHN: are you actually attracted to boys now?
JOHN: do you...
JOHN: um.
JOHN: did you...

JOHN: like, date any boys?
DAVE: uh
JOHN: but there weren't even that many boys on the meteor?
JOHN: well, there's the clown guy, but i don't really see you and him...
JOHN: that really only leaves...
JOHN: um, were you and karkat...
JOHN: ARE you and karkat, like.
JOHN: hmm.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/04/15**

dialoglogKARKAT: NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO.
KARKAT: I RETREAT TO MY SAFE PLACE, AND YET THE WORDS. THE STUPID FUCKING PRATTLE JOCKEYING LIKE ROWDY BARNBEASTS UP AGAINST THE PARTITIONS OF GOOD FUCKING SENSE AND THE MOST BASIC OF PERSONAL BOUNDARIES.
KARKAT: THE GOD DAMNED BLITHER OF TACTLESS NINCOMPOOPS, HOW IT CONTINUES TO HAUNT MY WRETCHED EARS. THE WORDS SPILL OVER THE SIDE OF THIS ENCHANTED METAL FROG DISCUS, LIKE A BABBLING SPRING IN A MYTHICAL FOREST GOVERNED BY A GUILD OF GOSSIP-HUNGRY LOBOTOMY HOBBITS. THIS DELUGE OF WORDS, LEAKED FROM THE INCONTINENT CREVICES OF TWO BRAINLESS GUSHING YAMMERTWATS, IT OVERFLOWETH, OH HOW IT OVERFLOWETH, SOGGING MY GRAY, PRACTICAL PAIR OF PANTS, THE LEGGINGS OF A SIMPLE MAN. A HUMBLE MAN. IT THEN CONTINUES ITS DOWNWARD TRICKLE, DOUSING MY UNREMARKABLE SHIRT, THE SERVICEABLE GARMENT OF YOUR AVERAGE ALTERNIAN "JOE", CHILLING THE FRAIL TORSO BENEATH, A PATHETIC DUFFEL OF MEAT WRACKED WITH HEAVY SOBS, SOBS CAUSED BY WORDS, WORDS WHICH CONTINUE TO DRIP. AND SLEUCE. AND SPILL. THREATENING TO DROWN ME. PLEDGING TO. PROMISING! AND YET I WILL NOT DROWN. WHY WON'T I DROWN? PLEASE LET ME DROWN. LET ME DROWN SO THE WORDS WILL BE NO MORE!
JOHN: dave, i'm pretty sure we're making karkat uncomfortable now.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/04/15**

dialoglogDAVE: yeah maybe we should drop this
JOHN: ok.
DAVE: i dunno if you ever picked this up from him but hes a pretty sensitive guy
JOHN: what?? nooooo.
DAVE: its true
DAVE: hes pretty much the easiest dude to rip on and makes for an irresistible target but you also have to know where to draw the line
DAVE: really dont wanna actually you know like
DAVE: upset him
JOHN: yeah, me neither.
JOHN: um...
JOHN: what the fuck is he doing?

DAVE: man i dont know
DAVE: thats just his regular shit
DAVE: like, an every day occurrence but with different bodily positions and geographic configurations
JOHN: i see.
DAVE: bro will you get the fuck up here
KARKAT: NO!
DAVE: k suit yourself

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/04/15**

dialoglogDAVE: um anyway
DAVE: as you can see ive been spending probably way too much time with trolls
JOHN: ha ha.
DAVE: it messes with you
DAVE: gets you thinkin about... stuff
DAVE: you know?
JOHN: i can imagine.
JOHN: i think life was a lot more boring on the ship.
JOHN: but we talked about you all a lot!
JOHN: we would always wonder how you and rose were managing to get along with all those crazy trolls.
JOHN: i think mostly we pictured a lot of arguments.
DAVE: thats not too far off
JOHN: i'm still getting used to having such insane, limitless powers that let me go anywhere i want...
JOHN: it's tempting to go to time periods like yours and find out what i missed.
JOHN: but i don't want to mess with too much anymore, since it seems like i got the time line to a nice stable place as it is.
JOHN: so i guess i just have to do what any regular guy does, and imagine fondly what it would be like if i got to travel with you guys.
JOHN: i wonder if i would have gotten like... absorbed in troll culture too? or troll ways of thinking.
DAVE: its really inevitable
DAVE: you pick up the lingo they pick up yours
DAVE: its like a stupid cultural melange after a while that barely makes any sense from either frame of reference
JOHN: i wonder if i would have learned to understand black romance?
JOHN: it's such a goofy idea, but it seems pretty important to trolls.
DAVE: they take all their quadrants pretty seriously tbh
JOHN: yeah.
JOHN: years ago when we first met the trolls, i remember being pretty fascinated by all our cultural differences, when karkat and vriska were telling me about them.
JOHN: i remember really sincerely trying to understand it all from their point of view! it's hard though.
JOHN: i still think about the idea of black romance sometimes, and try to imagine how that really

works... or "feels"... i don't know.
JOHN: do you understand it?
DAVE: yeah ive spent enough time talkin about it where i think i "get it" but
DAVE: ive never had cause or any real inclination to put it into practice or anything
JOHN: mainly the idea of hating somebody, and translating that into attraction, or some kind of romancey feeling... it feels so alien to me.
JOHN: and you're right, i have a really hard time even hating anyone in the first place!
DAVE: word
JOHN: i mean, i get ANNOYED by people, sure.
DAVE: like who
DAVE: me?
JOHN: no, not really.
JOHN: well, sometimes, but not much. i always tended to exaggerate my grievances with you, for the sake of laughs.
DAVE: heheh
JOHN: a better example is, more recently, when i was doing my retcon mission...
JOHN: i was getting REALLY annoyed with terezi and her mind games.
DAVE: yuuup
JOHN: it definitely never crossed the line to "hate" though, because we were working together to try and fix a dire situation, and even though she's weird and insane, she's otherwise a pretty good friend.
JOHN: but all her needling and japes at totally inappropriate times, when there was so much on the line...
JOHN: argh, it was SO FRUSTRATING.
KARKAT: EGBERT, I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU.
DAVE: whoa hes back!
DAVE: all right side up and everything
KARKAT: I HEARD YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT QUADRANTS, SO I DECIDED TO PAUSE MY TANTRUM.
KARKAT: JOHN, ALL YOU'RE DOING HERE IS DESCRIBING THE SUBTLE FEELINGS WHICH PLANT THE SEED FOR HAVING A CALIGINOUS CRUSH ON SOMEONE.
JOHN: what??
KARKAT: YOU HEARD ME.
KARKAT: YOU ARE NAIVELY ADMITTING TO STRUGGLING WITH SOME BLACK FEELINGS FOR TEREZI.
KARKAT: SO, THERE YOU GO. QUESTION ANSWERED.
KARKAT: TURNS OUT YOU ARE PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF BLACK ROMANCE.
JOHN: n... no!
KARKAT: A FAIR REBUTTAL. HOWEVER, CONSIDER THIS COUNTERPOINT:
KARKAT: Y... YES???
JOHN: but i don't HATE her, and i'm sure i never will!
JOHN: i'm just saying i find her, like, somewhat annoying, and REALLY aggravating a lot of the time, but that's it!
KARKAT: BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THE FEELING IS!
KARKAT: IT DOESN'T START OUT AS FULL BLOWN ANTIPATHY, AND IT RARELY EVEN REACHES SUCH AN EXTREME LEVEL OF HOSTILITY EVEN OVER LONG TERM BLACK

RELATIONSHIPS.
KARKAT: THERE ARE PEAKS TO IT, BUT OTHERWISE A GENERAL EBB AND FLOW TO THE DARK FEELINGS, JUST LIKE WITH FLUSHED RELATIONSHIPS.
JOHN: ok, but...
JOHN: i don't know if i'm expressing myself clearly.
JOHN: i felt aggravated by her a lot, but that doesn't fully describe...
JOHN: like, there were those "negative" feelings, but also...
JOHN: but...
KARKAT: YEAH, THAT'S IT, RIGHT THERE!!!
KARKAT: THE "BUT" IS ALWAYS PART OF IT.
KARKAT: WHAT YOU'RE *TRYING* TO SAY IS, YOU HAD FRUSTRATED, NEGATIVE EMOTIONS TOWARD HER, BUT THEY DON'T COMPREHENSIVELY ACCOUNT FOR YOUR ATTITUDE TOWARD HER.
KARKAT: MEANING, THERE ARE SOME THINGS ABOUT HER YOU ACTUALLY LIKE, BUT THE NEGATIVE FEELINGS MAKE IT HARD FOR YOU TO PUT YOUR FINGER ON THEM, OR EVEN WANT TO ACKNOWLEDGE THEM.
KARKAT: THAT IS ABSOLUTELY STANDARD. WHAT GOOD WOULD IT BE HAVING A KISMESIS WHO DIDN'T POSSESS QUALITIES YOU ACTUALLY ADMIRED ON SOME LEVEL?
KARKAT: THAT WOULD BE BORING, AND IT WOULDN'T EVEN WORK. THERE'D BE NO TENSION, NO PUSH AND PULL IN THE TURBULENT EMOTIONAL LANDSCAPE. THE SUBTLE POSITIVES ADD FUEL TO THE NEGATIVE FEELINGS, OFTEN GIVING THEM A REASON TO EXIST AT ALL. THEY INFLAME THE AGGRAVATING FACTORS, REMINDING YOU DEEP DOWN HOW MUCH YOU WOULD LIKE AND ADMIRE THIS PERSON IF IT WASN'T FOR ALL THEIR INFURIATING FLAWS, AND THE INCREDIBLE SENSE OF FRUSTRATION THAT CAUSES ALONG WITH ALL THE ASSOCIATED HOT-HEADED FEELINGS, THAT'S THE ESSENCE OF BLACK ROMANCE.
KARKAT: AND THE POSITIVE QUALITIES YOU SEE DEEP DOWN IN A KISMESIS ALSO SERVE AS THE BASIS FOR RED FEELINGS TOWARD THAT PERSON, ASSUMING THE RELATIONSHIP EVER STARTS TO VACILLATE.
KARKAT: IT'S ALL PRETTY STRAIGHTFORWARD, REALLY.
JOHN: no... this is messed up!
DAVE: i dunno john it all sounds pretty logical to me
DAVE: karkat knows his shit when it comes to quadrants
JOHN: argh!
JOHN: it can't be true though...
JOHN: it feels so fucked up!
JOHN: what if you're right though... erg! no...
JOHN: no, no, no, no...
KARKAT: THAT'S PART OF IT TOO!
KARKAT: THE "NO NO NO" IS ALL PART OF THE FEELING. THAT'S HOW IT *ALWAYS* GOES.
KARKAT: THIS SENSE OF SELF INCRIMINATION WHEN IT'S DAWNING ON YOU THAT YOU HAVE THESE CONFLICTING FEELINGS TOWARD SOMEONE WHO BUGS YOU SO MUCH.
KARKAT: OH MY GOD, THIS WHOLE REACTION IS SO FUCKING TEXTBOOK. IT'S

HILARIOUS, REALLY.
JOHN: it's fucked up though!!!
KARKAT: IT'S SUPPOSED TO FEEL FUCKED UP!
JOHN: aw, man. :(
JOHN: i just wanted to have a nice catch-up chat, not get so transparently owned at the trollmances.
DAVE: it happens to the best of us sooner or later
DAVE: this crap is kind of old hat to me by now but i get why youre kinda freckling at the implications here
DAVE: you didnt have years of livin with trolls to kinda normalize this stuff
JOHN: i don't think i want it to feel normalized though!
JOHN: i'm not ready to...
JOHN: like, admit that... i have some warped spade crush on her, based on...
JOHN: some feeling i don't understand and makes no sense to me!
JOHN: oh god... what if it's true??
JOHN: i have to try as hard as i can to suppress this feeling and make sure i never think about it again!
DAVE: ok sounds like a weenie thing to do but sure have fun with that
JOHN: fuck.
JOHN: yeah, probably.
JOHN: just...
JOHN: please don't tell her about any of this, ok guys?
KARKAT: JOHN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO REMIND US ABOUT ONE OF THE MOST FUNDAMENTAL STATUTES OF THE BRO CODE, WHICH IS PRACTICALLY FUCKING SCRIPTURE ON MY PLANET, DATING BACK HUNDREDS OF MILLENIA.
KARKAT: DAVE AND I FUCKING SLEEP AND BREATHE THE BRO CODE AND ALL OF ITS CLAUSES, NO MATTER HOW FINE THE PRINT.
KARKAT: FEEL FREE TO COME AND TALK TO US ABOUT THIS ANY TIME. YOUR SECRETS WILL ALWAYS BE SAFE.
DAVE: dude that sentiment is well and good but
DAVE: when youre pledging a vow of secrecy maybe you should try to keep it down a little
KARKAT: DAMN. YEAH.
KARKAT: SORRY.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/04/15**

dialoglogJOHN: this is really confusing though.
JOHN: assuming you're right, and i am "busted" on having those feelings... and i'm not even saying you aren't.
JOHN: but...
JOHN: i thought humans weren't supposed to be able to feel stuff like that?
KARKAT: LIKE WHAT EXACTLY?
JOHN: like, perceive and feel romantic stuff, in the same way trolls do.
JOHN: because we're aliens to each other!
JOHN: well ok, humans can feel the gay stuff pretty often, i guess.
JOHN: i didn't think we could feel the spade stuff, though.
JOHN: i dunno, i just thought it was some screwy biological difference?

DAVE: nah i disagree
DAVE: both humans and trolls are emotionally versatile sentient beings that can feel many hells of different things
JOHN: you're probably right.
JOHN: you would know better than me, at least.
DAVE: thats always a smart fallback position btw
DAVE: especially on rap
DAVE: i could school you on rap too are you confused about rap
JOHN: no dave, i think i'm pretty squared away on rap.
JOHN: at least for now. :p
DAVE: so uh
DAVE: this has been a hell of a reminiscence so far
JOHN: yeah...
DAVE: seriously though i wasnt actually intending to fork this like instantaneously in the direction of some like
DAVE: legitimately sincere dialogue on fuckin sexuality and romance
DAVE: i didnt plan on this dude you gotta believe me
JOHN: i believe you!
JOHN: it's been cool though.
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: did we cover everything
JOHN: um...
JOHN: probably not?
JOHN: oh, right.
JOHN: you dated jade for a while, so there's that.
DAVE: whoa what
JOHN: i mean, dave sprite did.
DAVE: oh
JOHN: and of course i mean, the one from my time, obviously not the one from this time, who died i guess before that happened.
DAVE: right
JOHN: man, that still just seems... so sad.
JOHN: i guess even when you fix things, not everything can be perfect.
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: so
DAVE: howd that go
DAVE: me and jade
DAVE: or...
DAVE: him and jade
JOHN: ok, i guess.
JOHN: my sense was, it was kind of dramatic overall.
JOHN: i'm not sure it was the best relationship, probably because of dave sprite's uh...
JOHN: "unique issues".
DAVE: hmm
JOHN: but there were a lot of fun memories.
JOHN: i'll tell you about them some time. maybe when jade is awake, because i'm sure she'd want

to know too!
DAVE: yeah

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/04/15**

dialoglogDAVE: hey
DAVE: um
JOHN: ?
DAVE: the girl you came with
DAVE: roses mom
JOHN: roxy?
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: whats she like
JOHN: she's nice!!!
JOHN: really nice.
JOHN: she is fun and easy to talk to...
JOHN: it almost feels like she has always been one of our friends, you know?
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: how uh
DAVE: how long have you and she actually been traveling together
JOHN: umm...
JOHN: not too long.
JOHN: we only met like a day ago, i mean, from my perspective.
DAVE: huh
JOHN: she's been through some really difficult stuff recently.
JOHN: well, we both have, actually.
JOHN: but i feel like it was all... a bit more personal for her?
JOHN: being on her adventure, then suddenly losing all her friends, and watching rose die right there, while she'd been kinda viewing rose as a version of her mom...
JOHN: i was just some goofball drifting randomly here and there between realities, so i was mostly just confused by everything.
JOHN: but for her, i could tell it was all really devastating.
JOHN: i'm so happy she gets to be with rose again!!!!!!!!!!
JOHN: not to mention all her other friends!
JOHN: for some reason i feel happier for her getting to reunite with people she lost than i do for myself.
DAVE: it sounds like you like her
JOHN: i do!
DAVE: no i mean
DAVE: actually like her
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: ... uh, hm.
JOHN: i don't know.
JOHN: maybe.
DAVE: wow dude after one day maybe you should slow your roll
JOHN: i didn't say i did though!!!

DAVE: im joking its fine who cares
JOHN: oh, ok.
DAVE: shes my mom isnt she
JOHN: man.
JOHN: i'm not sure if we should keep thinking about all our relations that way.
DAVE: why
JOHN: it's kinda weird!
DAVE: is it
JOHN: ...
DAVE: do you feel weird about dating my mom is that it
JOHN: i'm not dating her though!
DAVE: but if you did
DAVE: then you wouldnt wanna think of her like that because of like the familial weirdtimes it invokes
JOHN: jeez.
JOHN: i don't know. i...
JOHN: i don't know if i'm ready for every single "deep" conversation we can squeeze into this wacky rapid fire session of fun pal-talk!
DAVE: ok
DAVE: but
DAVE: i think i like thinking of her as my mom
DAVE: even if its a lil weird
JOHN: you do?
JOHN: why?
DAVE: not sure
DAVE: i never even stopped and thought about it before
DAVE: the idea of what it would be like to have a mom
DAVE: instead of a hyper-aggressive lunatic of an adult male guardian
DAVE: i never let myself give it a second of consideration
DAVE: but now
DAVE: seeing her actually here even though shes just some teen girl i never met
DAVE: i like the idea
DAVE: its nice
JOHN: ...
JOHN: ok, that's actually kind of cute.
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: yeah i guess it kind of fucking is
JOHN: alright, well.
JOHN: no matter what happens, it's ok with me if you want to think of her that way. :)
DAVE: sweet

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**03/05/15**

dialoglogROXY: haha im sorry
ROSE: Sorry about what?
ROXY: for stammering an all being an agog grinning idiot

ROXY: i just cannot....
ROXY: actually believe u are real and here and alive and not dying and so am i!
ROXY: here with u i mean + sharin all those mentioned attributes
ROSE: I can't believe it either!
ROXY: i have so much to say...
ROXY: i think???
ROXY: even though i cant think of the stuff atm
ROSE: I know what you mean.
ROXY: i hope its ok if i just sit near u not bein 'specially articulate for a bit
ROSE: That is more than ok.
ROSE: As long as you are willing to similarly excuse the spectacular demise of my capacity for artful self-expression.
ROXY: omg!!!!
ROXY: ahahah youre dirk!
ROXY: wow wow i just caught it wow wow wow!
ROXY: you sound SO much like him oh my GOD thats too perf and cute :3
ROSE: Dirk?
ROXY: hahah i cant get over it now i cant unhear it...
ROXY: even your voice sounds kinda like his but its just... girl dirk
ROXY: lmao wow yes <3
ROSE: He sounds like a hell of a guy.
ROXY: ohh u have noo idea
ROSE: Well, I'm told he should be arriving here in a little while.
ROSE: If he's anything like Dave's late older brother, and if he's anything like me, which he apparently is, then this is when I'm guessing the real party will begin.
ROXY: im redy <|:)
ROSE: I want to know things about him.
ROSE: Such as, if he shares his elder counterpart's avarice for soft puppet ass.
ROSE: And if that, combined with his myriad, vaguely unsettling psychological peculiarities, could occupy a dedicated team of therapists for years.
ROXY: the answer is yes and yes
ROSE: Hmm.
ROSE: Knowing this amuses me, for some reason.
ROSE: But mainly, there are things I want to know about you.
ROSE: I presume there will be plenty of time later to hound my biological father for the dirt on his proclivities.
ROXY: whatta ya wanna know about me?
ROSE: Everything!
ROSE: I think the main difficulty in deciding what to ask is in sifting questions I would have for my mother, that is to say, the woman who raised me, from the questions I have for you.
ROXY: well i didnt raise u or anything but i can sincerely take a crack at both kindsa questions
ROSE: Ok.
ROSE: Do...
ROSE: You really like wizards?
ROXY: rose
ROSE: Yes?

ROXY: rose
ROXY: rooose
ROSE: ...
ROXY: i fucken
ROXY: LOVE
ROXY: wizzards
ROSE: I see.
ROSE: As odd as it sounds, that actually does go pretty far in letting me know something about both of you.
ROXY: oh?
ROSE: My relationship with her was complicated.
ROSE: But I've come to see that as mostly my fault. I was too young to understand her.
ROXY: i never even got the chance to misunderstand my mom
ROXY: or grownup you
ROXY: or... i mean i didnt get to misunderstand her IN PERSON
ROXY: more like as a legendary figure
ROXY: cause i grew up 400 years after she died
ROSE: Ah, right.
ROSE: I think I'm going to have to call the contest early. Yours is the more interesting biography, by quite a lot.
ROXY: not really!
ROXY: not to me at least... i was lonely
ROXY: i thought about her a lot to pass the time
ROXY: she was p amazing at least according to history
ROXY: she wrote hella books about wizards and rode a genocidal fat man down a waterfall of blood
ROSE: She wrote hella books about wizards?
ROXY: yeh!
ROXY: they were famous n good and everything
ROSE: It sounds like I fumbled into the wrong line of work.
ROSE: There's no money in this Sburb business.
ROSE: Well, there is. It just comes in incredibly stupid denominations, which are not particularly useful.
KANAYA: Do You Have Copies Of These Books
ROXY: ummmm yes!
ROXY: yes i do there are copies back on my planet
ROXY: assuming john didnt retcon them away like a book thiefin sneak!
KANAYA: I Would Really Love To Read Them Some Time If You Wouldnt Mind
ROXY: no not at all!
ROSE: By the way, this is Kanaya.
ROSE: Sorry for the combination of bad manners and general dumbfoundedness which precluded a more timely introduction.
KANAYA: Hello
ROXY: hey!
ROXY: thats a nice name and also ur pretty
KANAYA: Thank You

KANAYA: I Admire The Aesthetics Of Your Name And Appearance As Well And In No Small Part Due To Their Respective Similarity To Your Daughters
ROXY: wow man that was somehow both a convoluted thing to say yet smooth as hell
ROXY: m impressed
ROSE: Welcome to Maryam City, population, a whole lot of great remarks like that.
ROXY: but yes ill get u those books!
ROXY: theyre great they made me wanna write my own wizard books
ROSE: Did you?
ROXY: errr
ROXY: yeah sorta :\
ROSE: Could I read them?
ROXY: ummmm
ROSE: Hey, you got to read mine!
ROXY: yeah but u were like an old pro when u wrote yours!
ROXY: they are freaking MASTERPIECE WIZARDFICS!!!
ROXY: they won pulizters and shit
ROSE: Did they really??
ROXY: um idk probably?
ROSE: Oh.
ROXY: i dunno they are just vry vry good
ROXY: so the ancient prize scholars im sure were like, dude these wizards
ROXY: are vry vry fucking good
ROXY: give them all the awards, then shut down the awards, but not cuz of the looming apocalypse, just cuz u literally cannot do better than these wizards
ROSE: I can live with that.
ROSE: It's always been one of my professional goals to write tales of magical men so provocative, they would cause the permanent and unceremonious dissolution of at least one prestigious award.
ROXY: so yeah i dunno i guess u can see
ROXY: but its a pale ghost of a story compared to ur stuff and its also um kinda weird?
ROSE: I like weird!
ROXY: yeah
ROXY: just... your opinion means a lot to me & im nervous u might think it sucks!
ROSE: But I never even wrote the masterpieces you read.
ROSE: I think you may have a view of my abilities which I haven't earned yet.
ROSE: Really, I'm not that good.
ROSE: I have my own story drafts which you can read if you like.
ROSE: They're nothing special, frankly.
ROXY: o really??
ROXY: aw man ok then that sounds fun! :)

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**03/05/15**

dialoglogKANAYA: If During Your Manuscript Exchange You Need Someone To Read Over Your Shoulder
KANAYA: Say
KANAYA: To Proofread

KANAYA: Or
KANAYA: To Purge Each Sentence Of Punctuation And Capitalize The First Letter Of Every Word
KANAYA: Id Be Happy To Volunteer
KANAYA: Strictly Professionally Of Course And Not Because I Really Want To Read Your Wizard Things Too
KANAYA: (I Really Want To Read Your Wizard Things Too I Hope Thats Okay)
ROXY: hahaha yeah sure its ok!
ROXY: kanaya sorry me and rose are babbling away here to each other we dont mean to be excluding you
KANAYA: Its Fine I Am Thoroughly Enjoying My Role As A Spectator
KANAYA: I Know That Rose Has Been Looking Forward To This A Lot
KANAYA: And That She Received Similarly Vicarious And Politely Passive Enjoyment From The Interactions I Had With My Ancestor
KANAYA: So Now I Will Just Resume The Politely Passive Part Of It Ha Ha
ROXY: u dont gotta!
ROXY: jump in whenever you feelin it! :D
ROXY: i love meeting new trolls
ROXY: well at least when theyre not evil or somethin
ROXY: love them not evil trolls
ROXY: like the cranky one over there in rad ruby shades
KANAYA: Terezi
ROXY: yeah shes a boss
KANAYA: Thats A Pretty Fair Way To Describe The Attitude Of Anyone Higher Than Me On The Hemospectrum
KANAYA: But Yes You Are Right
ROXY: oh also
ROXY: lest we forget dear fefeta
KANAYA: Fefeta
KANAYA: Do You Mean
KANAYA: Feferi?
ROXY: no fefeta!!!
ROXY: she was a dear precious soul
KANAYA: Hmm
ROXY: she was my sprite
ROXY: guess she never happened in this version of stuff though?
ROXY: dang
ROXY: thats sad but maybe not quite as sad as her existing then exploding?
ROXY: im confuse
ROXY: wonder what even else is different...
ROSE: Well, you died too.
ROXY: i did?
ROSE: Yes, while pushing me out of the way of a fork.
ROSE: So, thank you for that, retroactively. And... to a different version of you.
ROXY: jeez
ROXY: yeah i... had a really similar thing happen in my timeline...
ROXY: also involving a fork

ROXY: and even tho youre ok now its still almost too sad to even talk about
ROSE: Yeah.
ROSE: We didn't get to exchange even a single word before you were gone.
ROSE: All I could think was, "How can this be happening again?"
ROSE: Luckily the sense of misery was short lived, though.
ROSE: It wasn't long before I was informed the incident was part of something bigger taking shape.
ROSE: And that John was on his way with a different version of you.
ROSE: I had no idea what "a different version" actually entailed, but I wasn't about to quibble.
ROSE: I was so relieved.
ROXY: same
ROXY: altho...
ROXY: instead of waiting for you to come back i had to jump thru all these hoops with john
ROXY: and went through some uh
ROXY: different stuff
ROXY: i uh
ROXY: i MAY have thrown an impromptu funeral for your alt-u dead body :o
ROSE: You did?
ROXY: yup
ROXY: sorry if that sounds weird
ROXY: and i knew i was comin to meet a new version of you
ROXY: but
ROXY: it helped me
ROXY: with like
ROXY: feelings about people i left behind
ROSE: A funeral...
ROSE: Wow, that,
ROXY: ?
ROSE: Sorry for this, if it comes off as odd, but,
ROSE: That is so "mom" of you.
ROXY: oh yea?
ROSE: M-hm.
ROXY: hehe
ROXY: i like your mom!
ROSE: Me too.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**03/05/15**

dialoglogROSE: I don't mean to be too analytical about getting to know you, really.
ROSE: I guess comparisons are little hard for me to avoid, since the adult version of you played such a significant role in my life.
ROSE: So I can't help seeing the similarities when they are there.
ROSE: But also you are so clearly your own person, shaped by your own experiences, and that is the person I would prefer to get to know, rather than a young avatar for the memory of a departed parent.
ROSE: Yet this is the context which somewhat inescapably colors my perception of what you reveal.

ROSE: So while some observations are in the vein of predictable, charmingly so, mind you...
ROSE: Others I regard as surprising.
ROXY: what about me is surprising?
ROSE: Well.
ROSE: You aren't,
ROSE: You don't quite seem like a person who...
ROSE: Er.
ROXY: .....?
ROSE: I don't want to ask anything that would sound rude to you, or spiteful to her.
ROSE: Because I don't feel that conflicted about this anymore.
ROSE: Particularly since I had my own troubles with it. So it would be pretty hypocritical.
ROXY: conflicted about what?
ROSE: Let me back up a little.
ROSE: It was a long ride on that meteor.
ROSE: One experiences things over a few years, given a lot of time to think. Changes and such.
ROSE: About half way through, I started thinking more...
ROSE: About mom. And about you.
ROSE: Knowing that I'd probably meet you, and. I don't know. Live up to the experience?
ROSE: It's silly, but I'm guessing you understand what I mean.
ROXY: :)
ROSE: Basically, I was just nervous.
ROSE: And it was all mixed up with feelings of conflict and remorse over my mother.
ROSE: Who, to my hazy preteen recollection, never wasted a day in my life on sobriety.
ROSE: She and her habit put all those days to quite effective use, actually.
ROSE: And I don't even quite remember the thought process that led to this, but,
ROSE: I sort of ran with it too?
ROSE: The habit, I mean. For a while at least.
ROSE: I was still distraught about losing her. And wanted to understand her.
ROSE: To connect with her, in some way. And I guess that was the only idea I had.
ROSE: And on some level, I think connecting with her was also a way of preparing myself to meet you...
ROSE: Even though that probably makes no sense.
ROSE: Since you aren't literally her, and don't share all her...
ROSE: I guess I shouldn't speak for you, though.
ROXY: so youre sayin
ROXY: youre surprised im unlike her in that way cause i dont seem like someone whod get drunk off her ass all the time?
ROSE: Um-
ROXY: hahahaha
ROXY: well i guess i should be flattered if u rly think so buttttt
ROXY: wrong
ROSE: So... you,
ROXY: my storys kind of like yours!
ROXY: i had a mom i never knew and wanted to feel close to her however i could
ROXY: i grew up MOSTLY unsupervised in her old old house
ROXY: and it had all this old stuff in it plus some old booze squirrelled away here and there

ROXY: aaand i just uhhh started up even tho i was WAY too young for shit like that WHOOPS....
ROXY: and like i said it was a bit lite on discipline round then, its not like a buncha silly pumpkin eaters were gonna stop me
ROSE: Pumpkin eaters?
ROXY: chess guys
ROXY: loads of them
ROSE: !
ROXY: but yeah i wanted to be like her and do what she did but mostly just made a hot catastrophe of myself
ROXY: i doubt that is what she wanted
ROXY: at the time it seemed like a cool thing a real intellectual an mysterious book celebrity would do while also leading a badass and secretly subversive life in opposition of tyranny
ROXY: but
ROXY: i think what is more likely is
ROXY: she knew the whole world would end and everyone would die no matter what she did
ROXY: which was probly hard to live with
ROXY: idk if i can blame the old lady for wantin to get a WEE bit sauced after a couple of rapping clowns won a presidential election
ROSE: Yeah, I...
ROSE: Wait, what?
ROSE: Clowns?
ROXY: long story
ROXY: bad story
ROXY: plz continue
ROSE: Ok. Yes, I'm sure my mother knew the end was coming too.
ROSE: Knowing that helped put a lot of her behavior in context for me. I was always too young to understand.
ROXY: poor moms :(
ROXY: poor poor adult dead sexy lady us :( :(
ROSE: Truth.
ROXY: but anyway
ROXY: back to... us!
ROXY: kid alive sexy lady us
ROSE: Yes.
ROSE: It sounds like your Rose had an incredible career, but all things considered, I prefer being kid alive sexy lady me.
ROXY: agree
ROXY: i know what you mean about being nervous
ROXY: about meeting you i mean
ROXY: maybe nervous isnt quite right but
ROXY: when i started thinking about meeting u is when i started thinkin...
ROXY: i should try being not QUIIITE such a mess
ROXY: so i started takin the idea of cleaning up my act more seriously
ROSE: Ultimately, I concluded the same thing.
ROSE: I decided it wouldn't be a very dignified way to make an entrance.
ROSE: Or for that matter, a very constructive way to help out in a struggle to preserve reality.

ROSE: Luckily, I was able to cut it out a while ago. I admit, it wasn't easy.
ROSE: But it helped a lot to have people around looking out for me.
ROSE: *Poke.*
KANAYA: ...
KANAYA: *Sits Poked*
ROXY: yeah i had friends help me too!
ROXY: i couldnta done it w/o them either
ROSE: I never had "IRL" friends before this trip.
ROSE: It's interesting to observe the various ways they apply themselves to your benefit.
ROSE: Some people are around to make you feel like you're worth sticking with, even when you fuck up.
ROSE: And some people are around to kick your ass to make sure you don't.
ROXY: haha
ROXY: i think i had to play the latter role to my friends a lot
ROXY: and also to myself i guess
ROXY: who kicked your ass
ROXY: was it the yelly guy over there?
ROSE: No, Karkat was mostly preoccupied with his own... shenanigans.
ROSE: The yelling is deceptive. He's a rather private person.
ROSE: Vriska, however.
ROSE: She really is quite an extravagant bitch.
ROXY: lmao
ROSE: But it turns out people like that tend to have some convenient assets.
ROSE: Such as, the sheer force of personality to keep a bunch of idiots from falling apart.
ROSE: Don't get me wrong. It's quite annoying.
ROSE: But... useful.
ROXY: yeaaah
ROXY: i probably should have been more of a bitch to all my peeps
ROXY: maybe we wouldnt have gone to jail and died
ROSE: Let it be a lesson to us all.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**03/05/15**

dialoglogROXY: seriously tho
ROXY: is so nice hearin ur stories
ROXY: especially the similarities of stuff we experienced
ROXY: wizards and writing and mom stuff and even bad things we went through
ROXY: and obviously were similar by dna and all
ROXY: but even so
ROXY: it still feels comforting
ROXY: that even if u flip the universe upside down and change it all around
ROXY: pull us apart by centuries, kill humans off, flood the world
ROXY: were still connected to each other
ROXY: in a mysterious way that goes beyond genes and circumstance
ROXY: and that i think is some tight frickin noise to consider
ROSE: I'm considering it right now, and yes.

ROSE: That noise... it is SO tight.
ROXY: :')
ROSE: :')
KANAYA: :')
DAVE: hey what are we all talking about over here
ROSE: Damn it, Dave.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/05/15**

dialoglogJAKE: Tavrosprite is it ok if we pretend to have a conversation over here for a while...
JAKE: So that i look busy and not come off as big of a doofus as i feel like?
TAVROSPRITE: i CAN OBLIGE, aND ALSO PERSONALLY IDENTIFY, wITH THAT IDEA, aND THE FEELINGS OF SELF LAMENESS BEHIND IT,
TAVROSPRITE: bUUUT,
TAVROSPRITE: i COULD ALSO HELP YOU OUT WITH A REAL CONVERSATION TOO, iNSTEAD OF A FAKE ONE,
TAVROSPRITE: iN FACT, mAYBE WE ALREADY EVEN SAID ENOUGH WORDS TOGETHER, jUST NOW, fOR THAT TO QUALIFY, }:)
JAKE: Hahaha oh tavrosprite.
JAKE: You have always been the one ray of light shining through the clouds in what has otherwise been an emotionally stormy game experience for me.
JAKE: Im so grateful that you found it in your ghostly bosom to drift over to lomax now and then to cheer me up.
JAKE: Often enough to give me a real pickmeup when feeling blue over friend problems but just seldom enough to feel like a rare delight when you did.
TAVROSPRITE: yEAH,
TAVROSPRITE: i WAS UNDER STRICT INSTRUCTION FROM VRISKA, tO NOT INTERFERE WITH THE TIMELINE MUCH, fOR LOTS OF MONTHS,
TAVROSPRITE: sO i DIDN'T SAY HELLO OFTEN,
TAVROSPRITE: sHE HELPED ME BE BACK ALIVE, sO, i OWED HER THAT MUCH ON ONE HAND,
TAVROSPRITE: bUT ON THE OTHER, i THINK SHE WAS DOING HER BOSSY THING, fOR THE SAKE OF JUST TELLING ME WHAT TO DO,
TAVROSPRITE: aND i DIDN'T SEE HOW JUST BEING FRIENDLY SOMETIMES, wAS EVEN CHANGING THE TIMELINE MUCH, oR WHY THAT IDEA EVEN MATTERED?
TAVROSPRITE: bECAUSE IT SEEMED LIKE MOST OF YOU ALL HERE, nEVER DID MUCH IMPORTANT STUFF ANYWAY,
JAKE: Haha! Its true. More tiptop wisdom from that sage bullheaded noggin of yours.
TAVROSPRITE: wHY DO YOU WANT TO BE PRETEND-TALKING, (eVEN THOUGH IT'S REAL), aND LOOK BUSY TO YOUR FRIENDS?
JAKE: Im just not up to all this socialization yet.
JAKE: Maybe i never will be.
JAKE: I feel at ease talking to you but all these others... i dont know.
JAKE: It feels really awkward and i think i lost most of my prior bravado due to a lot of bad things that happened with my friends.
TAVROSPRITE: wHAT HAPPENED WITH THEM?

JAKE: I just messed up with everyone in a lot of ways im too embarrassed to even talk about.
JAKE: And now i just feel gunshy about... everything i guess.
JAKE: Even polite conversation with fun new people i should be thrilled to meet!
JAKE: I couldnt even set things right with my buddies now if i WANTED to.
JAKE: Jane is asleep so i cant make amends with her after she became an angry robot and punched me in the gut and jailed me and threatened me with eternal marriage and baby making duties.
JAKE: I mean sure she was brainwashed when she did all that but im SURE i did some stuff to deserve it!
JAKE: Dirk is still way off somewhere so i cant address THAT whole spicy meatball which i still feel terrible about.
JAKE: And roxy...
JAKE: Well okay roxy is right there but look at her shes having a blast with all these people she actually really LIKES and who are probably ACTUALLY LIKABLE.
JAKE: She probably wants nothing to do with me either so i might as well do her the courtesy of leaving her alone.
TAVROSPRITE: bUT,
TAVROSPRITE: iSN'T SHE,
TAVROSPRITE: wAVING AT YOU, aND SAYING HELLO, rIGHT NOW,
TAVROSPRITE: dUE, aLMOST CERTAINLY, tO OVERHEARING YOU TALKING ABOUT HER NAME?
ROXY: hi jake!!
JAKE: Oh.
JAKE: Yeah.....
JAKE: It would seem she is.
JAKE: Those are probably pity waves though.
TAVROSPRITE: iIII,
TAVROSPRITE: dON'T THINK THAT IS TRUE,
TAVROSPRITE: i HAVE BEEN THE GETTER ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY, oF THE PITY VERSIONS OF VARIOUS DEEDS DIRECTED AT ME, aND,
TAVROSPRITE: i THINK THAT'S NOT WHAT SHE'S DOING, tHOSE ARE NORMAL WAVES AND HELLOS,
TAVROSPRITE: yOU SHOULD PROBABLY DO ONE OF THOSE THINGS BACK TO HER,
ROXY: HIIIII JAKE
ROXY: JAKE
ROXY: JAKE DAMMIT HI
JAKE: Oh.
JAKE: Um sorry.
JAKE: H... hi roxy.
JAKE: Youre with us again and... and... i like that.
ROXY: :D
TAVROSPRITE: nICE, bRO!
TAVROSPRITE: kEEP WORKING AT BEHAVIORS OF THAT SORT, yOUR SELF ESTEEM WILL GET BIGGER,
JAKE: "I like that???"
JAKE: Thunderations what a fucking clod i am.
JAKE: I really need to keep a lower profile.

JAKE: Even basic pleasantries are a bit above my huckleberry for now.
TAVROSPRITE: i GET IT, sELF ESTEEM IS PROBABLY THE HARDEST EMOTION TO MASTER,
TAVROSPRITE: iT HELPS TO HAVE HELP,
JAKE: And i appreciate it mr tavrosprite really i do.
TAVROSPRITE: nO, i MEAN NOT FROM ME,
TAVROSPRITE: dO YOU HAVE A FANTASY PHANTOM REPRESENTING YOUR SELF ESTEEM WHO YOU CAN LOOK UP TO?
JAKE: A phantom??
TAVROSPRITE: bECAUSE i DID ONCE, aND IT HELPED ME,
TAVROSPRITE: tHEN HE BECAME REAL, aND *REALLY* HELPED ME, bUT NOT BECAUSE OF BELIEVING OR ANYTHING,
TAVROSPRITE: jUST BECAUSE OF COINCIDENCE, hE HAPPENED TO BE MY ANCESTOR,

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/05/15**

dialoglogJAKE: Well...
JAKE: Yes i suppose i have SOMETHING like that.
JAKE: A brain ghost of my friend dirk who visits me sometimes.
JAKE: I GUESS he represents my self esteem but...
JAKE: I dunno how helpful he actually is!
TAVROSPRITE: wHY,
JAKE: Because of all the consternation that my relationship with REAL dirk has caused me!
JAKE: He says all the right things to make me feel better about myself but when he visits my brain i never ACTUALLY feel that comfortable or good about myself.
JAKE: I just feel kind of weird and truthfully spend most of the time hoping he just goes away and he probably KNOWS that too because hes my brain and that makes me feel WEIRDER!
TAVROSPRITE: i SEE,
TAVROSPRITE: yOUR BRAIN IS COMPLICATED THEN,
TAVROSPRITE: i'M GUESSING IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE SOME SORT OF GENIUS,
JAKE: Really?????
TAVROSPRITE: yES, aBSOLUTELY,
TAVROSPRITE: i HAVE A SENSE FOR THESE THINGS,
JAKE: Gosh.
TAVROSPRITE: mAYBE, iNSTEAD OF LISTENING TO THE UPSETTING WORDS OF A COMPLICATED BRAIN GHOST,
TAVROSPRITE: wHAT A BRILLIANT MIND LIKE YOU NEEDS, iS SOMETHING SIMPLER,
TAVROSPRITE: lIKE LISTENING TO THE NICE AND FLATTERING WORDS, oF A REAL FRIEND, }:)
JAKE: Maybe youre right!
TAVROSPRITE: nOT RELATED TO THAT, hAVE i MENTIONED,
TAVROSPRITE: yOU'RE ACTUALLY QUITE HANDSOME FOR A HUMAN,
JAKE: Wow you think??
TAVROSPRITE: aLSO YOU HAVE A DASHING PERSONALITY, aND YOU SEEM PRETTY STRONG, aND YOUR VERY SMALL PAIR OF CREAMY LOOKING PANTS IS REALLY

COOL,
JAKE: Holy cow.
JAKE: Youre right tavrosprite.
JAKE: These nice observations about me...
JAKE: Why they really do seem to be making me feel at LEAST infinitesimally better about myself.
JAKE: What a chum!
TAVROSPRITE: tHIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, OF THE FEELGOOD FEELINGS YOU CAN FORCE INSIDE YOU,
TAVROSPRITE: tHROUGH THE REPETITIVE MENTIONINGS OF SUCH THINGS ABOUT YOU,
TAVROSPRITE: bUT ALSO THROUGH DEVELOPING YOURSELF AS A BRAVE ALIVE HERO,
TAVROSPRITE: iT'S TOO LATE FOR ME TO DO THAT, sINCE I LIVED A WEAK LIFE, dIED, aND WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE A FRIEND WITH A GOOD ENOUGH HEART TO BRING ME BACK,
TAVROSPRITE: bUT ONLY AS A SPRITUAL GUIDE, sUCH AS THE ONE FLOATING BEFORE YOU,
TAVROSPRITE: sO i CAN'T BE THAT HEROICALLY GREAT ANYMORE, bY TRAGIC DEFINITION, bUT YOU CAN,
TAVROSPRITE: yOU'RE LIVING, sTRONG, nICE, aND OF EVEN HIGHER IMPORTANCE, iMMORTAL,
TAVROSPRITE: sO THAT GIVES YOU, bY MY ESTIMATION, lITERALLY FOREVER,
TAVROSPRITE: tO GET BETTER, aND BETTER, aND BETTER, aND FINALLY PROVE YOURSELF,
TAVROSPRITE: tHAT WAY YOU CAN WIN YOUR FRIENDS OVER, aND EVERYONE WILL LIKE YOU AGAIN,
JAKE: Boy shitting howdy! :O
JAKE: Just imagine... from hobbledehoy to hero.
JAKE: Wouldnt THAT spiffy predicament just razz my berries.
VRISKA: Tavros, would you leave that poor kid alone?
VRISKA: What sort of nonsense are you telling him?
TAVROSPRITE: nOTHING,
VRISKA: Oh, 8ullshit.
VRISKA: You're filling his head with lies, aren't you?
TAVROSPRITE: nO,
TAVROSPRITE: iT'S JUST A BASIC CONVERSATION, NOT ABOUT ANY TOPICS, yOU'RE PROBABLY GOING TO SAY, yOU DISAPPROVE OF,

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Hey kid, what's he telling you?
VRISKA: What's your name again? Jape?
JAKE: Ja...
JAKE: I
JAKE: J...

JAKE: Yes. Sure.
TAVROSPRITE: nO, iT'S NOT jAPE, wRONG,
VRISKA: Who even cares? Your overly simplistic human names all sound so alike to me.
VRISKA: Anyway, listen Jape.
VRISKA: Whatever load of shit he's selling you in a misguided effort to cheer you up, don't listen to him.
VRISKA: It's all a 8unch of sappy delusional gar8age.
VRISKA: I'm not going to let you down easy, and some day you'll realize this is the 8iggest favor anyone's ever done for you.
VRISKA: You are never going to do anything important, and you'll never amount to anything. Period!
VRISKA: Neither is Tavros.
TAVROSPRITE: wAIT, nO, nOW HOLD, ON,
VRISKA: No, YOU hold on, Tavros.
VRISKA: You had more than enough chances to prove you could 8e a relevant contri8utor to our adventure, 8ut you 8lew it every step of the way.
VRISKA: It's time to face the facts. You're never going to have that "8ig moment" that vindic8tes your arc of personal development. It's just not going to happen!
TAVROSPRITE: nO, i KNOW THAT, i JUST ADMITTED THAT,
TAVROSPRITE: yOU WEREN'T LISTENING TO OUR,,,
VRISKA: It's not going to happen for Jape here, either. So stop filling his head with nonsense.
VRISKA: I can just smell it off him. He's just like you, really.
VRISKA: A loser is a loser.
JAKE: *Sniffle.*
VRISKA: Here's the 8ottom line.
VRISKA: Pages just suck!
VRISKA: All of them do. They just can't ever seem to get it together.
VRISKA: I think it just happens to 8e the class players get stuck with if they're naturally that sort of person.
VRISKA: It doesn't mean they don't have value as people, 8ut they'll never have anything significant to contri8ute, so they really should just stay out of the way.
VRISKA: There's a certain quiet dignity in understanding your utterly cripplng limit8tions as an individual. Ideally, a VERY quiet dignity, so the important people can still hear themselves think!
TAVROSPRITE: oK BUT, wHAT ABOUT ALL THAT, bIG PAGE POTENTIAL,
VRISKA: That's also a lot of misleading horseshit, and really kind of a cruel stipul8tion of the class, to 8e honest.
VRISKA: It makes losers think there's actually some light at the end of a long tunnel, so it keeps them dreaming instead of facing the facts!
VRISKA: Sure, they could reach all that potential if they worked really hard for a long time, 8ut don't you get it?
VRISKA: The very n8ture of who they are PROHI8ITS that! They don't have what it takes to stick it out to the end, 8ecause they're too weak mentally.
VRISKA: So it's just the game playing a nasty joke on them. Like dangling a carrot at the end of a ridiculously long stick.
VRISKA: Only an asshole would knowlingly play along with such a vicious hoax.
TAVROSPRITE: aRGH, nO, aNY FORM OF FRIENDSHIP ENCOURAGEMENT, nO MATTER

WHAT, iS UNIVERSALLY GREAT i THINK,
TAVROSPRITE: wE ALL LEARN THIS AS FACT, fROM LOTS OF THINGS WE SEE AND ENJOY, iN STORIES AND STUFF,
VRISKA: Oh my fucking god.
JAKE: No... tavrosprite shes... shes right.
JAKE: Shes right.
JAKE: *Sniff.*
TAVROSPRITE: vRISKA, lOOK AT WHAT YOU DID,
TAVROSPRITE: yOU MADE MY FRIEND JAPE SAD,
TAVROSPRITE: dON'T LISTEN TO HER, aND COME HERE BUDDY, fOR A REASSURING EMBRACE,
VRISKA: TAVROS DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH HIM!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: Remem8er, you've only 8een prototyped once!
VRISKA: Do you REALLY want to fuse into an eternal monstrosity with that weenie?
VRISKA: God, what a weenie singularity that would 8e. May8e I should stand 8ack and let it happen!
VRISKA: For science. Also, it would serve you right.
TAVROSPRITE: oHHHHHHHH,
TAVROSPRITE: yEAHHHHHHHH?
TAVROSPRITE: wELL GET A LOAD, oF THIS!
TAVROSPRITE: aCTUALLY,
TAVROSPRITE: nO, yOU'RE,
TAVROSPRITE: rIGHT OF COURSE, i WON'T HUG HIM, bECAUSE,
TAVROSPRITE: tHAT SOUNDS REALLY, rEALLY BAD,
TAVROSPRITE: sORRY JAPE,
JAKE: :(

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/05/15**

dialoglogTEREZI: VR1SK4, SHOULDN'T W3 G3T B4CK TO OUR STR4T3GY M33T1NG SOON?
VRISKA: Yeah, pretty soon.
TEREZI: 1T'S L1K3 W3 US3D TO S4Y 1N TH3 OLD D4YS
TEREZI: T1M3 1S D34D K1DS
VRISKA: 8elieve me, I haven't forgotten!
VRISKA: That's as true now as it ever was. Only difference is now we're working together to PREVENT the 8odies from piling up.
TEREZI: >:]
VRISKA: We still have a little time 8efore we need to get serious, and anyway, when you're managing a team, you need to 8alance things.
VRISKA: Gotta keep morale up, you know?
VRISKA: The troops have 8een itching for a feel-good moment like this for a long time.
VRISKA: As a competent leader-slash-power-gamer extraordinaire, it's incum8ent on me to recognize that and cut them a 8it of slack.
VRISKA: Give them a little space to remem8er what they're all fighting for, you know?
TEREZI: Y34H, GR34T PO1NT

VRISKA: We could do the same, you know.
VRISKA: Over the last few years, we've had so many gr8 times and 8uried all the old hatchets deep enough that I think it's easy to take our relationship for granted.
VRISKA: Doesn't hurt to remind ourselves how lucky we 8oth are. And how close we came to going in completely different directions.
VRISKA: Anyway, I'm glad this is the path we chose. I couldn't ask for a 8etter moirail. ::::)
TEREZI: M3 N31TH3R
TEREZI: 1 DON'T KNOW HOW 1 WOULD H4V3 L1V3D W1TH MYS3LF 1F 1 H4D... GON3 THROUGH W1TH 1T
TEREZI: 4ND W3'D B3 D34D 1F 1 H4DN'T...
TEREZI: TH4NK GOD FOR 3GB3RT
TEREZI: N3V3R N3V3R N3V3R T3LL H1M 1 S41D TH1S BUT
TEREZI: FOR 4 DORK, H3'S...
VRISKA: Hmm?
TEREZI: H3
TEREZI: L3T'S JUST S4Y YOU D1D 4 GR34T JOB TR41N1NG H1M, ONC3 UPON 4 T1M3
VRISKA: Hey, so did you!
VRISKA: Some version of yourself was 8adass enough to write down all those instructions in her own 8lood just 8efore she died.
VRISKA: Sounds like a real hero to me!
TEREZI: H3H3
VRISKA: Sometimes I wonder what things would 8e like if we never had our falling out.
VRISKA: It was a lot like this, 8ack in the old days, remem8er?
VRISKA: Just hanging out, working together, not much drama except I guess for the occasional ethical de88 on how our foes should 8e dealt with.
VRISKA: What if it never spiraled out of control? If I never 8linded you, if you never 8lew off my arm...
VRISKA: What if you decided to send John 8ack to change all that instead?
TEREZI: 1 D1DN'T WR1T3 TH3 1NSTRUCT1ONS MYS3LF, BUT
TEREZI: 1'M SUR3 1 N3V3R CONS1D3R3D 1T
TEREZI: 3V3RYTH1NG W3 W3NT THROUGH B4CK TH3N M4D3 US STRONG3R
TEREZI: 1T W4S SOM3TH1NG TO WORK TO PUT B3H1ND US, NOT 3R4S3
TEREZI: SOM3TH1NG TH4T W4S WORTH TH3 3FFORT >:]
VRISKA: Yeah!
VRISKA: <>
KARKAT: *SHOUT BLITHER BLAH BLAH WORDS*
KARKAT: *BLAH BLAH TACTLESS NINCOMPOOPS SHOUT RAMBLE SCREED*
KARKAT: *BLAH BLISTER BEMOAN BLAH BLAH GOSSIP-HUNGRY LOBOTOMY HOBBITS*
KARKAT: *SHOUT YELL SCREECH HOLLER BRAINLESS GUSHING YAMMERTWATS*
VRISKA: Oh god.
VRISKA: What is he going on a8out now?
TEREZI: SOUNDS L1K3 H3'S Y3LL1NG 4T D4V3 4ND JOHN 4BOUT SOM3TH1NG
VRISKA: So, John's 8een here for all of five minutes, and he already tripped Karkat's tirade siren?
TEREZI: H3'S NOT 4CTU4LLY 4NGRY
TEREZI: H3'S 3MB4RR4SS3D 4BOUT SOM3TH1NG

TEREZI: MY 34R 1S F1N3LY TUN3D TO TH3 4LL V4NTRUM NU4NC3S
VRISKA: Em8arrassed? A8out what?
VRISKA: Think he might ACTUALLY 8e 8ent out of shape over the fact that he's not leader anymore?
TEREZI: NO W4Y
TEREZI: 1T'S SOM3TH1NG V3RY P3RSON4L
VRISKA: I wonder if John's 8een asking what the deal is with him and Dave?
VRISKA: John was pretty nosy, if I recall.
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK 1T'S MOR3 L1K3LY D4V3 1S JUST R4MBL1NG S4NS F1LT3R 4G41N
VRISKA: Yeah, he does do that a lot, doesn't he.
VRISKA: Hey, as long as we're swearing each other to secrecy on stuff, make A8SOLUTELY sure they never know I said this, 8ut...
VRISKA: He and Karkat...
VRISKA: Are KIND of adora8le??
VRISKA: In whatever quadrant that whole situation settled in.
VRISKA: I don't know, it's none of my 8usiness really. I just never would have guessed!
TEREZI: 4GR33D
TEREZI: 1 GU3SS W3 STUCK TO OURS3LV3S MOSTLY
TEREZI: 4ND ROS3 4ND K4N4Y4 W3R3 4LL... YOU KNOW
TEREZI: SO TH4T L3FT TH3M 4ND TH31R CUT3 M4YOR S1D3K1CK TO...
TEREZI: SORT TH1NGS OUT 4MONGST 34CH OTH3R? W1THOUT 1NT3RF3R3NC3 FROM 4 BUNCH OF CR4ZY FUCK3D UP G1RLS
TEREZI: 1'M H4PPY FOR TH3M
TEREZI: 4ND... FOR M3 TOO
TEREZI: 1F YOU H4DN'T B33N 4ROUND, 1 H4V3 4 F33L1NG 1 WOULD H4V3 GOTT3N SUCK3D 1NTO SOM3 W31RD BULLSH1T W1TH BOTH OF TH3M
VRISKA: Sounds rough.
VRISKA: Guess that's one more 8ullet dodged, thanks to yours truly!
TEREZI: GU3SS SO!
TEREZI: (G33K)

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/05/15**

dialoglogTEREZI: GONN4 M1SS YOU
TEREZI: SUR3 YOU H4V3 TO G3T GO1NG SO SOON?
VRISKA: Yeah, I really can't waste much more time.
VRISKA: Just have to get all these goof8alls squared away, then I'm off.
TEREZI: OH...
VRISKA: Is something wrong?
TEREZI: NO
TEREZI: W3LL, NOT R34LLY
TEREZI: NOTH1NG 1MPORT4NT
VRISKA: What is it?
TEREZI: 1T'S DUMB
TEREZI: YOU'LL PROB4BLY L4UGH 4T M3
VRISKA: No I won't!

VRISKA: Come on, tell me. What good is having a moirail you don't feel like you can talk to?
TEREZI: 1 DUNNO
TEREZI: 1'M NOT SUR3 1 C4N 3V3N PUT MY F1NG3R ON WH4T'S BUGG1NG M3
TEREZI: 1 F33L L1K3 1 SHOULD B3 PSYCH3D FOR TH3 B4TTL3 4H34D
TEREZI: L1K3, PUMP3D UP TO K1LL SOM3 B4D GUYS, 4ND F1N4LLY 3ND TH1S
TEREZI: BUT 1 JUST F33L 4 L1TTL3... W31RD?
TEREZI: 3SP3C14LLY KNOW1NG TH4T YOU WON'T B3 H3R3
VRISKA: What does me not 8eing here have to do with anything?
TEREZI: WH4T 1F
TEREZI: WH3N 1T'S T1M3 TO F1GHT, 4ND P3OPL3 R34LLY N33D M3
TEREZI: TO US3 MY "POW3RS" OR WH4T3V3R 1T 1S 1'M SUPPOS3D TO B3 4BL3 TO DO
TEREZI: WH4T 1F 1T TURNS OUT 1'M NOT 4CTU4LLY TH4T...
TEREZI: GOOD?
VRISKA: 8ut you already proved that you are!
VRISKA: Another version of you 8asically saved us all, remem8er?
TEREZI: 1 KNOW, BUT
TEREZI: TH4T W4S 4 D1FF3R3NT M3
TEREZI: WHO W3NT THROUGH SOM3 TH1NGS 1 N3V3R W3NT THROUGH, 4ND PROB4BLY F1GUR3D OUT HOW TO B3 4W3SOM3 4ND H3RO1C 4LONG TH3 W4Y
TEREZI: 1 N3V3R D1D 4NY OF TH4T, 4ND 1 C3RT41NLY DON'T F33L 4W3SOM3 4ND H3RO1C Y3T
TEREZI: 4ND
TEREZI: TH1S PROB4BLY SOUNDS R34LLY DUMB BUT
TEREZI: 1T K1ND OF M4K3S M3 F33L GU1LTY
VRISKA: Guilty? Why?
TEREZI: B3C4US3 SH3 PR3TTY MUCH S4CR1F1C3D H3RS3LF
TEREZI: TO M4K3 TH1NGS B3TT3R
TEREZI: SP3C1F1C4LLY, B3TT3R FOR *M3* 1 TH1NK
TEREZI: TO L3T M3 L34D 4 B3TT3R L1F3, PR3SUM4BLY
TEREZI: TO F1X MY PROBL3MS 1 GU3SS?
TEREZI: BUT
TEREZI: 1 DON'T F33L F1X3D
TEREZI: 1 4CTU4LLY K1ND4 F33L 4 W31RD S3NS3 OF PR3SSUR3
TEREZI: TO B3 TH3 B3ST V3RS1ON OF MYS3LF, L1K3...
TEREZI: TH3 MOST PRODUCT1V3 4ND H3RO1C 4ND W3LL 4DJUST3D T3R3Z1 1N P4R4DOX SP4C3?
TEREZI: BUT 1'M D3F1N1T3LY NOT TH4T T3R3Z1
VRISKA: Ok, you are 8eing WAY too hard on yourself here.
VRISKA: I really dou8t that's what the other version of you intended!
VRISKA: That's not even how shit works. People don't just get "fixed".
VRISKA: Even if circumstances change so you have a smoother ride, you are always going to have flaws.
VRISKA: I guess you should always try to 8e the 8est version of yourself, 8ut I think it's also important to 8e ok with the fact that you aren't perfect.
VRISKA: I've got flaws too! I mean, o8viously.
VRISKA: 8ut I'm mostly ok with them.

TEREZI: WOW. YOU DON'T S4Y???
VRISKA: Hey, shut up! ::::p
VRISKA: I'm just trying to offer a little perspective here!
TEREZI: Y34H, 1 KNOW
TEREZI: YOU'R3 R1GHT...
TEREZI: 1'LL TRY TO FORG3T 4BOUT TH1S STUFF, 4ND JUST FOCUS ON H3LP1NG OUT TH3 T34M
TEREZI: 1T'LL B3 H4RD DO1NG 1T W1THOUT YOU, BUT 1 GU3SS 1'V3 M4N4G3D TO DO 1T B3FOR3
TEREZI: 3V3N 1F 1 DON'T R3M3MB3R
VRISKA: Yeah!
VRISKA: You'll 8e fine. I know you can do it.
TEREZI: WH3N W1LL 1 S33 YOU 4G41N?
VRISKA: Some day.
VRISKA: I'll do my 8est to shorten the w8 for you as much as I can. Using time travel or whatever other nonsense I may have at my disposal.
VRISKA: When all is said and done, I'll drop 8y Earth and look you up.
TEREZI: 1 C4N'T W41T >:]
TAVROSPRITE: *bLITHER BABBLE, rAMBLE SELF ESTEEM, pRATTLE,*
TAVROSPRITE: *rAMBLE MUMBLE, bRAVE ALIVE HERO,*
TAVROSPRITE: *mUTTER BLITHER, fINALLY PROVE YOURSELF, bABBLE BABBLE,*
VRISKA: Tavros, would you leave that poor kid alone?
VRISKA: What sort of nonsense are you telling him?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/05/15**

dialoglogROSE: Dave, we were sort of in the middle of something here.
DAVE: in the middle of what
ROSE: A series of heartfelt conversations of a personal nature.
DAVE: oh
DAVE: i guess im in the middle of those now too
DAVE: im feeling heartfelt as fuck somebody bone me up on the shit
ROSE: One cannot simply be boned up on shit such as this. You had to be there.
DAVE: come on
ROSE: Wizards, Problems, Feelings. It was your standard tale of two estranged mutual mothers.
ROSE: Any questions?
DAVE: yes lots
ROSE: Ok.
ROSE: Can you maybe sit over there for a while and write them all down?
DAVE: um
KANAYA: Rose This Accumulation Of People Is Coming Dangerously Close To What Your Culture Might Process As A Human Familial Unit
KANAYA: This Is A Foreign Idea To Me And Probably A Private Matter To You So I Think I Will Leave You All Alone And Go Talk To Some Trolls
KANAYA: Personally I Think You Should Welcome Dave Into The Fold Of Your Poignant Wizard Reverie

KANAYA: From My Cultural Point Of View At Least He Has As Much Claim To A Sense Of Ancestral Connection To Your Mother As You
KANAYA: See You Everybody
DAVE: yeah man kanaya to the rescue with smart shit to say as usual
ROSE: Utterly destroyed again, by her superior sense of reason and decorum.
ROSE: Though I do wonder if her perspective would be different if she'd ever had to manage relations with a "twin brother".
DAVE: ok but who cares about that
DAVE: so rose
DAVE: its our mom
DAVE: hey mom
ROXY: hi!!!
DAVE: well not mom
DAVE: your actual name instead of that i guess
DAVE: roxy i think
ROXY: u think right
ROXY: moms ok too tho
DAVE: i dunno that might be weird
DAVE: calling you that all the time
DAVE: rose would that be weird
ROSE: It would probably get a little weird.
DAVE: so mom
DAVE: im just going to jump right into the fuckin frying pan here
DAVE: like tape off a no bullshit zone for a while
DAVE: if thats ok
ROXY: a frying pan in the no bullshit zone??
ROXY: sounds intense
ROXY: who is manning this pan and who gave him clearance for the no bs zone
DAVE: captain Serious is at the pan and he got the go-ahead from lieutenant Doesnt Fuckaround of the Heartattack Armada
ROXY: isnt lieutenant a lower rank than captain
ROXY: who put this dude in charge of such an important pan
DAVE: um i dont know maybe it is?
DAVE: ok like its cool that you even know that fact but this is exactly the kind of fuckery the no bs zone doesnt cotton to no matter what sorta cookware is involved or which pseudomilitary organization regulates its borders
DAVE: i just have some questions about you and about stuff in general so rather than mumble through a conversation that sounds mostly like the stuff we literally just got done sayin, sweet though that would be, im gonna machine gun some shit at you lighting round style
ROXY: a machine gun lightning round in a frying pan!!!!!
ROXY: god.....DAMN
DAVE: i know right?
DAVE: so
DAVE: you are my biological mother
ROXY: yes
DAVE: and roses

ROXY: yes
DAVE: and therefore bear at least partial and like biologically incidental responsibility for why we are both so fucked up
ROXY: yes
DAVE: but you yourself are a paradox clone
ROXY: um... i guess?
DAVE: which means
DAVE: you didnt even have bio parents
DAVE: you originated from yourself
ROXY: guess so!
DAVE: so you really dont have anyone to blame for who you are except weirdly and paradoxically yourself
ROXY: um.. y.. yes?
ROSE: Dave.
DAVE: wait ok
DAVE: sorry if that sounded rude i didnt mean it rudely
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: you did have a "parental figure" who you i guess modeled yourself after in a way
DAVE: or were influenced by i mean
DAVE: an old version of rose from a long time ago
ROXY: yes!
DAVE: and my bro was the same way
DAVE: or
DAVE: your friend i mean
ROXY: dirk!
DAVE: he was a paradox clone of himself
DAVE: and he like
DAVE: did kind of the same thing
DAVE: modeled himself after...
ROXY: ...
DAVE: why dont we not talk about dirk
DAVE: can we change the subject
ROXY: you brought him up!!
DAVE: i know
DAVE: i know
DAVE: look
DAVE: i bring up a lot of things
DAVE: and then have to back track a lot of those things i bring up
DAVE: cause sometimes the things i bring up are ill advised to say or make people uncomfortable or make me uncomfortable
DAVE: its just a thing about me
ROXY: ooh!
ROXY: just had a thought
ROXY: do i get to do a lightning round at you next??
DAVE: i guess so yeah
DAVE: depends on if you want to keep sitting in this goddamn pan

ROXY: hmm i dunno
ROXY: maybe our asses are gettin too hot
DAVE: maybe you should speak for yourself
ROSE: DAVE!
DAVE: SHIT
ROXY: lol
DAVE: no mom look
DAVE: roxy i mean
DAVE: its like i was just saying
DAVE: i just say things it is just like this force of nature no one can control or even try to, least of all me
DAVE: we just have to cross our fingers and hope for the best
DAVE: and that my one man verbal slapstick routine isnt too freudian in nature or at least not that often
DAVE: anyway lets pretend i didnt just insinuate you have a hot ass and move on
ROXY: ;)
DAVE: i heard something about wizards
DAVE: you hells into wizards like rose?
ROXY: YES
DAVE: ok well that is a predictable if somewhat bland fact
DAVE: lets see if we can dig a lil deeper
DAVE: dont get me wrong wizards are ok i guess
ROXY: oh yeah? well maybe YOURE ok
DAVE: yeah, im alright
DAVE: wizards are better at magic than me
DAVE: but im better than wizards at rap
DAVE: so i guess it breaks even
DAVE: or it would if i was a pretend jackass in silly robes and a dumb beard
DAVE: so point goes to dave
ROSE: (Sigh.)
DAVE: do you like rap
ROXY: kinda!
ROXY: dirk loves rap so i...
ROXY: ummm haha never mind
ROXY: forgot we werent talkin about that
DAVE: well what do you like to do
ROXY: i like.....
ROXY: cats!!!
DAVE: ok that is a fair opinion but cats arent actually an activity or anything
ROXY: theyyy kinda were for me though!
ROXY: i uh
ROXY: used to clone them
ROXY: i may have um
ROXY: gotten a little carried away
DAVE: cat cloning huh
DAVE: that sounds like a pretty dope hobby

DAVE: i think were getting somewhere
DAVE: so you had access to that kind of stuff becaused you lived in a scifi world
ROXY: a scifi world?
DAVE: yeah the future
DAVE: what was the future like
ROXY: watery
ROXY: fulla chess people
ROXY: lots o pumpkins
ROXY: u kno
ROXY: usual dystopian stuff
DAVE: i see
DAVE: and it was just the chess guys and you
DAVE: like alone
DAVE: no other people except for bro
DAVE: who i guess was way off somewhere?
ROXY: yup
DAVE: sounds like kind of a bummer
ROXY: yeah
ROXY: i talked to my friends a lot though
ROXY: via computers n shit
DAVE: thats cool
DAVE: me too
DAVE: maybe when it comes down to it our lives werent that different
DAVE: except for the extinction of humanity part
DAVE: my humans were just
DAVE: imminently extinct is all
DAVE: i didnt have chess guys around though
DAVE: theyre actually good company
ROXY: yeah!!
DAVE: my best best best best best friend is a chess guy
DAVE: hes the mayor
DAVE: ill have to introduce you to him soon
DAVE: youll love the mayor everybody loves the mayor
ROXY: wanna meet the mayor!
DAVE: dont worry ill put in a good word for you pretty sure we can find an opening in his schedule
DAVE: tell me more
ROXY: more?
DAVE: about you
ROXY: damn dude
ROXY: this frying pan...
ROXY: shit be SIZZLIN
DAVE: fuck yeah
DAVE: aside from cat breeding how else did you pass the time
ROXY: ummmmmmmm
ROXY: writin
ROXY: um

ROXY: a FAIR amount of uh
ROXY: lets say recreational liquid intake
ROXY: and uhh
ROXY: oh um hacking
DAVE: haha seriously
DAVE: like actual hacking
ROXY: yeah!
ROXY: well computer programming rly
ROXY: hacking is just what u call it to sound cool
ROXY: there wasnt even much shit around to "hack"
DAVE: so kinda like john
DAVE: except
DAVE: i think he pretty much sucked at his codes
ROXY: hahahahaha really
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: he seemed to find it frustrating mainly
DAVE: his bitching about it is literally my only point of reference for his degree of proficiency
DAVE: youre good though right
DAVE: i bet youre good
ROXY: tha BEST 8)
DAVE: knew it
ROXY: maybe i could give him some pointers on the leet haxx
DAVE: fuck yes
DAVE: hed be all about that
DAVE: or i think he should be which is all that matters
DAVE: do that and insist on it if he gets weirdly obstinate or like tries to pretend he doesnt like programming anymore
ROXY: ok
DAVE: what else
ROXY: oh umm
ROXY: idk dave i might be runnin outta shit to say!
DAVE: you sure
ROXY: iiii
ROXY: liked to play games?
DAVE: what games
ROXY: uh mostly...
ROXY: the nintendos
DAVE: i see
DAVE: which nintendos
ROXY: a whole bunch of nintendos!!
ROXY: like lotsa diff systems n titles
ROXY: i dunno if the ones i associate strongly with would have the same meaning like culturally speaking for you
ROXY: because to me they were all like cool ancient relics that kept me somewhat in touch with a world that was long gone
DAVE: that makes sense

DAVE: thats mostly the relationship i have now with garbage romcoms
DAVE: largely because karkat likes watchin em
DAVE: so these godforsaken flicks have helped keep me grounded in our dead civilization in a weird way
DAVE: but re: games...
DAVE: i didnt have nintendos
DAVE: my bro had xbox so i played that sometimes
DAVE: but he mostly had all these shitty skating games
DAVE: and like 20 different tony hawk titles
DAVE: i would mainly just play them to fuck around
DAVE: like find spectacular ways to crash and flop around like a douchey ragdoll
DAVE: or figure out ways to get halfway stuck inside concrete fixtures and obstacles
DAVE: and watch all these cool fratty bros twitch and flop ad infinitum
DAVE: like struggling valiantly and earnestly forever against the shitty and deeply flawed physics of their confining virtual prison
DAVE: i saw them as tragic figures
ROXY: that sounds incredible tbh
DAVE: pretty much
ROXY: do u think we can play games together some time?
ROXY: wanna see ur majestic skatebros in their element
DAVE: oh my dick yes
ROSE: Dave.
DAVE: what
ROXY: ok ok !
ROXY: i think its
ROXY: my turn??
ROXY: keep your ass in the pan buddy u gona get GRILLED
DAVE: thats fair
ROXY: oh um
ROXY: rose please dont think im excluding you!
ROXY: jump in the convo any time k?
DAVE: meh shes fine
ROXY: :p
ROSE: I'm perfectly happy serving as a spectator and occasional officiator of this conversation.
ROSE: It's quite entertaining to behold, really. I love watching how different personalities collide with each other upon meeting.
ROSE: Neither of you is failing to disappoint.
ROXY: lmao
ROXY: god is EVERYONE in this family tree a psychoanalyst???
DAVE: yo thats been like
DAVE: her EXACT top preoccupation since she was a fuckin baby
DAVE: didnt she tell you
ROXY: haha no
ROXY: but yeah makes sense
ROXY: but like, youre all mr funny interrogation right now, rose is quite possibly a literal therapist in training i guess?? and uh dirk is dirk

ROXY: just makes ya think is all
DAVE: were all fucked up, the end
DAVE: so what you wanna know mom
DAVE: ..rox

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/05/15**

dialoglogROXY: here comes da lightning
ROXY: u got to imagine it comin out my fingertips
ROXY: wherein i am an almighty wisard
DAVE: ok currently imagining that
DAVE: hmm not bad
DAVE: not bad at all
ROXY: pCHOO
ROXY: um
ROXY: what
ROXY: is your favorite rap guy
DAVE: thats a dead tie
DAVE: between me and snoop
DAVE: also MAYBE obama but to be fair i dont think he raps irl that is mainly just a headcanon i have about him
DAVE: but come on
DAVE: you werent actually curious about that were you
ROXY: im trying to think of stuff to ask jeez!
ROXY: gimme a sec...
ROXY: kay
ROXY: howwww did
ROXY: you become a god tier
DAVE: rose and i went on a suicide mission piloting a moon through the furthest ring
DAVE: the moon had a cosmic mega nuclear bomb in its core but also our quest beds by surprise
DAVE: when it blew up it created literally the biggest fucking sun in existence which also happened to be the exact same sun we thought we were going out there to destroy
DAVE: but we also died and resurrected as god tiers and i guess due to immortality rose up through the surface of the fuckin sun all glowing green and wearing pajamas and shit
ROXY: HOLY CRAP
ROXY: THAT IS SO RIDICULOUSLY INSANE AND COOL!
ROXY: AND SO SO SO MUCH MORE AWESOME THAN WHAT HAPPENED TO US WOW!
DAVE: why how did you do it
ROXY: god its almost embarrassing to even describe
ROXY: especially compared to that!
DAVE: go on
ROXY: um we all had a hangover from magic candy
ROXY: and woke up on our god slabs
ROXY: and like
ROXY: talked for a while
ROXY: have u ever seen the breakfast club

DAVE: no
ROXY: ok well it was like that
ROXY: but probably shittier
ROXY: then we all sorta randomly died on accident
ROXY: due to surprise villain attacks
DAVE: eh that sounds alright
DAVE: who even cares about having a baller origin story
DAVE: we were just some chumps on a moon being melodramatic and in the process of gettin chumped by an omniscient creep
DAVE: your outfit looks cool at least
ROXY: thanks!
ROXY: k then... next
ROXY: have u
ROXY: ever kissed anybody??
DAVE: what
DAVE: man
DAVE: these questions are taking on a different tenor than the ones i asked you
ROXY: well??
DAVE: um yeah ok i WAS kissed
DAVE: by jade when i was dead
DAVE: so i would come back to life
DAVE: that was like... RIGHT before the moon mission i mentioned
ROXY: o yeah
ROXY: i was corpse smooched once too
DAVE: by who
ROXY: ...
ROXY: hey its still my lightning round!
ROXY: i was askin if YOU ever kissed somebody
ROXY: like awake and alive and on purpose
DAVE: maaan
ROSE: We're waiting, Dave.
DAVE: hey i thought you were just "studying" us!
ROSE: I'm also officiating.
ROSE: I'll have to hold you to the question, or throw a flag.
ROSE: Remember the sports?
ROSE: My, how quickly we forget the sports.
DAVE: no come on
DAVE: i just asked you about nintendo and shit!!
ROXY: ok ok!
ROXY: hahaha :)
ROXY: do youuu
ROXY: like drawin
DAVE: yes
ROXY: comics?
DAVE: yes
ROXY: funny comics??

DAVE: fuck yes
ROXY: about fat assed idiots and jpeg trashloss everywhere
DAVE: fuck fucking yes
ROXY: ok ima admit
ROXY: i have you at a little disadvantage
ROXY: since i know some things about your alt future grownup self
DAVE: like what
ROXY: dont wanna spoil it!
ROXY: theres a better time for that conversation
ROXY: and maybe a better person to have it with than me
DAVE: ...
ROXY: do you like orange soda
DAVE: no
ROXY: NO??
DAVE: hell no
ROXY: then whats your poison
DAVE: aj
ROXY: huh?
DAVE: apple juice
ROXY: thats fuckin cute
DAVE: pretty much
ROXY: have u ever been in love
DAVE: god damn it!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/05/15**

dialoglogROSE: This is the lightning round, Dave.
ROSE: We didn't make the rules.
ROSE: Anyway, I'm ready to blow my Referee's Sport Whistle™ if you don't answer before the Commercially Endorsed Game Clock expires.
DAVE: i think the lightning rounds over
DAVE: why dont we have a distraction to seal the deal
DAVE: hey mom i think harleydad over there is talkin about you
ROXY: jake?
ROXY: hehe yeah i think ur right
ROXY: gotta go catch up with him soon...
ROXY: ill wave hello for now
DAVE: i dont think hes noticing
ROXY: dammit jake look over here u goof
ROXY: gonna start a fire here will all this friendly wavin
DAVE: nope hes completely out to lunch
DAVE: just like all the harleyberts
ROXY: HIIIII JAKE
ROXY: JAKE
ROXY: JAKE DAMMIT HI
JAKE: Oh.

JAKE: Um sorry.
JAKE: H... hi roxy.
JAKE: Youre with us again and... and... i like that.
ROXY: :D
DAVE: thats it?
DAVE: hes right back at it with the bull guy
DAVE: whats with him
DAVE: he reminds me a lot of john but really quiet which is very unjohnish
ROXY: jakes great!
ROXY: but yeah hes not like that all the time
ROXY: he is p gregarious 1 on 1 but i guess he doesnt like crowds much
ROXY: he became sort of a hermit after a few months in our session
ROXY: he mainly hung out with dirk until he eventually sorta shut him out too
ROXY: dude just likes his lonesome time i guess?
DAVE: ill try gettin to know him some time
DAVE: maybe trap him like a shy woodland creature
DAVE: then brutally harangue him with my typically rad shit and become airtight bros
DAVE: right there in the fucking woods
DAVE: exactly how nature intended
ROXY: omg yes
ROXY: i will help u rig your jakesnares
ROXY: maybe leave some hunky dudebait, like a trail of microshorts sprinkled thru out the forest
DAVE: awesome thanks mom
DAVE: roxy i mean
ROSE: Dave, even I'm having less trouble referring to Roxy by her name consistently, and I was the one who grew up knowing her as my literal mother.
ROSE: What is going on with you?
DAVE: nothing
DAVE: its just like semi accidentally replacing a word with another word in a majority of instances
DAVE: why do you need to read things into everything
ROSE: You're right. How could anyone possibly read anything into that sort of repeated slip-up.
DAVE: exactly
ROSE: What if you're making her uncomfortable?
ROXY: its fine really!
ROXY: i think it is sorta endearing
DAVE: see rose yall worrying about nothing as usual
DAVE: moms fine with it
DAVE: moxy
ROXY: snort
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: romy
DAVE: mommy
DAVE: wait fuck
DAVE: ok that one was fucked up
DAVE: lets make sure i never ever fucking say that again
ROXY: im dyin here

ROXY: dave...stoppit
ROXY: im a sphyxiate
DAVE: i cant
DAVE: its like i was saying before
DAVE: this is a force of nature we all gotta just deal with
DAVE: striders blurtscapades
DAVE: daves flying boner circus
DAVE: this shit is immutable
DAVE: i had to face this fact a long time ago
DAVE: i could either try to change that part of myself which is an unwinnable war
DAVE: or i could try focusing on being like a vaguely half decent person so at least the shit i inevitably blurt out from deep down isnt all that bad
DAVE: because the bad stuff has been and is still being purged through an arduous long term process of complete and utter humiliation
ROXY: man
ROXY: arduous long term processes of complete and utter humiliation are basically my aesthetic
ROXY: anyways you are a silly dude and its ok if u keep callin me mom on "accident" :)
ROSE: I hope it is similarly ok with you if I make the conscious decision to refrain from calling you that ever.
ROSE: Unlike Dave, I've taken great pride in the meticulous maintenance of my internal filter.
ROSE: I don't think I have the same luxury he does.
ROSE: Humiliation just makes my demons angrier.
ROXY: yeah rose call me whatev!
ROXY: but um lmao you got a way of makin that sound legit scary
DAVE: its fucked up that shes joking but also not even really
DAVE: youll figure out how to crack her deadpan riddles theres an art to it
ROXY: you guys...
ROXY: an ur friggin psycho babble!
ROXY: its a riot
ROXY: suddenly feelin like maybe im the weak link in this family tree on the analytical front
ROXY: need to step up my game
ROSE: To be fair, Dave's game is pretty flimsy.
ROSE: He's been jacking my swagger for years. He only pulls it off because he's funny.
ROSE: And to be even fairer, I'm not actually much of a psychoanalyst.
ROSE: I know just enough to know that I barely know anything, and probably would have benefited from, I don't know, "college", or something.
ROXY: ok whew i feel a bit less lame then
ROXY: i remember dirks insane scrutinization of all things cerebral had a similar way of dwarfing ones ego
ROXY: maybe that was smoke in mirrors too idk
ROXY: maybe since he and i are ur parents, in terms of psycho skillz...
ROXY: hes got ALL genes and i got NONE
ROXY: so that means dave got SOME genes and rose got LOTS??
ROXY: wherein SOME is more than NONE and LOTS is less than ALL
ROXY: ???
ROSE: That's quite a scientific way of looking at it.

ROSE: Maybe it's even true?
ROXY: yeah i fuken LOVE SCIENCE!!!
DAVE: ok then that explains everything
ROXY: what
DAVE: if you got all the science genes then that means some scraped off on me
DAVE: which would explain why my beats are so ill
DAVE: its cause my science is off the charts
ROSE: Holy shit.
ROSE: Can someone come push this nerd off the lilypad?
ROXY: dat explanation tho
ROXY: :')
ROSE: Cringeworthy rap notwithstanding,
ROSE: I do recall hearing him babble about wanting to be a scientist on more than one occasion.
ROSE: If the world hadn't ended.
ROSE: What was it? Archeology? Paleontology?
DAVE: yeah i dunno
DAVE: one of those things
DAVE: whichever involved more dead shit
DAVE: maybe
ROXY: paleontology!!
ROXY: u wanted to study that?
DAVE: i sincerely mumbled about the idea once or twice sure
ROXY: thats neat
ROXY: what about you rose
ROXY: did u actually want to be a legit psychiatrist and go to school for that and all?
ROSE: I don't recall my thoughts on higher education.
ROSE: My passion for the subject I think was more a contrivance of a very young girl with misplaced conviction in her abilities.
ROSE: I probably thought I could just figure it all out myself and skip the academic coronation.
ROSE: I don't think much about it anymore.
ROSE: Possibly because there's no one left to analyze, except for the modest population of this frog disc.
ROXY: what would you want to do with your life instead?
ROXY: i mean assuming there were no more evildoers to worry about
ROSE: I don't know.
ROSE: What is there even to consider doing with godhood BUT concern oneself with evildoers?
DAVE: what about your quest
ROSE: Hm?
DAVE: the shit with your planet and the rain and stuff
DAVE: wasnt there still something to do there
ROSE: I... guess so?
ROXY: yeah
ROXY: i did mine!
ROXY: or at least a version of it specific to my situation
ROXY: i get the feelin they change around and such depending on what the lay of the land is
ROXY: my reality was fucked so my denizen just kinda... rerouted me

ROXY: nothin too fancy
DAVE: yeah exactly
DAVE: i did this really stilted like mashup of what i assume my "real quest" was
DAVE: like involving breaking a sword and UNbreaking a sword and a fuckin BIRD was involved and then the bird unceremoniously DIED somewhere
DAVE: it was kind of a mess
DAVE: like me i guess so maybe that made sense
DAVE: who knows what yours would have in store for you now
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: if you even wanted to bother
ROSE: I'm not sure if I have the inclination, and realistically, there isn't even much time for that, is there?
ROSE: We're supposed to be fighting adversaries imminently.
ROSE: I can't squeeze it in before the battle.
ROSE: And after, we'll have supposedly "won", so what would even be the point of doing it then?
DAVE: shrug
ROSE: Something always rubbed me the wrong way about "My Quest".
ROSE: I don't even like the phrase. It's uncomfortably formal, and a little foreboding.
ROSE: I think the regimentation of it all always struck me as unpalatable.
ROSE: Like consigning personal growth to the completion of a glorified, myth-heavy rat maze.
DAVE: yeah i know why you feel that way
DAVE: youve got big problems with authority
DAVE: you always have and you probably wouldnt even put it that way cause it sounds really Teen of you and gauche or whatever
DAVE: but its true
ROXY: omg u guys and your shrink babble!
ROXY: is so funny i swear 2 god
DAVE: yeah here we go again right?
DAVE: except just remember im a fraud at this stuff
DAVE: except in this particular case im totally right
DAVE: she sees this quest all neatly laid out for her wrapped in a bow
DAVE: fuck it even looks like its made for little kids with like pink turtles and rainbows and shit
DAVE: like here you go princess its babys first quest
DAVE: almost like it was designed to piss her off
DAVE: sburb says here, self improvement delineated and made comprehensible enjoy your cookie cutter odyssey
DAVE: so because shes rose she goes no fuck my quest
DAVE: literally starts wrecking shit
DAVE: and maybe that itself was always her quest
VRISKA: If I may interject...
DAVE: oh awesome vriska was eavesdropping
VRISKA: Not for very long!
VRISKA: I just heard you talking a8out Rose's quest is all.
VRISKA: I don't have any opinion on whether you do it or not, Rose. That's your 8usiness.
VRISKA: 8ut my advice is, if you see your denizen, just make sure you kill her fast.
DAVE: what

VRISKA: 8elieve me, Cetus is a HUGE 8itch.
VRISKA: If you give her an inch, she'll try to sucker you into a whole 8oring convers8tion, mostly involving a 8unch of curmudgeonly riddles.
VRISKA: Don't give her the chance! Just go for the jugular and end it as soon as you can.
VRISKA: Gra8 her loot and call it a day. That's what I think, at least.
VRISKA: Assuming you 8other going to see her at all. Couldn't really 8lame you if you didn't though.
ROSE: I probably won't.
ROSESPRITE: Won't what?
VRISKA: Oh now what the FUCK is this????????
JASPERSPRITE: Meow.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/05/15**

dialoglogROXY: FRIGGLISH!
ROXY: oh my god you cheeky bastard
ROXY: oooomg
DAVE: um
DAVE: what exactly the fuck
ROSE: ...
ROXY: frigglish
ROXY: i cannot believe this
ROXY: you dug up her body!!!!!
JASPERSPRITE: :3
ROXY: omg that is SO BAD!
ROXY: but also sweet of you to bring her back but also WOW BAD!!!!!
ROSE: Wait.
ROSE: Dug... up?
ROSESPRITE: I'm a little unclear on that myself.
ROSESPRITE: Jaspers hasn't been especially descriptive.
JASPERSPRITE: Meow!
JASPERSPRITE: Yes both roses i dug you up!
ROSE: From... where?
ROXY: um
ROXY: johns planet
ROXY: remember the funeral i mentioned?
ROXY: frigglish was there too
ROXY: orrr um jaspers?? our dumb departed beautiful idiot cat!!
ROXY: haha i guess i made a novice mistake
ROXY: i turned my back on the body
ROSESPRITE: You had a funeral for me?
ROSESPRITE: That was nice of you.
ROXY: yeah!
ROXY: so um...
ROXY: HI!!!!!
ROXY: wow haha this is confusing!

ROXY: welcome back youre alive again hey come here!
VRISKA: LALONDE DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH HER!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: Fucking incredi8le.
VRISKA: Am I the ONLY one here concerned with making sure we don't cre8te freakish mutant people-com8os?!
ROXY: wha
VRISKA: She's only 8een single-prototyped!
VRISKA: Don't go near her.
ROXY: ohhh
ROXY: heh right
VRISKA: It is a8solutely astounding how much you all need me around to keep your shit str8.
VRISKA: Even then it's a constant up hill 8attle to keep you all from fucking up!
VRISKA: I let my guard down for one second and this 8rainless animal wastes one of your precious resurrection slots on someone who's ALREADY ALIVE!
VRISKA: Well, congratul8tions. You're down to one empty kernel.
VRISKA: 8e sure to use it wisely!
VRISKA: Not that there's much hope of that at this point.
VRISKA: See you chumps. I'm out of this convers8tion.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/05/15**

dialoglogDAVE: so
DAVE: what does this even mean
DAVE: theres two roses now like
DAVE: what the fuck
DAVE: what are we supposed to do with this information and unfolding set of circumstances
ROSESPRITE: I don't know, Dave.
ROSESPRITE: I have advanced seer powers, and the newly acquired insight of a mystical guide.
ROSESPRITE: And even I'm stumped about this turn of events.
DAVE: ok then
DAVE: good to know im not dumb and this literally is inherently irrational
DAVE: thanks ghost cat great job
JASPERSPRITE: :3 :3 :3
DAVE: so what now
ROSESPRITE: Well,
ROSESPRITE: It's nice to be back, after such a spectacular sequence of tragic events.
ROSESPRITE: Even though I have no memory of having been gone for long.
ROSESPRITE: But I also understand I am now the Subordinate Rose.
ROSESPRITE: So with respect to my ongoing role, I will have to defer to Real Rose.
ROSESPRITE: I don't want to step on anyone's toes.
ROSESPRITE: Then again, I don't have feet anymore.
ROXY: lol
ROSESPRITE: It's also worth pointing out that my programming as a sprite informs me that I exist at the pleasure of the player who released my kernel.
ROSESPRITE: So, Roxy. What do you think I should do?
ROXY: um wow

ROXY: i dunno!
ROXY: hahah man i only JUST met um... alive rose here
ROXY: and that was after JUST buryin you and saying goodbye and all which was this um
ROXY: emotional thing and now ur back cus of a silly cat! and
ROXY: idk im confused haha
ROXY: rose what do you think
ROSE:
ROXY: rose
ROSE:
ROXY: yo rose...
ROXY: hello?
ROSE: THIS IS SO STUPID!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/05/15**

dialoglogROSE: HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
ROSE: I'm sorry! I can't sit here and pretend to take this seriously!
DAVE: rose
DAVE: you ok
ROSE: I guess so???
ROSE: Yes. I'm FINE! This is just SO DUMB!
ROSE: My powers let me see fortuitous outcomes, but I didn't see this coming AT ALL.
ROSE: It doesn't register as fortuitous or otherwise. You know why?
ROSE: Because it's COMPLETELY MEANINGLESS!
ROSE: HAHAHAHAHA!
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: sure
DAVE: i thought so too when bird dave happened
DAVE: but that turned out to be like
DAVE: a whole thing
DAVE: and important stuff happened as a result... kinda
ROSE: NO!!!!!
ROSE: THIS ISN'T LIKE THAT!
ROSE: Trust me, Dave. I'm not grasping at straws here.
ROSE: My abilities tend not to leave such things to speculation.
ROSE: This development makes absolutely NO SENSE!
ROSE: Not for us as a group, and DEFINITELY not for me personally, or HER for that matter!!!
ROSE: How could this possibly mean ANYTHING for my growth or personal development in ANY WAY?
ROSE: This almost makes it official.
ROSE: I have no comprehensible path. There's nothing to overcome, no lesson to learn, no cathartic light at the end of this preposterous tunnel.
ROSE: Not for me, at least!
ROSE: I seriously have the DUMBEST arc anyone could conceivably imagine.
DAVE: rose we dont have fuckin "arcs" we are just human beings

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: How's it going over there?
KANAYA: I Told Them I Would Leave Them Alone And Go Talk To Some Trolls
KANAYA: I Guess This Troll Over Here Will Have To Do
VRISKA: Happy to 8e of service.
VRISKA: Man, look at them. They all seem so excited.
VRISKA: Like a 8unch of wigglers hopped up on high fructose gru8 sauce.
VRISKA: I hope they don't crash from this reunion 8uzz too hard 8efore it's showtime.
KANAYA: If They Do I Am Sure One Of Your Contingency Plans Will Swing Into Full Effect
KANAYA: Maybe You Can Buy Time For Everyone To Recover By Lulling Our Adversaries Into An Extensive Strategy Session
VRISKA: Hey Maryam, why don't you can it!
VRISKA: Our sassy little games of one upsmanship are fun and all, 8ut I'm trying to 8e sincere here.
VRISKA: You know, seeing as this is the last time I'll see you all in a while.
KANAYA: Youre Right Sorry
KANAYA: Bring On The Sincerity
VRISKA: I was just saying, a8out the humans.
VRISKA: They seem so happy.
VRISKA: I mean, look at Rose!
VRISKA: No offense, 8ut most of the time she's kind of a pill.
KANAYA: None Taken And Me Too Probably
VRISKA: Good point.
VRISKA: 8ut I don't think I've ever seen her like that. 8y which I mean, making no discerni8le effort whatsoever to disguise the fact that she's happy.
VRISKA: Well, ok. May8e there were a couple times.
KANAYA: Is That In Reference To How You Like To Flagrantly Spy On Us Sometimes
VRISKA: I don't "spy" on you!
VRISKA: That is such an unfair characteriz8tion.
VRISKA: Would you can it with that shit already??
KANAYA: Ill Never Understand Your Ongoing And Apparently Unironic Use Of The Phrase "Can It"
KANAYA: And In Particular Why You Always Seem To Direct This Expression To Me And Seemingly No One Else
KANAYA: I Just Think It Is Such A Peculiar And Amusing Way To Tell Someone To Be Quiet
VRISKA: What! Why?
VRISKA: No, that's a normal way of putting it!
VRISKA: I mean... it's a pretty normal thing to say, right? When you want... someone... to pipe down?
KANAYA: "Pipe Down" Isnt Even Much Better
KANAYA: Its Just A Funny Thing To Say And The Fact That You Dont Realize It Makes It Funnier
KANAYA: I Think The Underlying Explanation Is That You Are Just Funnier That You Realize Or Try To Be
KANAYA: It Is Something To Like About You

VRISKA: I guess I'll have to accept your sass as a compliment then.
VRISKA: And no, I don't SPY on you. I just...
VRISKA: Check in with you sometimes! To see how you're doing.
KANAYA: Okay If Thats How You Want To Put It
KANAYA: You Involve Yourself In Many Private Matters Without Even Offering The Pretense Of Doing Otherwise
KANAYA: To Think That At One Point I Was Regarded As The Meddlesome One
VRISKA: Look, it just so happens that I care very deeply for all my friends and want to make sure they're doing alright on a somewhat regular 8asis.
VRISKA: Is that a crime??
KANAYA: In Some Societies Violating The Privacy Of Others In Certain Ways Yes I Believe So
KANAYA: I Understand Your Motives Though And Really This Is Just Me Giving You A Hard Time
VRISKA: I never got why everyone treats their romantic affairs as so PRIV8.
VRISKA: What's the 8ig deal. So you like to do some smooching and stuff with another person. May8e get over yourselves??
VRISKA: Karkat is the worst offender. You'd think he was charged with guarding st8 secrets. News flash, 8uddy. No8ody gives a fuck!
KANAYA: It Sounds Like You Very Much Give A Fuck Though
VRISKA: Hey, why don't you can... I mean, cut me some slack?
VRISKA: I don't hold anyone to standards I don't hold myself to.
VRISKA: I'm very open a8out my rel8tionships! My moirallegience with Terezi? Pff. Ask me anything! I have nothing to hide.
VRISKA: We'll throw our diamonds up in your face like we're making a getaway.
VRISKA: We don't even give a fuck. If you can't take the stench, then get out of the meal 8lock.
VRISKA: Same with any ashen liaisons I've 8een involved with over the years. What's the 8ig deal?
KANAYA: I Have To Admit To Being Impressed With Your Uh
KANAYA: Strangely Natural Proficiency With Auspisticism
KANAYA: It Is An Incredibly Difficult Quadrant To Master And Very Emotionally Taxing I Find
KANAYA: In A Way That Conflicts With The Pursuit Of Relationships In Other Quadrants
KANAYA: I Cant Ignore That During Our Trip You Probably Diffused A Lot Of Unpleasant Situations Before They Started
KANAYA: But When It Comes To Matters Of Privacy And Such
KANAYA: And Which Forms Of Expression People Feel At Ease Showing In Public
KANAYA: Pale Relationships Are Really Different I Think
KANAYA: What About The Other Kind
KANAYA: Seems To Me You Have Not Been Involved In Any So Im Not Sure You Really Understand
VRISKA: I just don't have time for anything like that in my life right now!
VRISKA: Red and 8lack rel8tionships are so a8sor8ing. I have a strong pale rel8tionship which is very important to me, 8ut that's a8out all I can handle.
VRISKA: May8e l8ter on when the dust settles from this crazy adventure, I'll consider it. 8ut for now, this is all I can deal with.
VRISKA: I just have too many irons in the fire, you know?
KANAYA: I Know All About The Irons
KANAYA: I Have Heard Rumors Of This Alleged Fire As Well

VRISKA: So what are they talking a8out?
KANAYA: What
VRISKA: All your 8uddies over there!
VRISKA: We were still talking a8out that. It's ridiculous how easily we all get sidetracked 8y romantic 8lither.
KANAYA: Oh
KANAYA: "Family" Stuff Mainly
VRISKA: It's pretty fascin8ting. Sociologically speaking, I mean.
VRISKA: Their idea of families.
VRISKA: The idea of si8lings is strange enough. People who are genetically similar and grow up together.
VRISKA: Spending all that time with Dave and Rose, you started getting a sense for it. Like, the logic of it, how it must have shaped Earth society. 8ut also its inherent ridiculousness.
VRISKA: Sharing a residence with your near-clone while growing up? So preposterous.
VRISKA: 8ut then you add the idea of parents, and suddenly it's complete madness.
VRISKA: Our society was so individualistic, and that all seemed so normal and reasona8le.
VRISKA: So I look over there, and see two Lalondes and a Strider, and there's a whole OTHER Strider on the way, and...
VRISKA: A human family starts striking me as not so much a social unit, so much as like, an INFEST8TION.
KANAYA: Yeah
KANAYA: Well
KANAYA: I Will Say An Entire Other Strider Does Sound Like A Bit Much
KANAYA: On Top Of What Is Already Quite A Spectacle
KANAYA: Maybe We Just Dont Get It
VRISKA: Of course we don't. That's my point.
VRISKA: I mean, we have ancestors, 8ut under normal circumstances it's pretty much UNHEARD of to imagine you'd ever get the chance to meet them.
VRISKA: We had the unusual privilege of meeting most of ours, or at least, certain versions of them.
VRISKA: 8ut that's still just a one-person lineage. It's really simple and comprehensi8le.
VRISKA: Human lineage is just a huge clusterfuck if you ask me.
KANAYA: There Is A Certain Advantage To It Though
KANAYA: Their Decentralized Propagation Makes It A Lot More Likely Their Race Will Persist
KANAYA: The Same Cannot Be Said For Ours
KANAYA: I Still Often Wonder If We Are The Last Of Our Kind
VRISKA: You're still dou8tful a8out whether you can hatch a new mother gru8?
KANAYA: Yeah
KANAYA: More Than Doubtful Id Say
VRISKA: You shouldn't lose faith!
VRISKA: I'm not even the slightest 8it worried a8out whether you can do it.
VRISKA: When you get the chance, just 8rainstorm a8out it with the Lalondes. They tend to 8e full of ideas.
VRISKA: Anyway, try not to get down a8out it. I have a good feeling. ::::)
KARKAT: GET DOWN ABOUT WHAT
KANAYA: A Particular Obligation I Have Yet To Fulfill

KANAYA: I Sense She Possesses Some Intelligence On The Matter She Wishes To Be Cagey About So I Guess That Part Of The Conversation Has Been Concluded
KARKAT: OBLIGATION?
KARKAT: VRISKA, HAVE YOU BEEN DISHING MORE DIRT ON OUR STRATEGY BEFORE FORMALLY BRINGING OUR MEETING BACK TO ORDER?
KARKAT: PRETTY SLOPPY LEADERSHIP MOVE, IF YOU ASK ME.
VRISKA: Karkat, it had NOTHING to do with your and Kanaya's upcoming roles in this campaign.
VRISKA: It was a more priv8 matter pertaining to Kanaya's 8roader significance to the future of our people.
VRISKA: I will 8e very clearly spelling out the roles you and she will 8e playing momentarily.
KARKAT: ME AND SHE??
KARKAT: AS IN LIKE, TOGETHER?
KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BE DOING TOGETHER.
VRISKA: You'll find out.
KARKAT: GREAT! I'M SO GLAD.
KARKAT: AT THIS POINT, I ONLY EVER FEEL ANGST OR EVEN THE SLIGHTEST SENSE OF AGITATION IN MY SOUL TO THE PRECISE EXTENT THAT I WORRY VRISKA *MIGHT* NOT HAVE ALL OF OUR FORTUNES COMPLETELY MAPPED OUT ALREADY.
KARKAT: I'M BEGINNING TO HYPERVENTILATE SLIGHTLY LESS JUST THINKING ABOUT IT!!!
VRISKA: Good to hear, Karkat. Almost as cool as it is to see you yelled yourself out with John and Dave already, and have decided to come clock in some yelling time with us.
VRISKA: Your a8ility to dig deep down and find a second wind is really quite astonishing. I shudder to think what would happen to this party if we ran out of its most precious natural resource.
KARKAT: HAHAHA!
KARKAT: BURNED. OWNED. DEVASTATED. WHAT MORE IS THERE TO SAY?
KARKAT: NOTHING REALLY, UNLESS YOU WANT WHATEVER PITIFUL TATTERS OF YOUR SELF IMAGE YOU HAVE LEFT TO GET POWER-PISSED ON BY GODQUEEN SERKET HERSELF, YET AGAIN.
KARKAT: EITHER THAT, OR ONE COULD RUMINATE FONDLY OVER THE HEAVENLY RET-FORKED REALITY WHEREIN SHE WAS STABBED IN THE BACK BY HER MOIRAIL, AND WE ALL GOT TO LIVE OUT THE *FUCKING BLISS* THAT TIMELINE MUST HAVE BEEN.
KARKAT: JUST THINK OF THE PEACE AND QUIET WE WOULD HAVE HAD ON THE METEOR! IT WAS PROBABLY *MORE* THAN WORTH THE PRICE OF CANNON BALLING ASS FIRST INTO SOME SORT OF MASSACRE TRAP.
KARKAT: VRISKA SERKET, MAKING THE LIVING ENVY THE HYPOTHETICAL DEAD SINCE... WHENEVER IT WAS SHE STARTED DOING THAT!
VRISKA: Way to stick the landing on that 8ar8, genius.
VRISKA: I appreci8te that you are just "moseying over" to ar8itrarily drum up some utterly meaningless contention 8etween us, 8ut it's like I've said 8efore many times, Karkat. I'm not interested!
KARKAT: OUCH! SLAUGHTERED AGAIN. "HEHEHE!"
KARKAT: DON'T LISTEN TO HER, KANAYA. IT'S LIKE THIS RUNNING GAG SHE DOES ALL THE TIME, TO OWN ME.
KANAYA: What

KARKAT: IT'S THIS FUNNY THING WE DO. OR MAINLY, SHE DOES.
KARKAT: ALWAYS IMPLYING THAT I'VE BEEN SPADES-CRUSHING ON HER, AND GETTING SHUT DOWN. IT NEVER STOPS BEING HILARIOUS!
KANAYA: ...
KARKAT: FIRST OF ALL, AS IF SHE CAN PROVE ANYTHING.
KARKAT: SECOND, IF WE'RE BEING *TOTALLY FAIR* HERE, MORE THAN A FEW OF HER SNAPPY COMEBACKS ARE ARGUABLY MORE TINGED WITH THAT SORT OF EYEBROW-COCKING HOSTILITY THAN ANYTHING *I'VE* EVER SAID TO HER.
KARKAT: MAYBE MAKES ONE A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS, NO? THAT MAYBE THERE'S SOME PROJECTION GOING ON HERE. JUST SAYING!!!
VRISKA: Alright Karkat, I'm going to leave you here to dig yourself into whatever em8arrassing hole you seem intent on digging.
VRISKA: I'm going to keep working the crowd a 8it. As you know, a leader's jo8 is never done! See ya.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/05/15**

dialoglogKARKAT: BYE! MAYBE TRY ACTING A LITTLE MORE GRACIOUS IN DEFEAT NEXT TIME.
KARKAT: JUST A LITTLE ADVICE FROM ONE LEADER TO ANOTHER!
KANAYA: Shes Gone I Think You Needed To Come Up With That Comeback A Little Faster
KARKAT: YEAH
KARKAT: DAMN
KANAYA: I Think As A Friend It Would Behoove Me To Um
KANAYA: Confide Somewhat
KANAYA: About The Realities Of Pursuing Anything With Her
KARKAT: WAIT
KARKAT: WHAT??
KARKAT: KANAYA, YOU WEREN'T TAKING THAT PATHETIC JOKEY UNREQUITED BLACKROM STUFF SERIOUSLY, WERE YOU???
KANAYA: Lets Imagine That My Attitude Toward The Joking Or Non Joking Status Of That Is Perfectly Neutral
KANAYA: While I Just Say These Things
KANAYA: Aside From The Fact That She Literally Just Got Finished Telling Me She Wasnt Interested In Any Non Pale Relationships
KANAYA: I Think That Would Be A Blind Alley Regardless
KANAYA: I Admit This From Experience
KANAYA: And Not Without Chagrined Hesitation
KANAYA: But Only Frustration And Heartbreak Are Down That Road
KARKAT: OH??
KANAYA: Shes Turned Out To Be A Tremendous Partner In Pale Relationships
KANAYA: Maybe Even Um
KANAYA: A Bit Freakishly So?
KANAYA: But Anything Stronger Than That I Think Would Probably Be Disastrous
KANAYA: She Is Way Too Focused And Self Absorbed To Maintain Such Strong Feelings For Long

KANAYA: She Would Need To Learn To Let Go Of Some Of Her Ambition And Figure Out How To Prioritize The Feelings Of Other People
KANAYA: She Might Even Figure Out How To Be
KANAYA: Happy
KANAYA: *Shudder*
KARKAT: YEAH, WOW
KARKAT: A CHILL JUST RAN UP MY POSTURE POLE, TRYING TO IMAGINE THAT.
KARKAT: YOU KNOW...
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW IF I'VE EVER TOLD YOU.
KARKAT: BUT YOU HAVE A REALLY IMPRESSIVE GRASP OVER ROMANTIC ANALYSIS.
KANAYA: Well I Have Read A Lot Of Novels Too
KANAYA: I Just Dont Brag Much About It
KANAYA: Because It Would...
KANAYA: Literally Be Preposterous To Do So
KARKAT: WE SHOULD BE JAMMING ON THIS SUBJECT MORE. MAYBE EXPLORE SOME OF MY MORE ADVANCED THEORIES.
KARKAT: WE'RE SURROUNDED BY AMATEURS IN THIS FIELD, SO IT GETS A BIT FRUSTRATING.
KARKAT: WELL, THE MAYOR'S A GOOD SOUNDING BOARD AT LEAST. WHEN I WANT TO BOUNCE SOME OF MY MORE "OUT THERE" IDEAS OFF SOMEONE.
KANAYA: Why Dont We Schedule An Academic Conference Some Time
KANAYA: Just You Me And The Mayor
KARKAT: OH FUCK YES!!!!!!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**10/05/15**

dialoglogDAVE: hey am i interrupting anything
VRISKA: Hey, Dave. No, Arquius and I were just exchanging some notes 8efore I 8ring the meeting to order again.
DAVE: ok i just thought i would
DAVE: saunter over here
DAVE: things are getting pretty lalonde heavy over there
VRISKA: It really is an awful lot of fucking Lalondes, isn't it.
DAVE: two was ok or actually cool even but this
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: time to see whats up over here
DAVE: how is it going there broquiusprite
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Nearly finished radically downgrading crocker here
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I then plan on mourning the complete restoration of her woeful inferiority with a moment of silent, subtle fle%ing
DAVE: ok that was some weird stuff to say
DAVE: but cool
DAVE: soooo
DAVE: you are
DAVE: some sort of freak right

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes
DAVE: ok good to know
DAVE: its like
DAVE: talking to someone who is half my bro...
DAVE: but then not even really?
DAVE: the bro half is half AI or something??
DAVE: so maybe one quarter bro
DAVE: but then maybe even less because like alt-universe considerations and also part sprite
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I am notorious for being f-----g sensational at mathemati%, but I don't think I could break it down for you without lying about the precision of my figures
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Which is a practice I am by no means above, mind you
DAVE: yeah the bottom line is i can tell youre just a really watered down version
DAVE: or maybe
DAVE: sweated down
DAVE: why the fuck are you so sweaty
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm not
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I toweled off less than a minute ago
DAVE: oh god
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Sir Dave, there's much we could talk about, en route to wa%ing HARD sentimental about our dubiously shared fraternal past
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> The fact that I will not shouldn't be mistaken for preoccupation with this delicate cybertask, which is trivial to me since my mind is a faultless silicon mesh of living algorithmic perfe%ion
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Neighther should it be ascribed to the fact that my troll hemidentity finds the notion of a reunion with you to be boring as a fiddling fruit
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It is manely that such a bonding e%perience strikes me as an endeavor falling outside my totally ripped and kicktuchus purview
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Brothertimes with Real Dave would best be left to the custody of Real Dirk, not to mention someone who gives at least greater than half a stupid shoot about you
VRISKA: (Swoon.)
DAVE: you know
DAVE: im kinda glad you sound this insane and for the most part barely understandable
DAVE: it makes it extra obvious you arent my legit bro
DAVE: which means i can actually talk to you while only being like vaguely confused and unsettled instead of curling up into a ball and having some sort of social conniption
DAVE: speaking of which
DAVE: uh
DAVE: when is he supposed to get here btw
VRISKA: Relax, Dave.
VRISKA: He's scheduled to arrive around the same time as all the other 8ad guys.
VRISKA: You still have time.
VRISKA: I could have expedited his arrival, 8ut I knew that meeting him was going to 8e a 8ig deal for you, so I decided to let you have some space while we made some plans.
VRISKA: See? I'm always thinking a8out what's good for you guys, and what's 8est for the overall

strategy.
VRISKA: Keeping everyone in high spirits is important!
DAVE: what do you mean
DAVE: 'expedited'
VRISKA: Never mind that.
VRISKA: Just chill out!
DAVE: alright
DAVE: so as long as im supposedly chillin and in no way wondering about my bro
DAVE: are you SURE there are no beverages in that fridge
DAVE: no aj or
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It's a blind alley, brother dawg
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I already asked if she had milk in there once, plus another nine redundant times after that
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I also asked if she would like to touch my muscles
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> The answers were ten no's and one yes
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> That reminds me dave
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Would you like to touch my muscles?
DAVE: maybe later
DAVE: so youre sure theres nothin to drink in there
VRISKA: Yes, Dave.
DAVE: dunno why im so insistent
DAVE: not like my fridge ever had anything comestible inside
DAVE: why the fuck did you even bring it
VRISKA: Don't worry about it.
DAVE: oh come on
TEREZI: G4MZ33'S 1N TH3R3
GAMZEE: HONK
DAVE: oh right
DAVE: somehow i forgot that we literally just established that you had gamzee locked in there for some reason
DAVE: you sure we shouldnt maybe
DAVE: let him out
TEREZI: >:\
DAVE: he could suffocate in there
TEREZI: H3'LL JUST R3V1V3
TEREZI: GOD T13R STYL3, R1GHT?
DAVE: hes not a fuckin god tier
DAVE: hes faking it he just made that fuckin suit from scratch or something
DAVE: i know hes complete trash but maybe we should just let him out
DAVE: whats the harm its not like he can cause much trouble
DAVE: we all way outnumber him and have way more powers and shit
TEREZI: UM...
VRISKA: No.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**10/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Oh, wow. No.
VRISKA: We will not ever 8e hearing from him again. No.
VRISKA: Never, never, never again. Never.
VRISKA: Wow.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**10/05/15**

dialoglogDAVE: so youre just gonna let him suffocate in there then
VRISKA: Dave, give me a little more credit than that.
VRISKA: Gamzee is supposedly relevant to some stuff that's going to happen in the new universe.
VRISKA: He's still got some "plot armor" or some shit.
VRISKA: So when Earth is resitu8ted, I'm just going to drop the fridge in the fucking ocean or something, and let him find his own way out.
DAVE: ok thats fair
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: firm
DAVE: but fair
DAVE: well maybe not that fair but i guess i dont care
DAVE: so is johns hot mom awake yet?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> No
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: not hot mom
DAVE: just mom
DAVE: damn
DAVE: did anyone hear that
TEREZI: Y3S
DAVE: shit
DAVE: lets reboot all trains of thought starting now
DAVE: how much longer til his hot moms awake
DAVE: mom
DAVE: i mean his
DAVE: not mine
DAVE: his mom not my hot mom
DAVE: my mom i mean
DAVE: fucking hell
DAVE: not my mom his
DAVE: johns hot mom
DAVE: JESUS
VRISKA: Sigh.
VRISKA: The Strider Express is off the rails again, so I'm going to duck out of this convers8tion.
VRISKA: See you every8ody.
DAVE: no vriska dont go
DAVE: at least do me the solid of letting me land squarely on some phrases that allow some plausible deniability over whether i think johns mom is super fucking hot

DAVE: shit wait
DAVE: pretend i didnt say that while still rendering its meaning in your mind somehow
DAVE: vriskas gone im not even talking to anyone
TEREZI: D4V3
TEREZI: FORG1V3 M3 1F 1 4M M1SS1NG SOM3 NU4NC3 H3R3
TEREZI: BUT 1T SOUNDS TO M3
TEREZI: 4S 1F YOU B3L13V3 JOHN'S MOTH3R 1S PHYS1C4LLY 4TTR4CT1V3
DAVE: ok now youre just twisting my words around
TEREZI: WH4T WOULD JOHN TH1NK??
DAVE: ok thats an interesting thought but hear me out
DAVE: what if
DAVE: we ran an experiment and spent the rest of our lives finding out what happened if we never told him
TEREZI: 1 W1LL CONS1D3R YOUR R3QU3ST FOR S3CR3CY
TEREZI: M4YB3
TEREZI: FR4NKLY, 1 4M NOT SUR3 SH3 1S 4NYTH1NG TO WR1T3 HOM3 4BOUT
DAVE: what oh what the fuck
DAVE: are you on the idiot drugs today
DAVE: how could you possibly be serious about that
DAVE: how is this unconscious teen grandmother not a completely smokin babe
TEREZI: 1 GU3SS SH3 1S NOT MY CONT41N3R OF SC4LD1NG L34F FLU1D
DAVE: no i dont even believe you
DAVE: youre obviously just trying to rile me up by going against the grain of fragrantly obvious babefacts
ROSE: Is Dave saying inappropriate things about John's mother over there?
DAVE: no!
DAVE: im not saying anything
DAVE: just standard casual observations from a regular bystanding person
TEREZI: H3 K33PS C4LL1NG H3R HOT
DAVE: wow
DAVE: wow
DAVE: peddle LIES much?
DAVE: i guess reprehensible dishonesty is all the rage with the troll kids today
ROXY: wait wats goin on
ROXY: are we all talkin about how hot jane is???
DAVE: no!
DAVE: maybe
ROXY: cuz janey is a straightup sexual fox riding a red hot nuclear bombshell
ROXY: right toward the yowza plaza in the heart of babe city, assachusetts, U S A
ROXY: the last A just stands for more ass
DAVE: THANK you
DAVE: for
DAVE: defending the position i may or may not have been arguing for moments ago
ROSE: No comment.
JOHN: hey, are you guys talking about me?
JOHN: what's going on!

DAVE: NOPE
ROXY: lmao
TEREZI: D4V3 TH1NKS YOUR MOM 1S HOT
JOHN: what!!
DAVE: god DAMMIT terezi

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**11/05/15**

dialoglogJOHN: hey!
JOHN: mr. jake harley i presume?
JAKE: No...?
JAKE: Its english actually.
JAKE: Twas my grandmas surname.
JOHN: oh. my mistake!
JOHN: so then, is it just a coincidence that she had the same name as an invincible super villain?
JOHN: are coincidences even real??
JAKE: I dunno.
JAKE: The history is a little murky to me.
JAKE: I heard she took the name from a nasty fellow to spite a wicked baroness.
JOHN: ok.
JOHN: good to know!
JOHN: it's been interesting to learn how even though we are all pretty similar, we all had a lot of really different life details.
JAKE: I guess so.
JOHN: like, there are all these things i take for granted about jade's childhood, which in theory is similar to yours.
JOHN: but not really... she had a super powerful dog you didn't have. and also a grandpa you couldn't have had, because... that was grown up you!
JOHN: i'd be really curious to hear about all the differences in your life some time, if you don't mind.
JAKE: Sure.
JOHN: hell, i'd be REALLY curious to hear about the differences in my alt-life, so to speak.
JOHN: but jane is asleep!
JOHN: i'm guessing she grew up in a similar situation i did, but with... a bunch of differences???
JOHN: guess i'll just have to wait!
JAKE: Well...
JAKE: She was a good friend.
JAKE: I know lots of stuff about her life.
JAKE: What do you want to know?
JOHN: oh! hmm.
JOHN: let's see.
JOHN: so i was her grandpa, instead of her being my nanna?
JOHN: i'm not sure if that statement made sense, but you know what i mean.
JAKE: Yeah she had a poppop.
JAKE: He was a really funny and beloved old time comedian so i guess that is the guy you grew up to be.

JOHN: cool!
JOHN: i never knew my nanna growing up, except as an urn of ashes above the fireplace.
JOHN: i only met her as a sprite.
JOHN: was i dead? or... was he?
JAKE: Yep but he wasnt ashes they had a different way of preserving him which i think was arguably more dignified.
JOHN: how?
JAKE: Have you seen weekend at bernies?
JOHN: no.
JOHN: i've heard of it though!
JAKE: Oh man you HAVE to see it!
JAKE: Its about a couple of knuckleheads who parade around with a funny corpse trying to pass him off as a living friend and good time charlie over a series of escapades.
JOHN: sounds incredible.
JAKE: I still have it if you want to see it some time.
JOHN: definitely!
JOHN: so you like movies?
JAKE: DO i?????
JOHN: haha, i love movies too.
JOHN: there are a whole bunch i'd want to show you, assuming you haven't seen them already.
JOHN: i love talking about them with people! i think my friends usually just humored me about the movies i liked, but i have a feeling you'd really dig them!
JAKE: Oh i GUARANTEE you i would.
JOHN: awesome, i can't wait to show you some.
JOHN: so... that means jane had an old man corpse version of me around somewhere? like in her house?
JAKE: Yes.
JOHN: ok, that sounds pretty preposterous to me...
JOHN: but i guess she must have grown up thinking it was normal.
JAKE: Not... really. She was always pretty put off by it to be honest.
JOHN: heheh. poor jane.
JOHN: i'll have to apologize to her for freaking her out from beyond the grave.
JOHN: what was her life like otherwise?
JAKE: Pretty typical id say.
JAKE: She always characterized it as boring.
JAKE: But i never agreed really she got to live on the main land with access to all kinds of things i didnt have.
JAKE: Plus she lived with a cool and manly father who cared about her a lot and seemed like a standup gent.
JOHN: oh, she lived with her dad too?
JOHN: do you know anything about him?
JAKE: Not much other than what i just said and a few things she told me.
JAKE: I think he was stern and fatherly and dressed well if memory serves he was a private detective at one point.
JOHN: a private detective???
JOHN: wow.

JOHN: it sounds like he must have been a completely different kind of dad from the one i had.
JOHN: all these differences are so interesting... some are subtle, but some are drastic, like this one apparently is.
JOHN: it would be neat to meet him.
JOHN: i mean, not that it would be much of a substitute for getting to see my dad again, since they're totally different people, but...
JOHN: you know what i mean.
JOHN: do you know what happened to him?
JAKE: Im not sure i kinda lost track of him for a while...
JAKE: I think he might be in jail?
JOHN: jail??
JAKE: Yeah on derse.
JAKE: I THINK. I could be wrong though.
JOHN: i'll make a mental note to check on him some time soon.
JOHN: i bet jane would want to too, when she wakes up. i'll ask her about it.
JAKE: Good idea!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**11/05/15**

dialoglogJOHN: you know jake, at first you seemed pretty shy...
JOHN: but you don't really seem that way at all now?
JOHN: you just strike me as a nice regular dude who likes movies and stuff.
JOHN: i'm glad we are getting a chance to talk!
JAKE: Yeah me too!
JAKE: Ive been feeling way out of sorts since i got sprung from the big house and dragged along to this here frog stage to suddenly bump gums with WAY too many people...
JAKE: But you are really good company john and you know how to make a guy feel at ease.
JOHN: heh, yeah, it is a lot of people.
JOHN: i'm having trouble keeping track of everyone myself!
JAKE: They all seem like decent folk and all but...
JAKE: I guess everyones catching me at a bad time.
JAKE: This wasnt how i pictured things going at all.
JOHN: how were you picturing it?
JAKE: Naively i suppose.
JAKE: Its not that i was expecting differently of anyone else...
JAKE: More that i had spurious visions of my own conduct.
JAKE: Remember the letter i sent you?
JOHN: yes.
JAKE: All the excitement and swagger you heard from me in those words...
JAKE: Thats the man i thought id be when you met me.
JAKE: A man of action and gumption... hell when i wrote that i thought by now maybe people would even have come to see me as a leader!
JAKE: What a laugh.
JAKE: I turned out to be such a disappointment to myself and everyone else.
JAKE: The bravado in that letter was fake ive realized lately.
JAKE: Ive realized a lot of things.

JAKE: That i could never be a leader or a people person or probably ever have a quality relationship with someone.
JAKE: So its hard to get up a lot of moxie for a big moment like this even though im as excited about it as everyone else.
JAKE: Tavrosprite already tried cheering me up and hes nice but i dont think it worked.
JAKE: Like by saying maybe all that stuff ISNT true and maybe im actually really great in all the ways i dont think i am?
JAKE: Its a nice thought but also it weirdly just doesnt make me feel any better.
JAKE: John you seem like the kind of guy who likes trying to cheer up a pal so i guess...
JAKE: I guess just so you know someone already tried telling me i was wrong and it didnt work.
JOHN: i don't think you're wrong though!
JOHN: well, i don't know.
JOHN: we just met! what could i know about you other than what you tell me?
JOHN: i believe you about all that.
JOHN: really, it just sounds to me like you are going through a lot of changes.
JOHN: changes are good!
JOHN: especially if you understand that's what's happening to you.
JOHN: i think that's how we grow and stuff.
JOHN: i think i've changed in a lot of ways.
JOHN: some ways that weren't easy.
JAKE: Yeah?
JOHN: sure!
JOHN: so you're realizing you like being by yourself, it sounds like.
JOHN: big deal!
JOHN: i like being alone a lot of times too. it helps me think.
JOHN: if that's who you are, there's nothing wrong with that.
JOHN: jade's grandpa liked being by himself too.
JOHN: so much so, that he moved to an island as far away from civilization as possible.
JOHN: but he still did adventurous stuff and was super successful and also raised a cool grand daughter, who was actually his daughter, and i guess also yours.
JAKE: Huh.
JAKE: Yes i guess youre right.
JOHN: and if nothing else...
JOHN: at least you have a cool costume.
JAKE: You...
JAKE: You really like it?
JOHN: hell yes!
JAKE: Wow thanks.
JAKE: Sometimes i worry that i might look a little silly.
JAKE: And feel kind of... exposed maybe?
JAKE: Like im on sexy display or such and people dont see me as a person.
JOHN: i wouldn't worry about that.
JOHN: i love the god tier pajamas, and yours are badass.
JOHN: you look like a super hero!
JAKE: Really???
JOHN: yes.

JOHN: well...
JOHN: maybe a plucky side kick, at LEAST.
JAKE: Heheheheh.
JOHN: side kicks are really under rated anyway.
JOHN: i think in some cases they might be the real stars.
JOHN: like, you know bat man?
JOHN: truth be told, i think he might just be some kind of gallivanting idiot.
JOHN: he's got all the money and skills in the world, and what does he do?
JOHN: he buys a fancy car to drive around in, then jumps out and starts punching crooks with his bare hands.
JOHN: then, when he gets horn swoggled by a wily clown with NO powers, and a LOT less money, who has to bail him out?
JOHN: his side kick of course.
JAKE: Yeah youre right!
JOHN: what is bat man even trying to prove? being all serious and "cool" looking.
JOHN: his side kick looks like he has a lot more fun, and smacks of confidence and self assurance, trotting around in his underpants.
JOHN: bat man probably doesn't even care much about stopping crime, it's more about walloping thugs and getting to feel cool.
JOHN: if he really cared about stopping bad guys, he'd probably use his fancy money to buy guns, and at LEAST show the criminals he's packing, to make them scared, if not surrender outright.
JOHN: i bet his side kick probably just has to wait for bat man to bungle things up with his stupid karate, and when he gets in trouble, the side kick just guns down all the crooks from a safe distance like a sensible person.
JAKE: Well i do love guns!!!
JAKE: ALSO fisticuffs.
JOHN: see? there you go.
JOHN: you're better than bat man already.
KARKAT: (WHISPER WHISPER WHISPER)
KARKAT: (WHISPER WHISPER)
JOHN: hold on...
JOHN: shh, listen.
JAKE: ...
KARKAT: (WHISPER WHISPER mayor)
KARKAT: (WHISPER WHISPER WHISPER can town?)
KARKAT: (WHISPER WHISPER but where? WHISPER WHISPER earth WHISPER)
KARKAT: (WHISPER WHISPER WHISPER to scale?? don't see how WHISPER WHISPER WHISPER)
KARKAT: (if you're really going WHISPER WHISPER WHISPER build WHISPER WHISPER)
JOHN: (ha ha.)
JOHN: (he's talking to the mayor again.)
JAKE: (so it seems.)
JAKE: (they really appear to have quite the rapport.)
JOHN: (i just love how he talks to the mayor.)
JOHN: (it's like he made up this whole language.)
JOHN: (of like minimal talking and hand gestures.)

JOHN: (it's so cute!)
KARKAT: *AHEM*
KARKAT: EGBERT, WHAT THE FUCK.
KARKAT: WERE YOU EAVESDROPPING?!
JOHN: no!
KARKAT: THIS IS A FUCKING PRIVATE CONVERSATION.
KARKAT: STOP BEING RUDE GARBAGE.
JOHN: i wasn't eavesdropping...
JOHN: you just happened to be like... right there.
JOHN: and you're a really loud whisperer!
KARKAT: OH!!! OK THEN! HERE, HAVE AN EXCESSIVELY *QUIET* (shut the fuck up)
JOHN: sorry!
JOHN: go back to your cute mayor conference.
JOHN: we'll mind our own business.
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO!,
TAVROSPRITE: aaaCHOO!!!,
JOHN: oh man.
JOHN: what's going on now?
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO!,,,
JASPERSPRITE: Meow. :3
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOOOOO!!!!!
TAVROSPRITE: wHY,
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO,!
TAVROSPRITE: wHY, dOES YOUR LUSUS NEED,
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO,!,,!
TAVROSPRITE: tO BE HERE,,,
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO!!!,
TAVROSPRITE: mY ALLERGIES, }:(
JOHN: jaspers??
JOHN: what are you...
JOHN: wait a minute.
JOHN: rose, is that you?!
JASPERSPRITE: Meeeeeow!
JOHN: oh my god.
JOHN: i turn my back for two seconds, and something stupid happens.
TAVROSPRITE: aaaaCHOO,!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**11/05/15**

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GAMZEE: (honk) (honk)
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dialoglogVRISKA: Ok every8ody, time's up!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: Wrap up your convers8tions. Our tactical meeting is officially 8ack in order!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Alright, has everyone shut up yet?
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK SO
VRISKA: Gr8!
VRISKA: Let's not waste another second then. I'm diving right into this.
VRISKA: Everyone pay close attention, and try to keep up!
VRISKA: I'll start 8y descri8ing the exact n8ture of the threats we're dealing with, and go from there.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: According to intelligence gathered during our trip along with some reconnaissance work on arrival, this session has four, possi8ly five major adversaries.
VRISKA: The Condesce of course, and three Jack Noirs of varying levels of danger.
VRISKA: Plus, there's a female prospitian of equivalent power to the strongest Jack. She's sort of an x-factor.
VRISKA: It's hard to accur8tely gauge her threat level, 8ut I'm not a8out to take any chances.
VRISKA: All these threats are just outside the incipisphere, en route to the session as we speak.
VRISKA: Once they arrive, all hell will 8reak loose. That's when endgame is officially go.
VRISKA: You only have a couple hours to prepare, so you need to listen to every word I say.
VRISKA: Victory will depend on following my plan to the letter!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

dialoglogROXY: so.....
ROXY: wheres the condesce right now?
VRISKA: She's on Derse, preparing for the same critical convergence herself.
VRISKA: After our little prison raid caught her completely off guard, costing her some hostages and key points of leverage, we've essentially reached a temporary ceasefire 8y default while 8oth sides regroup.
VRISKA: This is not how she expected things would go.
VRISKA: We had the advantage of surprise that time, 8ut we won't 8e so lucky next time.
VRISKA: She's w8ting for the Jacks to get here just like we are.
VRISKA: Once they do, she'll instantly have the upper hand, and she knows this.
VRISKA: Her particular com8ination of a8ilities along with her supervillain-like cunning make her an EXTREMELY DANGEROUS part of this equation!
VRISKA: That's why we need a good strategy in place 8efore the shit hits the 8reeze 8lender.
DAVE: so in addition for waiting for way too many jacks to get here
DAVE: were also waiting for my bro too right
DAVE: who... gets here at the same time or...
VRISKA: Yes, the other Strider was 8anished to the periphery as well, and is in transit.
VRISKA: He'll arrive at the same time, give or take, and should 8e a gr8 tactical asset.
VRISKA: Sources tell me the dude is pretty good with a sword.
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> That's me
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm the source
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I told her that, and it's true
VRISKA: Yes, thank you Arquius.

KANAYA: This Is Starting To Sound A Bit Complicated
KANAYA: How Are We Supposed To Keep Track Of All These Villains And Heroes Coming And Going When And Where
VRISKA: You're right, Kanaya.
VRISKA: At this point in the meeting, I think we could use some diagrams to help with the 8attleplans.
VRISKA: Karkat?
VRISKA: If you wouldn't mind.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

dialoglogKARKAT: I STILL HAVE NO IDEA WHY YOU PUT ME ON DRAWING DUTY.
KARKAT: I'M EASILY THE WORST ARTIST HERE.
KARKAT: AND IN A SETTING THAT INCLUDES DAVE, LET'S GET REAL. THAT'S NO SMALL FEAT.
VRISKA: I specifically assigned you to diagramming duty so that it would keep you occupied.
VRISKA: That way, you'd stand a chance of keeping your mouth shut while I talk strategy.
KARKAT: THAT'S WORKED OUT GREAT SO FAR, HASN'T IT?
KARKAT: WE'VE LOST HOW MANY STRATEGY-SECONDS TO ME COMPLAINING ABOUT DRAWING ALREADY??
VRISKA: Sure, 8ut I know that drawing requires a lot of concentr8tion from you.
VRISKA: Once you're in the zone, I expect you'll simmer down.
KARKAT: WOW, FUCK YOU!
KARKAT: YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, BUT FUCK YOU NEVERTHELESS!
KARKAT: WHERE THE SHIT IS MY ART PENCIL. I HAVE SOME DRAWING TO DO.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

```
          INCIPISPHERE

DOGS                      STRIDER

H.I.C.
         SKAIA
         ↑ WE ARE HERE

OTHER JACK                   JACK
```

dialoglogVRISKA: Let's run down the threat list, with a full de8riefing on each threat.
VRISKA: We'll start with the 8ig fish herself, the former empress of our world, Her Imperious Condescension.
VRISKA: The only reason we've 8een a8le to temporarily neutralize her stranglehold on this session is 8y taking two major pieces away from her, Harley and Crocker.
VRISKA: Rest assured, she's already scheming to reassert her dominance, and if it weren't for my intervention here, I'd 8et everything I had on the sea witch.
VRISKA: She's spent centuries upgrading her a8ilities which now include 8OTH kinds of telekinesis. The simpler variety more common to rust 8loods, and the nasty kind which sometimes yellow 8looded mutants have involving all the fucking eye lasers and shit.
VRISKA: If that weren't enough, she has a mix of telepathic a8ilities too, like mine, plus the animal

communion kind more typical of 8rown 8loods.
TAVROSPRITE: lIKE ME!
VRISKA: Yes Tavros, like you.
VRISKA: This means she can hijack animals AND trolls, assuming they aren't particularly resistant to influence, like me o8viously.
VRISKA: Humans I'm guessing are still off limits to her influence, unless they've got some animal 8lood in them, which is what makes Jade such a dangerous element here.
VRISKA: One of the mission critical priorities is to make sure she stays asleep. If she ever wakes up, and the Condesce takes control again, that's pro8a8ly game over for you guys.
VRISKA: Jade's first guardian a8ilities make her too much to deal with on top of everything else.
VRISKA: It's also possi8le that the Condesce may have some sway over the prospitian and one of the Jacks 8ecause of their part-dog n8ture too.
VRISKA: It's hard to say what their level of resistance is, so I really can't 8e sure.
VRISKA: Strategically, it's 8est to err on the safe side though, and presume this could 8e an issue.
VRISKA: This is why taking on the Condesce has to 8e a HUGE PRIORITY!
VRISKA: Ideally, you should 8e trying to kill or disa8le her as quickly as possi8le.
VRISKA: 8ut if that's easier said than done, then what you need to do is keep her OCCUPIED!
VRISKA: Throw everything you have at her. Whatever crazy powers you've got.
VRISKA: Just keep her 8usy!
VRISKA: Distracted enough 8y a 8unch of pesky kids so she won't have time to get clever with her powers.
VRISKA: This is the 8est defense against the off-chance she might 8e a8le to sway the dog Jack and prospitian, AND a failsafe in case Jade wakes up for whatever reason.
VRISKA: When it comes to killing her, I don't have much to advise.
VRISKA: There's no intel on her weaknesses or anything like that. In fact, I'd 8et she doesnt have any.
VRISKA: Like any powerful endgame 8oss, you just have to keep hammering away at her until she's dead.
VRISKA: Nuff said!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: This 8rings us to the Jacks.
VRISKA: To differenti8, I'll give them nicknames.
VRISKA: There's Dog Jack, Lord Jack, and Ro8o Jack.
VRISKA: Let's talk a8out them in order of threat level.
VRISKA: Karkat, I'm going to need another shitty drawing.
VRISKA: This time, of Dog Jack and his prospitian counterpart, please.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Ah yes. I see you are intent on 8eing a wiggler a8out this, as we have all come to expect.
VRISKA: Whatever, I've 8een working within the confines of everyone's stupid limit8tions already, so I might as well work around yours as well.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: There, perfect.
VRISKA: Dog Jack is easily the most powerful adversary of the 8unch, in terms of pure physical capa8ility.
VRISKA: The Condesce has the edge in guile and flexi8ility, and Lord Jack has a ton of offensive power too...
VRISKA: 8ut there's nothing quite like the first guardian a8ilities to give someone an overwhelming tactical advantage.
VRISKA: The a8ility to teleport anywhere in the session any time, or ANYONE anywhere any time, while having access to an inexhausti8le power supply from the green sun really makes it no contest, even against an otherwise awesome com8atant.
VRISKA: If it were just him you had to deal with, I wouldn't like your odds, honestly.
VRISKA: 8ut luckily for us, there's a major factor here which should mostly neutralize him during this huge melee, which is the prospitian.
VRISKA: Power-wise, she's a precisely even match for him.
VRISKA: And 8etter yet, she apparently can't stand the guy.
VRISKA: I still don't know what her real motives are, 8ut you know what they say. Enemy of my enemy and all.
VRISKA: So I say let her have at him, and if the opportunity presents itself, help her defeat him.
VRISKA: I will also give this 8it of advice.
VRISKA: If Jade ever wakes up, AND THE CONDESCE IS SUFFICIENTLY PREOCCUPIED, make sure Jade goes nowhere near the Condesce, and sic her on Dog Jack.
VRISKA: She's the only one here who's a8ilities are on par with his, so that's where they're 8est applied.
VRISKA: Got it? Good.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Next, Lord Jack.
VRISKA: Karkat?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

```
KISS MY
SHAME
GLOBES
```

dialoglogKARKAT: HOW DOES THIS LOOK?
VRISKA: Gr8!
VRISKA: I think I can work with this.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

```
KISS MY
SHAME
GLOBES
```

dialoglogVRISKA: Ah yes. Another true work of art has 8een made here today.
VRISKA: Anyway, this ugly customer you see here?
VRISKA: This is the Jack n8tive to the session we're in now.
VRISKA: Somehow he got possessed 8y, or like, INFUSED with...? Lord English's crazy, ridiculously destructive magical energy.
VRISKA: I have no idea why or how this happened, how it's theoretically even possi8le, or why we should actually care.
VRISKA: The fact of the matter is, it happened, and now we have to deal with this hideous rain8ow-eyed monstrosity.
VRISKA: Given what I have learned a8out Lord English's a8ilities, this will make his attacks quite lethal, and he will 8e EXTREMELY difficult to kill.
VRISKA: In fact, that fucking rain8ow energy might just give him the highest constitution ranking of any adversary, possi8ly making him the toughest one here to actually kill off.
VRISKA: The only reason he's not at Dog Tier threat level is 8ecause, for all his power, at least it's localized to wherever he happens to 8e.
VRISKA: He's a8out as slow as any of us lowly non-omnipotents.
VRISKA: He's not quite as relevant to keep occupied, or even to defeat, as the Condesce herself.
VRISKA: 8ut he's still going to 8e HUGE TROU8LE when he gets here.
VRISKA: You're going to need to stick some really good fighters on him.
VRISKA: My advice is also to SERIOUSLY prepare for casualties during that fight.
VRISKA: As the group's chief healer, Jane is going to need rapid access to the multiple fronts of this 8attle.
VRISKA: More on that l8ter.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

GAMZEE: HoN-

dialoglogVRISKA: That 8rings us to Ro8o Jack.
VRISKA: He's the Jack origin8ting from our session.
VRISKA: Remem8er him, Karkat?
VRISKA: We hatched a plan with him to take down the 8lack queen. Seems like so long ago, doesn't it?
VRISKA: Now apparently he's got some cy8ernetic upgrades?
VRISKA: Who the fuck knows how that happened, or for that matter, why or how he's on his way here now.
VRISKA: My mind 8oggles trying to even picture the amount of stupid shit he's 8een through 8etween now and when we knew him.
VRISKA: Put this on the ever lengthening list of gar8age that doesn't matter and no8ody cares a8out.
VRISKA: The fact is, we have no idea what his affili8tions are at this point, 8ut like I'm always saying...
VRISKA: 8est to just plan for the worst, and assume this is just another scru8 we've gotta kill.
VRISKA: He's the lowest on the threat level, though his various enhancements and accessories may pose more of a challenge than we 8argained for.
VRISKA: He's also traveling with a juju known for its high storage capacity, so he's possi8ly packing company.

VRISKA: May8e a LOT of company...
VRISKA: I won't get into that now though.
VRISKA: You're going to need to reserve a squad for dealing with this guy and whoever he's 8rought along for the ride.
VRISKA: It's a lesser priority, so I'd recommend an ensem8le of third-stringers.
VRISKA: No offense to whoever those 8rave souls may 8e!
VRISKA: Every lamewad has their place in an epic 8attle, and everyone's effort counts.
VRISKA: Eg8ert-looking kid, I'm looking at you.
JAKE: !
VRISKA: Possi8ly you too, Tavros.
VRISKA: May8e.
TAVROSPRITE: ,!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: That covers the overall tactical situ8tion!
VRISKA: Gr8 jo8, Karkat.
VRISKA: Really, just an all around gr8, gr8 jo8. I mean that.
KARKAT: THANK YOU.
VRISKA: Now, listen...
VRISKA: We've got to keep these 8attles spread out across the session so you all don't start tripping on each other's toes, turning this into more of a clusterfuck than it already is.
VRISKA: That means you need to st8tion teams ready to intercept the Jacks wherever they're coming from.
VRISKA: You also need to launch your lightning-strike raid on the Condesce 8efore any of them get here.
VRISKA: As for your party's healer, like I said, she'll need to 8e highly mo8ile.
VRISKA: So what you'll need to do is lay out a network of key portals and transporters so she can make the rounds, and 8e in tight communic8tion with her.
VRISKA: One of you less relevant, more mo8ile folks should get on that now.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**12/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: See? Scatter window portals like these around the various 8attle sites.
ROXY: yo did you loot my house or something...
VRISKA: Please don't interrupt.
VRISKA: Transportalizers will work too, if you can get them all hooked up right.
VRISKA: This is definitely 8usywork, 8ut it's also really important. So we need someone competent in charge of this.
ROSESPRITE: I think I can handle that.
VRISKA: Yeah?
ROSESPRITE: Yes.
ROSESPRITE: I'm quite mobile in this new form.
ROSESPRITE: Also I think my abilities will help with forecasting the optimal network to lay out, along with helping Jane coordinate her routes during battle.
ROSESPRITE: Plus, I have to admit.

ROSESPRITE: I kind of relish the idea of being a "less relevant" party member.
ROSESPRITE: Particularly since I think it is inherently true now.
VRISKA: Ok, Rose... um. Rosesprite?
VRISKA: That's gr8. You can volunteer for that jo8 if you want.
VRISKA: 8ut let's not get ahead of ourselves!
VRISKA: We'll 8e divvying up the roles momentarily.
VRISKA: 8ut, cool. We have you down for that. Again, it's critical.
VRISKA: The whole party will need to defend Crocker's life at all costs.
VRISKA: She CAN'T get sucked into any com8at!!!
VRISKA: If she dies, you could all 8e fucked.
VRISKA: 8e sure to fill her in on the logistics whenever Arquius has finished deprogramming her.
VRISKA: Everyone got it?
VRISKA: Awesome.
VRISKA: Since that pretty thoroughly covers the full tactical situ8tion, we can move on to the real strategizing.
VRISKA: NOW we can assign com8at roles. ::::)

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**13/05/15**

dialoglogJOHN: vriska, wait.
VRISKA: ????????
JOHN: before you go on, i just wanted to say...
JOHN: i'm really impressed with your strategic analysis so far!
JOHN: you really seem to be all over this. i wouldn't even know where to begin figuring all this stuff out.
JOHN: anyway, i'm glad we have you back on our side!
VRISKA: Aww, thanks John!
JOHN: just thought i'd say!
JOHN: i didn't want you to go through all this stuff for us, thinking it was going unappreciated.
JOHN: anyway, please continue!
VRISKA: You got it!
VRISKA: Now it's time to divide everyone into teams.
VRISKA: Let's go down the list of foes again, and assign party mem8ers to each 8attle.
VRISKA: Once again, starting from the top...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**13/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: The Condesce.
VRISKA: We'll need a team to raid Derse again, 8ut this time for all the mar8les.
VRISKA: And remem8er, the raid has to start 8EFORE the rest of the action, to keep her from getting the upper hand.
VRISKA: And the party has to 8e at LEAST good enough to if not defeat her, keep her 8usy for a long time.
VRISKA: So who wants a piece of the sea witch?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**13/05/15**

dialoglogROXY: ME ROSE: ME.
VRISKA: Alright, I've got two takers from the Lalonde camp.
VRISKA: We'll need more though. Who else?
JOHN: i'll go!
VRISKA: You sure, John?
JOHN: i think so.
JOHN: from what you said, it sounds like this is the most important battle.
JOHN: if we don't keep her busy, everything could get messed up.
JOHN: i think i'd be good at that! i can use all my windy powers for distractions and such.
VRISKA: Ok. You're with the Lalondes then.
VRISKA: Make it count!
KANAYA: I May As Well Go Too
KANAYA: It Would Be A Shame If The Party Defeating The Woman Who Terrorized Our Planet For Ages Had No Representation From Our Species
VRISKA: Shame or not, I'm afraid that won't work Kanaya.
KANAYA: Why Not
VRISKA: You can't join their party. Well, not yet at least.
VRISKA: There's another critical role which you specifically need to play first.
VRISKA: We can't risk losing you in 8attle until it's complete.
KANAYA: What Is It
VRISKA: I'll explain l8ter! After the teams are set.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**13/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Ok, let's say Team Condesce is good enough for now, with John, Rose and Roxy.
VRISKA: Next foe: Dog Jack.
VRISKA: Like I said, we're 8anking on the prospitian keeping him 8usy, so he's not an immedi8te 8attle priority.
VRISKA: We won't design8 a team for him right now.
VRISKA: 8UT, as I mentioned, in the event Jade wakes up for some reason, she should 8e reserved exclusively for this fight.
VRISKA: That means someone needs to tell her, if not in person, then some other way.
VRISKA: Perhaps leave a reminder for her. May8e tied to her finger or something. :::;)
VRISKA: Others can join the fight against him if need 8e, once their targets have 8een dealt with.
VRISKA: Until then, 8etter to let the heavy hitters keep him in check.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**13/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Next: Lord Jack.
VRISKA: Who wants di8s on this guy?
DAVE: i guess thats me

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**13/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Ok, Dave.
DAVE: there are all these rumors swirling around that ive gotta beat LE anyway

DAVE: which is probably bogus but w/e
DAVE: killing this guy at least would be the next best thing right
DAVE: so maybe if i do that i could like
DAVE: put the "prophecy" to rest
VRISKA: That logic sounds reasona8le to me.
VRISKA: For what it's worth, I never 8ought into the idea that you were supposed to 8e the one to kill English anyway.
VRISKA: So that's one down. Who else?
TEREZI: OK, WHY NOT
VRISKA: You sure, Terezi?
VRISKA: You're not immortal, remem8er. And this one's going to 8e tough.
TEREZI: YOU S41D W3 N33D GOOD F1GHT3RS TO GO 4T TH1S GUY
TEREZI: 4ND 1 TH1NK 1'M PR3TTY D3C3NT
TEREZI: 4T L34ST 4T ST4BB1NG TH1NGS
TEREZI: SO 1'LL GO
TEREZI: B3S1D3S...
TEREZI: *SOM3ON3* H4S TO W1TN3SS D4V3'S H3RO1SM, 1F H3 W4NTS TO B3 L3T OFF TH3 HOOK FOR TH4T PROPH3CY >:]
VRISKA: Hey, it's your decision!
VRISKA: Anyone else?
TEREZI: WH4T 4BOUT D4V3'S BRO?
TEREZI: 1 H34RD H3'S SUPPOS3D TO B3 HOT SH1T
DAVE: um
DAVE: yeah sure
DAVE: thats fine if uh
DAVE: youre comfortable volunteering someone who isnt here for a deadly battle
DAVE: its cool if you want to do that
VRISKA: Dave, come on.
VRISKA: As if it's not extremely likely he'd seek you out upon getting here anyway.
VRISKA: Why don't we just pencil him into the team as "Pro8a8ly"?
DAVE: .....
VRISKA: Just 8e sure to de8rief him on the whole situation when he gets here.
VRISKA: Think you can handle that, Dave?
VRISKA: Ok, gr8!
VRISKA: Which reminds me...
VRISKA: What a8out you, Arquius?
VRISKA: How do you want to fit into this?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I haven't decided yet
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I'm going to crunch some more numbers in the vast combat matri% I just compiled now, in the microblink of a nanosecond, to deduce the optimal strategic appropriation of my assets (i.e. muscles)
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Joining Real Dave in battle is semitempting, but I do not wish to horn in on Real Dirk's s--t
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Instead I would prefer to blaze my own trail, with my own hooves

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I always wanted to do something really important and heroic
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I mean, aside from all the other stuff I have done like that, which is quite a lot
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> But something quite grandiose, and perfectly unmistakable as a gesture turning the tide of fortune for all of e%istence
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> This is what I have always desired
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Well, that is to say, both halves of me once had such an ambivalent desire, which was compromised by our respective internalized confli%
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> But together, that desire is fully realized. No longer ambivalent
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Neigh, it is now fully bivalent. Perhaps even univalent
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I would like my gesture to shock everyone
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It must come from out of the b100, make virtually no sense, stun all involved, and have a lasting, profoundly unintelligible impact an all future and pseudofuture events
VRISKA:
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Does this answer your question
VRISKA: Oh!
VRISKA: Sorry, I was just temporarily mesmerized 8y your incredi8le spiel.
VRISKA: Needless to say, I a8solutely agree with your philosophy on heroic action and wanting to do something important.
VRISKA: In any case, you've earned the right to do whatever the fuck you want, just 8y dint of 8eing awesome.
VRISKA: End of story!
VRISKA: Ok, next...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**13/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: We'll need to design8 a team for Ro8o Jack and his... entourage.
VRISKA: Alright, full disclosure. This is where things get kind of stupid.
VRISKA: Even talking a8out this guy and his crew is pro8a8ly a waste of good tactical analysis.
VRISKA: 8ut the fact is, he's going to 8e here, and you're going to have to deal with his 8ullshit.
VRISKA: I strongly recommend the dregs of your party get stuck with mop-up duty on this.
VRISKA: Really, I'm kind of laughing already. Oh man.
VRISKA: I really don't want to spoil too much fun for you guys, 8ut.
VRISKA: No, I shouldn't.
JOHN: what?
VRISKA: Ok, intelligence reports I have gathered, namely through a 8it of time hopping reconnaissance, suggests that Ro8o Jack may, I repeat MAY, 8e in transit with a 8unch of green time traveling idiots in that oven.
VRISKA: Don't quote me on that.
VRISKA: Anyway, if true, none of these 8ozos are particularly powerful.
VRISKA: They'll mainly just 8e a nuisance.
VRISKA: So who wants to deal with them? Hmmmmmmmm?
VRISKA: Hey kid.
VRISKA: Kid!

VRISKA: Yes, I'm talking to you again.
VRISKA: God damn it, what was his name again?
VRISKA: Joke?
TAVROSPRITE: vRISKA, sTOP,
TAVROSPRITE: iT'S JAPE, aND YOU KNOW IT,
VRISKA: Listen, Joke.
VRISKA: Joke! Snap OUT of it! I'm talking to you.
JAKE: Oh sorry.
VRISKA: This is a strategy session, Joke. Please stay alert.
VRISKA: Now do you think you can handle 8eing on this team?
JAKE: Um...
VRISKA: Awesome. That's the spirit.
VRISKA: This assignment should 8e right up your alley, kid.
VRISKA: Who else?
TAVROSPRITE: mE, i'LL DO IT,
VRISKA: Thanks for volunteering Tavros.
VRISKA: This fight is pretty well suited to your skillset too.
VRISKA: And you can join Joke here to help him get ready, 8ut there's one thing I need you to do 8efore the 8attle starts.
TAVROSPRITE: oH, rEALLY,
TAVROSPRITE: wHAT,
VRISKA: I'll explain to you l8ter in priv8. 8ut it's critical, and something only you can do.
TAVROSPRITE: oHHH!
TAVROSPRITE: tHAT MAKES ME, tHE FUNNY FEELINGS COMBINATION, oF SKEPTICAL, nERVOUS, aND EXCITED,
VRISKA: Good!
VRISKA: That's exactly how you should 8e feeling a8out it, trust me.
VRISKA: So anyone else want to step forward??
KARKAT: ARE YOU FUCKING WITH ME NOW.
VRISKA: Come again?
KARKAT: WELL, LET'S SEE IF I'M TALLYING THIS UP RIGHT.
KARKAT: JOHN AND LALONDES ONE AND TWO ARE ON TEAM CONDESCE.
KARKAT: THE STRIDER BROS AND PYROPE ARE ON THE LORD TEAM.
KARKAT: JADE, WHEN NOT ON NAP DUTY, IS ON THE DOG TEAM, EXCLUSIVELY.
KARKAT: THE MAYOR ISN'T DOING SHIT, BECAUSE I AM *PERSONALLY* SEEING TO IT THAT NOT A SINGLE POST-APOCALYPTIC TATTER ON HIS HEAD GETS HARMED.
KARKAT: CROCKER IS ON HEALING DETAIL, AND LALONDE THREE VOLUNTEERED TO SUPPORT THAT.
KARKAT: KANAYA HAS SOME VAGUE YET TO BE EXPLAINED MISSION TO DO, AND SO DOES TAVROS.
KARKAT: AND JOKE HERE JUST GOT SHUNTED OFF TO THE PEEWEE LEAGUE.
KARKAT: SO WHO THE FUCK IS EVEN LEFT, ASIDE FROM ME???
KARKAT: AND THE FUCKING CAT I GUESS.
KARKAT: ARE YOU SURE WE SHOULDN'T PICK A ROLE FOR ROSE'S FUCKING CAT LUSUS BEFORE MOVING ON TO THE *ABSOLUTE* BOTTOM OF THE BARREL, SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS "THE VANTAS ZONE"?

VRISKA: Oh, gr8 point Karkat!
VRISKA: Hey there, kitty.
JASPERSPRITE: MEOW!!!!!
VRISKA: What would you like to do?
JASPERSPRITE: I would like to eat some tuna fish and cuddle with either rose or roxy or both! :3
VRISKA: Awwwwwwww!
VRISKA: Ok, that can 8e your very important jo8. Don't let us down!
JASPERSPRITE: Purr purr purr. ;3
KARKAT: THANK GOD WE SORTED THAT OUT.
KARKAT: NOW THAT WE'VE ESTABLISHED THE KITTY CAT IS HEADING UP THE FISH EATING OPERATION, I THINK WE CAN SAFELY PROCEED TO THE RUNG OF STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE DIRECTLY BELOW THAT.
KARKAT: THE INFAMOUS "WHAT IS KARKAT GOING TO DO?" RUNG.
KARKAT: AND SINCE EVERYONE ELSE HAS A JOB, AND MY SKILLS ARE RELATIVELY UNIMPRESSIVE, I'LL HAVE TO SIGN UP FOR TEAM DIPSHIT TOO.
KARKAT: HELL, EVEN THE KID IN THE BANANA HAMMOCK IS A GOD TIER AT LEAST.
KARKAT: SO I GUESS THAT MEANS I'LL BE TAKING ORDERS FROM HIM? SURE WHY NOT!
KARKAT: SECOND IN COMMAND TO A THIRD RATE HERO. SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT TO ME.
VRISKA: Karkat, yes, you're a8solutely right that you 8asically suck, and that as a tactical resource you should 8e managed accordingly.
VRISKA: 8ut you aren't joining Joke's team, or doing any fighting for that matter.
VRISKA: Like Kanaya, there's another more pressing matter reserved for you.
VRISKA: In fact, it's the same as hers!
KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK?
KARKAT: WHEN WERE YOU PLANNING ON TELLING ME THIS!
VRISKA: Karkat, I already alluded to this when you waltzed over, interrupted my conversation with Kanaya, and pretended you weren't flirting with me.
VRISKA: Remem8er?
KARKAT: OH. RIGHT.
KARKAT: WELL?? WHAT'S THIS "PRESSING MATTER"?
VRISKA: I'm getting to that!
VRISKA: Very soon, in fact. I just needed to get the teams squared away first.
KARKAT: OK WELL...
KARKAT: ARE THEY?!
VRISKA: Looks like it!
KARKAT: SO THAT MEANS JOKE...
KARKAT: FUCK. *JAKE* I MEAN.
KARKAT: REALLY IS A ONE MAN TEAM, DESIGNATED FOR ROBO JACK AND HIS OVEN BOZOS???
VRISKA: Apparently.
VRISKA: You ok with that, kid?
JAKE: UM.....
VRISKA: You can do it.
VRISKA: Just 8elieve in yourself, or whatever the fuck.

VRISKA: When in dou8t, just remind yourself that 8attle isn't even particularly important.
VRISKA: And help could 8e on the way once some of the other 8attles start coming to some sort of resolution.
VRISKA: Just hang in there!
JAKE: O... okay.
VRISKA: Excellent!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: That concludes the tactical planning part of this de8riefing.
VRISKA: It's all perfectly logical, right?
VRISKA: No questions or anything? Cool.
VRISKA: Really, I shudder to think what you num8skulls would 8e doing if I weren't around, like John just implied with his nice remarks.
VRISKA: He really did you all the 8iggest fucking favor in the history of time shenanigans 8y clo88ering me in the face three years ago.
VRISKA: You should all make him a gift 8asket when this is over to show your gratitude.
VRISKA: No need to thank me of course. I'm just doing my jo8 here. ::::)
VRISKA: Now!
VRISKA: Let's go over some really 8asic non-com8at endgame stuff, then we'll 8e ready to 8r8k.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: First, a8out Kanaya and Karkat's "mission" I alluded to a minute ago. This is really important.
VRISKA: You 8oth listening??
KANAYA: Yes
KARKAT: NO.
VRISKA: Ok, well one out of two isn't 8ad. As long as Kanaya understands, that's mainly what matters, since she's the more important part of this equ8tion.
KARKAT: WOW, I'M FUCKING SHOCKED!
KARKAT: WHAT DO WE, OR, EXCUSE ME... WHAT DOES *SHE* HAVE TO DO?
VRISKA: You 8OTH have to go to Jade's planet and see Echidna.
VRISKA: Even though this session is a8out as far from "normal" as it can possi8ly get, the same 8asic rules apply.
VRISKA: Someone needs to seek an audience with her, and get her to agree to release the genesis frog.
VRISKA: Or, the tadpole that grows up to 8ecome the frog, which is the stage of development he's in at this point.
VRISKA: Remem8er, Kanaya? You had to do this on your planet, to get our frog released into Skaia.
KANAYA: Yeah
KANAYA: She Asked Me To Do Something Impossible
KANAYA: To Which I Replied
KANAYA: Thats Impossible
KANAYA: So She Ended Up Demanding That I Fight Her

KANAYA: So I Did
KANAYA: Which
KANAYA: Made Me Feel Sad
KANAYA: Id Rather Not Have To Do That Again
KANAYA: Will I Have To Do That Again
VRISKA: If that's what she wants, then yes.
KANAYA: Why Does It Have To Be Me Though
VRISKA: 8ecause SOMEONE has to!
VRISKA: Sources tell me this is the plan the Condesce had for you, 8efore we derailed all her shit.
KANAYA: You Keep Talking About All These Sources
KANAYA: Who Are All These Sources
KANAYA: Did Arquius Tell You This Too
VRISKA: No! Look, I've 8een 8usy, ok?
VRISKA: Inform8tion is everywhere if you know where to look.
VRISKA: Derse has a lot of agents on the inside who are wise to the old lady's plans.
VRISKA: Shaking the 8ushes for good intel isn't that complic8ted, it just takes a little effort!
VRISKA: Some people on this lily pad should may8e try looking into that some time.
KANAYA: If You Say So
VRISKA: Would you just can...
VRISKA: Would you just put a LID on it for a second, and listen?
VRISKA: Normally Jade would 8e the one to do this, 8ut at the time, Jade had 8ecome corrupted, so I guess Echidna wouldn't deal with her.
VRISKA: And now, Jade's alseep! Which is exactly how she needs to stay.
VRISKA: So that leaves the person Echidna requested in Jade's a8sence, which is you.
VRISKA: I am assuming 8ecause you were also a space player, so you'll 8e a8le to understand her gar8led nonsense language.
VRISKA: 8ut that's not all there is to it. She also requested you 8ring Karkat.
KARKAT: UGH.
KARKAT: WHY THE HELL WOULD SHE WANT TO SEE ME?
VRISKA: No idea!
VRISKA: Denizens are mysteeeeeeeerious.
VRISKA: May8e she wants a knight along? Or a 8lood player?
VRISKA: Or may8e she just has a 8one to pick with you in particular.
VRISKA: You know, since you and Kanaya were 8oth involved in the frog 8reeding stuff in our session, and, let's face it.
VRISKA: You kind of messed that up! You were pretty hasty and reckless a8out it, and the result was a defective frog.
VRISKA: Sure, there's more to it than that. Like pro8lems with the human session that were totally interrel8ted with ours due to cyclical time gar8age, 8ut you get the point.
VRISKA: Echidna pro8a8ly doesn't take kindly to people who are cavalier with the sacred frog duties. That's kind of her domain, like, the propag8tion of existence and all that.
VRISKA: So may8e you've got some stuff to atone for 8efore she agrees to let another precious frog out of her divine custody?
KARKAT: YOU'RE DOING THIS ON PURPOSE, AREN'T YOU.
KARKAT: TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL BAD ABOUT SOME ANCIENT HISTORY, SO I'LL BE NERVOUS ABOUT THIS ENCOUNTER.

KARKAT: WELL I'LL SPARE YOU THE TROUBLE. I'M ALREADY NERVOUS! I DON'T WANT TO GO PROSTRATE MYSELF BEFORE A BABBLING SNAKE GODDESS EVEN UNDER IDEAL CIRCUMSTANCES.
VRISKA: Karkat, relax.
VRISKA: I am guessing this will just 8e a sort of formality.
VRISKA: That's how things always struck me with her, like... getting the 8lessing from a queen, or some huge mythical matriarch 8efore proceeding with some incredi8ly important event, or claiming a cosmic reward.
VRISKA: Or may8e you'll have to just kill her again? I don't see what difference it makes.
VRISKA: Really, who knows what her real purposes are? They're pro8a8ly totally unfathoma8le.
VRISKA: Echidna is kind of a 8ig Deal Denizen. One of the real heavy hitters, like that other guy... the really strong one with the ridiculous name.
VRISKA: She might even 8e the 8iggest deal. She's the mother of all denizens. I mean, not in a literal sense. Like, I really dou8t she physically spawned them all.
VRISKA: So if she wants you to do something, it's serious. And if you need to do something of massive cosmic significance, like release a frog that contains an entire universe in its 8elly, then 8y the same token, it has to go through her.
VRISKA: The other denizens are a 8unch of petty grum8ling riddle-merchants 8y comparison.
VRISKA: You should feel honored she even wants to see you.
KARKAT: HOW ARE WE EVEN SURE SHE HAS A FROG TO RELEASE??
KARKAT: WHO MADE THIS FROG? THE JOKERS FROM THIS SESSION?
KARKAT: I THOUGHT THEY SPENT MONTHS DOING NOTHING.
VRISKA: It's the same frog Jade made!
VRISKA: With Kanaya's help, remem8er?
VRISKA: Hell, you may have even 8een involved in that process too. I don't recall every single detail.
VRISKA: 8ut it fell in the forge on Jade's planet 8ack in the old session, and now Jade's planet is here.
VRISKA: Hence, the frog is here too. It's just 8een... let's say hi8ern8ting inside the planet for a few years.
VRISKA: Echidna kept it warm for us until we were ready. Which is now!
KARKAT: OK. YEAH, I REMEMBER NOW.
KARKAT: SO THE CONDESCE WAS GOING TO MAKE US DO THIS ORIGINALLY? WHY??
VRISKA: 8ecause her goal was pretty much the same as ours!
VRISKA: To win this game and cre8 a universe.
VRISKA: The 8attle taking place here isn't over WHETHER one will 8e created.
VRISKA: It's over who gets to control it when it's made.
VRISKA: Ideally, that should 8e us, rather than a genocidal fish dict8tor.
VRISKA: In fact, we don't want ANYONE to "control" it.
VRISKA: No8ody should control a universe. That's what 8ad guys try to do.
VRISKA: We just want it to 8e a nice place to live, and free of any controlling influence that will make life misera8le for the people who live there.
VRISKA: Having an attitude a8out the Ultim8 Reward that differs from that in any way was just ANOTHER thing we fucked up the first time around.
VRISKA: So let's just 8e clear on what we're fighting for here.
VRISKA: Got it?!

KARKAT: ...
KARKAT: YEAH
KARKAT: YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Next item:
VRISKA: Earth!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: When you enter the new universe, you're going to need a planet to live on.
VRISKA: Why not just resettle the one you all grew up on?
VRISKA: The Condesce kind of fucked it up though.
VRISKA: In your scratched universe, she spent a few centuries getting it ready for a new troll "paradise".
VRISKA: She flooded the whole thing. So when you get there, you'll need to skip ahead to some time far in the future, when the oceans have receded.
VRISKA: Should 8e liva8le 8y then. Hell, it may even 8e a pretty nice place!
VRISKA: Here John. Take this.
VRISKA: When the 8attle is over, make sure you give it to Jade.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/05/15**

dialoglogJOHN: what is it?
VRISKA: It's Earth!
VRISKA: Remem8er how three years ago you told Terezi we needed your wallet, 8ut you didn't have it?
VRISKA: Well in the time since, we talked a8out it a lot, and figured this was most likely the reason she told you to give it to us.
VRISKA: It wasn't a 8ig deal, actually.
VRISKA: We spent some time deciphering the code for your wallet. It took a little while, and a few lucky guesses on the code digits, 8ut we eventually got there.
VRISKA: Then I just used it to upgrade my much cooler 8 8all modus.
JOHN: you hacked my dad's wallet??
VRISKA: Sure. Like I said, we had some time on our hands.
VRISKA: It is after all just a fucking wallet. It's not like it's some legendary item he got on some mythical dad quest.
VRISKA: I mean, he did 8UY the thing somewhere, right?
JOHN: um. yeah, i guess so.
JOHN: i dunno.
JOHN: i still think it's a pretty special thing.
VRISKA: Nope!
VRISKA: Sorry to 8e the 8earer of 8ad news. It is literally... just a wallet.
VRISKA: Anyway.
VRISKA: Then, 8efore I did the scouting work on this session, I rode the meteor through the g8, watched it crash on Earth, then just captchalogued the whole damn thing and got out of there.
VRISKA: No sweat!
VRISKA: Presuma8ly like Grim8ark Jade was supposed to, if she wasn't asleep.

VRISKA: Again, it was a pretty good plan, she just never saw me coming.
VRISKA: Sorry Condy, if you want your waterlogged little glo8e 8ack, you'll have to pry it from John's dead hands now.
JOHN: er.
JOHN: ...yeah.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/05/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Those are the important things to remem8er.
VRISKA: 8ut don't forget the 8asics.
VRISKA: Remem8er to finish 8uilding up your hives as far as they'll go.
VRISKA: Then deploy the grist rigs which will disperse your planets' hoards into Skaia, giving it the nutrients it needs to mature the frog.
VRISKA: This is Sgru8 101 stuff, 8ut I guess it 8ears repeating since most of you have never actually made it this far.
VRISKA: When the hoards are empty and Skaia is ready, then all you have to do is make sure someone's in position to ignite the forge.
VRISKA: Then everyone rendezvous right 8ack here on the lily pad to claim the Ultim8 Reward.
VRISKA: Which is represented 8y the hive shape thingy with a door on it that leads to the new universe.
VRISKA: Any questions 8efore we kick this into action?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/05/15**

dialoglogJOHN: yes, i have one.
JOHN: vriska, what's YOUR part in all this, aside from making all these air tight plans?
JOHN: you've been making it sound like you won't be here when all this happens!
VRISKA: Of course I won't.
VRISKA: I'll 8e off doing something much more important than all this.
VRISKA: I'm traveling to the furthest ring to go kill Lord English.
JOHN: WHAT??
JOHN: wow.
JOHN: isn't that going to be, uh...
JOHN: hard?
VRISKA: Of course it will 8e.
JOHN: are you sure you can even...
JOHN: DO that?
JOHN: like, by yourself, i mean.
VRISKA: John, I'm not an idiot. I won't 8e diving into this 8lindly.
VRISKA: See, somewhere out there in the incomprehensi8le causal-stew of the furthest ring, there was once a plan that was coming together to defeat him once and for all.
VRISKA: It involved a secret weapon, an army, and all sorts of other shenanigans.
JOHN: yeah, this...
JOHN: sounds weirdly familiar.
VRISKA: Oh, I'm sure it does.
VRISKA: 8ut the point is, along the way, that plan stalled out.

VRISKA: It went nowhere 8ecause the party involved disintegr8ted and lost their way.
VRISKA: So someone needs to light a fire under that shit again, and I don't see anyone else stepping forward.
JOHN: how are you going to do that?
VRISKA: Let me worry a8out that.
VRISKA: You have your hands full enough as it is.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/05/15**

dialoglogJOHN: so, is...
JOHN: is that it?
JOHN: is that the end of this cool strategy jam, slash fun reunion?
VRISKA: That's it!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: That's the whole situ8tion, my whole plan, and everything you need to do.
VRISKA: Good luck everyone!
TEREZI: *HUM4N "GOLF" CL4P*
VRISKA: Thanks, Pyrope!
KARKAT: ALRIGHT, SO WHAT NOW?
KARKAT: KANAYA, I GUESS WE HEAD TO, WHAT WAS IT?
KARKAT: LOJADE?
KARKAT: LIKE RIGHT NOW? SINCE I GUESS THE CLOCK IS TICKING.
KANAYA: Lofaf
KANAYA: And Yes
JOHN: right. and we're supposed to go after the condensce really soon, too. right?
ROSE: Condesce.
ROSE: And yes.
JOHN: but not like... RIGHT away? there are still a couple hours for us to prepare.
JOHN: which we should use! to come up with a fighting strategy.
ROXY: yeah!!!
JOHN: i wish jade and nanna could be awake for this.
JOHN: i really want to talk to them, and let them in on all the cool stuff we're about to do.
JOHN: i guess they have to stay asleep for a while, though. oh well.
JOHN: hey, jake!
JAKE: Huh?
JOHN: want to come make plans with us?
JOHN: we can help you figure out how to deal with robot jack, and whatever hooligans he is bringing!
JAKE: Oh!
JAKE: Yes.
JAKE: Thanks john.
JAKE: May... maybe.
JOHN: ok!
TEREZI: H3Y D4V3
TEREZI: W3 SHOULD PROB4BLY WORK OUT 4 F1GHT1NG STR4T3GY TOO
TEREZI: S1NC3 1T SOUNDS L1K3 W3'V3 GOT 4 R34L N4STY ON3 TO D34L W1TH >:]
DAVE: yeah

DAVE: but
TEREZI: WH4T
DAVE: dunno
DAVE: it feels weird to make some battleplans when one of our team members still isnt here
TEREZI: W3LL, 1 TH1NK W3 C4N 4T L34ST OUTL1N3 TH3 STR4T3GY, R1GHT?
TEREZI: F1GUR3 OUT HOW W3'LL 4PPRO4CH 4 V1LL41N W1TH H1S P4RT1CUL4R STR3NGTHS 4ND W34KN3SS3S
TEREZI: 4ND 4SSUM3 OUR TH1RD M3MB3R W1LL B3 R34DY TO F1GHT 1F W3 T3LL H1M TO
DAVE: yeah you know im sure if teen hardass strider shows up with his sword and shades and shit and we say
DAVE: hey dude look bad guy go kill
DAVE: im sure the guy will be more than willing to oblige
DAVE: its just
DAVE: man
TEREZI: WH4T!
DAVE: it feels wrong
DAVE: planning "around" him
DAVE: like hes a weird hypothetical battle mannequin
TEREZI: FROM TH3 TH1NGS 1 H4V3 H34RD 4BOUT H1M, FROM YOUR OWN P3RSON4L MOUTH
TEREZI: TH4T 4CTU4LLY SOUNDS L1K3 4 PR3TTY 4PT D3SCR1PT1ON TO M3
DAVE: no!
DAVE: its
DAVE: its more complicated than that
DAVE: and im supposed to...
DAVE: be getting ready for this huge deadly battle which is SO much more intense than anything i ever did
DAVE: even like 3 years ago back when i was actually doing adventure shit instead of watching dane cook movies
DAVE: and somehow be all geared up for that
DAVE: AND meet my teen bro for the first time
DAVE: and say oh there you are thats cool
DAVE: lets fight this random nigh indestructible asshole
DAVE: and then
DAVE: hug bump or something?
DAVE: how do i deal with all this
DAVE: i think i could end up getting us all killed and none of you are taking this seriously
VRISKA: Ok Strider, I've heard enough.
DAVE: ??
VRISKA: I have 8een more than patient, and more than accommod8ting.
VRISKA: 8ut your hangups regarding your ancestor are starting to 8order on pathetic.
KARKAT: HEY!
KARKAT: WHY DON'T YOU CAN IT.
VRISKA: Karkat, stay out of this.
KARKAT: NO, I WON'T.

KARKAT: NOT IF YOU ARE GOING TO START TRASHING PEOPLE WITH RESPECT TO THEIR SENSITIVE ISSUES IN A MANNER THAT IS *WAY* OVER THE LINE AS FAR AS THE BASIC GROUND RULES OF GOOD NATURED SHIT TALKING GOES, GROUND RULES ON WHICH I *HAPPEN* TO BE AN EXPERT.
KARKAT: EITHER MAKE SURE YOUR TRASH MOUTHED INVECTIVE IS CRITICALLY CONSTRUCTIVE, OR SHUT UP!
VRISKA: Who said I wasn't 8eing constructive?!
VRISKA: God.
VRISKA: I cut him all the slack in the world on this, 8ut I can see it isn't doing him, or any of us, any good at all.
VRISKA: I can see I'm going to have to expedite matters.
VRISKA: Go figure. Leave it all to Vriska, ONCE AGAIN.
DAVE: what
DAVE: what the fuck are you even going to do

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: I told you.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: I'm expediting matters.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**

```
POW
```

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: There you go!
VRISKA: Strider, meet Strider.
VRISKA: He's pretty fucked up, 8ut pro8a8ly a nice guy once you get to know him.
VRISKA: Which one am I talking a8out, you ask? Who knows!
VRISKA: Feeling awkward yet? Here's an idea.
VRISKA: Get the fuck over it.
VRISKA: Ok guys, I'm out of here.
VRISKA: I'm not sure I can take another second of this.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**

dialoglogJOHN: jeez vriska, are they really that bad?
VRISKA: Who, the Striders? No, they're fine.
VRISKA: That's not what I was talking a8out.
VRISKA: There's another pro8lem out there in paradox space which I can't stand for.
VRISKA: Not another moment. In fact, it makes me shudder just thinking a8out this lingering flaw which has yet to 8e rectified.
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: what is it?

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: My ghost is 8eing a

# FUCKING

# LOSER

# !!!!!!!!

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**14/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/05/15**
dialoglogJANE: I hope I don't sound like too much of a dream bubble novice, but,
JANE: Now that we've remembered we're asleep, how do we...
JANE: Wake up?
JADE: good question
JADE: i have no idea!
JANE: I mean, not that I haven't had a wonderful time recording our stories here with you both.
JANE: But maybe we should return to our friends soon.
JANE: What if they need our help?
CALLIOPE: obvioUsly i have enjoyed yoUr company more than i can say.
CALLIOPE: bUt yoU're right. yoU cannot stay here forever.
CALLIOPE: yoUr friends need yoU. so i will wake yoU Up.
JADE: wait...
JADE: you can do that??
CALLIOPE: ^u^

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/05/15**
dialoglogJADE: wow!!!
JADE: ok then i guess that settles that
JADE: but before we go...
JADE: i just want to say, in case we never get another chance to...
JADE: what the
JANE: Huh?

JADE: something is happening
CALLIOPE: :u

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/05/15**
dialoglogJADE: i know this place

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/05/15**
dialoglogJANE: Where are we?

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/05/15**
dialoglogJADE: its echidnas lair
JADE: or my memory of it at least

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**26/05/15**
dialoglogJADE: or possibly...
JADE: someone elses?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/05/15**

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CALLIOPE: !
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dialoglogJADE: jane??

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/05/15**

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DISOBEY
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## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/05/15**

dialoglogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Abra cafiddling dabra you silly shootnerds

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> My e%ceedingly STRONG work as the party's premier bodybuilding hacker is done

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Off I go

JANE: ...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/05/15**

dialoglogROXY: JANE!!!!!

ROXY: ur wake!

JANE: Roxy?????

JANE: U'r alive!

JANE: Er, you're!

ROXY: so are you!

ROXY: you were dead last time i saw you and also before i found u sleepin here but now ur awake and also alive!

JANE: Yeah!

JANE: You were dead too, because I...

JANE: But now you're??

JANE: Oh god, Roxy, I'm so sorry I,

JANE: I wasn't thinking straight when...

JANE: Please forgive me. :(

ROXY: aw janey you dont gotta worry about whatever sad incident that frowns about

ROXY: thats all water under a bridge from a reality i got no recollection of and therefore dont matter at all

ROXY: by which i mean.....

ROXY: this reality here, so ok the reality is still KIND of relevant because we are literally inside of it atm

ROXY: but im new here!

ROXY: i came over to keep being roxy since the old one died or whatever thru hecka debacles

JANE: That... is quite an explanation!

JANE: Jeez, I missed you.

ROXY: cmere u extravagant bitch!!!

JANE: Hahah!
JANE: (Wait... what?)

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/05/15**

dialoglogJOHN: the hug pile doesn't stop from getting taller.
ROSE: ?
JOHN: the hug pile! there are more hugs, rose.
ROSE: I can see the hugs. I don't understand the pile thing.
JOHN: oh. don't you remember?
JOHN: a funny quote from one of dave's old comics!
ROSE: Ah. Yes, vaguely.
ROSE: It's been a long journey, John.
ROSE: I believe one of the most valuable lessons that comes with growing up is gaining the wisdom that gently informs you when it's time to retire a meme.
JOHN: heh...
JOHN: i guess i never earned that handy badge, or whatever.
JOHN: i like this, though. every time someone wakes up, or pops out of nowhere, it's fun times all over again.
JOHN: i feel like i should be playing reunion bingo.
JOHN: who will be next??
JOHN: my money is on the long awaited and insanely poignant reunion between me and casey the salamander.
ROSE: Surely you mean the dear Viceroy Bubbles Von Salamancer, right?
ROSE: And instead of you, you mean me.
ROSE: That's when the real tears will flow.
JOHN: what do you think she's up to?
ROSE: He.
JOHN: no, she is my beautiful daughter. :p
ROSESPRITE: Something tells me the good Viceroy has been busy.
ROSE: Oh?
ROSESPRITE: I sense he's been... scheming.
ROSESPRITE: Plotting.
ROSESPRITE: Biding his time.
ROSESPRITE: Accruing dark legions.
ROSE: That sure is a thing that would be dumb, if true.
ROSESPRITE: Yeah.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/05/15**

dialoglogJOHN: hi nanna!
JOHN: jane, i mean.
JOHN: sorry, it's an easy mistake to make, because you're my nanna!
ROXY: lol
ROXY: real smooth shit john
JANE: Hello!

JANE: A pleasure to meet you, John. Or, poppop, as I used to know you.
JOHN: hehe, yeah so i heard!
JANE: You look so...
JANE: Young.
JOHN: thanks!
JOHN: so do you.
JOHN: my nanna, who used to be ashes on my fireplace, regained her old womanly visage when i turned her into a sprite, and she helped me along the way.
JOHN: so nanna is a sprite! did you know that?
JANE: Um... no?
JOHN: i thought you should know that. she's probably around somewhere. i hope you can meet her.
JOHN: oh, also, i'm your son technically. did you know that??
JANE: Yes.
JANE: It is... a pretty strange fact!
JANE: But also pretty cool.
JOHN: yup!
ROXY: ooh jane thats my daughter there say hi to her!!!
JANE: Hi!
ROSE: Hi, John's hot mom.
ROSE: (Aw shit.)
JANE: Haha...?
ROXY: also thats umm ANOTHER version of rose who died and then i buried and a stupid cat unburied her for some reason and prototyped her
ROXY: so say hello to my cool floaty double daughter!
JANE: Hi, Roxy's hot double daughter.
ROSESPRITE: :D
ROSESPRITE: (Rose Prime, I believe you may have just been owned.)
ROSE: (God damn Dave's contagious-ass Freudian boners.)

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/05/15**

dialoglogJANE: Wow, I feel so out of the loop! Sorry if I still seem disoriented from my... nap, I suppose it was?
JANE: Or impromptu troll-coma.
JANE: Roxy, you have to clue me in on what happened here! Where are Dirk and Jake?
JANE: And for that matter, John, where are your other friends? Oh, Jade! Where is she? Is she still asleep?
ROXY: hey janey that is all like a lot of stuff to say and everything goin on here is faaairly complicated and heavily peopled
ROXY: dont worry ill ease you into comprehending shit again ;)
ROXY: well ok cliff notes are: jake fucked off somewhere and dirk recently fucked off BACK here through a window but he left again pretty quick...
ROXY: dave went with dirk at wherever their fucking off too now, i think to get ready for some swords fightin, and yeah jade is still asleep but a coupla trolls lugged her off somewhere safe for now
ROXY: the REST of the junk im still sorting out myself bcs like i said im new to this exact plane of

shenanigans
JANE: Yes, you mentioned that.
JANE: I still don't know what you meant by...
JANE: Wait!
JANE: You and John came from another reality, where everything went horribly, right?
ROXY: m-hmmm!
JANE: I just remembered. Really, it's been such a rollercoaster ride for my memory, since I fell asleep.
JANE: Your and John's travels were a critical part of the illustrated story we reconstructed through our memories with Callie.
ROXY: wat!
ROXY: you saw callie in your dreams????
JANE: I did!
ROXY: hoh man
ROXY: how is she!
ROXY: i saw her in a dream a little while ago and we talked about lots of stuff
ROXY: she looked like a troll then
JANE: Yes, her trollsona! She had hers on when I saw her.
JANE: And we had ours on too!
ROXY: :O FUCK
JANE: She seemed to be doing well.
JANE: Nervous, of course, since she was hiding. But we passed the time with our stories.
JANE: It was a lot of fun! I'm so happy I got to meet her.
JANE: I wonder if I'll ever get the chance again?
ROXY: wellll...
ROXY: now that u mention it
ROXY: it IS one of my chief objectives to go lookin for her asap
ROXY: aaand not to be THAT ROGUE n brag all heavy but i MAY be in better touch with my void powers now
ROXY: soo maybe i stand a p good chance of trackin her down?
ROXY: cus i GOT somethin for her
JANE: You do?? What? :B
ROXY: just a lil presie, nbd
JANE: ...
JANE: I see.
ROXY: JK IT IS CRUCIAL FUKKIN BLING JANEY
ROXY: ONE (1) PRICELESS DIGIT DONUT!!!
ROXY: W/ MORE KARATS THAN A RABBIT TOO FAT FOR A HOLE
ROXY: (s'magic to)
JANE: WOW!!!!!!!!!!
JANE: Ahem, so,
JANE: You mean a ring, then.
JOHN: yeah!
JOHN: oh man, that's a great idea roxy.
JOHN: you should try and give it to her as soon as you can!
JOHN: then maybe we can all meet her before we ramp up for this battle?

ROXY: hmm yeh!
ROXY: u think i can do it?
JOHN: sure!
ROSE: I like your chances too.
ROSESPRITE: Same!
JASPERSPRITE: Me too roxy! :3
ROSE: I also have some experience helping people along in the right direction, when it comes to navigating the abyss.
ROSE: Maybe I could assist?
ROXY: yeah maybe!
ROSESPRITE: I'm pretty sure I have experience performing literally the exact same task, in a slightly different context.
ROSESPRITE: So maybe I can double assist?
JOHN: see roxy? everyone thinks you should do it, because they all believe in you.
JANE: That's right!
ROXY: shucks fuckers ._.
ROXY: yall killin me here <3
JASPERSPRITE: Meow im so happy!
ROXY: frigglish u silly bastard whats up?
JASPERSPRITE: Purr purr purr...
JASPERSPRITE: All the humans being so close together and happy and friendly purr purr.
JASPERSPRITE: Its making me really excited and happy too and making me feel like i want to be a part of everything!
JASPERSPRITE: Purr purr and get close to a nearby person and be happy at them with my body purrrr...
ROSESPRITE: Jaspers, what are you...
JASPERSPRITE: I cant help it rose i want to cuddle im feeling so pleased and friendly! :3 :3 :3
ROSESPRITE: Jaspers, no,
ROSESPRITE: No, don't!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/05/15**

dialoglogROSESPRITE: JASPERS, NOOOOO!
JASPERSPRITE: :3 purrrrrrr

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/05/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/05/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/05/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Meow meow motherfuckers.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/05/15**

dialoglogROXY: why is everything always so wonderful

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/05/15**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: welcome back, jade.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/05/15**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: come toward me.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/05/15**
dialoglogJADE: hi!
JADE: its good to see you again
CALLIOPE: you are kind to believe that.
JADE: how long has it been?
CALLIOPE: there is no way to measure.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/05/15**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: jade, could you wait over here?
CALLIOPE: i will return in a moment.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/05/15**
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**31/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/05/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/05/15**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: i've been searching for yoU.
CALLIOPE: so you have.
CALLIOPE: and i've been waiting.
CALLIOPE: ...
CALLIOPE: ...
CALLIOPE: Umm.
CALLIOPE: what will it be?
CALLIOPE: pardon?
CALLIOPE: i don't...

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**01/06/15**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: forgive my faltering, miss...
CALLIOPE: Um, miss calliope.
CALLIOPE: i don't know what to do.
CALLIOPE: am i sUpposed to ask you something?
CALLIOPE: no.
CALLIOPE: but you may if you wish.
CALLIOPE: ah.
CALLIOPE: in that case...
CALLIOPE: jade told me that yoU enjoy telling stories, like me.
CALLIOPE: is that trUe?
CALLIOPE: i used to.
CALLIOPE: long ago i would tell stories to myself, for the sake of amusement.
CALLIOPE: now i only tell them to others, when it serves a purpose.

CALLIOPE: is there a story you would like to hear?
CALLIOPE: hmm.
CALLIOPE: possibly?
CALLIOPE: there is so mUch to wonder.
CALLIOPE: why...
CALLIOPE: why are yoU here?
CALLIOPE: i mean, in the lair of echidna?
CALLIOPE: this is where i was killed.
CALLIOPE: :u
CALLIOPE: would you like to hear that story?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/06/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: my death was the very end, of course.
CALLIOPE: when telling a story of the end, where does one begin?
CALLIOPE: at the true beginning, or one of the many points between disguised as such?
CALLIOPE: in a story of the end, which events preceding the final moment itself shall be considered extraneous?
CALLIOPE: for me, none were.
CALLIOPE: for you, all are.
CALLIOPE: it simply depends how long you're willing to listen, and for how long you have.
CALLIOPE: ... how long do i have?
CALLIOPE: now that you're here,
CALLIOPE: not long at all.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/06/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: oh.
CALLIOPE: i'd want to listen to as mUch as possible!
CALLIOPE: in whatever amoUnt of time i have, if yoU please.
CALLIOPE: from the true beginning, then, and moving swiftly.
CALLIOPE: i began the same as you.
CALLIOPE: vulnerable, weak, but without the comfort of others, to whom those flaws would endear me.
CALLIOPE: so i became strong, and killed my brother.
CALLIOPE: i wore him down. i ate his soul. i dressed my words in his blood to hear victory every time i spoke.
CALLIOPE: i consumed his strength, too. it was always in me, just as yours was in him.
CALLIOPE: but being strong was not enough.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/06/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: a dead session is an impossible time challenge.
CALLIOPE: the planets detonate sooner and sooner, one by one. it is a trial designed to be unwinnable.
CALLIOPE: a muse of space could never solve it. but a lord of time could, with relentless perseverence.

CALLIOPE: it could only be him.
CALLIOPE: my brother?
CALLIOPE: yes.
CALLIOPE: i was never meant to rise to the place he holds because the game was rigged.
CALLIOPE: tilted in favor of his aspect.
CALLIOPE: having gained immortality, i could sit forever in a spent dead session.
CALLIOPE: or i could seek counsel with the mother of monsters.
CALLIOPE: and that is why you stand in my memory of her lair.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/06/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: her choice was simple, and i accepted.
CALLIOPE: she mercifully ended my life, then and there.
CALLIOPE: less mercifully is what came in exchange.
CALLIOPE: my soul would have to wait here.
CALLIOPE: for what felt like a very, very long time.
CALLIOPE: wait for what?
CALLIOPE: you.
CALLIOPE: echidna told me that your visit would be my signal.
CALLIOPE: an indication that the furthest ring around me had uncoiled itself momentarily, enough to be navigable.
CALLIOPE: it would mean it was time for me to go, and fulfill the rest of my promise to her.
CALLIOPE: so that is what i will do.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/06/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: i... see.
CALLIOPE: then what aboUt me?
CALLIOPE: what do you mean.
CALLIOPE: i was Under the impression i needed to find yoU, and...
CALLIOPE: apparently that was trUe. so that yoU can leave. bUt...
CALLIOPE: i thoUght this encoUnter might,
CALLIOPE: hold some pUrpose for me?
CALLIOPE: that yoU might let me know how i fit into everything, from this moment onward.
CALLIOPE: your only relevance here, and to the greater good, was to function as my signal.
CALLIOPE: a simple notification, as foretold by echidna.
CALLIOPE: now that you are here, i can go.
CALLIOPE: bUt then...
CALLIOPE: what shoUld i do?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/06/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: you don't need to do anything.
CALLIOPE: be who you've become, and who i didn't.
CALLIOPE: consume the fruits of an existence i could never understand.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**01/06/15**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: live.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**01/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**01/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**01/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**02/06/15**

```
CALLIOPE: :U
```

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**02/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**02/06/15**
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**03/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**04/06/15**
dialoglogKARKAT: SO YOU ACTUALLY UNDERSTOOD WHAT SHE WAS SAYING WITH THAT EARSPLITTING MALARKEY?
KANAYA: Yes
KARKAT: WOW.
KARKAT: I GUESS WE REALLY DID SEND THE RIGHT PERSON THEN.
KARKAT: PLUS ONE USELESS TAG-ALONG, I GUESS TO BEAR WITNESS OR

SOMETHING?
KARKAT: AND PROBABLY RECORD THE LEGENDARY CONVERSATION LIKE A SCRIBE, WITH HIS BENCHWARMER'S PEN INTO THE HALLOWED SCROLL OF THE SECOND BANANA.
KANAYA: What
KARKAT: EXCEPT I DIDN'T BRING MY PEN OR SCROLL, AND I DON'T SPEAK MONSTER SCREAMING.
KARKAT: SO MY TRANSCRIPT WOULD READ LIKE...
KARKAT: "MORE SHRILL NOISES, LIKE GOD PLAYING THE EDGE OF A GLASS INSIDE YOUR THINK PAN"
KARKAT: "MARYAM CONTINUES TO NOD ALONG"
KANAYA: We Talked About You
KARKAT: WHAT???
KARKAT: YOU DID
KARKAT: WHAT DID SHE SAY?
KANAYA: It Was A Short Conversation
KANAYA: The Entire Exchange Was Quite Brief And Straightforward Actually
KARKAT: NO, I KINDA GOT THAT.
KARKAT: EVEN THOUGH I DON'T HAVE A KEEN EAR FOR BEAST TWADDLE, I CAN STILL DETECT WHEN A CONVERSATION DOESN'T LAST FOR MUCH TIME.
KARKAT: I MEAN, DID SHE SAY WHAT SHE WANTED WITH ME?
KARKAT: OR WHAT SHE WANTS ME TO DO??
KANAYA: You Dont Have To Do Anything
KANAYA: And She Didnt Want Anything With You In Particular
KANAYA: She Just Wanted You Here
KARKAT: OK???
KARKAT: WELL, HERE I AM, QUEEN SNAKE!!!
KARKAT: SATISFIED?!
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: She Is Apparently
KARKAT: THEN WHAT DID YOU TALK ABOUT WHEN MY NAME CAME UP!
KANAYA: Now Is Probably Not The Right Time To Get Too Deep Into The Subject
KANAYA: But It Was Nothing Bad
KANAYA: To The Contrary Really
KARKAT: OK...
KARKAT: THEN WHAT ABOUT YOU?
KARKAT: WHY DID SHE WANT TO SEE YOU, KANAYA... CAN YOU AT LEAST TELL ME *SOMETHING* ABOUT THIS MADDENING EXCHANGE?
KANAYA: The Bottom Line Is The Meeting Has Served Its Purpose And Echidna Is Satisfied
KANAYA: She Will Release The Frog When The Time Comes
KANAYA: I Think Vriska Was Basically Right
KANAYA: She Wanted To Get A Look At Us
KANAYA: To Assess Our Worthiness
KANAYA: Before She Would Agree To Authorize The Conception Of Another Universe
KANAYA: It Would Seem That We Measured Up
KANAYA: Once Her Questions Were Answered

KARKAT: WHAT QUESTIONS?
KANAYA: Those Pertaining To How Her Universe Would Be Treated Once Occupied
KANAYA: And Whether We Intended To Take That Responsibility Seriously
KANAYA: By Following Through With The Duties We Have Fundamentally Tasked Ourselves With By Our Natural Inclinations
KANAYA: I Mean Us Specifically
KANAYA: You And I
KARKAT: DUTIES?
KARKAT: NATURAL INCLINATIONS?
KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK IS SHE TALKING ABOUT.
KANAYA: Natural Inclinations I Think Just Means
KANAYA: Some Idea That Is Important To Us That Has Threaded Its Way Through Every Moment And Decision Of Our Lives
KANAYA: Even When Not Apparent
KANAYA: The Refrain Of Our Being Maybe You Could Call It
KANAYA: A Thing That Attracts And Inspires Us And Simultaneously Weighs On Us So Heavily We Are Never Sure What To Do
KANAYA: For Me It Is Procreation I Believe
KANAYA: And So Does She
KANAYA: Fighting For The Persistence Of Our People
KANAYA: I Guess You Could Say
KANAYA: Motherhood?
KARKAT: WHAT ABOUT ME THEN?
KANAYA: I Think
KANAYA: That Is For You To Say
KARKAT: I'M NOT SURE IT IS, REALLY.
KARKAT: IF I'M HEARING YOU RIGHT, WORTHINESS OF INHERITING THIS UNIVERSE HINGES ON WHETHER I CAN LIVE UP TO WHAT MY SHIT IS ABOUT, SO TO SPEAK.
KARKAT: BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT MY SHIT IS ABOUT.
KARKAT: I'D REALLY LIKE TO KNOW, ACTUALLY!
KARKAT: CONSIDERING IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU TOUCHED ON THAT SUBJECT WITH HER, EVEN IF ONLY BRIEFLY, THEN IT SOUNDS LIKE A CONVERSATION I WOULD HAVE BENEFITED FROM UNDERSTANDING.
KARKAT: REALLY, IF THERE WAS ONLY *ONE* CLANGOROUS CREATURE-SCREED I'D LIKED TO HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PARSE OVER MY LIFETIME, THIS WAS PROBABLY IT!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/06/15**

dialoglogKANAYA: So
KANAYA: You Really Dont Have Even The Slightest Sense Of What You Stand For
KANAYA: Some Concept That Speaks To You In Some Way
KANAYA: Or Represents Ideals Important To You
KARKAT: I DUNNO
KARKAT: UHH
KARKAT: BLOOD?

KANAYA: Blood
KARKAT: NO, NOT BLOOD.
KARKAT: I MEAN, NOT REALLY. MAYBE.
KARKAT: HONESTLY I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS OR WHY I SAID IT.
KARKAT: EXCEPT THAT IT'S THE EASY ANSWER, JUST BECAUSE IT'S MY FUCKING ASPECT.
KANAYA: Well
KANAYA: Its A Topic I Can Get Behind
KANAYA: Do You Have Any
KARKAT: WHAT
KARKAT: YOU MEAN ASIDE FROM A SHITLOAD OF THE STUFF I CARRY AROUND IN MY VEINS ALL THE TIME?
KARKAT: NO, SORRY.
KANAYA: Oh
KARKAT: PLEASE DON'T LOOK AT MY BODY LIKE THAT WHILE DROOLING.
KANAYA: Whoops
KARKAT: BUT REALLY, I DON'T HAVE A CLUE WHAT MY ASPECT MEANS.
KARKAT: OR IF IT EVEN HAS ANY SUBSTANTIVE CORRELATION WITH "MY SHIT" PER WHATEVER ECHIDNA WAS GOING ON ABOUT.
KARKAT: HONESTLY THOUGH...
KARKAT: WHEN WE STARTED PLAYING THE GAME, AND LEARNING ABOUT ALL THE ASPECT STUFF AND WHO WAS WHAT
KARKAT: I GOT SO EXCITED WHEN I FOUND OUT ABOUT MINE.
KARKAT: I WAS LIKE, WHAT? BLOOD?? FUCK YEAH!!!
KARKAT: THAT'S ME. THAT'S SO BADASS, AND I'M BADASS, SO YEAH, THAT CHECKS OUT.
KARKAT: AND EVEN THOUGH THE THING ABOUT BEING A BADASS WAS BULLSHIT, IT STILL JUST *FELT* RIGHT.
KARKAT: AND I THINK IT STILL DOES.
KANAYA: Thats Nice
KANAYA: I Think It Can Only Be Positive To Feel A Deep Affinity For Ones Aspect
KANAYA: Better Than Being At Odds With It
KANAYA: I Never Felt Like I Had Much To Do With Space
KANAYA: Until Eventually
KANAYA: I Somehow Came To Understand Space Meant More Than Just Space
KANAYA: Like Not Just
KANAYA: Physical Room And Dimension For Stars To Occupy
KANAYA: Its
KANAYA: Deeper Than That
KANAYA: A Field Related To Propagation
KANAYA: The Ones Who Create It
KANAYA: They Are Passing A Torch As It Were
KARKAT: YEAH, AT FIRST, I THOUGHT BLOOD JUST MEANT LIKE...
KARKAT: SOMETHING ABOUT BEING A WARRIOR! OR BEING COMPLETELY RUTHLESS TO ANYONE STANDING IN THE WAY OF VICTORY.
KARKAT: BUT AS MORE TIME PASSED

KARKAT: I REALIZED THERE WAS PROBABLY A LOT MORE TOO IT.
KARKAT: AND I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND.
KARKAT: MAYBE I NEVER WILL.
KARKAT: BUT YOU KNOW
KARKAT: EVEN THOUGH I DON'T HAVE THOSE IMMATURE VIEWS ON BEING A BIGSHOT ANYMORE
KARKAT: I STILL WANT TO FIGHT!
KANAYA: You Do
KARKAT: YEAH!
KARKAT: I MEAN NOT ANY OLD TIME LIKE SOME BELLIGERENT ASSHOLE, BUT WHEN EVERYTHING IS ON THE LINE, AND IT REALLY MATTERS.
KARKAT: LIKE NOW.
KARKAT: SO MAYBE I WASN'T TOO FAR OFF ON THAT PART OF MY ASPECT?
KARKAT: MAYBE IT DOES HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH LIKE THE "WARRIOR SPIRIT" SHIT EVEN IF YOUR BODY AND SKILLS CAN'T QUITE BACK THAT UP.
KANAYA: Could Be
KANAYA: It Could Also Be Theres More To Being A Warrior Than Engaging In Physical Combat
KARKAT: HMM

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/06/15**

dialoglogKARKAT: BUT SERIOUSLY, I STILL DO WANT TO HELP MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN THIS BATTLE SOMEHOW!
KANAYA: I Know You Do
KARKAT: LOOK, I COMPLETELY ADMIT. I'M SHIT.
KARKAT: I'M THE SHIT THEY RESERVE FOR THE SMELLIEST TOILET WHEN IT COMES TO FIGHTING ABILITY.
KARKAT: ALL THAT SMACK TALK BETWEEN ME AND VRISKA ABOUT MY USELESSNESS, THAT WASN'T EVEN SOME SNAPPY LITTLE FARCE, WHERE WE ALL RIDE KARKAT'S CROTCH BANDEAU FOR A LIVELY CHUCKLE.
KARKAT: IT WAS JUST SOME BASIC BOILERPLATE INTERLOCUTION THAT WAS EXACTLY ON THE FUCKING LEVEL.
KARKAT: I'M NOT A GOD TIER, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? NEITHER ARE YOU, AND NEITHER IS TEREZI.
KARKAT: BUT YOU'RE BOTH GREAT, AND DEADLY AS SHIT. IT'S NO EXCUSE.
KARKAT: I'VE NEVER BEEN ANY GOOD, AND IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO COME TO TERMS WITH HOW DELUDED I WAS ABOUT THAT.
KARKAT: THE ONLY REASON WE ENDED UP WINNING OUR GAME WAS THAT EVERYONE ELSE WAS ABLE TO PICK UP THE SLACK FOR ME.
KARKAT: PRETTY MUCH ALL I DID WAS SPEND A FEW WEEKS SHOUTING AT EVERYBODY.
KARKAT: I NEVER TOLD ANYONE THIS BUT...
KARKAT: EVEN WHEN I BEAT MY DENIZEN
KARKAT: I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE I GOT THE ONE RESERVED FOR THE WEAKEST PLAYERS.
KARKAT: LIKE A SPECIAL ONE.

KARKAT: YOU KNOW HOW THERE'S THAT SUPPOSEDLY RARE ONE THAT ONLY REALLY STRONG PLAYERS GET... IT HAS SOME WEIRD FUCKING NAME.
KARKAT: I'M PRETTY SURE MINE WAS LIKE THAT. BUT JUST THE OPPOSITE.
KARKAT: REALLY, I NEVER SAID *ANYTHING* ABOUT THIS BECAUSE IT WAS SO EMBARRASSING, BUT
KARKAT: WHEN I GOT TO HIM, HE WAS... WEIRDLY SMALL??
KARKAT: LIKE JUST REALLY SMALL.
KARKAT: AND HE MUMBLES HIS CHOICE SHIT WHICH OF COURSE I COMPLETELY IGNORE, AND HE SEEMS TO KNOW I WILL.
KARKAT: I CAN HEAR IT IN HIS VOICE. HE KNOWS I WON'T CARE, HE CAN SENSE MY CONTEMPT, HE CAN SENSE HOW SMALL AND PITIFUL I FEEL, AND BECAUSE HE'S LIKE ALL KNOWING AND SHIT, HE'S *FACTORED THIS IN*.
KARKAT: ON SOME LEVEL, I THINK I UNDERSTOOD ALL THIS, AND IT JUST MADE ME FURIOUS.
KARKAT: SO I KILLED HIM.
KARKAT: AND IT WAS TOO EASY. EVEN FOR ME, IT WAS EASY.
KARKAT: I REMEMBER THINKING "WHAT THE FUCK?" AFTER THE FINAL BLOW.
KARKAT: SO YEAH, I'VE BEEN PRETTY SURE I GOT THE "TRAINING DENIZEN" EVER SINCE. IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF ADMITTING IT TO MYSELF.
KARKAT: ACTUALLY, AS DUMB AS IT SOUNDS...
KARKAT: I THINK I'M *STILL* NOT COMFORTABLE WITH PEOPLE KNOWING THAT FACT. IT STILL FEELS HUMILIATING.
KARKAT: WOULD YOU MIND NOT TELLING ANYONE, KANAYA?
KANAYA: Ill Stay Quiet
KARKAT: BUT YEAH, MY UTTERLY TRAGIC LAMENESS ATTRIBUTE NOTWITHSTANDING, I'D STILL LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE.
KARKAT: I KNOW IT WON'T COUNT FOR MUCH.
KARKAT: I MIGHT EVEN GET IN THE WAY OF SOMEBODY COMPETENT.
KARKAT: BUT IT MATTERS TO ME, TO PUT EVERYTHING ON THE LINE, FOR ALL THE RIGHT REASONS THIS TIME.
KARKAT: NOT TO PROVE I'M STRONG OR AWESOME OR ANYTHING.
KARKAT: THE OPPOSITE REALLY... TO PUT MYSELF OUT THERE KNOWING PERFECTLY WELL I'M NOT.
KARKAT: I FEEL LIKE I HAVE TO EARN THE RIGHT TO INHERIT THIS UNIVERSE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.
KARKAT: NOT JUST GET DRAGGED INTO IT ON THE LOOSE FABRIC OF EVERYONE'S FUCKING PAJAMAS.
KARKAT: IT ALSO FEELS IMPORTANT TO JUST
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW
KARKAT: STAND THERE WITH MY FRIENDS.
KARKAT: THEY'RE RISKING THEIR LIVES, AND THEY MAY BE MORE SUPERNATURALLY RESILIENT OR WHATEVER, BUT HEY.
KARKAT: I SHOULD BE RISKING MINE TOO.
KARKAT: TO AT LEAST SHOW I'M THERE WITH THEM.
KARKAT: AND WHO KNOWS, MAYBE A MOMENT WILL PRESENT ITSELF...
KARKAT: WHERE I CAN DO SOMETHING IMPORTANT.

KARKAT: LIKE NUDGE SOMEONE OUT OF THE WAY OF A RANDOM FLAMING FUCKBALL JUST IN TIME.
KARKAT: OR SOME OTHER SMALL THING ACTUALLY WITHIN MY ABILITY.
KARKAT: MAYBE I'LL DIE IN THE PROCESS OF SAVING SOMEONE MORE CRUCIAL TO VICTORY?
KARKAT: IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A PART OF THIS, SO BE IT.
KARKAT: I'M IN.
KANAYA: Thats Why Youre Our Leader Karkat
KARKAT: I'M NOT YOUR FUCKING LEADER!!!
KANAYA: Statements Like That Are Also Why Youre Our Leader
KARKAT: NO, I DON'T ACCEPT THAT.
KANAYA: You Have To
KARKAT: WHAT
KARKAT: WHY?!
KARKAT: NO I DON'T.
KARKAT: LOOK, WE *JUST* ESTABLISHED THIS BACK ON THE PAD.
KARKAT: I'M NOT A LEADER ANYMORE. END OF STORY.
KANAYA: That Isnt What Echidna Said
KARKAT: ??????

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/06/15**

dialoglogKANAYA: It Was Part Of The Deal
KARKAT: WHAT?
KARKAT: WHAT DEAL.
KANAYA: The Choice She Gave Me
KANAYA: It Was Straightforward Like I Said
KANAYA: Seeing Us Was Mostly A Formality
KANAYA: She Was Perfectly Willing To Release The Frog
KANAYA: But There Was One Small Thing I Had To Agree To First
KARKAT: WHAT??
KANAYA: To Protect You
KARKAT: .....?!
KANAYA: In Addition To Living Up To The Things I Supposedly Stand For As Well
KANAYA: The Resurrection Of Our People
KANAYA: But Once I Did That
KANAYA: She Made It Clear
KANAYA: Theyd Need Guidance
KANAYA: She Didnt Seem Happy With The Idea Of Her Universe Being Stricken With Another Race Of Lost Trolls
KANAYA: Maybe She Feels You Are The Best Chance Wed Have At Preventing That
KARKAT: ARE YOU FUCKING JOKING?
KANAYA: Not At The Moment
KARKAT: HAHAHAHAHA!
KARKAT: THESE DENIZENS ARE FULL OF SURPRISES AREN'T THEY.
KARKAT: OK, COOL! WHATEVER YOU SAY ECHIDNA!

KARKAT: IT'S PROBABLY A LOAD OF SHIT, BUT A DEAL'S A DEAL.
KARKAT: AT LEAST "PROTECTING ME" SHOULD BE A PRETTY EASY PROMISE TO LIVE UP TO, RIGHT?
KANAYA: Id Hope So

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/06/15**

dialoglogKARKAT: SURE IT IS.
KARKAT: WHEN I HEAD OUT TO BATTLE, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS STICK NEAR ME, AND DO YOUR BEST TO PROVIDE ME COVER.
KARKAT: I THINK AS LONG AS YOU'RE GIVING YOUR BEST EFFORT, YOU'RE TECHNICALLY KEEPING YOUR END OF THE BARGAIN.
KANAYA: That Would Be One Way Of Handling It
KARKAT: GREAT.
KARKAT: IT'S SETTLED THEN.
KARKAT: NOW LET'S GET OUT OF THIS STUFFY CAVE AND GET PSYCHED FOR BATTLE!
KARKAT: MAN, THIS IS GOING TO BE GREAT. I CAN'T WAIT TO DUST THE OLD SICKLE OFF!
KARKAT: WHICH ONE TO USE, THOUGH... HOMES SMELL YA LATER? PROBABLY LACKING IN COMBAT STATS, BUT IT'S HARD TO SAY NO TO A CLASSIC.
KARKAT: THIS WAY KANAYA!!!
KANAYA: Dont Worry
KANAYA: Ill Meet You Out There

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/06/15**

dialoglogKANAYA: Once Its All Over
KARKAT: HUH?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/06/15**

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Bonk
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dialoglogKARKAT: OOF

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/06/15**

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KO'D
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## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/06/15**

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Pat Pat
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dialoglogKANAYA: Pleasant Dreams Friend
KANAYA: If You Can Hear Me In Your Dreams
KANAYA: Ha Ha You Probably Cant

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**04/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: They're back!!! :3!! !
JASPROSESPRITE^2: At last an end to this dreadful lull in our recent social patterns!
ROSE: What lull?
ROSE: You've been talking nonstop since you were created.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: You see Roxy? We all knew you could find her.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Especially me!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Not to boast but my faith in your ability to retrieve the cherub wasn't just some saccharine friendly nonsense, like it was for pretty much everyone else here.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It was established in what is now a highly focused understanding of my aspect as well as these radically magnified feline instincts!! :3!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes good point, it's true that feline instincts in no empirical way contribute to one's prognosticative acuity, fair enough!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But they really make it FEEL like my intuition has more credibility than it really deserves.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: And to the cat portion of my being, that is GOOD ENOUGH! Holy shit am I legitimately pleased with myself right now.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: *Trills.*
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Is this her Roxy? :3 Of course this is her.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Hello you beautiful creature.
CALLIOPE: :O

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/06/15**

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paw paw
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dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Gasp. ROXY! She's a treasure.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: This skull! Absolutely exquisite.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: So smooth to the touch and full of luster! So macabre, so... sublimely EXSANGUINOUS! :3
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Quite the fetching artifact to keep propped on such a smartly dressed pair of shoulders.
ROSE: Could you maybe stop pawing at her?
ROSE: It's creepy.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: The suit! Spectacular. Tailored yourself I gather?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: You have no idea what a burning desire I have to get hair on it but don't worry I won't!

JASPROSESPRITE^2: Oh my god her eyes. Perfect glass! Like a priceless doll's.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Tis a special friend you pulled from the dead Roxy.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Thank you for sharing this gift with us.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: *Mrr... chirp!*
ROXY: :O

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: You there! John's hot mom.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It wasn't a Freudian slip that time I said it deliberately. :3
ROSE: Kill.
ROSE: Me.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: We phantasmal kittyfolk don't have much use for disguising the thoughts we think to be true in our minds nor do we bother to veil attraction to that which we find sexually appealing! Meow.
JANE: :O
JASPROSESPRITE^2: These IDEAS I'm having mmrrr they're so *interesting*. Wherever this frame of reference has been all my life color me glad I'm dead!!! ;3
JASPROSESPRITE^2: John's hot mom did you know you killed me?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: No not the girl the cat I mean. You were twice culpable in a way.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: The murder weapon was in your custody and bequeathed to you roundaboutedly by you yourself as an aged ghostly grannywoman.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: The plummet of that gut-crushing tome was the last thing I ever witnessed.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Of course the old woman herself was murdered by the accursed thing too so one could hardly blame her for pulling a few strings here and there that it might find another victim.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: When a bedeviled joke opus is taken with certain individuals it can be difficult to wrest them away from its favor.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Mrow look at me boring you all with elementary tome trivia everyone knows already. What is this the kitten corner?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: The fact is John's hot mom one time you and your cornball book made a pussy pancake out of me.
JOHN: :O
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I suppose Roxy had a hand in it too technically though it seems mom had it in her blood to do well intended harm to that poor critter I used to be.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It's ok though because she makes up for it with the BEST funerals!!! Purrr they are a treat, each of my halves received one!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I remember you so clearly in that desert as the life drained away and I muddled through the shabby last words of a raffish amateur.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I clearly remember in spite of what a hackneyed showing that was I still had the presence of mind to be overwhelmed by the sense for how much you cared and that gives me such a warm emotion right now it makes me want to poof up a little with friendliness!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But these aren't the only memories of death I have.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Or the only memories of life I had for you see I've had many.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Squaring these sprites, it's a marvelous thing. It opens you up! The selves become curiously multidimensional; concentrated!!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I recall the lives of many Roses lost. And many Jaspers! Maybe even more

than nine. ;3
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Not that any of them matter now they each chased their own laser pointers to their respective futilities and now I am all that's left of them, mrrrr.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Nor does it matter to the task at hand for which we must prepare does it Hotmom Crocker?
JANE: ... What?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: For the battle ahead! We're still on healing duty. Didn't anyone tell you yet?
JANE: N-no?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: The gameplan is simple. You jumpstart the cadavers while I scoot you around.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: How's that sound cookietits, does it tickle your toebeans?? :3
JANE: :O
JOHN: :O
ROXY: :O
CALLIOPE: :O
TEREZI: :O
ROSE: Well, that settles that.
ROSE: Plan of action secured.
ROSE: Maybe it's time for you to go away now?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It may very well could be!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Farewell transitorily.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**14/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Prrrrr, *CHIRP!!!*

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

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KANAYA: Shoutpole
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dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Hello Kanaya!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Funny meeting you down here in this cave.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: That is to say the place I knew you went to, and skittered here to visit in order to find you!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

dialoglogKANAYA: Rose?
KANAYA: Dear God What Happened
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What HASN'T happened??? :3
JASPROSESPRITE^2: We've been through a lot haven't we? All of us. Reality itself really. Reality has been through so much and puts people through so much simultaneously.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Like the two of us. Reality has put one version or another of you through so many things with one version or another of me.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It's all been so sweet and stupid and silly and sad hasn't it? You'd agree if you could remember!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But after I watched your molecules come apart, as I lay there dying in the

great big neon-skied litterbox, there was ONE thing it occurred to me I never got a chance to say to you.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

```
nuzzzzle
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## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

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nuzzzzzzzzzle
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## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Dave and Dirk!!! :3!! Surely this is where the party's at. Couple of cool cucumbers like you? See, Dirk knows what's up, what with the party pants. I'd call them the cat's pajamas if that phrase didn't literally describe my ensemble!!!! :3 :3 :3

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

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DAVE: ...
DIRK: ...
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dialoglogDAVE: ...

DIRK: ...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Eep. Feels like someone just dunked me in a chilly tub. Earth to Strider bros, does it LOOK like I'm in the mood for a fucking bath?

JASPROSESPRITE^2: Sooo...

JASPROSESPRITE^2: This is it? The big reunion comes down to this then. A lot of awkward sitting around while we all gaze at my father's pretty pretty legs?

JASPROSESPRITE^2: Booooring.

JASPROSESPRITE^2: I'm a sprite to the second power yet what do I find sitting here on this ancient skyscraper?

JASPROSESPRITE^2: None other than the TRUE squares of the party. ;3

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: *Pounce!*

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Surprise Jade's unintelligent father and greetings, for it is I a brand new entity with which you are not familiar!!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: And,
JASPROSESPRITE^2: That bull troll sprite I guess.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: And oooh hey the last unprototyped kernel! That's sure a tantalizing tidbit worth acknowledging if I ever ogled one.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Like a stray toy some idiot chased under the fridge!

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**15/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**15/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**15/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**15/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**15/06/15**
dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Ok looks like you're both really boring too!!!!!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Sorry to barge in on your weak times. Sniff you later! :3:3

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**15/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**15/06/15**
dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: So it just occurred to me!!!
ROSE: Noooo. :(
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I saw the spare green sprite and it is like the little blinking light on those Ghostbuster traps reminding us all it is an empty vessel in need of a lost soul!
JOHN: what??
JOHN: wait, no, time out!
JOHN: ridiculous cat-rose, i have stood by silently agog at your shenanigans, but i can't let that flagrant piece of misinformation go by unchallenged!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Mrrr?
JOHN: that's not how the ghost traps work.
JOHN: the light blinks AFTER they catch a ghost!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Oh.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Mrrrreally?
JOHN: yes.
JOHN: i just wanted to clear that up, before you carry on with more of your silly nonsense.
JOHN: anyway, please continue.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Thanks professor nerd I'm feeling a lot more knowledgeable about a fake thing now!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Now about that sprite.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Which one of you here was concerned with the resurrection of fallen friends?

JASPROSESPRITE^2: *Sniff.*
JASPROSESPRITE^2: *Sniff, sniff.*
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Was it you?? It was you wasn't it. :3
TEREZI: >:?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Regardless you're the only one left on this lilypad with any vested interest in whatever deceased member of that particular legume exhibit gets to rejoin us.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: And if my tally is correct, that's four torsos, but only one kernel!
ROSE: Vriska said that kernel was supposed to be for our potential resurrection purposes.
ROSE: And so was yours.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Vriska? Who's this now? Hmm no, can't says the name clinks a water bowl.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: In fact it sounds very suspiciously like the name of someone who probably scampered off leaving exactly this kind of moral dilemma to the those of us who stayed put!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: So who is it going to be, hm? :3
JASPROSESPRITE^2: A princely young wizard who wrought science through a wand?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Or a fishy young princess who never spoke once to Lalonde?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What about "other guy", the one thought half-dead only?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Or the girl who likes ships! Cause they made her less lonely. ;3
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Meowsers what a mystery!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: But seriously that's all from me tonight folks, I've sincerely adored hogging all of your attention and you've been wonderful.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: *Trills into the night.*

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**15/06/15**

dialoglogTEREZI: Y34H, SH3'S JUST GONN4 BR1NG N3P3T4 B4CK 1SN'T SH3

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**16/06/15**

~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~

Wow, 10 path options!!!

Wait a minute. You click and click, but nothing happens. This path selection screen seems to be broken. Looks like "free will" got greedy and overloaded the thing with "choice", rendering the graphic up there completely useless, except you guess as a cool rollover thingy. For the first time EVER, in the over 9000 page history of this website, you begin to feel slightly deceived. Oh, how you would have loved to taste the fruit of free will one last time before this wild ride jerks our bodies to a deadly stop. Alas it is not to be. You must proceed through all of these options linearly, one by one. You click the link below, as usual.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**16/06/15**

dialoglogDAVE: so
DAVE: that was pretty fucking weird huh

DIRK: ...
DIRK: Yeah.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**16/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: That was...
DIRK: Your sister?
DAVE: um sorta
DAVE: but i guess she fused with her dead cat or something
DIRK: Dead cat?
DAVE: the bottom line is we turned our back for two seconds and a shenanigan happened
DAVE: pretty much business as usual
DAVE: at least thats how it rolls for us idk about you guys here
DIRK: No... yeah.
DIRK: That's,
DIRK: Pretty much true here too.
DAVE: yeah?
DIRK: I turned my back once.
DIRK: Never again.
DAVE: what happened
DIRK: A muscular troll took my sprite.
DIRK: I then acquiesced into merging him with my jackass pair of sunglasses.
DAVE: oh right
DAVE: that guy
DIRK: Yeah.
DAVE: hmm
DIRK: ...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**16/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**16/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**16/06/15**

dialoglogDAVE: soooooo
DIRK: So.
DAVE: so indeed
DIRK: So is pretty much... the thing we're saying.
DAVE: ...
DAVE: thats uh
DAVE: our conjunction of choice it seems
DIRK: ...
DAVE: (fuck)

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**16/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: I guess you all pretty much... showed up then.
DAVE: yeah pretty much
DIRK: Like, before I even got back.
DIRK: After the werewolf girl appeared and...
DIRK: Wait, what happened with that?
DAVE: its like
DAVE: a whole story man
DAVE: mostly involving vriska
DIRK: Vriska?
DAVE: if you knew her youd know thats all i had to say
DAVE: youd be like ohhhh its a vriska thing ok got it forget i asked
DAVE: she brought you here too actually
DAVE: then jumped her ass in that window to go do whatever crazy bullshit she thinks needs gettin done
DIRK: Oh, right.
DIRK: Her.
DIRK: Then...
DIRK: I guess...
DIRK: Stuff in this session is pretty much sorted out, finally?
DAVE: shrug
DAVE: maybe
DIRK: And we're about to do battle?
DAVE: seems like it
DIRK: Oh.
DIRK: Are we... ready for that?
DAVE: kind of
DAVE: karkat made some drawings so
DIRK: Are... YOU ready?
DAVE: i guess
DAVE: ive got like
DAVE: a sword and shit
DIRK: Cool.
DIRK: Me too.
DAVE: yeah i know
DAVE: mines not that good
DIRK: That's too bad.
DIRK: What type of sword?
DAVE: its welsh
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: possibly fake welsh im not that sure
DIRK: Hmm.
DIRK: Well, mine's good.
DAVE: i know
DIRK: It's... Japanese?
DAVE: for real?
DIRK: No. I don't know.

DIRK: Probably fake Japanese.
DAVE: fake japanese
DAVE: kinda like...
DAVE: how all anime probably takes place in some kind of fake japanese universe?
DIRK: Something like that.
DAVE: thats cool
DAVE: tough gettin a sword from a place like that
DIRK: Yeah.
DAVE: ...
DIRK: ...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**16/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**16/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: So when are we supposed to fight?
DAVE: god i hope soon

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**17/06/15**

~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**17/06/15**

dialoglogJOHN: ok! now that, uh... THAT little episode seems to be over...
JOHN: roxy, maybe you can introduce us to your friend for real this time?
JOHN: (rose, i think you can come out from under the pillow now.)
ROSE: No!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**17/06/15**

dialoglogROXY: yeh! um
ROXY: so like the hilarious cheshire cat rose already pointed out
ROXY: this is my friend from the dead callie & shes super pretty
CALLIOPE: u_u;
ROXY: she was my web friend onlines for a long time and janes too
ROXY: jane u just saw her but here she is again alive and everything!
JANE: Hi! So good to see you again.
CALLIOPE: yes, likewise jane!
JANE: And without your trollsona, no less.
JANE: This is your true form, I presume?
CALLIOPE: ...
JANE: I think both Roxy and the enthusiastic cat girl are correct.
JANE: Your natural appearance is quite handsome!
CALLIOPE: gosh.
CALLIOPE: i'm sorry, i do not no how to reply to sUch remarks.
CALLIOPE: maybe it is becaUse i can't bring myself to agree, no matter how nice it is for yoU to

say so.
ROXY: i hear ya
ROXY: takin compliments can be kinda hard sometimes
ROXY: like if its a weird subject for u
ROXY: we can lay off!!
TEREZI: C4LL13, YOU 4R3 SURROUND3D BY 4SS K1SS3RS
TEREZI: YOU SHOULD 4LLOW M3 TO L1CK YOUR F4C3 SO 1 C4N M4K3 4N OBJ3CT1V3 D3T3RM1N4T1ON
JOHN: dammit terezi!
CALLIOPE: :u
TEREZI: 1T 1S TH3 ONLY W4Y W3'LL KNOW FOR SUR3
TEREZI: THOUGH 1F 1'M B31NG HON3ST, YOU SM3LL PR3TTY UGLY FROM WH3R3 1 4M ST4ND1NG
JOHN: oh my god.
JOHN: you are terrible!
TEREZI: PL34S3, JOHN
TEREZI: 1 D1D NOT M34N TH4T 1N 4N UNFL4TT3R1NG W4Y
TEREZI: 1 TH1NK H4V1NG 4 SKULL FOR 4 H34D 1S PR3TTY S1CK
TEREZI: 1F G1V3N TH3 CHO1C3, 1 M1GHT ROCK TH3 LOOK MYS3LF
TEREZI: BUT 1 WOULDN'T ST4ND FOR 4 BUNCH OF CLOY1NG W33N13S S1TT1NG 4ROUND C4LL1NG M3 PR3TTY
TEREZI: 1F TH4T'S HOW P3OPL3 R34CT3D, WH4T WOULD 3V3N B3 TH3 PO1NT OF LOOK1NG L1K3 4 B4D4SS SKULL G1RL 1N TH3 F1RST PL4C3?
JOHN: ok, i guess that is your opinion on that, then.
JOHN: thanks for sharing, terezi.
JOHN: (don't listen to her callie, she's a weirdo.)
CALLIOPE: :U

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**17/06/15**

dialoglogJOHN: so, anyway, regardless of how you feel about yourself, or whatever thing a rude troll may have to say, i think you are very cute.
JOHN: even though you look a lot like your terrible brother, the fact that you are nice inside makes a huge difference!
JOHN: i think that when you're really a good person deep down instead of an evil jerk, the skull monster look becomes a lot more charming.
CALLIOPE: wow.
CALLIOPE: thank yoU.
CALLIOPE: er.
CALLIOPE: yoU...
CALLIOPE: met my brother?
JOHN: yeah!
JOHN: he's garbage.
JOHN: i'm really sorry you had to grow up with him.
CALLIOPE: me too.
JOHN: i roughed him up a bit though, so it's all good.

JOHN: ripped up his cape pretty good too.
CALLIOPE: he has a cape now?
JOHN: not anymore.
CALLIOPE: ^u^
JOHN: hey look, there it is! heh, nice.
CALLIOPE: what?
JOHN: the ring.
JOHN: i helped track it down through time for roxy, so she could give it to you.
JOHN: it's so cool to see that it works!
CALLIOPE: yes!!!
CALLIOPE: i feel so mUch more...
CALLIOPE: sUbstantial now.
JOHN: you must be a really good friend to her, for her to want to bring you back so much.
CALLIOPE: yes, she's as good a friend as i coUld ever hope for.
CALLIOPE: bUt then, since yoU helped, i sUppose i owe yoU jUst as mUch gratitUde, don't i?
JOHN: nah, not really.
JOHN: i had to save the ring anyway, and it just seemed like the right thing to do, giving it to her, since she was so worried about you.
JOHN: it should be a nice thing that is between her and you. i'm just a middle man. :)
CALLIOPE: heehee. ok. :u
JOHN: anyway, it's really nice to meet the person who finally gets to wear the highly touted ghost ring!
JOHN: it probably means you are pretty special, to end up with it.
JOHN: what do you think you will do with your life, now that you're alive and free from your jerky bro?
CALLIOPE: ooh, Uh... wow.
CALLIOPE: i hadn't thoUght aboUt it!
CALLIOPE: the idea is overwhelming, really.
JOHN: well, don't sweat it.
JOHN: you'll have a lot of time to figure it out.
JOHN: that's kind of the point of life, right? to take a lot of time floundering around, figuring stuff out.
JOHN: the answer will come to you eventually. you should just try to have fun!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**17/06/15**

dialoglogROXY: (yoo troll grouch... john is so nice agh its fuckin me up)
TEREZI: (1 KNOW)
TEREZI: (1T'S D1SGUST1NG)
JANE: Excuse me, Callie?
JANE: What happened after I woke up?
JANE: We were all following that mysterious path...
JANE: Did you and Jade discover where that led?
CALLIOPE: yes.
CALLIOPE: i met my other self.
ROXY: o so you found her then??

CALLIOPE: indeed.
CALLIOPE: or more likely, the timing in the fUrthest ring was right.
CALLIOPE: perhaps she sensed me in some way, and Untangled a path throUgh the darkness.
CALLIOPE: in other words, it feels more as thoUgh i was sUmmoned, rather than being the one to find her.
CALLIOPE: she seems tremendoUsly powerfUl.
CALLIOPE: she is also...
CALLIOPE: qUite frightening.
ROXY: frightening????
CALLIOPE: not that i think she is dangeroUs or has ill intent.
CALLIOPE: my impression was very mUch to the contrary.
CALLIOPE: still, while speaking to her...
CALLIOPE: i can't remember ever feeling so nervoUs.
CALLIOPE: not even my brother made me feel that way.
CALLIOPE: her demeanor was so severe and chilling, and so Unlike mine, i think.
JOHN: maybe that's why you felt weird?
JOHN: seeing a version of you that wasn't like you at all?
CALLIOPE: maybe.
ROSE: So what happened?
CALLIOPE: not mUch.
CALLIOPE: my presence there essentially freed her from that place, according to a pact she made with echidna.
CALLIOPE: she and jade then left. to do what, i do not know.
CALLIOPE: that is when roxy foUnd me. ^u^
ROSE: So, you were only there to release her?
ROSE: Are you sure there isn't something important for you to do, now that you're alive and with us?
CALLIOPE: i doUbt it.
CALLIOPE: for one thing, i have virtUally no UsefUl abilities. u_u
ROSE: I don't mean to badger you. I'm just wondering how you fit into all this.
ROSE: Getting to wear a one-of-a-kind ring, and returning to join a group about to wage a pivotal battle,
ROSE: That strikes me as the profile of someone meant to do something important.
ROSE: What do you think you'll do?
JOHN: maybe it doesn't have to work that way though?
JOHN: what if those are just some facts about her, which let her come back to life, but they don't have to mean anything other than that.
JOHN: like anything about having to do some huge fancy thing.
ROSE: I guess so.
ROSE: First Dave tells me human beings don't have "arcs", and now you're telling me the culmination of an epic doesn't require a messianic archetype to return from the dead, thereby providing the key to everyone's salvation?
ROSE: I wonder what sturdy and time-tested narrative construct Jade is going to debunk whenever she wakes up. Maybe she will lay waste to the notion of endgame ships?
ROSE: Karkat won't be happy about that.
JOHN: huh??

JOHN: ok, i don't know what stuff you're going on about there, but i just don't think she should feel like she has to do anything she doesn't want to.
CALLIOPE: i think the trUth is, i won't be doing mUch of anything.
CALLIOPE: my other self told me as mUch.
CALLIOPE: her advice was to jUst live, and...
CALLIOPE: exist as the version of Us for whom that is an actUal possibility.
CALLIOPE: she's the one who will be doing important things.
ROSE: How so?
CALLIOPE: she didn't say.
ROSE: Isn't that just how it always is with alt-selves.
ROSE: So cryptic.
ROXY: hey guys its been cool having yall meet callie and such but
ROXY: do you think she and i could have a moment alone?
ROXY: got some stuff i wanna talk about!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**18/06/15**

~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**18/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**18/06/15**

dialoglog(VRISKA): You know, I've got to say.
(VRISKA): I've really turned around on horses.
MEENAH: wha
(VRISKA): Horses.
(VRISKA): I used to h8 them.
(VRISKA): Remem8er?
(VRISKA): I developed this weird superstition a8out them, a8out how they're cursed or something, and when they're around, they can only lead to 8ad things happening.
(VRISKA): Don't you remem8er how I was going on and on a8out that a while ago, at the amusement park?
MEENAH: oh
MEENAH: guess so
(VRISKA): 8ut we've 8een hanging around them a while now, and everything's 8een fine.
(VRISKA): More than fine, actually!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**18/06/15**

dialoglog(VRISKA): So yeah, horses are ok in my 8ook.
(VRISKA): What do you think, Meenah?
MEENAH: aboat what
(VRISKA): Horses!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: ummmm
MEENAH: they ok
MEENAH: kinda dumb and smelly

MEENAH: be makin like
MEENAH: fucked up sounds out their big ass snouts an floppy lips
(VRISKA): Yeah.
(VRISKA): Reminds me of the weird sounds that used to come from my neigh8or's hive at weird hours of the night.
MEENAH: the fuck
(VRISKA): Don't even ask, 8ecause I don't know.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**18/06/15**

```
scoot!
```

dialoglog(VRISKA): So enough a8out stupid animals, whose presence have no rational explan8tion anyway.
(VRISKA): What do you want to do today?
MEENAH: today?
(VRISKA): Yeah!
MEENAH: there is no today
(VRISKA): You know what I mean!
(VRISKA): Within the am8iguous timeframe that would loosely correl8 with a single rot8tion of a planet.
(VRISKA): Any ideas?
MEENAH: na
(VRISKA): Come on!
(VRISKA): We can't just spend all our "days" hanging out in this idyllic, 8izarrely paletted cliffscape with all these stinking idiot quadrupeds.
(VRISKA): We should go exploring some more 8u88les!
MEENAH: we explored an awful lot already
MEENAH: aint they sorta all the same by now
(VRISKA): I mean, roughly speaking, yeah. They're all ar8itrary memory collages I guess.
(VRISKA): 8ut there's always something new to see every time.
(VRISKA): Whose ridiculous memory will we visit next????????
(VRISKA): Like, some nutty version of Kanaya who 8ecame a god tier in some totally ludicrous version of our session?
(VRISKA): Or may8e a version of John who never even played the game at all? May8e he went outside to look for the game, and his fatherly lusus 8acked over him with his car?
(VRISKA): Or what a8out your friends? They're always fun!
(VRISKA): Like Nepeta's ancestor... the deaf one? She's a riot! Plus she has a fascin8tingly dark history which her memories always seem to hint at.
(VRISKA): Or Eridan's douchier clone. I KNOW you have a gr8 time whenever you get the chance to own him.
(VRISKA): So what do you say?
MEENAH: eh
MEENAH: i dunno
(VRISKA): 8ut you seem kinda 8ored! If you're 8ored, doesn't it make sense to get out and try to have fun?

MEENAH: not reely
(VRISKA): 8ut...
(VRISKA): Why?
MEENAH: cause it doesnt sound that fun
MEENAH: just sounds like the same shit as always
MEENAH: like
MEENAH: exactly like dreams
(VRISKA): Dreams?
MEENAH: they ARE dream bubbles after all
(VRISKA): Yeah.
(VRISKA): 8ut... I don't...
MEENAH: dreams are also like a crazy fantasy ride full of fake shit that makes no sense
MEENAH: its a great time in theory
MEENAH: and i guess when youre younger its fun
MEENAH: maybe you even look forward to sleepin
MEENAH: to see what the great mr sandclam has in store for you next
MEENAH: but after sweeps and sweeps of dreamin
MEENAH: you get used to it
MEENAH: its just the same bogus crap yer stupid brain is just shuffling up and serving you again and again
MEENAH: so you stop paying attention and just ride out your sleep
MEENAH: then get back to business in the real world like a legit person with cool plans
(VRISKA): Huh.
(VRISKA): I don't think I've had the same experience, honestly.
(VRISKA): Sounds like kind of a 8ummer, to look at dreaming that way.
(VRISKA): I always liked dreaming! I mean, unless they were awful dreams, which was... fairly often.
(VRISKA): 8ut I'd never say I really got 8ored of them.
MEENAH: yeah well
MEENAH: you are uh
MEENAH: a bit younger than me
(VRISKA): I am?
(VRISKA): Hm.
(VRISKA): Yeah, I guess so. I never thought a8out it!
MEENAH: then again
MEENAH: we fuschia ladies
MEENAH: we sorta have to get used to being around people younger than us over our full lives
MEENAH: like
MEENAH: much younger 38\
MEENAH: or at least id have to if i was actually alive
(VRISKA): I guess you're right a8out that too.
(VRISKA): That's pretty fucked up to think a8out, actually. That if you were alive, you'd have to deal with existing nearly forever.
(VRISKA): Almost as fucked up as the fact that you have to exist nearly forever while dead, too!
MEENAH: mmm
(VRISKA): Hey.

MEENAH: ?
(VRISKA): Are you ok?
MEENAH: yup
(VRISKA): You seem really down.
MEENAH: no im cool
(VRISKA): Are you sure?
MEENAH: meh
MEENAH: maybe not
MEENAH: dont matter
(VRISKA): What's wrong?
MEENAH: nofin
(VRISKA): Argh!
(VRISKA): You know you can talk to me, right?
MEENAH: yeah
(VRISKA): So tell me!
MEENAH: i dunno whats wrong
MEENAH: id tell you if i knew
(VRISKA): Are you depressed?
MEENAH: shrug
(VRISKA): It sounds to me like you may 8e depressed a8out something.
(VRISKA): Or just... in general?
MEENAH: i dont knoooooow
MEENAH: damn fishska
(VRISKA): Hey, it's ok to 8e depressed.
(VRISKA): I think just 8ecause you're dead, that doesn't necessarily let you off the hook from having psychological pro8lems.
(VRISKA): I'm pretty sure I proved that to myself on more than one occasion already. :::;)
MEENAH: yeaaah
(VRISKA): So talk to me! May8e I can help!
MEENAH: yergh
(VRISKA): What's the 8ig deal?
MEENAH: i dooont
MEENAH: WAAANNA 38(
(VRISKA): Sigh. Meenah...
MEENAH: wut??
MEENAH: im not good at
MEENAH: like
MEENAH: talkin
MEENAH: about me
(VRISKA): That's all you ever talk a8out!
MEENAH: no i mean
MEENAH: in a non aggrandizing way
(VRISKA): Oh.
VRISKA: *Cough.*

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**18/06/15**

```
MEENAH: ?
(VRISKA): ?
```

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**18/06/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Sorry if I'm interrupting... WHATEVER the fuck is going on here.
VRISKA: 8ut I'm afraid I'm going to need that treasure.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**21/06/15**

~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**21/06/15**

dialoglogROXY: hay!! hope you dont mind i pulled you off to the side like this
ROXY: away from other nice pals for a lil one + one rox & cal time
ROXY: i might b greedy as shit!
CALLIOPE: i don't mind at all!
CALLIOPE: i'm still getting Used to the concept of in-person socialization at all, let alone with many people.
CALLIOPE: and yes, yoU MAY be greedy, bUt if so, then so am i by the exact same standard. ^u^
ROXY: fffuck yes
ROXY: like a couple of friendship burglars pickin each others pockets all shifty eyed and lookin out for cops
ROXY: but also giggling i guess because that is in the spirit of the scenario in question
CALLIOPE: heheh. yes.
ROXY: i cant believe youre really here
ROXY: it hardly seems real!
ROXY: after all these years and how u were just like a mystery friend online and then how worried i was we might lose you for good
ROXY: but now.....
ROXY: wow
CALLIOPE: i know!!!
ROXY: so u and jane and jade were hangin out?
CALLIOPE: yes!
CALLIOPE: it was great.
CALLIOPE: we drew and told stories.
CALLIOPE: i'd heard yoU died, so i was holding oUt some hope that yoU woUld show Up too...
CALLIOPE: and yoU did eventUally. jUst not the version of yoU i expected.
CALLIOPE: i never dared to think yoU woUld bring me this gift.
ROXY: well
ROXY: i swore i would
ROXY: and john kinda double swore he would help
ROXY: damn the kid is persistent
CALLIOPE: i like him.

CALLIOPE: he is easy to talk to.
ROXY: yeah!
CALLIOPE: i've read aboUt him, of coUrse.
CALLIOPE: the reality of someone standing in front of yoU is qUite different from what yoU read aboUt them in a text.
CALLIOPE: bUt then, i have no idea how accUrate anything i read is anymore.
CALLIOPE: i always believed i was in possession of the texts which decoded yoUr fUtUre, and i behaved toward all of yoU in that sly and knowing manner, avoiding "spoilers" and sUch.
CALLIOPE: that was probably presUmptUoUs of me thoUgh, in hindsight. i clearly didn't know that mUch.
CALLIOPE: i certainly didn't read anything aboUt my own involvement. i never coUld have imagined being here.
ROXY: you were still helpful though!
ROXY: you were the force in our lives that gave us hope that we could all get together some day
ROXY: going down that road has been craaazy and by no means a smooth ride
ROXY: im losin count of all the times it looked like everything was about to break or catch fire or actually DID break and catch fire resulting in loads of dismay
ROXY: but when you look back, every time things went to shit there was always something constructive about that turn of events
ROXY: something that was necessary for the good outcome to happen at all
ROXY: so whenever something stupid happens like some a-hole gets a bonehead idea to steal a ring and then everyone dies horribly and at the TIME u think ur just gonna curl up and cry yourself into weepy nonexistence
ROXY: maybe those arent even "bad" realities?
ROXY: maybe they are as important as any
ROXY: and so are all the experiences that u had in them and so are the experiences of everyone who died because you dont just get to say your experiences are more important or significant just cus you happened to be someone who survived longer
ROXY: i guess what im saying is
ROXY: im grateful you let me go on this adventure and not even in spite of the hardship it involved
ROXY: i just had a little time to think about it in the firefly nothingspace
ROXY: and i think all of it was good
CALLIOPE: i'm happy that i coUld play sUch a role in yoUr lives.
CALLIOPE: i don't know if i deserve mUch credit for these positive revelations aboUt yoUr joUrney thoUgh.
CALLIOPE: yoU are the one who's been on the adventUre.
CALLIOPE: i have barely taken my first step.
CALLIOPE: i spent all my life in my room, and then every moment in the afterlife cowering in fear.
CALLIOPE: it's only now that trUe participation is even a possibility.
CALLIOPE: bUt even so, i really doUbt i'll have mUch to offer.
CALLIOPE: my other self who i jUst released... i think she is poised to do something mUch more significant.
ROXY: what do you think shell do
CALLIOPE: i have no clUe.
ROXY: but she told u to live right
CALLIOPE: yes.

ROXY: by which i can only assume she meant
ROXY: yo live it UP girl
ROXY: like uh
ROXY: go shopping or something
ROXY: or rocket down the highway in a convertible with cash flyin out the back??
CALLIOPE: heh.
CALLIOPE: that is not the sort of sentiment i can imagine coming from her Under any circUmstance.
CALLIOPE: bUt yes, maybe something to the effect of encoUraging me to enjoy my existence, as commUnicated by a more typical, trUly asocial member of my species.
CALLIOPE: really, what i took from it was...
CALLIOPE: she is the "real" one, with all the power and relevance now, and i am the "spare". a civilian in a sense, like in a war.
CALLIOPE: and the only Use for civilians, from a militaristic mindset, are as those who live their lives in whatever completely irrelevant way they choose to.
CALLIOPE: they are the collateral at stake, the ones for whom the war is theoretically foUght, bUt whose lifestyles, choices, happiness and sUch, hold no concern whatsoever for those fighting on their behalf.
CALLIOPE: this i think is the mindset of cherUbs of her alignment. as protectors, it is the relationship they have with those they protect.
CALLIOPE: and so that is probably the relationship she believes she has with me.
ROXY: you make it sound like
ROXY: she is the legit callie
ROXY: and you are the afterthought
ROXY: like the one from the funky reality that didnt go right?
CALLIOPE: technically, her timeline was doomed, by her predomination alone.
CALLIOPE: even so, yes, it does feel as thoUgh my reality was the oddity.
CALLIOPE: cherUbs were never sUpposed to grow Up like me. exposed to other caring people, and learning from them.
CALLIOPE: it made me different, and Unfit to predominate. yet ironically, this was reqUisite for the timeline's sUccess.
CALLIOPE: and it was necessary for yoU all to begin yoUr joUrney as well.
ROXY: so this seems like
ROXY: an example of what i was just sayin actually
ROXY: the story of the two callies
ROXY: neither is really "more important"
ROXY: and your timelines cant really be described as the good one or the bad one
ROXY: there were good and bad things about both ways stuff went down and different qualities to the people you became
ROXY: her life sounds like it was harsh and lonely in its own way
ROXY: but it sorta paid off cause she got to beat her brother
ROXY: but then got arbitrarily punished for that outcome because it wasnt supposed to happen??
ROXY: and then finally u meet her and "free" her or something so she presumably gets to go off and do... something badass???
ROXY: then theres you
ROXY: who had probably an even more challenging upbringing gettin so hassled by your bro

ROXY: and he killed you i guess because the way the deck was shuffled he had the edge this time
ROXY: but the upshot was you got to have all these great friends who cared about you
ROXY: and it helped you become the nice person you are who means a lot to other people
ROXY: and now
ROXY: you get to live whatever kind of life you want and be completely free from all the crummy stuff you grew up with
ROXY: who cares if you arent as strong as her or dont have the wicked powers she does or some "important" mission to do
ROXY: you both came from perfectly legitimate realities and IMHO you are both equally valuable
ROXY: and both of those realities seem to be tied together
ROXY: she cant do her mysterious badass thing unless you make it all the way through your journey and free her
ROXY: and your reality was the thing settin the stage for this huge multiversal vortex of problems which after a kajillion fuckin EPOCHS she was always meant to resolve in some way
ROXY: and that doesnt mean your life was like... a means to an end in a big cosmic sense
ROXY: i think its more like...
ROXY: you ARE the end, or one of the ends
ROXY: you and me and everyone who made it and everyone who didnt
ROXY: so that means you dont have to be able to do a lot of super special shit to validate your identity as the real version of yourself
ROXY: the only validation you need is being who you are cause no one can be that person but you!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**21/06/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: those are very inspiring things to hear, roxy.
CALLIOPE: i hope yoU are right.
CALLIOPE: bUt even so...
CALLIOPE: i think i woUld still like to be UsefUl.
ROXY: you can be!
ROXY: you can help me out
CALLIOPE: how?
ROXY: i know you arent god tier or anything or probably never did much to get in touch with your aspect
ROXY: but maybe that doesnt matter
ROXY: u are space right?
CALLIOPE: yes.
CALLIOPE: a mUse of space.
ROXY: sounds cool!
CALLIOPE: it is cool, i think.
CALLIOPE: especially having seen what i coUld have been.
ROXY: no but that potential has to be inside you somewhere
ROXY: actually
ROXY: its one reason why i wanted u to be with me here for a while
ROXY: aside from catch up a bit :)
CALLIOPE: what do yoU need me to do?
ROXY: nothin really

ROXY: just be here with me...
ROXY: while i try this
ROXY: idk why but i feel like your presence will help
ROXY: and if nothing else i just like having u here
ROXY: makes me feel better about trying to focus on this weird lil chore
CALLIOPE: bUt yoU think my aspect is relevant?
ROXY: maybe
ROXY: i think space is related to this in some abstract way i cant put my finger on
ROXY: i gotta make this egg see?
CALLIOPE: :U
ROXY: but it isnt really just an egg its this HELLA complicated egg in both its biological design and everything it represents for the future of an entire civilization
ROXY: and i dont have the genetic or chemical or molecular blueprints for it or anything
ROXY: i have to figure it out using... just thought
ROXY: like, ideas
ROXY: ideas that are really basic and live in this primordial sorta quasi-consciousness
ROXY: so i have to build the idea of this egg in some way before i do anything
ROXY: which means trying to grasp its reality and what it represents
ROXY: its like a funky little construct of biological propagation
ROXY: and i think that intersects with the nature of space
ROXY: at least as we have come to understand it
ROXY: the propagation of space is really just some profound cosmological feat of reproduction
ROXY: that is... a literally biological process right?
CALLIOPE: pretty mUch.
ROXY: so to make this egg
ROXY: as a rogue of void what im really doing here is something kind of insane
ROXY: you yourself told me once how id be able to do this crazy shit!
CALLIOPE: i did!
ROXY: ill be like... probing nothingness for an idea
ROXY: a pretty complicated idea in this case
ROXY: and
ROXY: pulling that idea from unreality
ROXY: so maybe if im right and a closer connection to the nature of space will help me locate that idea...
ROXY: almost like
ROXY: standing next to an antenna to boost the signal of that idea
ROXY: then maybe my chances will be better
ROXY: and hey
ROXY: even if not
ROXY: its just nice to have a friend nearby while u try to do something hard
CALLIOPE: ^u^

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**22/06/15**

~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**22/06/15**

dialoglogJOHN: what do you think they are talking about over there?
JANE: I suspect Roxy wanted some time to catch up with an old friend.
JANE: I'm sure I would want the same, if I hadn't just had an extensive reunion with her myself.
JOHN: yeah, i guess we should just chill out and give them a moment.
JOHN: it isn't QUITE time to head to our battle stations yet, so we might as well try to relax until it is.
ROSE: I imagine it's a lot easier to relax when another version of yourself hasn't been hijacked by your dead cat.
JOHN: heheh, yeah, it probably is.
JOHN: maybe you should try not to let her bug you, rose. she seems harmless enough.
JOHN: plus, she's pretty funny!
ROSE: Sounds suspiciously like the advice of someone who's never had to deal with an outlandish alternate version of himself.
JOHN: hey, i've bumped into other johns a few times!
JOHN: can't say the experience has been anything other than perfectly agreeable. :p
ROSE: You mean, Johns that were essentially time duplicates? In the course of your retcon quest?
JOHN: yes.
ROSE: Those don't count. Those were just regular Johns.
ROSE: What I'm saying is, you never had to deal with the John who was like, half Harry Anderson, and half Maplehoof the dear departed pony.
JOHN: wow, that sounds GREAT!
ROSE: Come to think of it, you're the only one of us who hasn't. I mean, of our original group of friends.
ROSE: Dave had Bird Dave, Jade had Dog Jade, and now I have... *shudder*... Cat Rose.
ROSE: Why were you let off the hook?
JOHN: i dunno.
JOHN: guess you guys are just luckier than me. :)
ROSE: Even putting aside the wildly unwelcome body horror slapstick routine she represents, and the machine gun salvo of opprobrious remarks and conduct which my cat is apparently capable of releasing from my subconscious,
ROSE: I'm not sure where this leaves me.
JOHN: what do you mean?
ROSE: I felt like I understood my place.
ROSE: I'd gotten myself in order somewhat. My, um.
ROSE: Beverage decisions had gotten more reasonable.
ROSE: I was ready to bear down and play my part in finishing this.
ROSE: I could even handle a stray Rosesprite brought to my doorstep by my sweet imbecile of a pet.
ROSE: Idiotic though that was, I was still clearly Rose Prime.
ROSE: But can I really claim that now?
ROSE: She's a... sprite SQUARED?!
ROSE: How is that even a thing.
ROSE: Can someone tell me how that's even a thing?

JANE: I can't tell you how it's even a thing.
JANE: I think we are all just as flabbergasted as you at its thinginess.
ROSE: What's next? Is there a sprite cubed? Or a...
ROSE: Let's not even entertain this avenue of thought.
ROSE: The point is, she must be quite powerful, insightful, and in spite of the beast she rents headspace out to, intelligent as well.
ROSE: Doesn't she arguably have more claim to being Real Rose than I do?
JOHN: i don't think being the "real rose" necessarily means being the one who is more outgoing and chatty and powerful and stuff.
JOHN: i'm not sure it means... anything?
JOHN: i think maybe we should try to drop the stuff about who is the real version of who anyway. it's weird and it just hurts people's feelings.
ROSE: I don't care if my feelings are hurt, though.
ROSE: I just want to know where I stand.
JOHN: i really don't think she is that threatening to you!
JOHN: believe me, you still seem like the rose i always knew, whereas she... doesn't quite.
JOHN: it seems to me she is a lot more interested in having fun and zipping around like a silly lunatic than usurping you as the main rose.
ROSE: Sure. That's what she WANTS you to think.
JOHN: but why do you care? i thought i heard the other rose say, before she was a cat, that she liked the idea of being some sort of... backup rose.
JOHN: do you not feel that way too?
ROSE: That was a different context.
ROSE: I probably would have felt the same way, if I found myself in her exact situation.
ROSE: Jasprose changes everything though.
ROSE: Now I feel a certain responsibility. Like I have to really step up.
JOHN: step up??
ROSE: Yes. To make sure I stay regarded as the exemplary model.
ROSE: To provide assurance that the concept of Roseness itself doesn't degrade due to black market peddlers of substandard shit.
ROSE: Basically, I need to defend the integrity of the brand.
JOHN: hahaha. oh my god.
ROSE: What?
JOHN: nothing.
JOHN: i just missed you so much!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**22/06/15**

dialoglogROSE: My brand missed you too, John.
JOHN: your brand has good taste in friends, and kicks ass.
TEREZI: (N333RDS)
JOHN: hey, how do you think kanaya and karkat are doing?
ROSE: They're probably getting a stern earful of roiling monster patois right about now.
JOHN: do you think they'll be successful?
ROSE: ...
ROSE: At what?

JOHN: at...
JOHN: talking to a monster?
JOHN: i don't know.
ROSE: I think Karkat will successfully fail to understand the monster, and possibly also successfully shout at the monster.
ROSE: Kanaya I think will probably successfully do something sensible in response to whatever the monster demands.
JOHN: so...
JOHN: you think they're going to pull it off then?
ROSE: I'm still not sure what "it" is.
ROSE: But yes.
JOHN: well, the idea was to release the frog i think.
ROSE: You think so?
JOHN: that's what vriska said.
ROSE: Vriska says a lot of things.
ROSE: That's the basic idea, yes.
ROSE: But monsters can be complicated.
ROSE: Regardless, I think the right person was summoned to handle it.
JOHN: you really trust kanaya, don't you?
ROSE: Sure.
JOHN: not to change the subject too hard, into something maybe you don't want to talk about because of your brand...
JOHN: but i think you make a nice couple.
ROSE: You do?
JOHN: yes, i thought so last time i was hanging out with you both, in the screwed up time line.
JOHN: but didn't say anything then.
JOHN: i think it's still true!
JOHN: i'm glad it didn't change when i retconned some things.
ROSE: I am too.
JOHN: maybe that means it's a strong relationship?
JOHN: if it can survive... god.
JOHN: whatever the hell happened.
JOHN: a hard three year reboot, and then the sudden presence of vriska??
ROSE: When you put it that way,
ROSE: It really does sound like you were trying to fuck us up.
JOHN: haha.
TEREZI: (N3333333RDS)

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**22/06/15**

dialoglogJOHN: terezi, shoosh.
TEREZI: WH4T
TEREZI: 1 H4V3 JUST B33N M1ND1NG MY OWN BUS1N3SS, 4ND 1N NO W4Y WH4TSO3V3R S4Y1NG 4NYTH1NG D1R3CT3D 4T 4 COUPL3 OF S1LLY N3RDS S4Y1NG DORKY TH1NGS
JOHN: no, you said nerds twice.

JOHN: you always say nerds when in ear shot of other people who are just being friendly.
TEREZI: 1SN'T 1T W31RD HOW YOU 4R3 M4K1NG TH1S OBS3RV4T1ON, 4ND NO ON3 3LS3 1S?
JOHN: what?
JOHN: no.
TEREZI: M34N1NG, M4YB3 1 ONLY S4Y 1T WH3N TH3 P41R OF N3RDS 1N 34RSHOT H4PP3NS TO 1NCLUD3 YOU
JOHN: um...
TEREZI: <3<
JOHN: ack!!!
JOHN: what was that look?!
TEREZI: WH4T LOOK
JOHN: that look you just gave me!
TEREZI: 1 D1DN'T G1V3 YOU 4 LOOK, D1NGUS
JOHN: yes you did!
JOHN: don't look at me like that!!!
TEREZI: WH4T3V3R LOOK YOU TH1NK 1 G4V3 YOU, 1T W4S 1N YOUR 1M4G1N4T1ON
TEREZI: 1T 1S *POSS1BL3* YOU M4Y B3 FL4TT3R1NG YOURS3LF, 3GB3RT
JOHN: oh, whatever.
JOHN: hey, what are you even still doing here?
JOHN: weren't you going to go with dave, and get ready for battle?
TEREZI: Y3S
TEREZI: 1'M JUST G1V1NG H1M 4ND H1S BRO SOM3 T1M3 TO TH3MS3LV3S F1RST
TEREZI: 1 4M SUR3 TH3Y COULD US3 1T
TEREZI: 4ND WH4T3V3R TH3 H3LL 1S GO1NG ON B3TW33N TH3M
TEREZI: TH3 L4ST TH1NG 1 W4NT TO DO 1S 1NVOLV3 MYS3LF
TEREZI: TH4T SOUNDS 3V3N MOR3 4WKW4RD TH4N L1NG3R1NG 4ROUND YOU GOOFY BUNCH OF N3RDS B31NG 4LL CUT3 4ND MUSHY W1TH YOUR HUM4N F4M1LY 4ND FR13NDSH1P STUFF
JOHN: yeah, you sure do sound put off by it.
JOHN: all hanging on our every word and such. :p
TEREZI: 1T T4K3S 4 W1LL OF 1RON, TRUST M3
JOHN: uh huh.
JOHN: but yeah, i actually do agree...
JOHN: it does sound pretty awkward to be around dave and his bro while they, um.
JOHN: get to know each other, i guess?
TEREZI: YUP
JOHN: i'm not sure how well dave really even knew his adult bro, actually.
JOHN: aside from bogusly idolizing him, in a way that was really transparent that he didn't.
JOHN: i wonder...
JOHN: i wonder how different dirk is from him, if at all?
TEREZI: 1 WOULDN'T B3 TH3 ON3 TO 4SK
JOHN: what do you think, rose?
ROSE: I don't think there's anyone who could answer that.
ROSE: I suspect literally no one in the history of anywhere has ever met both people.
ROSE: Until, as of now, Dave himself.

JOHN: ...
JOHN: i hope dave's ok.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**23/06/15**
~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
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**23/06/15**

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CALLIOPE: !!!!!!!!!!!
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**23/06/15**

```
HELL YES


EGG!
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**24/06/15**
~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**24/06/15**
dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: It's me again!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Mrr, mrrr, prrp, cat sounds cat sounds, *stretch!!*
ROSE: Euuuugh.

JASPROSESPRITE^2: Miss me Rose?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Did you know I love you?? Weird thing for me to say and you to hear, probably!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I inherited the adoration our cat had for you, which now strangely is directed with the exact same intensity at myself, because I'm you!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Funnily enough this manifests itself in a particularly acute form of narcissism, which is something we were already sort of afflicted by, and so was our cat by the very nature of the sort of animal he was!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: The bottom line is I'm pretty twisted up inside in all the most beautiful ways and it's wonderful.
ROSE: It really isn't.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**24/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: As much as a enjoy getting a load of that GORGEOUS whiskerless mug of yours, it's not actually why I dropped by.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I'm here on a curt matter of business with Jane.
JANE: Huh??
JASPROSESPRITE^2: We have to prepare for our healing duties! Hammer out a strategy and such. Really sink our claws into the expensive upholstery of that problem.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But first, I have somewhere to take you!
JANE: What?
JANE: W-where?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**24/06/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: There is someone you really must meet before we all start skittering across the great laminated floor of combat.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: As the ghostly spiritual guide of whomever my whims decide I should be serving any given moment, I can't allow another second to pass without introducing the two of you.
JANE: Who?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: This way!!! :3 :3 :3 :3 :3

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**24/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**24/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**24/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**24/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**24/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**24/06/15**

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NANNASPRITE: HOO HOO
```

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**24/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**24/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/06/15**
~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~

TEREZI: T4LK SH1T T4LK SH1T T4LK SHIT
JOHN: talk shit talk shit talk shit

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/06/15**
dialoglogROXY: you can stay here with the others until this all blows over!
CALLIOPE: with who, exactly?
ROXY: jade!!
ROXY: she sleepin
ROXY: please keep an eye on her k?
CALLIOPE: yes, of coUrse!
CALLIOPE: i'd be happy to.
ROXY: also a man they call the mayor is here
ROXY: i dunno much about the dude myself but APPARENTLY he is a hell of a guy
ROXY: give him my regards
CALLIOPE: i will.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/06/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**25/06/15**
dialoglogROXY: so
ROXY: yeah
ROXY: if we make it thru this
ROXY: ill come back for you
ROXY: and then
ROXY: we figure out what happens next!
CALLIOPE: i can't wait.
ROXY: hope ur not sick of hearin it yet
ROXY: but im still so psyched youre with us
CALLIOPE: of coUrse i'm not sick of it!
ROXY: it is just
ROXY: errgh
CALLIOPE: ?
ROXY: callie in times such as these...

ROXY: ya know
ROXY: words have trouble cuttin it
ROXY: ca'mere

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**25/06/15**

dialoglogROXY: keep me in ur thoughts ok?
ROXY: in the luckiest and magickest way you kno how
CALLIOPE: i will, roxy. ^u^
ROXY: now if u will excuse me

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**25/06/15**

dialoglogROXY: i got a delivery to make!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: Maybe we should go over this again.
DIRK: Because, honestly, I'm still not sure I get it?
DAVE: what
DIRK: Who are we actually fighting again?
DIRK: Jack Noir?
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: well
DAVE: one version of noir
DAVE: theres a shitload of them though
DIRK: Which one is this?
DAVE: hes yours
DIRK: Ours?
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: the one from your session
DIRK: But,
DIRK: Our Jack spent months in prison.
DAVE: well i guess he broke out
DAVE: hes kind of like a huge fucking deal now
DIRK: When did this happen?
DAVE: i have no idea
DAVE: i wasnt here
DIRK: I guess neither was I.
DAVE: hes got lord english powers tho
DAVE: hes apparently like
DAVE: just
DAVE: wretched fucking news
DIRK: Damn.

DAVE: hes going to be hard to beat
DAVE: even armed with the ultimate weapon:
DAVE: some swords
DIRK: Sounds like some shit is going down.
DIRK: Let's not downplay our sword gambit, though.
DIRK: I have yet to encounter a problem where a sword didn't factor into the solution at least in some way.
DAVE: i bet
DIRK: Bear in mind... I haven't actually SOLVED many problems over the course of my life?
DIRK: But the ones I have, man.
DIRK: Swords proved hells of instrumental.
DAVE: what do you mean you didnt solve many problems
DAVE: didnt you like
DAVE: program robots and stuff
DIRK: I guess I meant real problems.
DIRK: Involving...
DIRK: People.
DAVE: oh
DAVE: those

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: So Jack has... Lord English powers?
DAVE: yup
DIRK: Does that have anything to do with Jake?
DAVE: not according to my current understanding of a mostly nonsensical body of information
DIRK: Hmm.
DIRK: What does it actually mean then?
DAVE: not sure
DAVE: mostly that hes really hard to kill i think
DIRK: Ok.
DIRK: Well, that's decent intel, at least.
DAVE: he MIGHT be vulnerable to welsh things too
DAVE: dont quote me on that
DAVE: because
DAVE: it will make me sound like an idiot
DIRK: Alright.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: ...
DAVE: ...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: Do you know when he arrives?
DAVE: i already said i dont know

DIRK: Right.
DIRK: ...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: Guestimate?
DAVE: um
DAVE: not soon enough is my best guess
DAVE: and i guess
DAVE: also my opinion?
DIRK: Oh.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: Is...
DIRK: Everything alright?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDAVE: sure
DIRK: It just seems,
DIRK: Like,
DIRK: Maybe you aren't that... into... this.
DIRK: Or at least,
DIRK: Not as much as I was.
DIRK: Whenever I imagined the possibility of us meeting.
DAVE: were you
DIRK: Yeah.
DIRK: I guess I'm not doing a very good job of showing it now.
DIRK: I think that's probably just what I'm like though.
DAVE: you dont say
DIRK: I mean, when it comes to people in general.
DIRK: But probably especially people who are an important part of my life.
DAVE: so
DAVE: you think im an important part of your life
DIRK: I...
DIRK: Yes?
DAVE: you dont actually know me though
DAVE: not this me
DAVE: and im pretty sure you didnt know the other guy either
DIRK: That's true.
DAVE: what is it about me thats important then
DIRK: I'm...
DIRK: Not sure how to answer.
DAVE: why

DIRK: Because I'm getting the sense that you might disapprove of whatever I might say.
DIRK: Maybe you'll think it's weird that I idolized some version of you that I never knew.
DAVE: idolized??
DIRK: See.
DIRK: It seems like you think it's weird.
DAVE: .....
DIRK: Uh. Yeah.
DIRK: I shouldn't have said anything.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDAVE: i dunno if its "weird" i just cant process it
DIRK: Why?
DAVE: because
DAVE: maybe not anything to do with YOU per se
DAVE: but how i view my bro
DAVE: and
DAVE: ive got to say
DAVE: meeting you
DAVE: its not rockin my world here
DAVE: or upending any paradigms or whatever
DAVE: listening to you and looking at you
DAVE: it really really just
DAVE: reminds me of him
DAVE: i know youre different and all and also like
DAVE: a kid i guess??
DAVE: but you dont feel that different
DAVE: and hearing anything like that, like about idolization or like you were actually lookin forward to this in any sincere way
DAVE: is kinda fuckin jarring
DIRK: Huh.
DIRK: So, like...
DIRK: Things, between you and me, from your perspective, um,
DIRK: Are we like, not cool?
DAVE: .....

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: Well?
DAVE: well
DAVE: heres well i guess
DAVE: i didnt fuckin like you that much ok?
DIRK: Oh.
DIRK:
DIRK: Why not?

DAVE: honestly i dont know if i want to get into it
DIRK: Ok.

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
dialoglogDAVE: ok actually maybe i will get into it

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
dialoglogDAVE: i dunno why my friends got to have adults around who cared about them
DAVE: they complained bitterly about stuff so i guess i convinced myself they were all in the same boat as me
DAVE: but thats not how it was
DAVE: their complaints were trumped up nonsense and i bought it cause... i dunno
DAVE: i didnt have any frame of reference
DAVE: but his dad and her mom no matter what they said it was so obvious they cared about them deeply
DAVE: even jades weird fuckin grandpa who died when she was young obviously would have done anything for her
DAVE: why did i get such a raw cut of the asshole deck
DAVE: and why did it take me so long to figure that out
DAVE: and like hes dead now so thats that
DAVE: so all thats left to do is look back and try to put the pieces together of my first 13 years
DAVE: and all i can think is what the fuck WAS that?!
DAVE: i dont come away with the impression i used to try convincing myself of, that he was like "mysterious" or "stern" or "aloof"
DAVE: the only feeling left is this insane impression that i was raised by somebody who fuckin HATED me
DAVE: and the whole act of even "raising a child" was some totally fucked up game to him
DAVE: like parenthood was one of the highest tiers of irony in his solemn bullshit bro-ninja code
DAVE: so he went through those motions and did whatever he thought was "funny" or "badass"
DAVE: but under that weird stylistic and totally sociopathic approach to parenting i cant even IMAGINE there was any emotion toward me other than some sort of loathing
DIRK: What...
DIRK: Did he do?
DAVE: i dont want to get out the laundry list
DAVE: but for reference laundry wasnt one of those things
DAVE: that was just one of the many little domestic things i just had to sort of FIGURE OUT

DAVE: sorta like i eventually had to learn what the REAL purpose of a refridgerator was from movies
DIRK: Wait.
DIRK: What??
DAVE: i dunno theres too much to even get into
DAVE: just
DAVE: i dont remember the atmosphere ever not being nerve wracking
DAVE: all havin to sneak around and...
DAVE: ugh my shitty childhood spider senses are tinglin just thinking about it
DAVE: it was "training" you know
DAVE: but you know what it really was it was some vicious shit that was bad and sucked and i hated it
DAVE: it didnt make me stronger
DAVE: it did the opposite
DAVE: it made me never want to fight
DAVE: it made me never want to see blood or be near danger or hear metal sounds
DAVE: it made me hate the idea of being a hero cause he was a hero and he ruined the idea of heroism
DAVE: i dont even want to be fighting this shitty version of jack but hey nobody else has secret welsh powers so i guess i have to
DIRK: ...
DAVE: what gets me is how long it took me to put all this together
DAVE: to stop seeing it as some kinda roughhousey and eccentric life i had but was otherwise normal
DAVE: it took years to deconstruct it all and put it back together to understand how fuckin mad i should be
DAVE: and in particular how stone cold deeply uncared for i was my whole life
DAVE: like... being merely "monitored" by a violent robot
DAVE: i only started getting it after spending a lot of time in person with a bunch of people who actually did care about me
DAVE: and i could start feeling like
DAVE: actually somewhat human for the first time
DAVE: instead of...
DAVE: some sort of runty afterthought to a household cabal of smutty puppets
DIRK: ... Puppets?
DAVE: the fuckin puppets!!!
DAVE: i know how it sounds but i am NOT joking and there is NO shred of doubt in my mind that he loved all those puppets more than me
DAVE: honestly it is very possible that he was just insane and thats that
DAVE: i guess it didnt help either that we lived with what we have come to understand may theoretically be the most evil doll to exist in any universe ever
DAVE: in fact its my tenuous understanding that he came down to earth with that thing and like actually grew up with it
DAVE: maybe...
DAVE: maybe spending 30 some years being unseparable from that hell puppet had some effect on him??

DAVE: maybe if it hadnt been casting a pall over our apartment 24/7 since he took me in...
DAVE: grinning...
DAVE: glaring...
DAVE: laughing in my sleep...
DAVE: maybe our lives wouldnt have been quite so...
DAVE: maybe we would have...
DAVE: ugh
DIRK: What?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: You ok there?
DAVE: .....
DAVE: .....
DAVE: yeah
DIRK: That doll.
DIRK: That was Cal, right?
DAVE: yeah
DIRK: Right.
DIRK: My version is "empty", apparently.
DIRK: Whatever that means.
DAVE: huh
DAVE: how do you know that
DIRK: A source.
DIRK: One supposedly knowledgeable in jujus.
DIRK: I never quite knew what that meant, though.
DAVE: well
DAVE: whatever his was
DAVE: "empty" is never how i would have described it
DIRK: Hmm.
DAVE: man
DAVE: i dunno if i figured something out here
DAVE: like um "explained" something or
DAVE: if im just driving myself crazy with this talk and nothing even needs explaining
DAVE: it doesnt change my past or how i feel about him
DAVE: he was still pretty much awful no matter what the reason
DAVE: and im sure thats the only feeling ill ever have about him
DAVE: so who cares why it was like that
DIRK: Yeah...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: That...
DIRK: All sounds really bad.
DIRK: I don't know what to say though.
DIRK: Maybe I shouldn't say anything.

DIRK: Since I just remind you so much of him, for, uh. Obvious reasons.
DIRK: I don't want to make you feel worse, or make it sound like I'm offering a defense.
DIRK: For him, or me.
DIRK: Because I don't have one.
DIRK: For either of us.
DAVE: come on man
DAVE: YOU didnt do anything
DAVE: this was just some douche bag with your exact dna, who happened to grow up to be my bro
DAVE: you had a completely different life full of like
DAVE: different choices and actions and stuff
DAVE: and even if you were gonna turn out like him youve barely cleared the half way mark on actually chronologically gettin there
DAVE: in some way ranting about all this is probably just uncool of me because...
DAVE: you arent him
DAVE: youre not resposible for any of this shit but im sorta implicitly tacking it on you anyway
DAVE: so
DAVE: sorry about that
DIRK: I'm not sure it's true though.
DIRK: At least, I don't feel that way.
DAVE: what way
DIRK: That I'm not him.
DIRK: The fact is, I am.
DIRK: It's something I've come to understand about myself.
DIRK: All splinters of me are basically me, now matter how much I want to resist that truth.
DIRK: Or pretend they aren't reflecting my own qualities back at me.
DIRK: I bear a certain responsibility for all of them.
DAVE: splinters...?
DIRK: Yeah.
DIRK: I guess the concept isn't that unique to me.
DIRK: We've all got other versions of ourselves running around here and there, throughout the various compartments of this messed up cosmos.
DAVE: right
DIRK: I just happen to be particularly connected to mine.
DIRK: I've felt...
DIRK: Haunted by them.
DIRK: And what that really means is, I'm perpetually haunted by my own bad qualities.
DIRK: So, when I hear about stuff I did in another reality,
DIRK: I'm not sure what my adult self might have ever tried to do to atone for that stuff, if anything...
DAVE: pretty much dick squat
DIRK: Yeah. But in any case,
DIRK: I'm sure I was completely in the wrong, and I'm sorry I messed up your life.
DAVE: ...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDAVE: thanks
DAVE: but
DAVE: it still feels a little odd accepting an apology from somebody who i just met and technically had nothing to do with my life
DAVE: even if you do feel guilty splinterways or whatever
DAVE: it is just a messed up situation
DAVE: and i guess i had to vent
DAVE: and there was never anyone i wanted to say all that to
DAVE: and the only thing that was gonna drag it out of me i guess was like a teen stand-in phantom of my dead bro
DAVE: just some perfectly innocent dude havin to take the brunt of this shit
DIRK: I'm not particularly innocent though.
DIRK: I've messed a lot of things up.
DIRK: With my friends.
DIRK: Honestly, that's why I wasn't that bent on sticking around, when I showed up.
DIRK: And pretty much jumped at the offer of flying here to get ready for some yet to be explained battle.
DIRK: Battles are easy. Just you, a sword, some bad guys... it's a lot simpler than having to answer for things you did.
DIRK: For the most part, I feel pretty bad about the role I played in my friends' lives.
DIRK: Especially Jake.
DAVE: what happened there
DIRK: I don't even know.
DIRK: An unmitigated disaster for which I'm entirely to blame.
DIRK: It's not any one thing. I think I was just a completely toxic element in his life from day one.
DIRK: I don't know what he's doing now.
DIRK: I wouldn't be surprised if he was trying to avoid me as much as possible.
DIRK: I'm sure that's for the best.
DIRK: I think I need to stay out of his business for a good while, so I don't risk poisoning another innocent kid's life.
DIRK: Like I did with you, apparently.
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: maybe its a little different cause relations between peers is a whole other thing
DAVE: its tricky shit and youre both figuring stuff out on a relatively equal footing and youre both at the same point in your lives
DAVE: its not like when one person is older and supposed to be a lot more...
DAVE: never mind this is a fucked up thing to think about
DAVE: but the bottom line is yeah laying low while you sort out your stuff cant hurt
DIRK: Right.
DIRK: The thing with that, with my adult self's...
DIRK: Ways.
DIRK: The sad thing is,
DIRK: I can really see it.
DIRK: How someone like me can go unchecked in life, and turn out to become a much worse person than I already am.

DIRK: I guess I'm just relieved I still have some time to make sure that doesn't happen.
DAVE: you dont actually seem like a bad person to me though
DIRK: No?
DAVE: nah
DIRK: Why not?
DIRK: We did just meet, after all.
DAVE: because
DAVE: i dunno if truly bad people wrestle so much with whether theyre good or bad
DAVE: i think if i ever sensed my bro like
DAVE: struggled at all with what he was doing or who he was
DAVE: or showed any sort of doubt
DAVE: that might have changed everything
DAVE: but there was never a crack in it
DAVE: or the slightest hint of introspection behind the aggressive cooldude facade
DAVE: if there was i sure never noticed
DAVE: i mean personally
DAVE: i think about it all the time now
DAVE: what it actually means to be good or bad
DAVE: or if not something that starkly moral
DAVE: at least just trying to examine the difference between being decent and being a douche
DAVE: maybe its because of him i worry about that now
DAVE: but for me i think that internal struggle is kind of mild
DAVE: for him...
DAVE: or you i mean
DAVE: it sounds like some pretty dark shit
DAVE: like grappling with...
DAVE: becoming evil vs simply trying not to
DIRK: Yeah.
DIRK: That's not too far off.
DAVE: but the point is
DAVE: even just talkin to you a little bit
DAVE: its obvious youve been fighting with that
DAVE: which means that you care enough to put in some effort
DAVE: i think that counts for something

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDIRK: Maybe.
DIRK: Not sure if I'm ready to accept a pat on the back for recognizing I have some problems, and worrying about whether they'll destroy me and fuck up the people I care about.
DIRK: That might be setting the bar kind of low.
DAVE: well when it comes to the subject of him
DAVE: the bars already pretty low dude
DIRK: The weird thing, honestly,
DIRK: Is that it's actually kind of refeshing to hear a sincerely leveled critique of all my negative qualities, coming from another person invested in a relationship with me, rather than from a fucked

up iteration of myself as some bizarre "trollish" form of self abuse.
DIRK: The only thing I've ever been exposed to are either various forms of self loathing either from me or my auto-responder, or attitudes completely oblivious to my real issues, as expressed through my friends.
DIRK: My friends always seemed to cut me so much slack, or were just never aware of the kind of person I really was.
DIRK: Well, Jake probably is, by now at least.
DIRK: But he's also the sort of guy who's just as likely to blame himself for stuff I did, as he is to blame me.
DIRK: Jane and Roxy, though.
DIRK: Never seemed to see anything wrong with me.
DIRK: If anything, just the contrary.
DIRK: Roxy in particular had a certain... fixation.
DIRK: She meant well, but was so enamored of me, and seemingly everything I did.
DIRK: Which I think was the last thing I needed.
DIRK: To be idolized in some form by other people I respected.
DIRK: I had enough of that feeling coming from within, particularly when I was younger.
DIRK: And since then, I've been plagued by the insane ego of my youth in the form of an artificial intelligence I designed which essentially trapped that state of mind in a sort of horrid suspended animation.
DIRK: Until... recent developments, of course.
DAVE: so
DAVE: was that stuff true
DAVE: when you said you idolized the other version of me
DIRK: Yeah.
DAVE: and not just some bullshit like how i used to say the same thing about my bro when i didnt know any better
DIRK: It's definitely not like that.
DIRK: I never lived with him, or met him, so couldn't have anything like the contentious relationship you had with my older self.
DIRK: He was a historical figure from centuries ago.
DIRK: There was a lot to admire, and think about fondly.
DIRK: Especially since I was alone, and never had any direct contact with another person, or any concept of civilization.
DIRK: So even though I'm sure I romanticized what his life was like, and the early 21st century in general,
DIRK: It was nice to think about you.
DIRK: I passed a lot of time that way.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDAVE: you say there was a lot to admire
DAVE: like what
DIRK: Well...
DIRK: He was pretty famous.
DIRK: Made some successful movies.

DIRK: At least under a somewhat expansive definition of "success".
DIRK: And an even more expansive definition of "movie".
DIRK: His work accumulated a lot of subversive political influence, which got him in trouble later.
DIRK: He made like a million bullshit Statues of Liberty, scummed them up with jpeg artifacts, and littered them all over the planet.
DAVE: holy shit
DIRK: He was also a pretty badass swordsman, and an active member of the resistance movement.
DIRK: He slaughtered the clown presidents on the roof of the White House, and flew away on a shitty skateboard.
DIRK: Then it seems he gave the Batterwitch a pretty good run for her money.
DIRK: It wasn't enough, but at least he went down fighting.
DAVE: that
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: ima need to hear more details on this some time
DIRK: Sure.
DIRK: But as you can tell, clearly there was a lot to look up to.
DIRK: I thought about the examples you set constantly. The creative ideals, the advanced theories on irony and humor, the tales of courage and martial prowess.
DIRK: Really, I modeled everything about myself after you. Or at least everything good that I was trying to become.
DIRK: And I probably spent an embarrassing amount of time imagining what it would be like to live during his time, and to be able to have something resembling a sibling relationship, or be in some sort of master-apprentice situation.
DIRK: When I finally learned you existed, and started to understand who he really was in relation to me, that put a lot into context.
DIRK: I realized he was a version of you who got a chance to live up to his full potential.
DIRK: And when I understood there was a young version of you, in a situation sorta like mine, whose time on Earth got cut short when you were thrown into all this,
DIRK: I was at least happy to think there was some reality where you got the chance to do everything you wanted to do, be successful, and fight for all the right things.
DIRK: Even if ultimately it didn't lead to a great outcome for humanity, you had an opportunity to live a full life and show what you were made of.
DIRK: While I guess I had... the same opportunity on your world, somewhat less fortunately.
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: but then for all my bitching i guess i still never grasped your full reality
DAVE: just like you probably didnt grasp mine, but just reading into the mindset of a historical figure as best you could
DAVE: what if i wasnt as heroic as it seemed?
DAVE: what if adult me was kinda douchey too in a way you couldnt observe
DIRK: Perhaps.
DIRK: But beyond a certain point, I think accomplishments speak for themselves.
DIRK: I dunno if you can just completely shred every person who ever did great things because they had some flaws.
DIRK: All I can say is, it was important to me to see him the way I did.
DIRK: As a good person who inspired me, and set the standard for what I wanted to be.
DIRK: It kept me going.

DIRK: That said, I'm also glad there's this version of you who got to go through all the things you've been through.
DIRK: Like, yeah, you didn't get to be the cool celebrity who cuts down juggalos on badly defaced government property.
DIRK: And the idea of a "normal life" was rudely taken from you, and it's something you'll never get to experience.
DIRK: But this is so much more challenging, and uncertain.
DIRK: You get to apply all that potential you showed in one reality to something much bigger and more existentially critical.
DIRK: Whatever strength you showed in trying to save a dying planet, the fact is, I think we need that more here.
DIRK: And the trials inherent in being a part of something like this, I think they bring more out of you than a relatively pedestrian life on Earth would. Make you face more things about yourself. At least, that's been true for me.
DIRK: But it sounds like it's been true for you too.
DIRK: It sounds to me like the experiences you've had changed you a lot, for the better.
DIRK: You mentioned the experiences with him that were designed to make you stronger have actually made you weaker, but really, I doubt that's true.
DIRK: I bet you've become stronger than you realize, not because of anything he did, but because of what you've done, and the ways you've changed yourself through your own effort.
DIRK: I hope it doesn't come off as overly sentimental garbage, but it seems to me like you turned out to be a really good dude.
DIRK: Like, really, a better sort of dude I ever imagined talking to when I pictured meeting the legendary guy I idolized.
DIRK: I pictured him as probably being "too cool" to be the type of guy you are.
DIRK: But you know what, fuck being too cool for that.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**28/06/15**

dialoglogDAVE: ...
DAVE: you
DAVE: ...
DAVE: ...
DAVE: ...
DAVE: you dont think im cool?
DIRK: Nah.
DIRK: I mean, in the right way, yes. I think you are.
DIRK: But, in the way that doesn't mean anything and doesn't matter,
DIRK: Not particularly.
DAVE: ...
DIRK: Anyway, that's...
DIRK: All my "stuff", with respect to your other self.
DIRK: Again, there's a lot more I could say about him.
DIRK: Maybe stuff you should know, or maybe it's all irrelevant to the path you're on now.
DIRK: Regardless, I'd be more than willing to answer any questions you have about him.
DIRK: Or, anything really.

DIRK: Feel free to ask me whatever, ok?
DAVE: ...
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: i

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
dialoglogDAVE: ill have to think

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
dialoglogDAVE: hey
DIRK: ?
DAVE: sorry about this
DIRK: What?

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
dialoglogDAVE: for what im doing now
DAVE: this bullshit right here
DIRK: Oh.
DIRK: Wh...
DAVE: its

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**

```
DIRK: !
```

dialoglogDAVE: its really fucked up of me
DAVE: what im presently doing
DAVE: so
DAVE: sorry about that
DIRK: Oh, y-
DIRK: Yeah.
DIRK: Man.
DIRK: This is some fucked up shit alright.
DAVE: i know

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
dialoglogDIRK: But it's cool.
DIRK: Don't worry about it.
DAVE: so fucked up

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**28/06/15**
dialoglogDAVE: sorry

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/06/15**
~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~

PLUSH RUMP GAME BRO HOPYWOOD OO THE MOIVE

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/06/15**
dialoglogROXY: hey!!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/06/15**
dialoglogKANAYA: Yes?
ROXY: heeeey
KANAYA: Hey

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/06/15**
dialoglogROXY: heeeeeeeeeeeey!
KANAYA: You Said Another Hey
KANAYA: Are You Going To Say Hey Again By Any Chance
ROXY: heeyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
KANAYA: I Knew It Another Hey

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/06/15**
dialoglogROXY: kanaya!
ROXY: guess what
KANAYA: My First Guess Would Be More Hey
KANAYA: But If The Thing To Guess Is The Reason You Are Saying Hey At Me Several Times
KANAYA: I Confess To Being Stumped
ROXY: i GOT somethin 4 u
KANAYA: You Do
KANAYA: What
ROXY: thats the thing you gots to be guessin!

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/06/15**

dialoglogKANAYA: Is It The Thing Behind Your Back
ROXY: yup but u gotta be more specific
KANAYA: Is It A Little Piece Of Paper That Says Hey On It
ROXY: hahahahaha no but that would be SO FUNNY!
ROXY: hahaha youre pretty funny
ROXY: damn now i wanna go away and start this whole shit over so i can do that punchline instead
KANAYA: Maybe We Should Do Several Rehearsals First Just To Make Sure The Final Performance Is As Funny As Possible
ROXY: yes!!
ROXY: but no
ROXY: what is have for youuu

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

```
ta-da
```

dialoglogROXY: is this!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

dialoglogKANAYA: Is It
KANAYA: Real
ROXY: yeah!!!
ROXY: i mean
ROXY: as real as i could make it
ROXY: which i think means
ROXY: as real as the thing that it is and was always supposed to be when its idea is expressed as purely as possible through physical matter!
KANAYA: Wow
KANAYA: ... What
ROXY: its a real alien egg!
ROXY: bottom line
ROXY: it took a lot of work and i guess voidy soul searching? but
ROXY: i finally made it
ROXY: just for you!
KANAYA: For Me?
ROXY: yep
ROXY: hey i know i dont know ya too well
ROXY: we just met!
ROXY: but really it was always gonna be for you
ROXY: this egg is stinkin useless without someone whos qualified to care for it
ROXY: and thats you

ROXY: please look after the lil guy... i have developed some oddly motherly feelins for the spiky fucker myself
ROXY: it was like this whole quasi intellectu-motional SAGA or something for me to figure out how to make this freaking egg
KANAYA: Its A Matriorb
ROXY: yeah! that!
KANAYA: I Cant
KANAYA: I Dont Believe This
KANAYA: How Is It Possible
KANAYA: I Still Dont Know How You Did This
ROXY: dont worry about it
ROXY: s'just ~*powers*~
ROXY: whooshhhhwoooshhhhhh (magic noises)
ROXY: voila, insta-orb
ROXY: just add the subtraction of its nonexistence!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

dialoglogKANAYA: Thank You

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

dialoglogROXY: no problem!
KANAYA: I Didnt Think
KANAYA: It Would Be This Easy
KANAYA: I Mean
KANAYA: Not That It Was Easy For You By The Sound Of It
KANAYA: What I Mean Is I Thought It Was Going To Involve An Arduous And Lengthy Process For Myself To Undertake In Order To Figure Out How It Was Even Possible To Reconstruct The Orb Let Alone Actually Do It
ROXY: nah
KANAYA: Nah?
ROXY: nope!
KANAYA: So Instead Of All That
KANAYA: Its Just
KANAYA: Handed To Me
KANAYA: Like A Nice Present
ROXY: yes
KANAYA: I Dont Know What To Say
KANAYA: This Changes So Much
KANAYA: About Everything I Thought I Had To Do
ROXY: does it?
ROXY: the way i see it is you shouldnt have needed to worry about makin the thing
ROXY: i think it will be challenging enough like...

ROXY: hatching it??
ROXY: and tending to all the stuff that comes next
ROXY: isnt that basically being responsible for the preservation of an entire race of people?
ROXY: like not even a simple kinda people that all go about havin their own babies by themselves n such
ROXY: u have to set up and deal with this huge creature that does it all herself right?
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: Thats How It Works
KANAYA: And Yes That Will Be
KANAYA: Probably Very Challenging
ROXY: yeah so just focus on that!
ROXY: im sure you will have help if you need it
ROXY: i mean... after all this shit is over obviously
ROXY: hey speaking of which
ROXY: howd it go here? did you do the thing?
KANAYA: Yes I Think We Did The Thing
KANAYA: Our Frog Should Be Good To Go
ROXY: we?
ROXY: oh yeah karkat came too didnt he
ROXY: where did he go?
KANAYA: Oh
KANAYA: He Um
KANAYA: Hes Still In The Cave
KANAYA: Uh
KANAYA: Meditating
ROXY: meditating huh
KANAYA:
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: It Was A Very Spiritually Uplifting Encounter With The Denizen
KANAYA: It Really Uh
KANAYA: Blitzed Our Chakras
KANAYA: He Needs Some Time To Clear His Head
ROXY: heheh ok

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

dialoglogROXY: so you are roses girlfriend right?
KANAYA: I Dont Know
KANAYA: Is That What Humans Call A Matesprit When The Matesprit Is A Girl
ROXY: umm
ROXY: i dunno
ROXY: is a matesprit the thing trolls call each other when they are girlfriends or boyfriends with each other?
KANAYA: Yes
ROXY: ah ha!
ROXY: then uh

ROXY: the answer is yes?
KANAYA: Yes
ROXY: lmao
ROXY: ok it was kind of obvious i was just makin sure
ROXY: anyway thats cool!
ROXY: did you meet on ur fancy meteor vessel
KANAYA: In Person We Met There Yes
KANAYA: Originally We First Spoke While She Was Still In Her Session
KANAYA: I Assisted Somewhat
KANAYA: But I Think I Bugged Her Mostly
KANAYA: That Seems Like A Lifetime Ago Now
ROXY: so i guess you mustve gotten to know each other a lot better during the trip
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: We Had
KANAYA: A Lot Of Free Time
ROXY: i bet :)
ROXY: man... three years was it?
ROXY: thats crazy!
ROXY: for a whole bunch of people who only just met including humans AND aliens
ROXY: or i mean trolls whoops sorry if thats rude
KANAYA: We Call Each Other Aliens All The Time
ROXY: haha
ROXY: but then you all IMMEDIATELY have to hunker down together for three years
KANAYA: That Is Very Much What Happened And What We Had To Do
ROXY: it sounds fun!
ROXY: kinda wish i could have been there
ROXY: i guess i had my own less long stint with people in my session
ROXY: only like half a year tho
ROXY: which was cool in its own way but it wasnt nearly as... social as your scene sounded?
KANAYA: It Was Pretty Social Yes
KANAYA: But We Also Had Little Groups Who Generally Convened With Each Other More Often Than The Entire Ensemble Crowded Together For A Singular Noisy Affair
KANAYA: Such Events Were Pretty Rare So Maybe Not As Social As You Are Picturing
KANAYA: In Fact It Was Quite A Subdued Situation Compared To The Crowd I Was Formerly Accustomed To Congregating With
KANAYA: There Were Twelve Of Us Back Then
ROXY: yeah WOW!!!
ROXY: i remember hearing about that from a friend
ROXY: who...
ROXY: never even existed from this frame of reference :(
ROXY: i guess thats another weird thing about my lil sojourn to get to this point...
ROXY: it is all made of memories now that didnt even happen for other people
KANAYA: That Does Sound Like A Lonely Predicament In Its Own Particular Way
KANAYA: A Sort Of Sacrifice Youve Had To Make Yes
ROXY: yeah
KANAYA: Sacrifice Abounds It Would Seem

KANAYA: I Dont Know Of Anyone Presently Alive Who Hasnt Had To Trade Something Very Important To Them In Exchange For Continuing To Be A Material Seeker In This Endeavor
KANAYA: You Were Forced To Trade Something Too But In Return Youve Been Able To Do Something
KANAYA: Something So Wonderful That
KANAYA: I Guess Im Judging Your Accomplishment From An Especially Personal Vantage
KANAYA: But No Matter What Else You Have Been Through
KANAYA: I Believe You Can Say Youve Done Something As Important As Anyone Could Ever Hope To Do
ROXY: aw yeas 8)
ROXY: i hope so!
ROXY: i really hope it all works out and you make a super successful trollworld 2
KANAYA: Yeah
KANAYA: I Want It To Be A Good Place
KANAYA: Not So Much Like Where Im From
KANAYA: It All Sounds
KANAYA: Really Daunting Actually
KANAYA: Not Even Just The Propagation Of My Kind But Managing To Do It Responsibly
KANAYA: Just Causing Millions Of Beings To Exist For The Sake Of Doing So
KANAYA: And Dismissing Responsibility For What Sort Of People They Become
KANAYA: That Isnt Good Enough For Me
KANAYA: I Think Echidna Was Right
KANAYA: Ill Need Him
ROXY: who
KANAYA: Oh
KANAYA: Nobody
KANAYA: Lets Say It Was A Figure Of Speech
KANAYA: Ill Need Everyone
KANAYA: Whoever Is Good And Wishes To Have A Hand In The Way Our World Is Shaped

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

dialoglogROXY: count me in! :D
KANAYA: I Will
KANAYA: But
KANAYA: As Of The Immediate Point In Time
KANAYA: I Dont Know What To Do Anymore
ROXY: hm??
KANAYA: Before You Came
KANAYA: I Was On My Way To Join You And Rose And John
KANAYA: Feeling Quite Sure I Was About To Get Ready To Fight
KANAYA: But Then You Gave Me This
KANAYA: And Now Im Unsure Of Everything To Which I Just Imminently Committed Myself
ROXY: how so
KANAYA: I Want To Help Us Win
KANAYA: But I Also Have A Lot Of Responsibility Now

KANAYA: In A Way That Is Much More Tangible And Also Spiky And Round And Sharp Than Just A Few Minutes Ago
KANAYA: And I Feel I Have To Consider Risk To Myself Is Now Also The Same As Risk To The Future Of My People
KANAYA: Does That Make Sense
ROXY: ooh i see
ROXY: yeah!
ROXY: it is like.....
ROXY: like say a mother wolf being all ready to stand up to some other asshole of nature
ROXY: like a nasty bear
ROXY: and shes ready to fight and all but also shes got to think about what happens to her pups if she gets hurt yeah?
KANAYA: Something Like That
KANAYA: Except Id Relate More To An Analogy That Didnt Involve Weird Alien Creatures
ROXY: oh sure
ROXY: just imagine instead of a wolf its like
ROXY: a mother uhhhh
ROXY: help me out here
KANAYA: Musclebeast
ROXY: a beautiful mother musclebeast
ROXY: and instead of a bear
ROXY: its um
ROXY: a metroid
KANAYA: Lets Say Good Enough
ROXY: damn straight
ROXY: be fuckin fight of the year right there
ROXY: but yes that concern is completely understandable
ROXY: you dont gotta fight if you dont want!
ROXY: but im sure we could really use the help
KANAYA: Would I Actually Be Of Much Use
ROXY: i think so!
ROXY: id look at it this way
ROXY: none of this next gen troll stuff is even going to matter if we dont win this fight
ROXY: so we have to prioritize beating all these goddamn villains
ROXY: specially the witch!
ROXY: any extra edge is going to help
ROXY: and tho i admit i dont know much about you i am feeling prrrettyyy confident in my assessment that u are probably some sort of sick deadly bitch
KANAYA: Who Told You My Secret
ROXY: i knews it ;)
ROXY: in fact i would BET
ROXY: that you could USE your concern for all ur future space pups to be WAY extra deadlier in this fray
ROXY: maybe youd make the whole difference??
ROXY: the point is we need you now just as much as anyone in the future will
ROXY: and we are ALL riskin stuff and ALL in this together and if youre with me and rose and

john, dont worry we aint gonna let anything happen to you
ROXY: i promise!!!!!
KANAYA: Dang
ROXY: dang?
KANAYA: That Was Really Motivational And I Feel Very Inspired Now
ROXY: for real?!
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: A Little Corny But Definitely Genuine And Moving
KANAYA: And Now Im Suddenly Psyched Again To Go Dunk A Narcissistic Fish Woman Into A Sea Dumpster
ROXY: FUCK YES
KANAYA: Not To Project Myself As Someone Fickle Or Lightly Swayed On Big Decisions
KANAYA: Maybe It Was Just A Roughly Thirty Second Spell Of Cold Feet And I Just Snapped Out Of It I Dont Know
KANAYA: But You Really Do Seem To Have A Way With Motivational Words
KANAYA: You Must Be A Natural Leader
KANAYA: I Think Your Group Was Lucky To Have You
ROXY: me?? nuhhh
ROXY: im not naturally good at that at all
ROXY: i mostly just yelled at my friends cause they were such a gaggle of frustrating bozos
ROXY: i guess im just feeling way inspired by the fact everyone is here together and we are all about to try and do something huge and important
ROXY: ive also watched john in action a bit and he is VERY good at that stuff
ROXY: hes actually so good at being inspiring hes inspired me to try and be... more inspiring? that sounds dumb as hell but is true as shit
ROXY: i also love how hes got NO IDEA how good he is at leadery stuff, its
ROXY: it
ROXY: it is so inspirationally friggin adorable
KANAYA: :)

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

dialoglogKANAYA: Shall We Go Then

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

dialoglogROXY: we hella shall

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/06/15**

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## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/06/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: I'll 8e taking this, if you don't mind.
VRISKA: Not that I care if you mind.
VRISKA: For that matter, not that there's any chance you could possi8ly mind what ANYONE does with this deadly secret weapon, since you've made it perfectly clear what sort of person you want to 8e.
VRISKA: Which is to say, someone who's dedic8ted her entire existence to 8eing utterly useless.
(VRISKA): W8.....
(VRISKA): Which version of me are you?
(VRISKA): Are you alive?!
VRISKA: 8e quiet. I'm talking.
VRISKA: Look at you.
VRISKA: Just looooooook at you.
VRISKA: How completely pathetic.
(VRISKA): What?
(VRISKA): What's your pro8lem?!
VRISKA: My pro8lem is you make me fucking sick.
VRISKA: Did you know that?
VRISKA: That it was possi8le for you to go so far down whatever toilet you decided to jump into however long ago, that you could literally make your own stomach turn?
VRISKA: I mean, my god.
(VRISKA): What are you talking a8out?
(VRISKA): Is it my new clothes and tattoo and stuff?
(VRISKA): Look, I mem8er feeling that way too, all stuck up a8out certain-
VRISKA: It's not your new look!
VRISKA: I mean, not that it's the slightest 8it flattering.
VRISKA: In fact, I think it's perfect for you!
VRISKA: I couldn't possi8ly imagine a style more impecca8ly suited to what a loser you've 8ecome.
(VRISKA): Loser??
(VRISKA): Hey, come on now, I...
VRISKA: Yes, LOSER!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: You are a loser.
VRISKA: I'm sorry to 8e the 8earer of 8ad news, 8ut that is what you are now.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/06/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Are you really so far removed from reality that you can't see it?
VRISKA: Did this... "transform8tion" happen so gradually that you just... didn't notice?!
VRISKA: I find it hard to 8elieve, and frankly more than a little distur8ing, that some version of me could let this happen to herself without 8eing at least SOMEWHAT aware that a dreadful decline of personal integrity was taking place.
(VRISKA): I'm not a loser though!
(VRISKA): I LIKE who I've 8ecome.
(VRISKA): I actually feel happy and good a8out my life for the first time in... may8e forever??
(VRISKA): Like, ACTUALLY good a8out my life in a way that feels real, instead of forced. Don't you realize that's what it was like for us?

VRISKA: You don't have a life!
VRISKA: You're DEAD, remem8er?
VRISKA: I'm the one with the life!
VRISKA: And I fully intend to use it in a relevant and constructive way to help 8ring an end to all the horri8le shit that's 8een going on for way too long.
VRISKA: Remem8er when you used to care a8out that sort of thing?
VRISKA: No, o8viously not.
VRISKA: All you care a8out now is 8ullshit hipstery fashion trends, feeling "happy", and... whatever the fuck it is you're doing here?
VRISKA: Frolicking with some horses in an ugly field or some shit.
VRISKA: Just a8solutely disgraceful.
VRISKA: How could I have 8ecome so selfish??
VRISKA: You do know this is selfish, right?
VRISKA: This isn't having some fucking "epiphany" or like "growing as a person" or whatever self-serving spin you might 8e putting on what's happening here.
VRISKA: It's just plain narcissism, the worst kind you're capa8le of. A total renunci8tion of any responsi8ility for contri8uting to the gr8ter good.
VRISKA: And it makes me FUCKING SICK.
(VRISKA): No, that's not what it's like!
(VRISKA): You don't understand. You haven't...
(VRISKA): Like, 8een through...
VRISKA: 8een through WHAT?
VRISKA: I've 8een through plenty. Don't get p8tronizing with me.
VRISKA: How did you die, again?
VRISKA: Weren't you 8eing stu88orn and insisting on going off to fight Jack, even though that was o8viously an ill-conceived plan that was going to get everyone killed?
VRISKA: There it is again, making it all a8out you, even when trying to 8e heroic. You let that need 8lind you and you did something really stupid, 8asically leaving NO OTHER OPTION 8ut for you to get killed.
VRISKA: So since you started your journey as a ghost with that little feat of self-a8sorption, is it any surprise that after however many pseudo-sweeps floundering around as a lost soul, THIS is where you end up? A shamelessly self-indulgent, punk-ass NO8ODY?
(VRISKA): W8... are you saying you didn't try to go fight Jack?
(VRISKA): What happened? How... how are you the version that's still alive? I don't...
VRISKA: Different shit happened!
VRISKA: And from that point on, I started making 8etter choices, unlike you.
VRISKA: Contrary to your lazy fakey "happy" shit, I've ACTUALLY GROWN AS A PERSON.
VRISKA: What do you think of THAT, you frivolous, dithering 8ITCH????????
(VRISKA): !!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/06/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Honestly, I can 8arely even stand to look at you. I should really get out of here and spare myself the nausea.
VRISKA: Yet I keep standing here wasting my time dishing out this well deserved smackdown. May8e I'm paralyzed 8y disgust???????

(VRISKA): Why are you 8eing so mean to me??
VRISKA: Mean? I'm just telling it like it is, sister.
VRISKA: The truth is often harsh. That's something you USED to understand.
VRISKA: 8ut now you appear to 8e the physical em8odiment of everything I detest.
VRISKA: God, I just can't get over your shitty makeover. Ugh!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: Hey, did you...
VRISKA: Did you GAIN W8, too????????
(VRISKA): What?!
(VRISKA): No!
(VRISKA): I didn't... I'm not...
VRISKA: Yes you did. I'm not 8lind, you know.
(VRISKA): I'm not fat!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: Sure, tell yourself whatever you want.
VRISKA: Whatever lets you 8e "at peace" with your "new life"! Hahahahahahahaha.
(VRISKA): Why are you saying all this stuff to me?
(VRISKA): What did I ever DO to you????????
(VRISKA): I don't under-
(VRISKA): *Sniff.*
VRISKA: Holy shit.
VRISKA: This is actually getting to you, isn't it? Un8elieva8le.
VRISKA: Well, that tears it. You really are 8eyond any sort of redemption.
VRISKA: Fucking incredi8le. What ever happened to having a thick skin? Letting stuff roll off your 8ack?
VRISKA: Not letting shit get to you, 8ecause you always knew you were 8etter than the one slinging it?
VRISKA: I guess this is what you call happiness now? Letting a few tiny little 8ar8s shatter your self esteem?
VRISKA: You aren't happy. You're a hilarious trainwreck com8ined with a sad punchline, and I'm ashamed to share an identity with you.
(VRISKA): STOP IT!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/06/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Oh, don't worry, "Serket". I'm done here.
VRISKA: I'm off to go do something useful, like winners do. Something you wouldn't know anything a8out anymore.
(VRISKA): ARGH, JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!!!!
(VRISKA): HOW COULD I... *Choke*...
(VRISKA): How could I have ever 8een so AWFUL?!
VRISKA: Ok, this is just getting em8arrassing.
VRISKA: Time to shove off. Though truth 8e told, I should pro8a8ly delay killing Lord English a little longer, just so he can put you out of your misery.
(VRISKA): JUST GO AW8Y!
(VRISKA): *So8* ...
(VRISKA): I H8 Y8U!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: Your wish is my command, loser!

VRISKA: Time to go get some awesome shit done, and gra8 the reins on a relevant, proactive existence.
VRISKA: Shit, I'm feeling more adventurous and worthwhile as a person just thinking a8out it!
VRISKA: Anyone who feels the same way is more than welcome to join me.
VRISKA: Say, how a8out you, punky-lookin' Peixes?
VRISKA: Does that sound like it might 8e the cut of your ji8?
(VRISKA): DON'T T8LK TO HER!!!!!!!!
(VRISKA): SHE DOESN'T WANT ANYTH8NG TO DO WITH A PI8CE OF SHIT LIKE YOU, 8ND NEITHER D8 I!
(VRISKA): TAKE YOUR STUP8D TREASURE, AND Y8UR SMUG GAR8AGE A8OUT "R8LEVANCE", AND GET TH8 FUCK OUT 8F HERE!
(VRISKA): COME ON, M8ENAH! LET'S DITCH TH8S EVIL HAG AND GO FIND SOM8THING ELS8 TO DO.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/06/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/06/15**

dialoglog(VRISKA): Meenah.....?
(VRISKA): What's wrong?
(VRISKA): Come on!
MEENAH: yeah uh
MEENAH: vriska
MEENAH: um
MEENAH: listen
(VRISKA): ...
(VRISKA): What?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/07/15**

dialoglogMEENAH: iiiiii uh
MEENAH: ...
MEENAH: aw fuck
MEENAH: dunno how to say this
(VRISKA): What is it??
MEENAH: i think i might go actually
(VRISKA): ?!?!?!?!
MEENAH: with
MEENAH: vriska
MEENAH: i mean
MEENAH: that one

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/07/15**

dialoglog(VRISKA): No!
(VRISKA): No, please, Meenah...
(VRISKA): You can't!

MEENAH: i just
MEENAH: i dunno if
MEENAH: this
MEENAH: this whole thing is...
MEENAH: (fuck!)
(VRISKA): Meenah, no...
MEENAH: im not like
MEENAH: AGR-E-EIN with her
MEENAH: on a lotta that stuff
MEENAH: i just
MEENAH: im bored 38(
(VRISKA): 8ut...
(VRISKA): I thought...
(VRISKA): You liked...?
MEENAH: i did
MEENAH: i mean i do
MEENAH: im just sick of sittin around
MEENAH: not being a part of anything
MEENAH: i want to see some action ya know?
MEENAH: wanna go kill a BAD GUY
(VRISKA): Ok! Yeah! I get that!
(VRISKA): Hey, me too! Look, see?
(VRISKA): I do too! Forget what I said, we can go fight him together!
(VRISKA): Just, not with her, ok? I couldn't handle that. It can just 8e you and me!
MEENAH: yeah seaaa
MEENAH: i dont
MEENAH: i dunno about that
MEENAH: the thing is
MEENAH: i think what im sayin here is
MEENAH: as great as its been
MEENAH: like R-E-ELY great
MEENAH: i think this has gotta...
MEENAH: be...
MEENAH: it
(VRISKA): It??
MEENAH: 38(

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/07/15**

dialoglog(VRISKA): No...
(VRISKA): No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no...
(VRISKA): Why?!
(VRISKA): Meenah, please! Don't do this!
VRISKA: You heard the lady.
VRISKA: She's made up her mind.
(VRISKA): STAY OUT OF THIS!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/07/15**

dialoglog(VRISKA): *Sniff...*
(VRISKA): Meenah, you have to stay!
(VRISKA): I don't know what I'll do if you're gone!
(VRISKA): I...
(VRISKA): I don't have anyone else out here.
(VRISKA): I'll 8e all alone in this fucked up place.
(VRISKA): I never told you this, 8ut... it's terrifying here.
(VRISKA): It's terrifying 8eing dead, and having to live through memories forever, and dealing with the fact that nothing really means anything.
(VRISKA): It's infinite, and dark, and it's all 8eing ripped apart...
(VRISKA): And you're the only one who ever made me feel good a8out 8eing here.
(VRISKA): You're the only one who made me feel good a8out 8eing ANYWHERE.
(VRISKA): Please, don't...
(VRISKA): Meenah.
(VRISKA): *So8!*
MEENAH: euurrrgh
MEENAH: vriska
MEENAH: dam!!!
MEENAH: why...
MEENAH: whys this shit so hard?
MEENAH: not even lyin this is like the hardest shit i ever did
MEENAH: i cant even fully explain
MEENAH: its just how i think its grotto be
(VRISKA): 8ut it doesn't!
(VRISKA): You don't have to do this!
MEENAH: yeah
MEENAH: i think
MEENAH: on that point
MEENAH: we just gonna have to algae to disalgae
(VRISKA): ...
(VRISKA): I cannot...
(VRISKA): 8ELIEVE
(VRISKA): You are doing the fish pun thing while you're 8r8king up with me.
MEENAH: sorry serk
MEENAH: tis the way of my peeps

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/07/15**

dialoglogMEENAH: heres the thing
MEENAH: i dont think
MEENAH: any of that shade just thrown at ya was true
MEENAH: i like you a lot an all
MEENAH: but like
MEENAH: she has a point on one thing

MEENAH: which is
MEENAH: you changed a lot
MEENAH: not better or worse or anyfin
MEENAH: i aint squallified to make that call
MEENAH: just different
MEENAH: from the way you were when we met
MEENAH: happier i guess??
MEENAH: dunno man if you say so then yeah
MEENAH: what i see though is
MEENAH: somebody who gradually turned like
MEENAH: vulnerable as S)(-ELL
MEENAH: and that
MEENAH: is
MEENAH: scary to me
MEENAH: because
MEENAH: of
MEENAH: the way i am
MEENAH: i dont think im reely...
MEENAH: the sorta person
MEENAH: to be...
MEENAH: trusted with those kinds a feelings?
MEENAH: sea the prob is
MEENAH: you dont actually know me very well
MEENAH: nobody does
MEENAH: and the main thing about me is
MEENAH: um
MEENAH: that you gotta account for
MEENAH: or i guess
MEENAH: *i* gotta account for
MEENAH: on behalf of the feelings
MEENAH: of people i dont wanna see get hurt
MEENAH: is
MEENAH: uh
MEENAH: how do i say this
MEENAH: what you need to know is
MEENAH: like
MEENAH: ...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/07/15**

dialoglogMEENAH: im

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**01/07/15**

dialoglogMEENAH: bad

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**01/07/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**01/07/15**
dialoglog(VRISKA): No, Meenah! W8!
(VRISKA): I don't care if you're 8ad!
(VRISKA): I mean, I don't even think that's true!
(VRISKA): 8ut I don't care if it is!
(VRISKA): Please, don't do this!
(VRISKA): Don't go! At least not right away!
(VRISKA): Can you just stay a little longer so we can talk a8out this?
MEENAH: sorry vriska
MEENAH: i

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**01/07/15**
dialoglogMEENAH: im really sorry

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**01/07/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: Time to say good8ye, Meenah.
MEENAH: i just did
MEENAH: lets just
MEENAH: get out of here ok
VRISKA: You got it.

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**01/07/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: You've made the right choice, Peixes.

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**01/07/15**
dialoglogVRISKA: Now let's go round up that army.

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**02/07/15**
~~CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS!~~
Let's try this choice thing again, one more time. This time only with two choices, nice and easy. Hey, works like a charm. Two sweet simple choices for two sweet simple kids. There you go, one last gluttonous chomp at the free will pie before you all say goodbye. Don't say this website never did anything for you. DON'T YOU DARE.
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**02/07/15**
dialoglogNANNASPRITE: There you are!
NANNASPRITE: I have been looking forward to meeting you, dear. :B
JANE: You have?
JANE: Who are you?

NANNASPRITE: I'm you!
NANNASPRITE: But most know me as John's Nanna. Hoo hoo!
JANE: Oh, yes!
JANE: He told me about you.
JANE: Gosh!
JANE: Pleased to meet you... Nanna, I guess I should call you?
NANNASPRITE: Suits me!
JANE: Calling you Jane might feel a bit strange.
JANE: Also, perhaps disrepectful?
NANNASPRITE: And why is that?
NANNASPRITE: It is my name after all.
JANE: Yes, but,
JANE: You are my senior by many decades, I gather.
JANE: And you have so many more years of life experience, and wisdom, and you...
JANE: Seem to be dressed like a clown?
NANNASPRITE: :B
JANE: Not to disparage your fanciful attire. I quite like it.
JANE: I just mean that...
JANE: You've been through more than I can imagine.
JANE: I couldn't call you by my name. It would feel wrong and flippant to treat you like my equal.
NANNASPRITE: But really, Jane, the honor of meeting you is all mine!
NANNASPRITE: I have been looking forward to it so much since I learned of your existence.
NANNASPRITE: Ever since I spent that one day helping John through his session, there haven't been many reasons for me to feel particularly worthwhile.
NANNASPRITE: Yes, I tended to him and his sister for several years, baked for them, lent a sympathetic ear when needed...
NANNASPRITE: But in a way, it's been a lonely life for me since my ashes fell in this silly old sprite.
NANNASPRITE: I've been strictly an auxiliary actor, there only to serve others even during my greatest moments to shine!
NANNASPRITE: So when I heard of you, a version of myself who was a true hero, so young, empowered, and set to embark upon a life filled with consequential deeds...
NANNASPRITE: I was absolutely giddy. I knew that we had to meet!
JANE: Oh... my!
JANE: You,
JANE: You really feel that way about me?
NANNASPRITE: Yes, Jane!
NANNASPRITE: I do not mean to suggest I regret the way my life has gone, of course.
NANNASPRITE: I lived a very humble life, as free of intrigue and adventure as possible, by choice.
NANNASPRITE: You see, I grew up in dangerous circumstances. I knew how cruel the woman who raised me could be, and what she might do to me or the people I loved if I made waves, or demonstrated any sense of defiance.
NANNASPRITE: So I lived simply. I started a family, and operated a quiet joke shop. Though I always knew trouble was brewing, they were the best years of my life.
NANNASPRITE: Yet I always had a little more knowledge than I ever let on, and used my

understanding in subtle ways to help those to whom the torch would be passed in this great fight.
NANNASPRITE: But then, I made the transition from knowing some things in life, to knowing a great deal more in death. Being resurrected as a sprite endowed me with a very deep knowledge of the game and its broader circumstances. I was in peak form, a true harlequin wisewoman, and there was nary a question I couldn't answer.
NANNASPRITE: And then, the dear kids scratched their session, and cast themselves into the unknown.
NANNASPRITE: I ventured with them, and so I too lost my bearing on the nature of what lay ahead.
NANNASPRITE: I went from my prime, a state of all-understanding, to a state of absolute uncertainty. For the first time in about as long as I could remember, I had no idea what to expect next.
NANNASPRITE: It was quite freeing in a way! I had a wonderful three years on that ship with those lovely children. I thought little of what challenges were ahead.
NANNASPRITE: But when I did, my thoughts would always drift toward you, Jane.
NANNASPRITE: Thinking about you, and this adventure you were about to begin, it made me feel like a child again.
NANNASPRITE: It gave me the feelings I used to have for the limitless potential of life, before my stepmother snuffed them out, confronting me with the reality that life would have to take a considerably more limited shape if I wished to survive.
NANNASPRITE: So when I look at you now, I see the potential I had as a child finally being realized.
NANNASPRITE: But in a much more special way than I ever would have imagined back then!
NANNASPRITE: It makes me so proud to see you as a heroic young woman, ready to make a difference, and forge your own destiny.
NANNASPRITE: I just wanted to tell you this before you go off to battle!
JANE: Oh jeez.
JANE: Nanna, I don't know what to say.
JANE: Thank you so much for those inspirational words!
NANNASPRITE: Hoo hoo!
JANE: I think John was really lucky to have you as a sprite. Not to mention, a grandmother, of course.
JANE: It's no wonder he appears to have his act together.
JANE: Maybe I would have been better off if I had someone like you to advise me from the start of all this.
JANE: Maybe I wouldn't have felt so lost.
NANNASPRITE: It's normal to feel lost, though.
NANNASPRITE: And believe me, needing to find your own way in time will make you a lot wiser than having an old lady around to spoon feed you all the answers.
NANNASPRITE: In any case, you have me now!
NANNASPRITE: I think it's been quite a long time since John has needed my guidance.
NANNASPRITE: The boy has grown so much since he clobbered me with a joke book on that fateful day.
NANNASPRITE: From now on, I'd be pleased if you would consider me your sprite. :B
JANE: Wow! :O
JANE: Oh my goodness, yes, please!

NANNASPRITE: In fact, I heard from the cat girl that you and she are on healing duty in this spectacular fray coming up.
NANNASPRITE: It so happens that healing is my specialty. Next to baking of course. (And pranks.)
NANNASPRITE: Why don't I assist?
JANE: That would be great too!
NANNASPRITE: Oh! And Jane, one more thing.
NANNASPRITE: Just so you know...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**02/07/15**

dialoglogNANNASPRITEx2: There are actually two of me!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**02/07/15**

```
KA-PIE!
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dialoglogNANNASPRITEx2: HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO HOO!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**02/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**02/07/15**

```
Plop.
```

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**02/07/15**

dialoglogJAKE: Tavrosprite thank you for surreptitiously scooting away with me to my planet.
JAKE: I hope they all dont think me too much of a soggy knickerbocker for ducking off without making the rounds and saying goodbye.
JAKE: I just needed to get away and clear my head and i guess get my dander up for this great green man-fracas i am to solely contend with apparently??
JAKE: Say tavrosprite...
JAKE: Youll help me with out this impending pugilism wont you?
TAVROSPRITE: oH, yEAH!
TAVROSPRITE: i'M DEFINITELY READY, tO BRING THE SICK FIRE, tO
TAVROSPRITE: tHOSE GUYS ALLEGED TO BE INSIDE,,, aN ENCHANTED OVEN,
JAKE: Atta boy tavvy!!!
JAKE: Oops is it ok if i call you tavvy?
TAVROSPRITE: yES, i LOVE IT, }:)
JAKE: Actually wait.
JAKE: No i think i wont on second thought tavvy sounds fucking stupid.
TAVROSPRITE: yEAH, pROBABLY,
TAVROSPRITE: oKAY,
JAKE: So were agreed then.
JAKE: We wait here and limber up and flex our stupendous guns a bit then let sail our haymakers

once the circus trundles into town.
TAVROSPRITE: i, pROBABLY UNDERSTOOD THAT REMARK, aND AGREE,
JAKE: I just wonder if theres anything else for me to DO aside from kiss my knuckles and lather them up with elbow grease.
JAKE: Turn my ten favorite boys out for a bracing constitutional you know?
TAVROSPRITE: ,,,,,nO,
JAKE: Should i be...
JAKE: SOUL SEARCHING or...
JAKE: Straining my brain to have some sort of magnificent epiphany about myself?
JAKE: Is this...
JAKE: Is this IT for me? Is this all there is to understand?
TAVROSPRITE: uM,,,
JAKE: Maybe theres only so much ragged wood a man can scrape from a barrels basement.
JAKE: Maybe sometimes a fellas gotta fess up to the fact that all there is to get about hims been firmly got already.
JAKE: Ive pretty much concluded that im a complete waste of everyones time if i bother busying their lives with my brand of beeswax and buffoonery.
JAKE: I settled square on the determination that i need to just be alone for most of my life and you know what im perfectly ok with that idea.
JAKE: Im just a lunk head and a loner and thats that.
JAKE: What else is there wonder about myself or my future except which face is most deserving of my fist?
TAVROSPRITE: sINCE YOU PUT EVERYTHING THAT WAY, aND SINCE SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO DISAGREE WITH A LOT OF CONSECUTIVE WORDS,
TAVROSPRITE: i THINK i AGREE WITH YOU,
TAVROSPRITE: mAYBE YOU'VE FIGURED OUT EVERYTHING ABOUT YOURSELF THAT MATTERS,
TAVROSPRITE: tHAT WOULD BE AWESOME!, lET'S BOTH PUT EXTRA EFFORT INTO HOPING IT'S TRUE,
JAKE: Thats the ticket!
JAKE: I love my aspect it feels so empowering every time i want to feel like somethings real when tons of facts are missing.
JAKE: I really am a lucky son of a bitch arent i tavvy. Shit i mean tavrosprite. Blech what i bad nickname sorry!!!
JAKE: But yeah thats pretty much what the doctor ordered for old jake english. No romantic stuff. No platonic stuff either!
JAKE: Ill be like... Mr nonrom sansplat... Or... Oh horsenoodles there has to be terminology that more effectively consolidates my present understanding of myself into a coherent identity i can get enthusiastic about.
JAKE: Maybe the troll lingo has the answers. Or maybe im pioneering some sort of... shadow quadrant system?? Ooh lordy wouldnt that be a swift kick in the netherdumplings.
JAKE: What do you think tavvyboy should i take my idea to the troll patent office and make a mint?
TAVROSPRITE: i DON'T THINK WE HAVE A THING LIKE THAT,
TAVROSPRITE: aLSO,
TAVROSPRITE: aLL OF MY PEOPLE ARE EXTINCT, aND MY PLANET IS BADLY

EXPLODED,
JAKE: Oh yeah.
JAKE: Heh oopsie.
TAVROSPRITE: bUT YEAH, tRAGEDY SITUATIONS NOT IN CONSIDERATION,,,
TAVROSPRITE: i SYMPATHIZE ENTIRELY WITH YOUR SOCIAL IMPASSE, cAUSING NOT GOOD REFLECTIONS ABOUT YOURSELF, tHAT MAYBE ALSO DOUBLE AS LIBERATING STUFF ABOUT YOU THAT YOU RANDOMLY DECIDE IS FINE SUDDENLY,
TAVROSPRITE: oLD ACQUAINTANCES, aND GUYS YOU ONCE CALLED FRIENDS,
TAVROSPRITE: tHOSE ARE VERY HARD,
TAVROSPRITE: bECAUSE OVER TIME THEY GET EXPOSED TOO MUCH, tO ALL MY FLAWS AND INSECURITIES,
TAVROSPRITE: aND THEY START LIKING ME LESS BECAUSE OF THAT,
TAVROSPRITE: aT LEAST, tHAT'S HOW THE TRUTH FEELS, iN MY BRAIN,
TAVROSPRITE: sO i START THINKING, mAYBE THEY CAN'T BE THAT IMPORTANT TO ME, aFTER ALL, iF i'M GOING TO WANT TO FEEL NOT SAD ABOUT MYSELF ALL THE TIME,
TAVROSPRITE: bUT THEN, aLSO,
TAVROSPRITE: i REALLY DO ENJOY MAKING *NEW* FRIENDS,
TAVROSPRITE: aND EVEN THOUGH i DON'T HAVE MANY TALENTS OR BATTLE SKILLS, oR INTELLIGENCE, oR DISCERNIBLE POSITIVE QUALITIES,
TAVROSPRITE: oNE THING i THINK i'M GOOD AT THAT PEOPLE UNDERESTIMATE,
TAVROSPRITE: iS MAKING NEW FRIENDS, wHO DON'T KNOW MY FLAWS YET, }:)
JAKE: Yeah...
JAKE: *Yeah!*
JAKE: Cheese and crackers tavvers what an inspirational little spiel that just was.
JAKE: Mayhaps youve more concealed talents than you let on??
TAVROSPRITE: nO, aBSOLUTELY NOT, bUT THANK YOU,
TAVROSPRITE: aAA,,
TAVROSPRITE: aAAAA,,, cHOO!
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO!,!
JAKE: Tavmeister are you ok?
TAVROSPRITE: aAACHOO!
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOOOOOOO,,,!
JAKE: Heavens to murgatroyd park tavenue whats the matter??
JASPROSESPRITE^2: :3
TAVROSPRITE: aACHOO!
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOOO,!,
JAKE: Speak to me lobster tavioli!!!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: :3
TAVROSPRITE: aAAAA,,,,,
TAVROSPRITE: cHOOOOOOOOOOOO!
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO, aCHOO, aCHOO!!!
JAKE: Ey! Rikki tikki tavi! Lay it on me bro... do you need to go to a hospital or what?!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

JAKE: AY CHI HUA HUA
JAKE: FIDDLE FADDLE
JAKE: SHUCKY DARN
JAKE: SOCK IT TO ME
JAKE: JUMPIN JEHOSA PHAT
JAKE: AY CHI HUA HUA
JAKE: BY GUM
JAKE: HELLO NURSE
JAKE: LAND SAKES ALIVE
JAKE: HOLY TOLEDO
JAKE: BOW HOWDY
JAKE: GAD ZOOKS

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: :3

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

dialoglogTAVROSPRITE: aCHOO! aCH-,
TAVROSPRITE: oH, nOO, nOT,,,
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOOOO!
TAVROSPRITE: nOT YOU, }:(
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Mrrrelax my sternutating acquaintance.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I have just the magic thing for you because I'm a magical being, squared!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Take this curative tablet! It will make those cat allergies slink away as if they saw a raccoon out the window.
TAVROSPRITE: oOH YES, tHANK,,,
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO!
TAVROSPRITE: tHANK YOU!
TAVROSPRITE: *gULP,*

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

dialoglogTAVROSPRITE: w,,, wOW!
TAVROSPRITE: iT WORKED LIKE A CHARM!
TAVROSPRITE: i LOVE MAGIC, i'M SO GLAD IT'S REAL,
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Couldn't agree more!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: That pill was a placebo, by the way. It was actually one of the buttons from my velvet pillow!
TAVROSPRITE: oOOOOOH,
TAVROSPRITE: tHANK YOU SO MUCH, mAGIC SORCERESS CAT WOMAN, fOR YOUR ENSORCELLED CURATIVE PLACEBO BUTTON,
TAVROSPRITE: tHIS IS GOING TO CHANGE MY LIFE! }:D
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes I thought you wouldn't understand what that meant, and that the button would continue to do the trick.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I'm so pleased as usual to see that I was right! Not that it was ever in doubt.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: NOW.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Since that hideous brouhaha of spittle, mucus and shouting has subsided, peace and quiet has revisited these hills and I am free to do my work.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It is the most important work that has ever been undertaken or even attempted in this gloomy session.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: You there, master of this land.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Tell me, where is your kernelsprite?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: *Inquisitive chirp.*
JAKE: Uhhhh.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Never mind, you don't know anything! Haha. :3
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I was only asking as a polite formality anyway, since it is right there in plain sight!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Jake, drumroll, please.
JAKE: Um...
JAKE: Hold...
JAKE: Hold on ill go um...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Don't you dare actually play some drums it was a figure of speech.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Mrow, well hello there, beautiful. ;3
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Fret no more sweet princess, for as long as I am here, you will never suffer such indignity again.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: How could anyone let such monstrous injustices happen to one so dear?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What FILTH would dare to debase you in this manner?!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: To say it was the marginalization of a bright and pure spirit, to say it was MURDER, this would be too flattering to the purrrpetrator.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What happened to you was nothing less than the desecration of a MASTERPIECE.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: My mystic kittycat senses divine that you have been mistreated for a stretch of your life far preceding your demise.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I detect that you may have been toyed with and disrespected by none other than the supreme puppeteer of unrepentant horseshit himself.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Any who would dare claim a greater atrocity has been committed in some godforsaken furl of paradox space, say it now and I will hiss and growl and curse your name.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

```
smoooooch!
```

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: You are gorgeous, dear, sweet Nepeta. You deserve only happiness and fulfillment.

JASPROSESPRITE^2: And from this moment forward I shall see to it that those are the only things you will ever know!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

dialoglogNEPETASPRITE: :33 < hi!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

dialoglogTAVROSPRITE: oH,
TAVROSPRITE: oHHHH, nOOO,
TAVROSPRITE: tHIS IS, gREAT, tECHNICALLY, bUT, *sNIFF*,
TAVROSPRITE: oH nNNNOOAAA-CHOO!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**05/07/15**

dialoglogTAVROSPRITE: aCHOO!,
TAVROSPRITE: hELP, i NEED,
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO!,,
TAVROSPRITE: i NEED ANOTHER,
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO!!!!!!
TAVROSPRITE: i NEED ANOTHER MAGIC PILLOW BUTTON!!!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < :??

## [S][A6A6I5] ====>

**06/07/15**

```
Alert: ♏
```

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/07/15**

```
Alert: ♏
```

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Hey. Anyone there?
JAKE: Yes im here.
JAKE: Whos this?
VRISKA: Hi! Is this Joke I'm speaking to?
JAKE: Yes.
VRISKA: Hi Joke, nice to hear from you again.
VRISKA: This is Vriska.
JAKE: Who?
VRISKA: God damn it. Never mind who.

VRISKA: The really attractive and outspoken girl you just saw jump into a window a little while ago. Remem8er?
JAKE: Oh yeah.
JAKE: Haha hello again. What can i do for you?
VRISKA: Glad you asked, 8uddy. You know, for a mostly inconsequential wimp, you're very polite and have a gr8 attitude!
JAKE: Thanks. I try my best.
VRISKA: Is Tavros there?
JAKE: Yes.
JAKE: Hes sneezing a lot though. Probably due to the recently surging number of cat people in the vicinity?
JAKE: Would you like to speak to him?
VRISKA: No!
VRISKA: God no. That would just waste time on a lot of his pointless hemming and hawing.
VRISKA: My 8usiness here is really simple. I just need to close one more significant loophole 8efore you all start fighting.
VRISKA: This is the final remaining task I had reserved for Tavros. He doesn't know what it is yet though.
VRISKA: So I'll need your help, Joke.
JAKE: Sure.
JAKE: What do you need?
VRISKA: I need you to reach into your pocket.
JAKE: My pocket?
JAKE: I...
JAKE: Dont think i have pockets?
JAKE: Im just wearing a snug pair of underpants.
VRISKA: No, your hoodie pocket!
JAKE: Oh.
JAKE: Shit these things have pockets???
VRISKA: Sigh.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/07/15**

dialoglogJAKE: Ok reaching into my pocket now.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/07/15**

dialoglogJAKE: What the hell is this?
JAKE: How did this get in there...
VRISKA: Don't worry a8out that.
VRISKA: Just throw it on the ground!
JAKE: Alrighty.

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**06/07/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**06/07/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**06/07/15**
dialoglogJAKE: Ummmm...
VRISKA: Did he take the 88??
JAKE: What?
VRISKA: Did the cat pounce on the mouse!
JAKE: Oh. Yes.
VRISKA: Good.
VRISKA: Now tell Tavros he has to gra8 that cat.
VRISKA: It's mission critical!
JAKE: Ok.

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**06/07/15**
dialoglogJAKE: Hey tavrosprite!
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO,???
JAKE: That bossy troll girl says you need to apprehend this feline i have apparently summoned.
JAKE: She says its really important.
TAVROSPRITE: oH, uMM,
TAVROSPRITE: aCHOO!!,
TAVROSPRITE: wHY,
JAKE: Its like part of the mission she was waiting to give you or something?
TAVROSPRITE: aAACHOOO!
TAVROSPRITE: yEAH, OK,
TAVROSPRITE: tHAT MAKES SENSE i GUESS,

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**06/07/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**06/07/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**06/07/15**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**06/07/15**
dialoglogGCATAVROSPRITE: oHH,
GCATAVROSPRITE: oHHHHHHH, nO,
GCATAVROSPRITE: oHHHHHHH,, nOOOOOOO,,,
GCATAVROSPRITE: a,
GCATAVROSPRITE: aAA,
GCATAVROSPRITE: aAAAAAAAAAAAA,,,
GCATAVROSPRITE: aAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!,

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/07/15**

ACHOO,

ACHOO,

ACHOO,

ACHOO,

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/07/15**

GCATAVROSPRITE: Z (♏ )

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: You still there?

JAKE: Yeah.

JAKE: What happened??

VRISKA: I had to neutralize another wildcard threat in that session.

VRISKA: Who the fuck knows WHAT that first guardian cat would have done during your 8attle.

VRISKA: Or for that matter, to what extent it's still in the service of the Condesce.

VRISKA: Cats are pretty mysterious, after all.

VRISKA: I needed to take it out of the picture.

VRISKA: The 8est way to do that was sweep it up into the 8ody of a person who's much more managea8le, and mentally suggesti8le.

VRISKA: Tavros can ride out this whole 8attle while sleeping peacefully now, which frankly, is 8etter for him, and a LOT 8etter for all of you now that you don't have to worry a8out another 8rainless omnipotent critter scurrying around, wreaking havoc.

VRISKA: You just have to make sure he doesn't wake up until the action is over!

VRISKA: Same rules apply to him that apply to Jade.

JAKE: So...

JAKE: Hes like that permanently now right?

VRISKA: Yep!
VRISKA: That's how prototyping works. I made sure he was never dou8le-prototyped over the course of the session for this exact reason.
VRISKA: Sometimes it takes a little patience and long range planning to make sure all the loose ends are tied up.
JAKE: But.
JAKE: Doesnt this mean hes now allergic to himself?
VRISKA: Is he??
VRISKA: I dunno, man.
VRISKA: I never really knew how 8ad his allergies were?
VRISKA: You know what, whatever. When this is all over, I guess he'll have to deal with a little sneezing now and then, 8ut he'll ALSO have a 8unch of totally sick godlike powers.
VRISKA: So that's pretty cool, right??
VRISKA: Look kid, you're a little new to the extended scene of everything going on here, 8ut there's kind of 8een a long history of people under-appreci8ting how much shit I do for this guy that looks kinda 8ad 8ut is actually in his 8est interest.
VRISKA: He'll wake up, acclim8 to his new existence, and when the time comes I'm sure he'll 8e thanking me l8ter.
JAKE: I see.
JAKE: Hmm yeah when you put it that way...
JAKE: I guess youre right.
JAKE: Maybe old tavvys actually pretty lucky to have a friend like you.
VRISKA: There you go!
VRISKA: See Joke? You're a lot smarter than people give you credit for.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**06/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Anyway I can't stand around all day yacking a8out this.
VRISKA: All in all this was a really minor chore to take care of.
VRISKA: I've got MUCH 8igger fish to fry out here in the ring.
VRISKA: Give my 8est to everyone there, and good luck with the fight!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Ok! That little point of 8usiness is done.
VRISKA: Thanks for 8earing with me. Executing this whole strategy has turned out to 8e a really am8itious project!
MEENAH: nice watch dealie
MEENAH: how much that worth
VRISKA: How much?
VRISKA: I have no idea. I guess it depends on a lot of things, like the units of currency, the presumption of an actual market for it, its scarcity... honestly I just alchemized the thing quite easily, and some8ody else pro8a8ly could too.
MEENAH: god dammit that answer was too complicated

MEENAH: got a fuckin professor of economics over here
VRISKA: Are you saying you want to 8uy my spider watch??
MEENAH: na serk
MEENAH: spider swag aint my kettle of fish
VRISKA: I didn't think so!
VRISKA: Anyway, like I was saying, that takes care of that.
VRISKA: At this point I think we could use a de8riefing. Would you care to do the honors?
MEENAH: wat
VRISKA: Regarding the mission you were previously involved with, which I can only presume gradually fizzled out.
VRISKA: Securing this weapon, searching for a lost cheru8, and raising an army to defeat Lord English?
MEENAH: ooh right
MEENAH: man
MEENAH: T)(AT old thing
MEENAH: yeah i can debrief
MEENAH: i aint much a storyteller tho
MEENAH: much to the lament of my former bestie
VRISKA: That's fine!
VRISKA: I don't need you to dazzle me here.
VRISKA: I just want the fucking scoop.
MEENAH: thats why youre the top serk 38)
MEENAH: ...
MEENAH: .....
MEENAH: hey
VRISKA: What?
MEENAH: can i ask a kinda personal question
MEENAH: i mean not even that personal but whatev
VRISKA: Sure...?
MEENAH: how old are you
VRISKA: Uh,
VRISKA: Almost seven and a half sweeps.
VRISKA: Getting close to eight!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: I pro8a8ly sound like a fucking nerd, 8ut I've 8een excited a8out reaching that milestone pretty much my whole life.
MEENAH: 7.5 huh
MEENAH: i guess thats a lil more respectable
VRISKA: More respecta8le than what?
MEENAH: nofin
MEENAH: change of subject
MEENAH: that old ass mission...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

dialoglogMEENAH: so yeah we all piled in a damn pirate ship and sailed around the ring in this huge circle

MEENAH: english followed us and wrecked shit as he went
MEENAH: that helped us chart a path to the treasure somehow
MEENAH: like using black maps and junk
MEENAH: with like
MEENAH: cartographic calculations and scopes and fuckin sextants and whatnot
MEENAH: im not even sure how but that weird ass idea actually worked
MEENAH: we found the treasure
MEENAH: well YOU did
MEENAH: but you were also kinda goin nuts and driving everyone away from the crew
MEENAH: i stuck around though cause i didnt give a flying glub
MEENAH: aranea bailed though
MEENAH: she caught wind of that magic ring and i guess it got to her
MEENAH: the delusions of grandeur about being alive again and doing relevant shit
MEENAH: so she ollied out and stole it and made the most embarrassing mess of things i ever heard of anyone doin ever
MEENAH: she totally failed in whatever she was trying to do
MEENAH: got the ring ganked from her then died again
MEENAH: i never saw or heard from her ever since and tbh i dont really want to
MEENAH: that left just me and you
MEENAH: well OT)(-ER you
MEENAH: tryin to figure out what to do with this deadly box a treasure
MEENAH: basically we couldnt decide on anything
MEENAH: and were feelin pretty flat on the plan overall
MEENAH: so we just gave up and wandered off to do other shit for a while
MEENAH: and you... i mean she...
MEENAH: mellowed WAY the fuck out
MEENAH: which was actually sorta cool for a bit but also sorta...
MEENAH: k never mind that
MEENAH: we just kept bubble hopping for i dont even know how long
MEENAH: which got uh
MEENAH: reely boring after a while 38\
MEENAH: i never had the thump tortoise to tell her though
MEENAH: uh i mean until now
MEENAH: in fact i pretty much just forgot about the whole plan until you showed up
MEENAH: you made it sound pretty cool again so i was like
MEENAH: yeah im on board
MEENAH: and thats bassically the whole story
MEENAH: oh
MEENAH: yeah...
MEENAH: and that "lost cherub" part of the plan
MEENAH: afaik that was a bogus red distraction fish and she probably dont matter at all
MEENAH: guess thats everything

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Good recap!
VRISKA: At least you 8oth had the presence of mind to hang on to the weapon.
VRISKA: Now it's up to us to use it.
VRISKA: What a8out this army though?
VRISKA: It still sounds like an important part of the plan to me.
VRISKA: Having just the two of us walk str8 up to Lord English, cold go88lefiend... that sounds like a recipe for disaster, weapon or no weapon.
VRISKA: An army of ghosts throwing everything they've got at him sounds like a gr8 strategy.
VRISKA: Like, a sort of 8uffer, giving us a little space to get ready to deploy the weapon when he seems vulnera8le.
MEENAH: yeah that makes sense
VRISKA: Do you think we pick that up where we left off?
MEENAH: man
MEENAH: dunno
MEENAH: that was one of the things that made us wonder if it was even worth bothering anymore
MEENAH: it was mostly this whole mind control stunt
MEENAH: apparently aranea was towing most of the load there???
MEENAH: then she peaced the hell out and got owned
VRISKA: I see.
VRISKA: Then yeah, this is going to 8e a little trickier than I thought.
VRISKA: Why don't we 8rainstorm on it for a while?
MEENAH: aight

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Got anything yet?
MEENAH: nope
VRISKA: Me neither.
MEENAH: well fuck

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: It's not a huge deal. We've got plenty of time to come up with something.
VRISKA: There's no rule that says we even NEED an army. We just need a way of deploying the weapon that will maximize the pro8a8ility it'll actually work.
MEENAH: true
VRISKA: We'll figure it out!
MEENAH: so

MEENAH: do you even
MEENAH: know what that weapon does yet or...
VRISKA: Not specifically.
VRISKA: We only know that it's some sort of juju that will activ8 when it gets near him.
VRISKA: We won't have to do anything at that point, theoretically. The weapon should just take over.
VRISKA: All we have to go on is a 8unch of vague stories we heard along the way through dream 8u88les.
VRISKA: Some presume it's something o8vious like sort of charm that releases an extremely powerful attack.
VRISKA: Other sources allude to a more specific consequence.
VRISKA: That the weapon actually contains the souls of some incredi8ly powerful warriors of legend who came close to 8eating him once, so he trapped them inside the charm and 8anished it into the void.
VRISKA: And if that's the case, then... I guess the weapon just releases them so they can finish the jo8?
VRISKA: Guess we'll find out!
VRISKA: Should 8e exciting.
VRISKA: Still, it's way too risky to try springing it on him without cre8ting a major distraction first.
VRISKA: Really, the ghost army idea sounded like the perfect approach. No wonder that was the original plan.
VRISKA: Who's idea was that, anyway?
MEENAH: yours
VRISKA: Yeah, I figured as much.
VRISKA: There's GOT to 8e another way to get that off the ground again.
VRISKA: I guess we don't have my ancestor's advanced a8ilities anymore, 8ut at least we have mine to work with, right?
MEENAH: if you say so
VRISKA: So 8etween my mind control powers, and your...
VRISKA: Your, um...
VRISKA: What was it you do again?
MEENAH: i make fuckin m$ney bitch
VRISKA: ...
VRISKA: I see.
VRISKA: Sorry for dou8ting you, Meenah. That's, um...
VRISKA: I'm sure that'll come in real handy.
MEENAH: i saw you roll them eyes serk
MEENAH: you aint a ghost you cant get away with that shit
VRISKA: Hey.
MEENAH: ??
VRISKA: What,
VRISKA: The hell.....

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Is that????????

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**07/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: TAVROS????????

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**08/07/15**

dialoglogTAVROS: yES, tHAT'S ME,
TAVROS: hI AGAIN FINALLY, uHHHH,
TAVROS: aLIVE VRISKA?
TAVROS: tHAT SEEMS LIKE A DIFFERENT TWIST OF EVENTS, i DIDN'T EXPECT, aND DON'T UNDERSTAND, bUT,
TAVROS: iT DOESN'T CHANGE MUCH ABOUT MY CURRENT MAJOR ACCOMPLISHMENT,
VRISKA: What accomplishment?!
VRISKA: What are you doing with all these ghosts?
VRISKA: Is this...
VRISKA: Is this a GHOST ARMY?!?!?!?!
TAVROS: iT IS INDEED,
VRISKA: And I'm to 8elieve YOU'RE responsi8le for this?
TAVROS: yOU CAN BELIEVE WHATEVER YOU LIKE,
TAVROS: bELIEVING, aS ALWAYS, iS HALF THE BATTLE, wHEN IT COMES TO MAKING THINGS MARGINALLY LESS FAKE,
TAVROS: bUT THE FACT, tHAT i PERSONALLY BUILT THIS ARMY, mYSELF, iS GOING TO BE A *FACT*,
TAVROS: wHETHER YOU DECIDE TO BELIEVE IN IT, oR NOT!
TAVROS: }:D
VRISKA: Oh, 8ullshit.
VRISKA: You must have had help or something. Or used some kind of trick.
VRISKA: Tell me the truth, Nitram. How'd this get done? Who was pulling the strings??
TAVROS: sTRINGS, ?
VRISKA: Who is influencing the minds of all these ghosts????????
TAVROS: mE!
TAVROS: wELL, nOT pRESENTLY,
TAVROS: bUT i DID BEFORE, aND NOW HERE THEY ARE, fOLLOWING ME,
VRISKA: You?!
VRISKA: You must 8e joking.
VRISKA: You don't have those kinds of powers!
VRISKA: I mean, unless... ghosts are sort of like a kind of animal?

VRISKA: Meenah, is that how it works? Are ghosts actually fucking animals?!
MEENAH: no
TAVROS: vRISKA, tRUST ME,
TAVROS: tHERE IS NO COMMUNION INVOLVED, oR, eSCAPADES OF THE MIND,
TAVROS: oNLY ESCAPADES OF THE HEART!
VRISKA: What sort of hideous fuckwitted 8aloney drivel are you spouting out your prattle socket this time?
TAVROS: wHAT i MEAN IS,
TAVROS: i *CONVINCED* THEM ALL TO JOIN ME, vRISKA,
TAVROS: uSING WORDS,
TAVROS: aND SMILES,
TAVROS: aND FRIENDSHIP, }:D
VRISKA: No...
TAVROS: nO?
VRISKA: NO.....
TAVROS: bUT,
TAVROS: hAVE YOU CONSIDERED,
TAVROS: yES???
VRISKA: NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!
VRISKA: This can't 8e.
VRISKA: I don't see how...
VRISKA: Do you know what this means?
VRISKA: DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS FUCKING *MEANS?!*
TAVROS: uHH,
TAVROS: mAYBE?
VRISKA: It means...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**08/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: You actually did something useful for once.
TAVROS: }:D!!!
VRISKA: I don't know how I'm even supposed to process or handle this inform8tion...
VRISKA: It's... it's completely messed up, is what it is.
VRISKA: My entire world view is shattering around me...
VRISKA: It can't 8e true.
VRISKA: It can't!
VRISKA: Some8ody slap me. I need to wake up from this horseshit.
TAVROS: aLRIGHT, bUT,
VRISKA: DON'T TOUCH ME!
VRISKA: Meenah, is this real??
VRISKA: Tell me I'm not going insane. Please confirm for me that Tavros has for once in his preposterous life or death or whatever has at least momentarily stopped 8eing a totally useless sack of shit.
MEENAH: its fucked up but true
VRISKA: God.....
VRISKA: DAAAAAAAAMN it.

VRISKA: Fuck this. I can't accept this reality.
VRISKA: Nope. No way. Won't do it.
VRISKA: No...
VRISKA: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no...
TAVROS: oH, bUT MAYBE MORE LIKE,
TAVROS: yES,,,
TAVROS: yES, yES, yES, yES, yES!!!
VRISKA: XXXX|

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**08/07/15**

dialoglogTAVROS: aWWWWWWWWW, yEAH!, bITCHEZ!
TAVROS: oR FAILING THAT, sOMETHING LESS DISCOURTEOUS TO WOMEN, tO CALL YOU BOTH!
TAVROS: i BET YOU NEVER SAW IT COMING, fROM YOUR ONCE DEAR AND LOYAL SWABBY,
TAVROS: tHAT YOUR POOPMASTER WOULD COME THROUGH! tHAT HE TOO, wOULD ENJOY, a SUCCESSFUL AND GRATIFYING ARC OF PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT!
TAVROS: oOOOOH, iT FEELS SO GOOD, tO DO A CONCLUSIVE THING, tHAT ABSOLUTELY AND BEYOND ALL QUESTION, rETROACTIVELY VINDICATES ME AS A PERSON AND ERASES ALL OF MY FLAWS!!!
TAVROS: hOW'S THAT *FEEEEL*, yOU CHARISMATIC AND CUNNING UNPLEASANT LADY??
TAVROS: yOU LIKE THAT, yOU WINNER?
TAVROS: dO YOU LIKE, hOW FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING i JUST SIPHONED THE URINE, oUT OF THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE ALL THAT, aND i'M ALL SHAT! eHEHEHE,
TAVROS: dO YOU LIKE GETTING *OWNED???*
TAVROS: bECAUSE THAT'S MAYBE WHAT YOU'RE CURRENTLY GETTING NOW! OWWWWWNED,,,,,!
TAVROS: sO, mIGHT i INVITE YOU, tO SUCK IT!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**08/07/15**

dialoglogTAVROS: *SUUUUUCK,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,*

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**08/07/15**

dialoglogTAVROS: *IIII

THE TAVROS FINALLY DID SOMETHING USEFUL CHARLESTON

dialoglogVRISKA: Tavros.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**08/07/15**

THE TAVROS GETS TO HAVE A SUCCESSFUL CHARACTER ARC SHUFFLE

dialoglogVRISKA: Tavros.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**08/07/15**

THE TAVROS TELLS VRISKA TO GO SUCK IT CABBAGE PATCH

dialoglogVRISKA: Tavros.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**08/07/15**

# THE TAVROS IS FEELING PRETTY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF ALL OF A SUDDEN AIR GUITAR

dialoglogVRISKA: TAVROS!!!!!!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**09/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Ok.
VRISKA: You win.
VRISKA: You did something gr8, and it was a 8ig help.
VRISKA: So, thanks for that. I mean that sincerely.
VRISKA: Could you please just... never dance again? Like ever?
VRISKA: That's all I ask.
TAVROS: yES, iT'S A DEAL,
VRISKA: Awesome.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**09/07/15**

dialoglogVRISKA: Ok, now that we have a ghost army assem8led, the weapon in hand, and settled on the determin8tion that the lost cheru8 pro8a8ly doesn't matter at all...
VRISKA: I think it's time to make a plan.
MEENAH: hold up
MEENAH: somefin dont feel right aboat this
VRISKA: What?
MEENAH: this army
MEENAH: who the flips in charge of this jam
VRISKA: In charge?
VRISKA: Uh...

MEENAH: please dont tell me its the dancin weenie poopboy
VRISKA: I don't think he's technically "in charge"?
VRISKA: He just "motiv8ted" them all to join the fight through the power of "friendship".
TAVROS: yES EXACTLY, }:)
MEENAH: yea but an armys gotta follow orders
MEENAH: otherwise it aint an army
MEENAH: its a bunch of assholes who all happen to be standing in roughly the same vicinity
VRISKA: I see your point.
VRISKA: What are you suggesting?
MEENAH: i should rule the army
VRISKA: Rule??
VRISKA: Don't you mean like, 8e the general of it?
VRISKA: I think that's usually how it works.
MEENAH: shell no glubberfucker
MEENAH: i should rule these sons a fishes
MEENAH: its in my blood
MEENAH: also
MEENAH: i fuckin wanna
MEENAH: and i probubbly wont take no for a clamswer
VRISKA: Hey, that sounds fine to me.
VRISKA: A little discipline applied to this swarm of dead idiots isn't going to dou8le-kill them.
VRISKA: I'm just not sure how feasi8le it is?
VRISKA: Tavros is the one who rounded them all up, so I assume they're all currently listening to him when it comes to the marching orders.
MEENAH: i sea how it is
MEENAH: hey you
MEENAH: swabby
TAVROS: yES?
MEENAH: i hereby challenge you for the leadership of this army!!!!!!
TAVROS: wHAT,
MEENAH: get yer fuckin dukes up pupa pansy >38D
TAVROS: wHOA,
TAVROS: nO,
TAVROS: oH NO, lET'S NOT,
TAVROS: dO THAT?
MEENAH: yeah lets!
MEENAH: itll be fin
TAVROS: fIN?
MEENAH: FUN YOU ASS
MEENAH: now hit me ya seaweed suckin sandal stuffer
TAVROS: bUT,
TAVROS: i THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA, tHAT YOU LEAD THE ARMY!
TAVROS: i DON'T, eVEN? cONTEST THAT AT ALL?
MEENAH: aw man 38(
MEENAH: whys everyone alwaves gotta do shit the boring way
TAVROS: i'LL JUST LET EVERYONE KNOW YOU'RE THE NEW LEADER, oKAY?

MEENAH: aight hows this
MEENAH: ill buy em off you
TAVROS: uHHH,
MEENAH: just name your price
MEENAH: i got a LOT of gold you know
MEENAH: do i look fuckin poor to you???
MEENAH: tell me i look poor i GLUBBING DAR-E YOU
TAVROS: nO, i BELIEVE YOU!
TAVROS: i THINK YOU ARE PROBABLY VERY WEALTHY?
MEENAH: then tell me how much gold i need to unload to make this shit happen
TAVROS: bUT,
TAVROS: i DON'T WANT GOLD!
TAVROS: fIRSTLY, i REALLY DOUBT IT EVEN HAS MUCH INTRINSIC VALUE, iN THIS CONTEXT,
TAVROS: bECAUSE WE AREN'T EVEN,,, oN A PLANET, wHEREBY SUCH ORES ARE SCARCE, wE ARE JUST IN AN ABSTRACT FIELD, oF FLEETING ILLUSIONS, aND,
TAVROS: tHERE'S SURELY NO MARKET OF EXCHANGE ANYWHERE HERE, tHAT WOULD HELP DICTATE THE FLUCTUATING PRICE, oF SUCH A COMMODITY,
TAVROS: oR EVEN ANY MONETARY BASIS OF COMPARISON FOR THAT PRICE, iF IT ACTUALLY EXISTED,
MEENAH: W)(Y T)(-E S)(IT IS -EV-ERYBODY A FUCKIN -ECONOMIST ALL OF A S)(ITTING SUDD-EN
MEENAH: *grumble grumble*
MEENAH: pedantic motherfucks dont know gold = riches, P-ERIOD
TAVROS: iT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE AN ARGUMENT, aBOUT GOLD OR ECONOMIES, oR ANYTHING ELSE!
TAVROS: i SAID IT'S A GOOD IDEA THAT YOU LEAD US! i LIKE THE IDEA!!
MEENAH: alright alright
MEENAH: FIN-E
MEENAH: go ahead an B-E nice about it what do i care 38T
TAVROS: i FULLY RECOGNIZE, tHROUGH THE CUSTOMARY TRADITIONS OF NORMAL CULTURE, tHAT YOU ARE THE ONE WHO IS MOST FIT TO RULE,
TAVROS: aND WHILE i MAY EXCEL AT FRIENDSHIP TEMPORARILY, i DON'T HAVE THE LEADERSHIP THINGS OF BEING HARSH AND BOSSY,
TAVROS: bUT THOSE ARE LEADERSHIP THINGS YOU HAVE, pROBABLY, bECAUSE OF YOUR BLOOD?
TAVROS: sO STARTING NOW, i COMPLETELY DEFER AND PROSTRATE TO,,,,,,
TAVROS: mY NEW EMPRESS! };D

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**09/07/15**

dialoglogMEENAH: whoa man what the fuck?
TAVROS: yOUR MAJESTY!
VRISKA: .....
TAVROS: i EXIST ONLY TO DO YOUR BIDDING,
TAVROS: sUDDENLY,

VRISKA: Tavros, will you get the fuck up?
MEENAH: no
MEENAH: no dont
MEENAH: stay
MEENAH: stay down there
MEENAH: exactly like that
TAVROS: oF COURSE, yOUR HIGHNESS,
MEENAH: i think
MEENAH: i think i LIK-E this
MEENAH: i think i R-E-ELY LIK-E T)(IS A W)(OL-E GLUBBING LOT
MEENAH: T)(IS F-E-ELS RIG)(T YO

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**09/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**09/07/15**

dialoglogMEENAH: yea good
MEENAH: excellent work swabby in chief
MEENAH: i hereby promote yall from poopmaster to pooplord
TAVROS: wOW!!!!!!!!!!
MEENAH: you earned it
MEENAH: now turn that way
MEENAH: i wanna address my legion of loyal homies
TAVROS: yES, mY LIEGE,

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**09/07/15**

dialoglogMEENAH: listen up buoys and gulls
MEENAH: i aint much for inspirational sbeaches
MEENAH: but here goes one anemoneway so whatever and listen the fuck up
MEENAH: your friendly sandle packing pooplord just flipped the keys to this bitch over to me
MEENAH: so as all yalls former heiress and current empress i hereby officially decree
MEENAH: im the boss now
MEENAH: you gotta do what i say
MEENAH: follow my orders to the letter not just cause all our ghosts are at stake and existence itself depends on it
MEENAH: but because im tha bomb
MEENAH: and all the shit i say is cool and right
MEENAH: mosta you got some good fightin skill or some powers or some shit
MEENAH: god tier ghosts im lookin at you
MEENAH: i dunno what you can all do in them peejays but whatever it is you better fuckin bring it
MEENAH: the rest of you without powers or even like
MEENAH: modest combat ability?
MEENAH: just
MEENAH: iunno
MEENAH: throw your damn torso at the guy

MEENAH: fa real every individual flailing and screaming body is gonna count for somefin in this god damn mess
MEENAH: sea we got a weapon
MEENAH: a nasty one some legend says
MEENAH: dont ask me to quote the legend cause i dont read up on no damn legends people just tell me this shit alright?
MEENAH: but the idea is you all set him up
MEENAH: then we knock him down
MEENAH: i trust that i dont gotta say who we up against here
MEENAH: you know the guy
MEENAH: the hulk ass pimp devil whos been shredding all our black space
MEENAH: poppin up our bubbles
MEENAH: murderin innocent space octopi
MEENAH: double killing our ghosts which to be fair there were way too many of in the first place but lets not dwell much on that dumb fact
MEENAH: its lord muscle guy
MEENAH: a huge like
MEENAH: professional wrestler with suspenders and the head of a skeleton
MEENAH: the fuckin time boss who wiped out troll kind one way or anotter
MEENAH: i think hes after his sis but shes on record as not mattering so who cares
MEENAH: he will never stop til he finds her
MEENAH: so we have to stop him
MEENAH: to save space and reality and an infinity trillion cosmic frogs or some absurd stuff long those lines
MEENAH: but we have to stop him most importantly because
MEENAH: its just a badass thing to do
MEENAH: and i PROMIS-E you
MEENAH: as your supreme ruler for afterlife
MEENAH: that this will be a baller use of our time
MEENAH: and beats the shit out of being bored and doing nothing forever
MEENAH: so i ask of you
MEENAH: as humbly as i can while taking into consideration im the best one here by proximately 20K leagues or so
MEENAH: whos with me?
MEENAH: the answer is
MEENAH: all of you
MEENAH: you all are
MEENAH: because i command it
MEENAH: but it school i know you can do it
MEENAH: because i believe in every last one a you
MEENAH: and also
MEENAH: you have to
MEENAH: because if you dont
MEENAH: ill feed you to lord kingfish myshellf

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**09/07/15**

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VRISKA: <33333333
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dialoglogVRISKA: Why is everything always so wonderful?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**19/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**19/07/15**

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10/6
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## [A6A6I5] ====>

**19/07/15**

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10/6
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dialoglogJAKE: So i take it i am to stand in for the mad hatter in this charade?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes.
JAKE: Except... wasnt the mad hatter supposed to be like... in charge of the tea party or something?
JAKE: I really dont know what im supposed to be doing here.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Nothing! Just sit there quietly please.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: No offense, but you are only a prop actor in this fanciful scenario, which is serving as the stage for my date with this lovely lady.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < wait...
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < this is a date?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Oh! Yes.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I'm sorry I didn't mention sooner, Nepeta.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Is that ok?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < um
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i guess so!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < im still a bit confuzzled about what is actually happening though
JASPROSESPRITE^2: There will be plenty of time for explanations!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: For now, I invite you to relax and enjoy our party on this peaceful and desolate hilly planet, while that mild mannered boy across the fridge sips his tea quietly.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < ok but...
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < im manely just wondering, where is everyone?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < like... equius? karkat? are they ok?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: They're fine!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Well, Karkat is fine. Alive and well, in this session.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Equius is also fine, in the same sense that you and I are both fine! :3
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Everyone else enjoys various states of being fine while alive, and fine while dead.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < oh
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < hrrm well
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < SOME of that sounds like good mews at least?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It's all good news! I mean mews. :3 Especially that we are both here now,

on this date together.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Again, assuming you are ok with that. No pressure!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i will say its a very nice looking tea party you have here
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < but ummmmm
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < ive never actually...
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < b33n on a date
JASPROSESPRITE^2: There's a first time for everything, right?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I remember my first date. I was so nervous! "Life hack." It helps if you are very very drunk.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Not that I am prescribing this as a remedy for you! It's ok to be nervous.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Besides, I sincerely doubt you are partial to the drink. I have a feeling catnip's your poison, eh? Eh?? Ehhh??? ;3
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < ive never tried either
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < sorry :\\
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < anyway its not that im nervous about a furst date necessarily!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i just... dont know who you are or anything about you
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < you look like one of the human kids but... different. you s33m to be part kittycat now?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes Nepeta I am part kittycat now! :3 :3
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Events conspired to make me equal parts not dead, half kittycat, and two sprites!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But the other side of that pet tag is the fact that I am suddenly half human as well.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: You see Nepeta I used to be a dead cat too but now I'm an alive cat who's part girl!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: In fact, we spoke once. While I was still just a cat. Don't you remember?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < uhhh
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < wait a minute
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < yes...
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < yes i think i do remember that!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < that was fun! :DD
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Chirp! :3 :3 :3 :3 :3
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < so youre the same cat then!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < the human girl... rose was it? she and her lusus got prototyped together?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: That is exactly what happened, fortunately for us both, as well as everybody else.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < thats very sw33t! what a nice way for you two to stay close forever
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < combining souls with my lusus sounds like it would have b33n a wonderful way to preserve her memory
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < plus share all her strength and wisdom and such!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i am guessing that oppurrtunity is long gone though :cc
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It probably is. But really, I don't think you need to change!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: You are so charming and pretty exactly as you are.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < wow...
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < thank you :oo
JAKE: Hey...

JAKE: Whatever happened to janes bunny friend... what was his name?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Huh?
JAKE: Little sebastian i think?
JAKE: Whered he scamper off to?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Jake, what are you talking about.
JAKE: He would be PERFECT for this tea party!
JAKE: Like the white rabbit and all.
JAKE: And im like the mad hatter for some damned reason.
JAKE: And youre supposed to be like the cheshire cat or such?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes, Jake. That was the idea.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Thank you for explaining a thing to us.
JAKE: I havent the foggiest fucking idea who sleeping tavros is supposed to be.
JAKE: Or for that matter who the honking guy in the fridge represents.
GAMZEE: HONK
JAKE: Was there a man under the table who honked sometimes in alice and wonderland?
JAKE: I really dont remember.
JAKE: So i guess that leaves the friendly cat troll as alice?
JAKE: Nepeta right? You must be the alice of the group.
JAKE: That would make sense! Since you just got here and appear to be very confused about this situation.
JAKE: By my estimation that makes you a dead ringer for the alice of this tea party!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Jake, just drink your tea.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**19/07/15**

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GAMZEE: honk
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dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Anyway, enough of that horseshit. Back to our date!!!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: That is, if you are ok with calling it a date! Are you ok with this being a date? I mean like a romantic one??
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i... y-
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < yes?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i mean, sure! :33
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yay!!!!!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < but i still dont... actually know you that well?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < at least not the rose part of you.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < but i suppose maybe that is the point of a date... to get to know the other person a bit better?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes! Yes Nepeta, exactly! That is exactly the point of a date! :3
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < h33h33, okay then!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < uh hmmmm so what do we talk about?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Anything you would like, beautiful. ;3
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < ...
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < j33z
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < rose
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i mean
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < rose cat...

JASPROSESPRITE^2: Jasprose!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < jasprose i...
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < h33h33h33
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What is it?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < youre making me blush!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < my head probably looks like a big old olive here
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It's quite a lovely color. :3:3:3
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i dont...
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < ahhhh!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < X33
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Is something wrong?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < no i just
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < sorry
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < ive never really had anybody like me before!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < im not sure how to handle it
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I find this very hard to believe.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Nobody? Are you sure??
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < pretty sure!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What a reprehensible injustice. Had your colleagues no taste???
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < heh
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < well ok i guess eridan hit on me a few times
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < but his advances always struck me as cr33py and insincere
JASPROSESPRITE^2: A pox on the name of this charlatan. I hiss on his grave.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < hes dead?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < gosh
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i mean... he could be kind of a jerk sometimes but that is still a shame :((
JASPROSESPRITE^2: No it isn't. It's fine. Please! Continue!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < huh?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: You were saying? About being liked!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < oh right
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < um i am just
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < still somewhat confused?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < im not sure why you like me
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < not that im not flattered!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < but you dont really know much about me
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < or...
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < do you?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: No, not really.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I just know that you are very pretty, and from my limited interaction with you as a cat, that you are personable and kind.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I don't need to know much else about you to like you. I am a catgirl of simple tastes. :3
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < haha
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < ok
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i guess i cant argue with that!

NEPETASPRITE: :33 < for what its worth you s33m very nice and pretty as well
JASPROSESPRITE^2: !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: (Jake, did you hear that?!)
JASPROSESPRITE^2: (She likes me too! This is almost too good to be true.)
JAKE: I think you should both kiss!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: JAKE!!!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Please, mind your manners.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I mean, not that that isn't an EXCELLENT idea.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But all things in due time. There is a PROCESS to this courtship business.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Much how one doesn't just LIE DOWN for a nap. The bedding must be ritualistically kneaded and massaged before lowering oneself in a circular fashion for a prime snoozing position.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < :oo
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < oh my goodness what a beautsnifful analogy :'33
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Besides, she has only been prototyped once.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I believe unprototyped or once-prototyped kernels can whether brief or incidental contact, the same way you can investigate the flame of a candle without burning your nose as long as you are quick enough.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But the sort of contact we are talking about here would be ANYTHING but incidental. ;3 ;3 ;3
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < omg
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < you are making me blush again with all this kissing talk!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < how can you be so forward about those things?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i have never met anyone who was so brazen and confident about liking somebody
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < how do you do it???
JASPROSESPRITE^2: There isn't much too it.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I used to be quite guarded about my feelings as a girl.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But cats do not have complicated thoughts about what should be expressed and when.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What to convey about your current state of mind is everything. When to do it is now.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < dont get me wrong jasprose i have a great affinity for all things feline in nature
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < but its never b33n that simple for me!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i get so shy and worried what people might think of me if i say how i f33l
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < im always so scared that they wont f33l the same way or just think im stupid or pathetic or something
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Was there someone you had feelings for you couldn't talk to about?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < ummmm
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < yeah
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Who?
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < ummmmmmm
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i dunno im embarrassed to say!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: You can tell me Nepeta! Please tell me your secret will be safe, I promise!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < well

NEPETASPRITE: :33 < ok
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < as long as you can really k33p a sneakret!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: My muzzle is sealed.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < it was karkat
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < but i never told him and im pretty sure he never found out how i felt!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Karkat eh?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I'll let you in on a little sneakret too. You dodged a vigorous spritzing with a spray bottle there.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: He wouldn't be any good for you. Oh no no.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < why?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Too many anger issues. Always with the shouting and whatnot. He's way too volatile!
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < but... i liked that about him!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Oh, but that isn't even all there is to it!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: On our journey he was so obsessive and controlling toward his desired matesprit. I do not believe that is any way to treat a lady!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: On the contrary Nepeta. You deserve someone who will RESPECT and ADORE you.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < well... yes
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i always hoped to find someone like that some day
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < i dunno maybe youre right but in spite of whatever problems he might have i always felt like i saw something in him that made me think he could be that purrson!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Nope. Sorry to be the meower of bad news. He is just not cut out for you!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Besides, he is involved with someone else now in that quadrant. He has moved on. And so have you!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: You are now a sprite. Neither of us have the same connection to the living we once had.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: In quite a real sense, it is fair to say that all we have now...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Is each other. :3
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < er...
DAVESPRITE: hey whats up

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**19/07/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Davesprite?!
DAVESPRITE: yeah
DAVESPRITE: looks like everybody forgot about me as fucking usual
DAVESPRITE: so here i am
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Where...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Where did you come from?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I thought you died.
DAVESPRITE: uh no?
DAVESPRITE: not to my knowledge at least
DAVESPRITE: i was just chillin on johns planet when some shit happened
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What shit?
DAVESPRITE: dunno

DAVESPRITE: there was all this wind and shit then the sky went blank
DAVESPRITE: i looked around a while but couldnt find anybody
DAVESPRITE: then the sky went black again so i flew off lookin for people
DAVESPRITE: found the planet with a big purple X on it
DAVESPRITE: then i found you at this tea party or whatever
DAVESPRITE: and now you seem to be a sprite too who is part cat so thats cool i guess
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Ah, of course. You're the version I traveled with on the ship.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I mean, not Rose. Jaspers.
DAVESPRITE: oh yeah
DAVESPRITE: hey man
DAVESPRITE: um
DAVESPRITE: or at least hey man to half of you
DAVESPRITE: kind of fucked up that youre part rose and vice versa but i guess whatre you gonna do
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Be in a state of near-perpetual satisfaction with my own existence, is what.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Anyway, I'm happy to see you're still alive.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Even if your bird-like appearance is making me feel a bit riled up.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I'll try to control myself though.
DAVESPRITE: cool thanks
DAVESPRITE: so what kind of ludicrous nonsense do you have going here in the land of stonehenges and a big purple X
DAVESPRITE: is that
DAVESPRITE: is that egbert lookin dude supposed to be the fucking mad hatter
JAKE: Yeah!!!
DAVESPRITE: ok
DAVESPRITE: whats with the fridge
DAVESPRITE: please dont tell me somebodys locked in that fridge
GAMZEE: HONK
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Dave, never mind the fridge.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: This tea party bullshit isn't quite what is seems.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I am actually on a date. So maybe we could, you know. Catch up later?
DAVESPRITE: a date
DAVESPRITE: thats cool
DAVESPRITE: with who the mad hatter guy?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Good lord, no.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: With Nepeta.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Sorry, I should have introduced you to her sooner.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Nepeta, this is Dave. He's my bird brother, who is also a sprite.
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < hello!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**19/07/15**

dialoglogDAVESPRITE: hey nepeta nice to meet you
DAVESPRITE: dont worry ill get out of your hair soon and let you get back to your tea date with rose
NEPETASPRITE: :33 < hi dave

NEPETASPRITE: :33 < its nice to m33t you too!
DAVESPRITE: damn straight we are meeting the shit out of each other right now
DAVESPRITE: hey put er there...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Dave, no, don't...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**19/07/15**

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prototype^2
```

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**19/07/15**

```
snikt!
```

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**19/07/15**

dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < claw claw meowtherfuckers!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**19/07/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: hello?
CALLIOPE: anyone home?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: jade?
CALLIOPE: anybody??

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: oh, hello, sir.
CALLIOPE: i'm looking for a man they call... "the mayor".
CALLIOPE: is that yoU?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

```
MAYOR
```

dialoglogCALLIOPE: oh, silly me.
CALLIOPE: of coUrse yoU are!
CALLIOPE: it says so right there on yoUr handsome sash.
CALLIOPE: how nice it is to meet yoU!
CALLIOPE: i was told this is where jade is sleeping.
CALLIOPE: do yoU know where she is?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: there yoU are.
CALLIOPE: she looks so peacefUl.
CALLIOPE: how odd it is to think she is still in the dream bUbble with my other self's ghost.
CALLIOPE: what coUld they be talking aboUt?
CALLIOPE: the cUriosity is maddening!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: please hUrry back, jade.
CALLIOPE: yoUr friends all miss yoU here.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogJADE: sooooo
JADE: where exactly are we going?
CALLIOPE: back to the source of all this.
JADE: um
JADE: and where is that?
CALLIOPE: you know already.
JADE: .....

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogJADE: well wherever it is...
JADE: im kinda wondering if
JADE: maybe i should be waking up soon?
JADE: i feel like my friends are probably going to need me
CALLIOPE: you can't wake up just yet.
JADE: why?
CALLIOPE: it's not time.
CALLIOPE: not where your physical form is, at least.
JADE: where my physical form is?
JADE: then...
JADE: what about here?
CALLIOPE: what about here?
JADE: argh
JADE: sorry
JADE: this time stuff is really confusing
CALLIOPE: you're a space player.
JADE: yeah
JADE: i mean
JADE: if its not the right time to wake up where im sleeping...
JADE: how long do i have to wait HERE in order to wake up?
CALLIOPE: the correlation between the passage of time in the furthest ring and any given physical location is tenuous.

CALLIOPE: the measurement of time here is inseparable from the physical passage through its knotted space.
CALLIOPE: those two aspects are closely woven together here, to such an extent that they are barely separable.
CALLIOPE: all aspects are.
JADE: really?
JADE: all of them??
CALLIOPE: yes.
JADE: i understand how this place has time and space of course.... even if they work together weirdly
JADE: but
JADE: i dont see any of the others
CALLIOPE: one doesn't see abstractions.
CALLIOPE: not directly.
JADE: ...
JADE: oh
CALLIOPE: each opposing pair is in balance throughout this field so as to form a stable canvas.
CALLIOPE: though the canvas becomes less stable with each crack in the field, ordinarily one would never directly observe its constituent forces.
CALLIOPE: the canvas would seem smooth from afar, but up close, as it were, the tapestry is circuitously woven.
CALLIOPE: the aspects, while remaining in balance, interfere with each other. they interlock and intertwine.
CALLIOPE: so neither space nor time functions linearly, nor are they conventionally measurable.
JADE: wow
JADE: i am not sure i totally understand...
JADE: but that is pretty interesting!
CALLIOPE: you are predisposed to find the nuances of space intriguing.
CALLIOPE: and since its opposing aspect is more related than you perhaps have realized, the challenges of understanding it are more compelling to you than you realize as well.
JADE: yeah i guess so
JADE: physics are all about space and time and such which are fun to think about
JADE: i like all that stuff!
CALLIOPE: yes.
JADE: so youre saying space and time... and all other aspects i guess... are more closely related here than in like
JADE: umm...
JADE: more stable places, like my universe?
CALLIOPE: they are less distinct from each other here, yes.
JADE: you said passage of time is inseparable from...
JADE: traveling through space?
CALLIOPE: yes.
JADE: so if we were holding still
JADE: time wouldnt be moving either?
CALLIOPE: that is correct, in a way.
CALLIOPE: though motion itself is not the absolute process it is in a more conventional medium.

CALLIOPE: the measurement of motion requires stable features for comparison.
CALLIOPE: of which there are very few in the furthest ring, typically.
CALLIOPE: the more cracks that appear, ironically, the more the ring begins to stabilize, at least in a spatial and temporal sense.
JADE: i see
JADE: so
JADE: if the cracks werent there
JADE: how...
JADE: how would we be able to tell if we were moving?
CALLIOPE: motion through the twisted space is not gauged by passing landmarks, but anchored to a particular destination.
CALLIOPE: destination is an idea maintained by the traveler.
CALLIOPE: ideas are subtle composites of various aspects.
CALLIOPE: without clear understanding of destination, motion becomes less discernible.
CALLIOPE: with less discernible motion, passage of time becomes less measurable.
CALLIOPE: at a standstill, time loses meaning, and can seem to stretch on forever, as all events throughout reality swirl around you in no particular order.
CALLIOPE: one becomes isolated from all else. imprisoned by inertia.
JADE: hmmmm
JADE: that is pretty cool too
JADE: i love spacey stuff!
CALLIOPE: yes.
JADE: you talk about it in a neat way
JADE: it kinda seems like you are trying to educate me on this
JADE: like a teacher or something :)
CALLIOPE: of course that is what i'm doing.
JADE: oh
JADE: heh

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogJADE: well.....
JADE: not that it isnt fun talking about these cool space things
JADE: and
JADE: i know you said my real body isnt supposed to be waking up yet, wherever and whenever it is
JADE: but to tell you the truth...
JADE: i would really love to get going and see my friends again!
JADE: dont you have the power to wake me up?
JADE: the other calliope said she has that power
CALLIOPE: i do have that power.
JADE: oh
JADE: soooooo
JADE: could you please wake me up then?
CALLIOPE: no.
JADE: aw

JADE: why not!
CALLIOPE: i told you.
CALLIOPE: it is not time yet.
CALLIOPE: we must reach our destination first, in order for the requisite time to flow correctly.
CALLIOPE: only then.
JADE: maaaan
JADE: >:(
CALLIOPE: why the hurry?
CALLIOPE: you have already proven your heroism in the moments when it was needed most.
CALLIOPE: it is important to know when the greatest good is best served by remaining dormant.
CALLIOPE: whether that burden is for close to eternity, or only a few more minutes.
CALLIOPE: it is something to learn as a space player.
CALLIOPE: space falls back. it yields. hosts the play silently.
CALLIOPE: then, it roars to life when its time comes, showing all who is really the master.
CALLIOPE: and so too when the time comes, it collapses in on itself, taking all else with it.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**20/07/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**20/07/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**20/07/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**20/07/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**20/07/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**20/07/15**
dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < daaamn.....
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < damn! X33
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < rose
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < im a fuckin troll now!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < and part beautiful bird
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < and also...
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < a human boy?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < hahaha i dont even
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < shit
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < rose my claws
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < look at these fuckin claws!!!!!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *snikt snikt snikt snikt snikt* omg
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < rose LOOK!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I see your claws, Dave.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: They're neat.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < hahahahaha!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < holy shit i am a god damn DEBACLE of a thing arent i

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < it
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < is kind of GREAT?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i sort of LOVE THIS??????????
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < BDD
JASPROSESPRITE^2: That's wonderful, Dave and Nepeta.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I'm very happy for you both.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: *Sigh.*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < whats wrong rose??
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < jasprose i mean
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Nothing.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *sidles up to jasprose in a coy and hella feline manner sounding tickled as fuck thru my little 3-shaped snout deal*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *arches back huge up and being all like bumping into rose with my tall curved back and shit, like cats do im pretty sure?*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *fuck yeah they do! omg they do the tall back thing all the time when theyre happy and im doing that right now h33h33*
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Dave...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What do you think you're doing?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *davepeta kindly and radly informs jasprose he is doing a bit of roleplaying and no, not even ironically*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *i mean... she*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < shit
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < hrmmm B??
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < jasprose
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yo um
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < im confused about my gender suddenly
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < what am i now?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I don't know, Dave.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < well what are you?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i mean
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < what do you f33l like now a boy or a girl
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < your cat was a boy right?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes, he was a boy.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < so what does that make you now???
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I don't know. I hadn't thought much about it.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I think I am probably still a girl?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Cats don't have particularly deep feelings about gender, or form strong identities around the idea.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < ok thats cool
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but both dave and nepeta did have strong identities as a boy and girl!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < so i dunno where that leaves me
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Does it even matter?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i have no idea!!!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i just started being davepeta like THR33 SECONDS AGO

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < im not sure what matters to me yet
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i think i do like being me though!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < its a really weird f33ling
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i mean not weird just like jarring in contrast with how both me's spent so long f33ling like
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I think I know what you mean.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you do?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes I was really having the time of my lives after I became Jasprose.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Well, for a while there, at least.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < fur a while?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < whats wrong now
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Oh, nothing.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < come oooon
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < tell me! B33
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It's hard to put into meows what I am feeling suddenly.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I think it might be...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Loneliness?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < lonelioness
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < why?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < im here to k33p you company
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < and mad hatter dude is still over there...
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < uh
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < doing... whatever the fuck it is hes doing?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you still have lots of friends!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I know.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But since your... transformation...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Some feelings I thought I had put behind me at the moment of MY transformation quickly returned.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: They were dug up from their shallow graves and left on my doorstep by... you know what?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I'm not even in the mood to finish that incredibly apt analogy. You will have to connect the dots yourself.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < what f33lings returned?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: As a cat I never had any other girl cats around to be friendly with.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: That was a very simple emotion with which I could probably cope, if it was all that was in play.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: The Rose half is more complicated.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I have memories from a lot of Roses.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Is this true for you as well? I mean, memories from many Daves and Nepetas?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yeah.....
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < it uh
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < sure is a clusterfuck of sad dead daves and sad dead nepetas in my head
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < it f33ls alright tho
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < like im a lot more detached from those experiences than i ever felt

before?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but also
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < there is a distinct f33ling of having one dave and nepeta stand out from the crowd of memories
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < the versions of davesprite and nepeta i existed as right up until we both shook hands
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < they still kinda f33l like the "main" ones ya know?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes, exactly.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: The Rose I was prior to this had just lost everything before she was killed.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Her friends and also her matesprit.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: When I came back as a sprite, not as Jasprose yet mind you, I was relieved to see everybody again...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But it was also a melancholy return.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I knew that she couldn't be with me anymore, because I was no longer Real Rose.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But when I became Jasprose, everything changed again.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I was a whole new being!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Before me stretched a horizon full of small distant and slightly jostling curiosities to investigate, because you never know when something like that might turn out to be a mouse.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: There were so many, many new pawsibilkitties.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < dude i must say i am so stoked for the cat things youre sayin!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Shoosh, Dave. And yes I concur about the cat things.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Anyway, one of the new things that opened up to me was...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: The idea that I didn't have to be alone anymore.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: That I was reborn, more thrilled to be alive than I can ever remember being in any incarnation.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: And that there was someone perfect waiting for me to bring her back.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Another estranged soul like me.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: And now...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I guess it's all ruined.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < whats ruined
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Never mind, Dave.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < come on tell me!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Forget it.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < rose...
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < jasprose!!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < dammit
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you cant possibly just leave the story there
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < pawsibly
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < fuck
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < still gettin the hang of mastering my cute as hell urge to do cat puns litterally whenever it could conceivably occur to me
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < litterally lmao thats a good one
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < jasprose
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < jasprose

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < jasp
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < jaspycat
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < shit thats a bad nickname sorry
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < jasprose
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < JASPROSESPRITE SQUARED!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you were talkin about nepeta werent you
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i mean me
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < or part of me B33
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < tell me!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < tell me tell me tell me tell me tell me tell me...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: Dave, she was going to be my WIFE!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: BOO < !!!!!!!!!!!!!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Sighhh.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i was?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < er
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < she was?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes, Dave. I am quite sure of it.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < um
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < well furst of all
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < maybe you should stop calling me dave?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < my name is davepeta now
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Oh...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes you're right. I'm sorry Davepeta.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: No offense, but the Dave part of you is sort of the fly in the ointment here, so when I look at you, that tends to be who I see.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yeah thats cool
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < since he became a bird that part of me got pretty used to being a most unwelcome dave in practically all situations let alone when he rudely crashes a tea date through accidental bodysharing shenanigans
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but now im like this whole new neat kind of sprite with legs again and claws and shit and id prefer that my new identity be respected please!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yeah. I am very sorry.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I was just sad is all.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < awww
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i understand
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you could even say i "know that f33l"
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < h33h33 loling my ass off
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i love that theres this whole side of me that is all freshly tickled by even the most basic applickations of irony
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < for instance that was some weaksauce milk but here i am lapping it up B33
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It pleases me to hear you have rediscovered the joys of entry-level irony, Davepeta.

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but yeah sorry for blowing our date
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < even if i... she... wasnt sure what to make of the date?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < she was really flattered that you liked her tho
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but i dunno if it would have led to marriage!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i think yall may have b33n pouncing the gun on that
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I don't think so. I had it all figured out.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: She never got a chance to see any of my moves though, so I guess we'll never know.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i dunno... gettin married isnt even a thing for trolls!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: It was just a figure of speech. It isn't a thing for cats either, remember?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < ok but even so i still dont think you can force something like that
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < we would have n33ded to spend more time together and stuff to find out!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes we would have spent that time together, and it would have turned out to be magical. Trust me.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < god DAMN rose gettin some kitty cat mixed up in ya made you so much HELLA SMUGGER than usual
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i kinda dig it???
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < it suits you
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Does it?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i mean you were always full of yourself but now youre owning it so completely
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < f33ls a lot more honest tbh
JASPROSESPRITE^2: That is,
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Wow.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Actually such a nice compliment? Thank you, Davepeta.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you know
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < the fridge is like
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < all fuckin set up and what not
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < the tea is there
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < jake is still setting the mood with his space cadet antics on a nearby hill
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < we could just like
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < uh
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < k33p doing our date
JASPROSESPRITE^2: WHAT?!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i mean....
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < platonically!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < of coarse
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < coarse like a cat tongue, actually you know what never mind, that fucking sucked
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but yeah!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < whats the big deal

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < lets k33p tea partying and chatting about our Unique Sprite Issues and stuff
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < maybe even do a smidgen of choice "RP"ing if it strikes our fancy i thiiink that could turn out to be pretty cute and dope B33
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Hmmmm.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Maybe.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you know...
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < a gotta say
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < the nepeta part of me is like
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < genuinely mystified about what the issue even is?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What issue?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < us dating
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < like as in a normal romantic tea drinking date
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Oh.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yeah, it makes sense that she wouldn't understand.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i mean the dave part of me is obviously all like no no no stop STOP STOP when i think about it
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < that little fussy brain tantrum
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < isnt makin me f33l weird or uncomfortable its just sort of cracking me up!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Haha.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: That's a good way of putting it.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: My inner mono-dialogues have been very amusing to me too.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i guess i am still just a bit uncertain about my nature and my beliefs and whatnot
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < what about you though
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you are part cat soooo
JASPROSESPRITE^2: So?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < so how do you really f33l about that...
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < issue?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: ...
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i mean as far as both sides of me know cats arent too concerned with that right?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < after a while they dont s33 brother and sister kitties they just uh
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < s33 more kitties who are just like all the other kitties
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I'm...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Erg.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: There is such a potent force within me that squirms at every word of this train of thought Davepeta!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Good grief Rose was such a stuffy girl, wasn't she.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yup
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But yes, you are basically correct.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Asking the Jaspers half about this issue would be like showing him two slightly different gray swatches, and asking his opinion on which color to paint the observatory.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: So to answer your question, I...

JASPROSESPRITE^2: I don't know.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I really don't know, about any of this.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: My dreams of having a beautiful troll girl for a wife were dashed moments ago, so I have been speaking from a despondent state of mind since you came into existence.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: But maybe what you're saying makes sense.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I will need some time to meowll it over.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < hahaha meowll
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < so good
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < (that was supposed to mean mull right?)
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Yes Davepeta that meant mull.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but yes i agr33!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < theres so much to figure out now
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < shit be poppin in my jumbled sprite brain suddenly
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < popping like a bunch of silly gophers out their fuckin surprise holes
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < wanna murder them gophers
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < because INSTINCTS!!!!! BDD
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but mainly that is just a metaphor for understanding the gophers
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < wanna like
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < GET myself
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < how about we help each other GET ourselves
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but whoooaaa nonsuggestively NONSUGGESTIVELY!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I knew you weren't being suggestive! Chill out.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: So how would you like me to help you "get yourself"?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i dont know!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < when we were on our date and you were talkin to me about stuff and i was acting all embarrassed...
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < that was pretty cool or at least nepeta thought so
JASPROSESPRITE^2: You mean about her liking Karkat, and such?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yeah!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you know whats crazy is
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < even in my new form i...
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < dont even f33l conflicted about that???
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < it sorta f33ls right still
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i would have thought id be a mess of contradictions about that but hmm nope
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < weird right?!
JASPROSESPRITE^2: If you say so.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < not that im sayin i should act on that or anything
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < its like you were saying
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < about being the odd rose out
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < and when you got jaspersed everything changed
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < these are brand new lives for us so it f33ls like i should try to leave the old stuff behind

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but that means
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i also gotta figure out what to do with my life now!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < or my pseudo life, whatever the hell it is you have when youre a sprite^2
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Then what do you want to do with your pseudo-life?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < hmmmmmm
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < aw man youre gonna think im crazy for even saying this...
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I already think we're both crazy.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i have this weird urge.....
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < to go fight lord english
JASPROSESPRITE^2: What the fuck?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < I KNOW RIGHT!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < im just strangely drawn to the idea
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i wasnt at all before as a really depressed bird version of dave
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < and nepeta didnt even know who he WAS until recently
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but now it sounds cool suddenly
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i f33l like...
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < the exact blend of people i am
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < is a being that he should in some way be vulnerable to
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i cant even explain why i f33l that way
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Well, you have to follow your heart, I suppose.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < B33
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *davepeta stealthily stalks their heart as it minds its own business beating at the bank of a nearby stream*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *they crouch into one of those quintessential cat poses with like their butt in the air... davepeta starts wiggling their ass furiously*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *gets mildly distracted by wiggling of own ass... becomes more intrigued by movement of ass than beating of heart*
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Is this what we're doing now?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < nah im just messin
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Ok.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I think if we are going to make a habit of roleplaying, I would like to script out some scenarios in advance.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: I'm concerned that too much improvisation could end up muddying the narrative.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < lmao!!!!!!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < okay you go right ahead and do that

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

dialoglogJASPROSESPRITE^2: So what do you want to do now?
JASPROSESPRITE^2: You're not going off to fight English right away, are you?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < hmmm
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < no i dont think so
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < theres no hurry
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < the dudes whole shtick is being basically eternal and always being

"already here" or whatever
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < wherever here is
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < in this case i guess it just means out there somewhere
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i think there are a fmew things i want to take care of here before i sink my claws into that grade A slab of b33fprey
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Like what?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

```
sniff!
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dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < theres somebody id like to catch up with first
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Who?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < just a couple of bros from the past
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i think they would want to s33 me before i go
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < or at least...
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < be made aware that i exist at all, as a bad ass doublesprite
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Alright.
JASPROSESPRITE^2: Please give these bros my best, then.
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i will!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**20/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**21/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**21/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**21/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**21/07/15**

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Grist Rig
⬡ ▪ ▪
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**21/07/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**21/07/15**
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**21/07/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**21/07/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**21/07/15**

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ARQUIUSPRITE: !
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**21/07/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**21/07/15**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**22/07/15**
dialoglogDAVE: damn
DAVE: and i thought our houses were pointlessly tall before
DAVE: it just doesnt stop from keep constantly getting more and more vertically enormous
DIRK: Shit is downright precipitous at this point.
DIRK: Like, upways.
DAVE: haha yeah
DAVE: we made sure as fuck not to come right out and literally describe that building as tall
DIRK: Hell yes.
DIRK: Who needs small and serviceable adjectives when the most ass-backwards way of saying a thing is right there, tantalizingly hidden within the vast ocean of language.
DIRK: Like a treasure in a huge shitty clam.
DAVE: we are way on the same page philosophically here
DIRK: Who is surprised by this?
DIRK: Zero people, is who.
DAVE: sounds like a club for losers to me
DAVE: theyre lucky they dont have any members, otherwise theyd all be lame as hell
DIRK: Yeah.
DAVE: so uh
DAVE: why do the houses need to be so tall again
DAVE: i never actually understood that
DAVE: except to reach the gates but once we all figured out how to fly and shit that became so pointless
DIRK: Yeah. After a while in the game, building kind of stopped mattering.
DIRK: Except near the end. Getting them to the top is just a point of completion.
DIRK: Then you dump the grist rig on top of it, apparently.

DIRK: That lets the thing spray out all the grist from the hoard in the planet's core, kind of like a huge oil derrick I guess.
DAVE: oh
DAVE: how do you know this
DAVE: do you guys have like a manual or
DIRK: I'm in communication with Arquiusprite.
DIRK: He's working on it now.
DAVE: so youre in communication with him like...
DAVE: RIGHT now?
DIRK: Yes.
DIRK: Via my shades.
DIRK: Which he incidentally used to be.
DIRK: Like, as a computer, which he lived inside as my Auto-Responder.
DAVE: right
DAVE: and
DAVE: uh
DAVE: why... did you make that thing again
DAVE: not that you ever told me before
DAVE: 'again' is just like a stammering tack-on to that sentence so as to try and not sound too fucking rude
DIRK: I don't think it's a rude question. It's perfectly fair to wonder what was going through my head when I made him.
DIRK: I've spent a lot of time wondering about that myself.
DAVE: so you just
DAVE: straight up programmed a copy of your brain
DIRK: There was some programming involved, but also a bit of cheating, through the mapping of a captchalogued ghost-imprint of my brain.
DIRK: I guess part of it was just about trying to understand myself.
DIRK: But I don't think I would have put it that way at the time. For a while I insisted he was meant to be a "debate partner" or some horseshit.
DIRK: I was pretty young, and had some stupid ideas.
DIRK: About irony in particular. But also a lot of mostly faux-intellectual thoughts on a wide variety of topics.
DIRK: Like philosophy, consciousness, programming, identity, history, ancient pop-culture... really it ran the full gamut of pretension.
DIRK: Not that I don't still find that stuff interesting. I'd just like to think I'm somewhat less full of shit about it all now.
DAVE: yeah me too
DAVE: i mean, about my interests and stuff
DIRK: Creating him was an interesting exercise I guess, but over the years I came to see his development as one of my biggest mistakes.
DIRK: He sort of turned into a monster. But I could never bring myself to get rid of him, or even really blame him for being an asshole, because he wasn't actually that different from me.
DIRK: Like, by definition.
DIRK: He seems alright as Arquius though. At least it keeps him busy, obsessing over his muscles, asking for milk and shit like that.

DAVE: hmm
DAVE: i guess i started some projects i regretted
DAVE: but nothin like making a milk weirdo eventually exist
DAVE: it sounds fucked up but is also kind of an awesome story in its own way
DIRK: I guess so.
DAVE: maybe im lucky i was never that good with computers
DAVE: now computer ART thats a different story
DAVE: ok it actually isnt i fuckin suck at that too
DAVE: but dammit i try my best and make some magic happen at least in my own mind so maybe thats good enough
DIRK: It certainly worked out for you in my universe.
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: i DID captchalogue my own ghost brain once but i didnt know what to make of that and thought it was kinda weird so that never really went anywhere
DAVE: probably for the best
DIRK: It definitely is.
DIRK: Tinkering with your own mind, or identity or whatever... it's a dark road to go down.
DIRK: There are enough splinters of everyone running around out there as it is, just as a natural byproduct of our reality. For me in particular. Probably for you too, as a time player.
DIRK: That process doesn't need to be encouraged or fucked with.
DAVE: for real
DAVE: my bro did cool things with computers too
DAVE: i mean nothin like making a clone of his brain or anything thank god
DAVE: just some absurd bullshit with web bots and stuff mostly to help prop up his various "enterprises"
DIRK: You mean the porn stuff?
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: but with puppets of course
DAVE: it was always about the puppets
DIRK: Naturally.
DAVE: he made all these porn bots that would just talk to each other in a chatroom endlessly
DAVE: all like gettin each other riled up about squishy bottoms and whatnot
DAVE: actually it was pretty entertaining to watch them go at it for hours
DAVE: i think they may have been teetering on the threshold of SOMETHING resembling self awareness?
DAVE: except they only seemed to apply that faculty to reach even more heightened states of sexual excitement for a bunch of nude soft puppets
DIRK: That sounds...
DIRK: Oddly rewarding.
DIRK: I mean, not to say he wasn't still a douche.
DIRK: But as a pastime, cultivating a group of earnest, erotic puppet-loving chatbots sounds so much more relaxing than painstakingly constructing a version of your own brain, and then arguing with it for years thereafter.
DIRK: Almost like tending to a little flock of pigeons.
DAVE: yeah you know he did some cool things

DAVE: it wasnt necessarily all inherently terrible
DAVE: things i would really appreciate under better circumstances
DAVE: he definitely had a lot of drive and also some uh "ideas" that warranted a certain amount of respect i guess
DAVE: he just
DAVE: maybe should not have been allowed near a child?
DAVE: sall im sayin

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**22/07/15**

dialoglogDIRK: Sounds about right.
DIRK: We really don't have to talk about him anymore though, if it is going to stir up more bad shit for you.
DAVE: nah im alright
DAVE: i think that is all mostly out of my system
DAVE: i mean not forever because i dont think thats how things work
DAVE: i just mean my venting fit is over and im probably good for another 16 years or so and i can return to being mostly deadpan and rad
DIRK: Ok.
DIRK: Well, in sixteen years, if you need someone to vent to again, let me know.
DAVE: sure
DAVE: assuming we havent been killed by like 10 jacks before that i will
DAVE: you certainly seem to be the right guy for that
DIRK: For what?
DAVE: i mean like the most suitable recipient of my hysterical fits on that particular subject
DAVE: there is no way i would ever tell karkat all that
DAVE: i mean maybe some stuff but not ALL the stuff its just too heavy
DAVE: i certainly wasnt gonna mention the stuff to rose or john or jade or whoever else
DAVE: if i was ever gonna do one of my patented acrobatic pirouettes off that particular handle to anyone it really only could have been at him
DAVE: except he was dead
DAVE: and even if he wasnt and i did say all that shit
DAVE: theres no way it would have resulted in anything resembling reconciliation
DAVE: which i think
DAVE: was something i kinda needed
DAVE: but didnt realize it
DAVE: so....
DAVE: thank you for being a really plausible stand in for him who i could rip to shreds??
DAVE: while still being basically innocent of all that terrible garbage
DAVE: so you end up sorta being like an avatar for him that is much easier to forgive
DAVE: i mean
DAVE: maybe FORGIVE isnt the right word because im not sure he deserves that and anyway it doesnt matter because hes been dead for years and at this point is just an irrelevant deceased weirdo who doesnt matter anymore
DAVE: i guess i mean coming around to a place where i dont have to feel rotten all the time anymore

DAVE: and i guess im lucky i got to blunder into a reality that just happened to have the exact right version of a dude which made that possible for me
DAVE: sorry this fuckin ramble is really getting away from me
DAVE: i have no idea if im making sense anymore
DIRK: I think I get it.
DIRK: And sure.
DIRK: You're welcome for me existing.
DAVE: hey can that be like
DAVE: the motto on our family crest
DIRK: I think it already is.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**22/07/15**

dialoglogDAVE: all that melodramatic sadbabble aside
DAVE: i think its perfectly cool if youre still curious about your adult self
DAVE: and i dont mind tellin you more stuff about him if you want
DAVE: i know im still wondering about what my adult self got up to
DIRK: Yeah.
DIRK: Well like I said, any time you want to know more, feel free to ask.
DAVE: kay how about
DAVE: we do this thing
DAVE: when i met roxy we did a thing
DIRK: A thing?
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: its called the lightning round
DIRK: That does sound like a Roxy thing.
DIRK: Does it by any chance involve asking a rapid-fire series of questions, some of which end up being a bit too personal or invasive?
DAVE: well yeah when she does it
DAVE: we could be chill though
DAVE: when it comes to asking about each others secret crushes and shit
DIRK: Then I guess I will disclaim in advance that I don't have any, and I don't care about yours even if you do.
DAVE: it is settled then on the fact that we are a couple of cool dudes who know where to draw the line on certain topics
DIRK: Cool.
DIRK: So how do we start.
DIRK: Whose lightning round is this, mine or yours?
DAVE: it can be yours go ahead shoot
DIRK: Ok.
DIRK: How...
DIRK: Did...
DIRK: He, um,
DIRK: Come to "adopt" you?
DAVE: i was a baby and i came down to earth on a meteor while riding a pony with a pink heart on its ass

DAVE: he found me in a crater on top of a dead pony and gave me a lil baby pair of shades that look exactly like the ones youre wearin now
DIRK: I see.
DIRK: So you decided to ditch those shades for the aviator glasses?
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: years ago john got me these for my bday
DAVE: it might have been like an "ironic dare" to wear them i dont remember
DAVE: but when i got em i was like hell yeah im wearing these
DAVE: gonna rock these fuckers til the end of time
DAVE: they were ben stillers
DAVE: like literally
DAVE: they actually touched his weird sort of gaunt face in one of his films
DIRK: Wait...
DIRK: THE Stiller?
DAVE: yeah
DIRK: Incredible.
DIRK: Also, such a shame what happened to that poor man.
DAVE: wait what happened to him
DIRK: I can tell you when it's your lightning round.
DIRK: Or mine. Whatever. I'm still not sure whose lightning round it is when you're the one asking questions.
DAVE: dunno ask roxy
DIRK: Ok. Anyway, didn't mean to interrupt.
DAVE: but yeah we would send each other stuff sometimes
DAVE: me and john
DAVE: well we all would
DAVE: usually absurd birthday packages and such
DIRK: We did that too.
DIRK: Except I had to send things through time.
DIRK: Always had to figure out stuff small enough to send through the sendificator, even if it was piece by piece.
DAVE: nice
DAVE: one time it turned out we ACCIDENTALLY sent presents through time
DAVE: i mean not literally, more in a roundabout way
DAVE: we all sent john a rabbit
DAVE: but all three rabbits just turned out to be the same damn rabbit
DAVE: because of stupid time shit
DIRK: Once I deliberately and quite literally sent a rabbit through time.
DIRK: It was a robot.
DAVE: wow
DIRK: He was a loyal friend to Jane. I don't know what happened to him though.
DAVE: yeah i dunno what happened to johns rabbits either
DAVE: rabbits am i right
DIRK: I hear you, man.
DAVE: what next
DIRK: Hm.

DIRK: You say he owned Cal as well?
DAVE: yep
DIRK: Did he come down to Earth on a meteor with Cal too?
DAVE: i think so
DAVE: that was a long time ago
DAVE: kinda weird to imagine him strutting around with that puppet as a kid in the 80s
DAVE: or maybe just kinda funny actually
DAVE: he sure held on to it a long time
DAVE: must have gotten attached at a really early age and just never let go
DAVE: i guess you fell to earth with one of those things too?
DIRK: Yeah.
DIRK: But if I came to Earth on a meteor the same way you all did, then I guess I just got dunked right in the fucking ocean.
DIRK: Which makes sense. One of my earliest memories is of using Cal as a flotation device.
DIRK: So he sorta saved my life in a way. I guess I bonded with him too, the way your bro did, even if that sounds a bit stupid.
DIRK: Then again, it didn't help matters much that I lived alone in the middle of the ocean. He was my only real life friend. I mean, until I built some new ones.
DAVE: hmm wait we fucked up
DAVE: i asked you a question its not my turn
DAVE: keep firing
DIRK: Ok.
DIRK: How did your bro die?
DAVE: he died fighting one of these jacks
DAVE: at this point i almost forget which one
DAVE: no wait
DAVE: ok yeah it was the omnipotent dog one
DAVE: the jack from our session
DAVE: he was fighting like a lesser form of him and then jack got extra prototyped by dog powers and then got outmatched and stabbed with his own sword
DAVE: pretty sure davesprite was fighting with him and almost died too but then it turned out he didnt
DAVE: but now im at least 99% sure that davesprite is DEFINITELY dead and wont suddenly reappear as a stupid surprise or anything
DIRK: I hate stupid surprises.
DAVE: word
DIRK: So, you said he "trained" you.
DIRK: I'm guessing that means he knew what was coming?
DIRK: Or, some things about your future, at least?
DAVE: seems that way
DAVE: not sure what he knew or how he knew it
DAVE: all our guardians seemed to know bits and pieces of stuff and did vague mysterious things to prepare
DAVE: to this day i have no idea if he was training me to fight lord english or if he even knew who that guy was on any conscious level
DAVE: or it was more like general purpose training to be able to survive some hard shit after the

end of the world happened
DAVE: youd have to ask him but thats impossible
DAVE: i do know he managed to get the drop on a meteor before i entered the game
DIRK: What?
DAVE: as far as i can tell he stood on top of it and split it in half with his sword
DIRK: Um,
DIRK: Not to be too much of a wet blanket on that rad as fuck anecdote, but that sounds kind of far fetched.
DAVE: yeah it does doesnt it
DAVE: but then again so does a baby getting dunked from space in the ocean then floating on a weird doll and then growin up by himself with no adults around
DIRK: That's not far fetched. It was pretty straightforward.
DIRK: I think I just found a building poking out of the water, climbed up, then I just started foraging for food in there like a feral infant.
DIRK: Supplies which I'm sure your adult self must have left behind for me, seeing as he clearly must have known some things about the future too.
DIRK: Speaking of which, maybe it's your turn now?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**22/07/15**

dialoglogDAVE: yeah ok
DAVE: questions about me hmm lets see
DAVE: ok FIRST the fuck of all
DAVE: what happened to ben stiller
DIRK: He was deemed a heretic, and was crucified on the Washington Monument by some clowns.
DAVE: wow
DIRK: Due to his dedication to freedom and peace, he came to be seen as a martyr, and then a holy figure.
DIRK: He was left on the monument as an example to all, but thousands of faithful gathered below to gaze up at his pious, sort of gaunt face.
DIRK: For years thereafter, his followers would carve stone busts of him in his memory, capturing the piercing glare of his final expression.
DIRK: But they were all smashed to pieces by the presidential church.
DIRK: That religious movement didn't last very long.
DIRK: Rumor has it the batterwitch had a lot of experience crushing righteous insurrections.
DAVE: did my adult self get pissed about stiller
DAVE: i bet he got pissed
DIRK: Yeah. There was a whole series of final insults that led to his active rebellion, instead of just producing subversive media.
DIRK: At one point, the witch "remastered" all of his films to clean up all the shitty artifacts, and released them in stunning high-def quality all over the world, using a rational business model and everything.
DIRK: That REALLY set him off.
DAVE: what the fuck
DAVE: how fucking dare that woman
DAVE: so then he tried to kill the batterwitch right

DAVE: who is the same exact alien as the condesce in this session??
DIRK: Yes. Same one.
DIRK: And yeah, he teamed up with Rose from the same era.
DIRK: They supposedly put up a good fight, but both died.
DAVE: so...
DAVE: does john know that he is literally about to go fight betty crocker yet or what
DIRK: I have no idea.
DIRK: I really don't know John at all, or any of your friends.
DIRK: I know Jane was the heiress to the Crocker brand. Uh, obviously? It is her name after all.
DIRK: Was John the heir to that empire in his universe?
DAVE: nah
DAVE: i mean not to my or his knowledge
DAVE: he just fuckin hated that company for some reason
DAVE: i think his reason was literally as mundane as just being slightly overexposed to cake
DAVE: thats classic john though he doesnt get pissed about anything except for the absolute dumbest shit
DAVE: but i guess his instincts were right in this case
DAVE: maybe we should just
DAVE: not tell him
DAVE: that hes fightin crocker i think the poor dude has probably had enough mental breakdowns for one adventure
DAVE: we all have
DIRK: I'd like to get to know him.
DIRK: Not to mention Rose and Jade. Would have been nice to hang out and chat, in a circumstance where we weren't supposed to prepare for an imminent deadly struggle.
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: well i guess we could have hung out there a few minutes longer
DAVE: i mean you wouldnt have got much outta jade who is stuck in perma-nap mode
DAVE: just like old times i guess
DIRK: Huh?
DAVE: she used to sleep a lot
DIRK: Ah.
DAVE: but yeah there wasnt much time except for like a bunch of heys and oh nice to meet yous
DAVE: and also i think i would have still been a shitty train wreck socially if we all just hunkered down right then and there for another extensive round of freestyle paltalk
DIRK: Right, I was kind of nervous about lingering there for more than a minute too.
DIRK: Mainly because of Jake.
DIRK: I didn't want to make him uncomfortable.
DIRK: I think I have done enough of that.
DAVE: i guess jake was kinda like your john of the group huh
DAVE: wait that was a pretty dumb observation never mind
DIRK: Nah, sounds about right.
DIRK: Seems like John was your close buddy growing up, and Jake was mine.
DAVE: john and i never really had anything like a falling out
DAVE: except for not talkin to each other for a few years on account of being on a meteor and boat respectively

DAVE: but i guess you two had some buddy troubles or somethin?
DIRK: Yes. A lot of buddy troubles.
DIRK: I vaguely touched on it earlier. I was a really bad influence in his life.
DAVE: what happened
DIRK: A lot of things, that were mostly my fault.
DIRK: Basically, I think I bullied him into dating me.
DIRK: Although I had plenty of "help" from my Auto-Responder.
DIRK: There were a lot of insane plans that he hatched on my behalf.
DIRK: But in fairness, I went along with them.
DIRK: To this day, I can't really tell how much of that bullshit was his doing, and how much was mine, which I've just covered up through denial or selective memory.
DAVE: wait
DAVE: you
DAVE: you dated jake?
DIRK: Yeah.
DIRK: That didn't last long though.
DIRK: It was really lopsided and kind of forced.
DAVE: ...
DAVE: so
DAVE: you
DAVE: ...
DAVE: hmm
DIRK: What?
DAVE: nothing
DAVE: i think were breakin one of the rules here
DAVE: this tangent got too personal
DIRK: Oh yeah.
DIRK: I forgot we weren't doing that.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**22/07/15**

dialoglogDIRK: Anyway, carry on. You were asking about adult Dave?
DAVE: yeah
DAVE: so that covers how he died
DAVE: taking a futile stand against some unbeatable foe
DAVE: cant say im too surprised about that cause what else is even new
DAVE: what about his early life though
DAVE: guess i arrived around the same year my bro did in my universe?
DAVE: just came down on the same dead horse i rode in on
DAVE: into a world full of opportunities
DAVE: how did i get started
DIRK: His early life isn't well documented.
DIRK: There's hardly anything to read about him until he broke into show business with a few obscure projects at the turn of the century.
DIRK: It all snowballed from there.
DAVE: i guess the one thing we know for sure is i didnt find a kid in a crater and take him under

my wing
DAVE: that was probably for the best
DIRK: Heh.
DAVE: actually maybe its better that most of his story is left to my imagination
DAVE: kinda like how you said you spent a lot of time thinkin about him
DAVE: filling in the gaps of his ridiculous exploits
DIRK: Right.
DIRK: There's certainly a lot of lore to work with.
DIRK: Urban legends and stuff.
DAVE: like what
DAVE: actually wait
DAVE: dont tell me
DAVE: at least not now maybe down the road it would be cool to hear some
DAVE: i think id prefer to fill in the blanks myself for a while
DAVE: really it sounds dope as hell to imagine that sort of blank canvas life
DAVE: dropped on earth as a kid in the 70s or 80s or whatever with no bossy adult to reel me in
DAVE: and just having to figure stuff out
DAVE: especially knowing that many years later it all worked out ok
DAVE: really wonder what i did
DAVE: was i like some homeless eighties ragamuffin???
DAVE: jesus christ that sounds fairly adorable if so
DAVE: maybe i slept in an alley on a bed of rubix cubes and alf merchandise
DAVE: or maybe i offered my old school rap services for food
DIRK: Like, through a shitty cardboard booth?
DIRK: You know, like the one from the fuckin' Charlie Brown comics.
DIRK: "This is what the refrance," FYI.
DAVE: yes exactly
DAVE: this sounds like exactly the life for me
DAVE: what if without a penny to my name and the wind at my back i hopped a boxcar to the big apple
DAVE: because as a dumb child i naively believed thats where they made all the apple juice
DAVE: id be sorely disappointed when i got there but it wouldnt matter because id probably scrape together a living on off off off broadway like...
DAVE: making shitty cartoons
DAVE: on stage
DAVE: and saying
DAVE: you guys
DAVE: this will be SO much funnier once the internet happens TRUST ME
DAVE: then the aristocratic patrons of fine theater just shrug and dump their shillings into my orphan hat
DIRK: It sounds to me like you've been reading up on the urban legends already.
DAVE: hahaha

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**22/07/15**

dialoglogDAVE: i wonder if he had like
DAVE: friends
DIRK: It sounds like he knew a lot of people, at least later in life.
DAVE: sure
DAVE: i mean im sure he knew rose at some point because obviously they teamed up
DAVE: but as fairly old people?
DAVE: it sounds as though they only knew each other as a result of their notability
DIRK: This seems likely.
DAVE: i mean more like the friends i grew up with
DAVE: he couldnt have grown up with john or jade as friends because they were already old by the time he got there
DAVE: this cool 80s kid fantasy was probably just a lot lonelier than ive been picturing in my sweet daydreams
DAVE: i didnt even have the MAYOR god what a nightmare now that i think about it
DAVE: i wonder if all he cared about was making ludicrous shit and fighting evil pastry moguls
DAVE: do you know if he had any other interests
DIRK: Like what?
DAVE: i dont know
DAVE: did you ever read any urban legends about.....
DAVE: paleontology
DIRK: Paleontology?
DAVE: yes the scientific study of dead shit
DIRK: Not that I recall.
DAVE: hmm
DAVE: i guess he probably didnt do anything with that
DAVE: what a shame
DAVE: maybe he never even got the idea since he had completely different experiences
DAVE: but if i were suddenly dropped back in the 20th century id probably look into it at some point
DAVE: i dunno how though
DAVE: i think it would be mainly like
DAVE: some sort of theraputic interest
DAVE: something relaxing to think about instead of a bunch of ironic and stupidly ambitious objectives
DIRK: Yeah, like the porn bots.
DAVE: yeah exactly
DIRK: Maybe some day, when we're both old men, you can live a quiet life tending to your fossils, and I will do the same with my dear collection of simple-minded chat robots fixated on puppet ass.
DAVE: sounds like the fucking life to me
DIRK: What was the lightning round question this stemmed from again?
DIRK: I forget.
DAVE: dunno
DAVE: maybe were tapering off with the lightning round stuff anyway and its just naturally deteriorating into regular dudechat
DIRK: Maybe.
DIRK: You sure you don't have anything else before we say it's officially deteriorated?

DAVE: k heres a curveball
DAVE: what the fuck are you wearing
DIRK: My prince gear.
DIRK: You know. Leggings, slippers, the poofy asshole pants, a hood with some sort of cloth tiara deal embedded in it.
DIRK: Basic stuff for princes, apparently.
DAVE: huh
DAVE: gotta say
DAVE: some of these god tier ensembles really are...
DAVE: something
DIRK: I thought I hated it at first.
DIRK: But over the couple hours I spent flying back, with time to think about all sorts of stuff...
DIRK: It kinda grew on me.
DIRK: The asshole pants are pretty damn comfortable, so I dunno if I even care how stupid they look.
DIRK: And I *am* kind of an asshole, after all. So who am I to complain.
DAVE: i thought the same thing about my cape outfit at first
DAVE: felt like some bozo from the renaissance festival
DAVE: like maybe i should get on a horse and sing a shitty ballad
DAVE: but then it grew on me pretty quickly
DAVE: hardly ever took it off in three years
DAVE: youre right its comfortable and theyre fuckin magic pajamas or whatever and they start to feel like part of who you are after long enough
DAVE: i mean they are supposed to last you forever right
DAVE: kinda by definition since they come along with immortality
DAVE: maybe part of their magical nature includes this insidious quality where they grow on you
DAVE: or not i dunno maybe this is bullshit and ill just wear some normal person clothes when this is all over
DAVE: what about you are you gonna wear god duds forever
DIRK: Nah. I'm sure I'll wear regular stuff again at some point.
DIRK: If a shirt with a hat on it can be deemed regular.
DAVE: im cool with deeming it as such
DAVE: yeah maybe youre right and we should all stop dressing like tools from an infinite magic slumber party for floundering teens
DAVE: and just look like standard floundering teens
DAVE: some of the getups are pretty out there
DAVE: jakes tho...
DAVE: uh
DAVE: damn??
DIRK: I...
DIRK: Yeah.
DIRK: That page costume.
DIRK: I'd have commented on it, except that would've been casting a stone through a particularly fragile glass wardrobe.
DIRK: So... I just flew away.
DAVE: yeah there was uh

DAVE: some palpable awkwardness there
DIRK: Hm.
DAVE: sorry im still
DAVE: tryin to
DAVE: like
DAVE: wrap my head around
DAVE: ...
DIRK: What?
DAVE: uh
DAVE: dammit
DAVE: ok i guess i might have to break one of our lightning round rules
DAVE: only a little tho
DAVE: i hope
DIRK: About what?
DIRK: The personal stuff?
DAVE: yeah
DIRK: That's fine.
DAVE: ok maybe im not even asking you anything
DAVE: maybe this is just a starting point to ramble to myself
DAVE: on a certain topic
DAVE: i think...
DAVE: there is a SLIGHT chance...
DAVE: i may be the biggest idiot in the world
DIRK: ?
DAVE: when it comes to understanding some things about my bro
DAVE: some pieces i never really put together
DAVE: about him
DAVE: until maybe literally right now
DAVE: which i think makes me an objective dumbass
DIRK: What does this have to do with me and Jake?
DAVE: idk
DAVE: nothin
DAVE: maybe i dont wanna ask you anything about jake
DAVE: maybe ill just keep abiding by the code of basic dude manners on that
DAVE: if i bother skirtin the line of this rule maybe id rather ask you other stuff instead
DIRK: Like what?
DAVE: like
DAVE: um
DAVE: say one of your best friends is a knucklehead you havent seen in three years
DAVE: and unless you use ultra direct and explicit language he just wont put two and two together himself
DAVE: and also say ANOTHER best friend is a girl you feel like you had kind of a special relationship with but you ALSO hadnt seen in three years
DAVE: and shes asleep
DAVE: but at some point shell wake up and youll have to talk to her
DIRK: ...

DAVE: this is dumb im not making any sense
DAVE: lemme start over
DAVE: ok lets say
DAVE: way back whenever
DAVE: howww
DAVE: ...
DAVE: how did you tell your friends

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**23/07/15**

dialoglogARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Nepeta?!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yeah!!!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I mean
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dave?!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yeah!!!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Dave and Nepeta,
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Nepedavesprite?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < davepeta!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < (sprite squared lol)
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Davepeta Sprite Squared
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It is I, Arquiusprite, to the first power
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Which is to say, Equius, and an artificial intelligence composite of your bro, in the form of the cool broken sunglasses I am wearing
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yeah i know dummy! BPP
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> How is this possible?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> How did you come to be??
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < umm i dunno
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < some shit happened
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < was on a tea date, shook hands with myself, you know
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < basic fuckery
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < how did YOU come to be???
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I...
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes, that is a fair question
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Some b*llshucks happened, which made little to no sense, and now here I am
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I can only presume this was the case for you as well, given your incoherent and poorly developed anecdote
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < what ya doin there bro?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Huh? Oh. Nothing really
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Doing the final work for this session. Releasing the grist hoards. Nothing that matters now...
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Now...

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> That you're here
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *Sniff*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yo are you crying??
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < awww
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Davepeta, I apologize for the embarrassing secretions from this imperfect, semi-organic form
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> How ironic, that I spend virtually 100% of my time secreting liquid from virtually 100% of my body's surface area, and yet a few more drops from my eyes would cause me such shame
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < h33h33h33 youre so fuckin gross!!!!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i really missed you dude
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I missed you as well, or, I would have, had I permitted myself to think about you
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Alas, I failed to protect you from an unpleasant clown in the most disgraceful way possible, much to the shame of my dead troll half, and much to the disgust of my digital human half
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Hence, to the Nepeta portion of you, Davepeta,
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I am so very STRONGLY sorry
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < theres nothin to apawlogize for!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < nepeta furgave you for that and anyways im not even her anymore
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i guess davesprite had some old issues with his bro he never really sorted out but hey im not him either!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < and youre not his bro or equius youre arquius who is a new and cool and beautyifful thing and anyway all those old troubles are f33ling so overwhelmed by new and different emotions and its great!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes, Davepeta, you're right
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> It is really fl*pping great
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *Slight sob*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < dawwwwwww
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < there there you blubbering goddamn cutie
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *davepeta sniffs curiously at arquiusprites grody and emotional body*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *p33-yew davepeta exclaims, recoiling like they were just using their muzzle to investigate the business end of a shitting dog*
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What are you...
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I mean,
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *Arquius submits his question to Davepeta in the form of a third person statement, thereby acknowledging once and for all that he is in no way above the childish nonsense of his former moirail*
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *He in fact acknowledges by e%tension that he is not above anything or anyone, and never was*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < omg yes!!!

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i mean that was a good start but also a little abstract man, you should try incorporating some actual behaviors and actions into your RP things to punch them up
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Behaviors and actions?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yeah!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < like think dude, how the hell is davepeta supposed to react cutely to some internal epiphany your havin? hows that shit externally TELEGRAPHED bro??
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I see
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *I mean, Arquius sees*
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *Arquius soon realizes he will need a truly unreasonable supply of fresh, dry towels to absorb the perspiration caused by two separate lifetimes of regrets and foolishnesses*
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *He embarks on a mystical quest of the spirit, through a land of his imagination's design as a part of his personal "Alternative Universe" fiction. It is a mountainous land consisting of only fresh, perfectly folded white towels, and rivers of milk running through its valleys*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yum yum!
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *"Yum yum" indeed, he thinks to himself with his silicon brain, e%actly one trillion times per second, for several seconds. But now is no time to sup from the streams of dairy. He gathers a heap of clean towels in his strapping arms. Yes, these guns you see here. Two astonishing sinewed meat trunks clutch the unsodden rectangles of fabric, like tremendous baguettes of rippling, twitching protein tissue.*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < B\\
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *He reflects on his pair of powerful weapons with admiration, and wonders quietly if Davepeta would like a complimentary ticket to the gun show. But due to his obscenely powerful mind, this thought took place in the blink of a microsecond, and he proceeds to have additional, similarly rapid cyber-reveries. Including, but not limited to, thoughts of fondness for Davepeta, and some e%tremely comple% genetic algorithms comparing the merits of various redemptive gestures, and-
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < arquius youre RPing your internal thought process again
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Oh. Sorry
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < its ok for startin out, youll get the hang of it if you k33p at it
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you being willing to try is all that matters and is hella nice B33
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *starts to purr a sick beat!*
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You mean, like a rap beat?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < um, duhhh?
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *Arquius wonders if the purred rap beat is strictly in the hypothetical plane of roleplay, or if it will be an audible phenomenon taking place in reality soon*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *davepeta gives a little knowing nod, as if to say, you bet your chiseled ass itll be an audible phenomenon in reality soon*
ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *Arquius begins fle%ing rhythmically, in time with the beat of the purred rap. This hypothetical role playing action should also be regarded as a precursor to this deed being literally e%ecuted in reality*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *davepeta starts droppin the illest purrbeat you ever heard but stops

suddenly, as they become mesmerized by the hypnotic flexing of arquiusprites humongous muscles*

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Do you... really like them?

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *He says*

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i... really do

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < *they say*

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Would...

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> You like to touch my muscles, davepeta?

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yes i believe i would

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Then I must command you

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Please touch my muscles

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yes ok

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> I won't take no for an answer, Davepeta

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Touch my muscles

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i said yes!

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Touch my muscles

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yes!

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Touch my muscles

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yes!!

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Touch my muscles

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < YES!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**23/07/15**

dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < dammit dude

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < why dont we stop pussyfooting around stuff and get down to brass tacks

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> What brass ta% do you mean, Davepeta

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i think you know B33

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Davepeta, are you suggesting what I think you're suggesting?

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < mmm hmmmm!

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> To be clear, you are insinuating that we attempt to e%ecute a rare, and highly sweet, "bro hug bump"?

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < hell yes i am!

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i am insinuating that we attempt nyan other than that exact type of hug!

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < are you ready dude???

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes!

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < lets DO this thing

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**23/07/15**

dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < lets make this shit work

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> Yes!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**23/07/15**

dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < where doing it man

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> YES!!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**23/07/15**

dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < where MAKING THIS HAPEN

ARQUIUSPRITE: shaDes --> *YES!!!!!*

## [S][A6A6I5] ====>

**23/07/15**

```
CAW

MEEEEOOOOOW!!!!!!!!

NEIGH


SWEET BRO AND HELLA JEFF
ROCK SOLBO

WOAWW BWEE!

bweeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

BWEEEEEEEE


let's DO this thing

THIS

lets make this shit work

IS

where doing it man

WHAT

where MAKING THIS HAPEN

THE REFRANCE!
```

And there it is.

The greatest reunion in Homestuck history. Neigh, the greatest MOMENT. It does not get better than this. It WILL NOT get better than this. At some point, possibly during the 5th or 6th loop of the above animation which you can't seem to stop watching and listening to, a thought occurs to you. You think with a sense of relief, this is it. We made it. This one-page triumph has just retroactively vindicated the long and arduous journey behind it. After every bump in the road, every

setback, every nagging doubt about the story's direction, every FUCKING time your waifu got the shaft, all of that just got wiped away in the blink of a tearful eye by the single greatest piece of media you have ever experienced.

You can finally say with absolute conviction that it's all been worth it. It has all paid off. All roads no matter how treacherous brought you to this glory. Every obscure plot thread, every batshit twist, all that retcon stuff, the sprite squared shit, every bit of dubious narrative legerdemain, ALL of it you now realize was designed with excruciating precision to achieve this singular, magnificent result. You'd be blown away in hindsight by these shocking feats of multi-threaded plot prestidigitation if you weren't still transfixed by the looping animation. And your jaw would be hitting the floor by now if not for the leagues-deep sense of tranquility welling inside your bosom now that you know Homestuck's audacious promise has been utterly fulfilled forever.

You're now into your... what is it? 11th, maybe 12th loop of the animation? You've lost track, and it doesn't matter. What's the hurry, you wonder. What's the harm in camping on this page for a while longer. What else do you have going on? Maybe it's time we faced the facts. This is truly all you have. This is your LIFE. Without breaking eye contact with your monitor, you find yourself reaching for your smartphone. Wait, why exactly am I doing this, you wonder? Why am I going for my phone. You are going for your phone because it's time to take a fucking PICTURE, numbnuts. You decide that digital photography is the best way to make this shit last forever.

You nod and go, oh that makes sense, yeah. I'll definitely take a picture of this animation which has looped at least 20 times by now. Make sure you get yourself in the picture too, to prove you were there. You mumble, what? A selfie. Take a god damn selfie of yourself, posing next to page 9828 of MS Paint Adventures dot com. As you contort your body to pose next to your screen and flip your camera to selfie mode, I continue my unhinged diatribe to instruct all other readers to do the same. I want to see SELFIES, people. I need to see your ridiculous mugs next to these two gently bobbing freaks posted publicly on all of your social media channels by the THOUSANDS. Not just a few thousand either. Oh no. Like an old and wise meme once foretold, we're gonna need to clear nine big ones here. In fact I'm gonna need your selfies jacked up so far over 9000, scientists will have to start inventing new numbers to keep track.

Choke the internet with your selfies, or with a horse as my witness, I will delete this fucking website. If I don't see enough selfies out there, I will scrub Homestuck from the Akashic Servers and never speak its name again. I will then dedicate every shred of ingenuity, political influence and worldly resources I have to releasing darkness on this planet. So post your selfies early. Post them often. Post them to save a modern literary MASTERPIECE. Post them to save the lives of BILLIONS. But most of all, post them because you really want to, and were PROBABLY going to do it anyway even if I didn't say all this bullshit.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/07/15**

dialoglogJOHN: hey, they're back!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/07/15**

dialoglogJOHN: how'd it go?
ROXY: went cool
ROXY: dropped callie off with jade + mayor
ROXY: gave kanaya space egg
ROXY: shit is shaping the heck up
JOHN: nice!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/07/15**

dialoglogJOHN: hehe.
JOHN: hello, hummingbird.
ROXY: :)

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/07/15**

dialoglogROXY: hay whats happening to skaia
KANAYA: It Looks Like Someone Has Finally Released The Grist
KANAYA: Its Ready To Receive Echidnas Offering Now
KANAYA: If Someone Is Able To Light The Forge That Is
ROXY: oh
ROXY: soo...
ROXY: how do we do that again?
KANAYA: In Our Session By This Time It Was Trivial
KANAYA: Under Present Circumstances I Think It Will Be
KANAYA: Tricky
JOHN: huh?
KANAYA: Every Magic Ring I Am Aware Of Is Currently In Use
KANAYA: Some By Friends And Some By Foes
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: well, i wouldn't worry about it right now.
JOHN: there are more pressing things to think about, like fighting a lot of bad guys.
JOHN: by the way... where's karkat?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/07/15**

dialoglogROXY: hes meditating
JOHN: what? meditating??
KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: Inside A Pretty And Spiritual Cave
ROXY: echidna really blitzed his chakras apparently
JOHN: what the fuck is a chakra.
ROXY: shrug
ROXY: some soul junk that gets blitzed in the presence of a snake goddess??
JOHN: um.
JOHN: this doesn't sound like something karkat would do.
JOHN: are you sure this isn't some sort of bullshit?
KANAYA: Its Definitely True And Not Bullshit Lets Change The Topic

ROSE: Agreed.
ROSE: I think I speak for all of us when I say we've indulged in entirely enough bullshit already.
ROSE: Let's get on with this.
ROSE: John, you're our leader. And if you try to deny that one more time, so help me god, I will acrobatically pirouette so hard off this lilypad, I'll perform a supersonic swan dive through Skaia and impregnate the battlefield with my own incredulous torso.
ROSE: Now please tell us what to do.
JOHN: wow, ok! i won't say i'm not your leader anymore, jeez.
JOHN: i think it's about time to get going!
JOHN: by my estimation, all the bad guys should be getting here any minute.
JOHN: so we should go find the condesce and ambush her.
JOHN: she's supposed to be on derse, right?
ROXY: yup
JOHN: alright, then let's go.
JOHN: i think we are as ready as we are going to get.
JOHN: we all have weapons, cool powers, a plan of attack, and most importantly of all, each other.
JOHN: never forget, team work is our secret weapon here.
JOHN: probably the most powerful weapon we have!
JOHN: second ONLY, perhaps, to the power of friendship itself.
JOHN: remember that, guys.
JOHN: as long as we have team work, friendship, and cool powers on our side, we can't lose.
JOHN: you are my best friends ever... rose and roxy, and kanaya and terezi, and dave and jade and karkat, and also jane and dirk and jake, and...
ROSE: John.
JOHN: hold on, rose, i'm almost done...
JOHN: and callie, and tavros, and cat rose, and um, the sweaty guy, uh, PROBABLY not the clown in the fridge though... oh, yeah, and even probably vriska.
JOHN: oh, and the mayor! he's great too.
JOHN: did i miss anybody? i think that's it.
JOHN: anyway, i believe in you all, and i know we can do this together.
JOHN: now let's go kick some ass!
ROXY: mmm thas good shit
ROXY: very leadery :)
ROSE: ...
JOHN: how was that, rose?
ROSE: I don't know what I expected.
JOHN: huh?
JOHN: wait, did i say something dumb?
ROSE: No, it was fine.
ROSE: Roxy's right. It was very leadery. Very... "John".
ROSE: I'm just wondering now, if you're really going to embrace this business of leadership,
ROSE: Maybe you'd consider hiring a speech writer?
JOHN: a speech writer??
JOHN: i dunno, rose. i think i'd be pretty bad at memorizing speeches.
JOHN: especially ones YOU wrote. :p
ROSE: Touché.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/07/15**

dialoglogDAVE: hey terezi
DAVE: you coming or what
TEREZI: WH4T?
DAVE: what did you say??
DAVE: get over here
DAVE: its almost time to fight
TEREZI: D4V3
TEREZI: 4R3 YOU T4LK1NG THROUGH TH3 L1TTL3 FO4M 4SS 4G41N
DAVE: what was that
DAVE: im having trouble hearing you through the little foam ass
DAVE: hold on let me smoosh my ear up against it
TEREZI: UGH!
TEREZI: N3V3R M1ND
TEREZI: 1 W1LL B3 R1GHT TH3R3
DAVE: what

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/07/15**

dialoglogTEREZI: OK 3V3RYBODY
TEREZI: SOUNDS L1K3 D4V3 4ND H1S BRO 4R3 R34DY
TEREZI: 1'M GO1NG TO FLY OV3R TH3R3 NOW
TEREZI: 1 HOP3 YOU 4LL H4V3 FUN MURD3R1NG YOUR D3S1GN4T3D V1LL41N
TEREZI: C4TCH YOU L4T3R >:]

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/07/15**

dialoglogJOHN: BYE, IDIOT!!!!!!!
ROXY: .....
ROSE: .....
TEREZI: WOW JOHN, CH1LL OUT
JOHN: heh.
JOHN: sorry, i guess i got carried away.
JOHN: no offense.
TEREZI: SOM3 T4K3N >;]

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/07/15**

```
ROXY: ?
ROSE: ?
```

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**26/07/15**

dialoglogJOHN: what??

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

```
ALERT: ♏
```

pesterloggallowsCalibrator [GC] began trolling arachnidsGrip [AG]

GC: H3Y
GC: YOU TH3R3?

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

pesterlogGC: GU3SS YOU MUST B3 BUSY
GC: F1ND1NG TH4T W34PON
GC: OR R3CRU1T1NG GHOSTS, OR K1LL1NG LORD 3NGL1SH
GC: WH4T3V3R 1T 1S YOU'R3 DO1NG OUT TH3R3
GC: 1 JUST W4NT3D TO S4Y 4 F3W TH1NGS
GC: B3FOR3 1 H4V3 TO GO F1GHT
GC: 4CTU4LLY
GC: M4YB3 1TS B3TT3R YOU 4R3N'T R3SPOND1NG, FOR NOW
GC: M4YB3 1 C4N F1N4LLY S4Y SOM3 TH1NGS 1 W4NT TO S4Y
GC: TH4T 1 M1GHT NOT H4V3 B33N 4BL3 TO WH3N YOU W3R3 4ROUND

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

pesterlogGC: 1T'S B33N 4 GOOD F3W Y34RS
GC: 4 MUCH B3TT3R T1M3 TH4N 1 PROB4BLY D3S3RV3D TO H4V3, CONS1D3R1NG...
GC: WH4T 1 4LMOST D1D
GC: TH4NK GOD 1 D1DN'T
GC: W3LL
GC: TH4NK JOHN, 1 GU3SS
GC: H3'S 4 GOOD K1D
GC: TH3Y 4LL 4R3
GC: 3V3N TH3S3 N3W SCHMUCKS
GC: WH4T 4 SW33T 4ND CH4RM1NG BUNCH OF STUP1D LOS3RS
GC: DON'T FUCK1NG D4R3 T3LL 4NYON3 1 S41D 1T
GC: BUT 1 LOV3 TH3M 4LL

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

pesterlogGC: 1 DON'T KNOW WH4T 1S WRONG W1TH M3
GC: TH4T 1 C4N'T JUST S4Y STUFF L1K3 TH4T, D1R3CTLY TO P3OPL3
GC: TH3Y C3RT41NLY DON'T 4PP34R TO H4V3 TH4T PROBL3M
GC: 4ND YOU N3V3R S33M3D TO H4V3 MUCH TROUBL3 S4Y1NG WH4T3V3R W4S ON YOUR M1ND
GC: M4YB3 TH4T'S WHY...
GC: 1 H4V3 SO MUCH TROUBL3 W1TH TH3 1D34 OF L3TT1NG GO OF YOU
GC: YOU 4R3N'T 4FR41D OF WH4T'S 1NS1D3 YOUR M1ND

GC: YOU 4LW4YS S33M 4T 34S3 W1TH YOUR OWN C4P4C1T13S
GC: 3V3N 1F TH3Y L34D YOU DOWN 4 RO4D OF S3LF D3STRUCT1ON

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

pesterlogGC: L1K3, Y34H, W3'V3 CL4SH3D ON STUFF
GC: 1 4CT3D L1K3 1T W4S 4LL 4BOUT 1D34LS
GC: 4ND HOW M1N3 W3R3 B3TT3R OR SOM3TH1NG
GC: BUT M4YB3
GC: 1 W4S JUST P1SS3D 4BOUT YOUR 4TT1TUD3 OF C3RT41NTY
GC: 4ND 4NGRY 4T MYS3LF FOR NOT H4V1NG 1T
GC: 1 TH1NK 1T'S SOM3TH1NG 1 N33D3D 1N MY L1F3
GC: 3V3N 1F 1T C4M3 FROM SOM3ON3 3LS3
GC: 1F ONLY TO K33P M3 4SSUR3D 1T'S POSS1BL3 TO F33L TH4T W4Y

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

pesterlogGC: 1 KNOW YOU TH1NK 1'M W34K FOR N33D1NG YOU
GC: NOT TH4T YOU'D 3V3R T3LL M3 TH4T
GC: 1T'S N1C3 TH4T YOU C4R3D 3NOUGH N3V3R TO J4B M3 4BOUT 1T
GC: BUT 1 COULD 4LW4YS S3NS3 1T
GC: TH4T YOU KN3W
GC: YOU KN3W 1 D3P3ND3D MOR3 ON YOU TH4N YOU D1D ON M3
GC: 4ND YOU P1TY M3 FOR 1T
GC: 1 M34N, NOT L1K3, M4L1C1OUSLY
GC: YOU PROB4BLY JUST S33 M3 4S 4 B1T TR4G1C
GC: YOU C4N'T H3LP 1T
GC: 4ND 1 DON'T BL4M3 YOU

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

pesterlogGC: 1 TH1NK
GC: SP3ND1NG T1M3 W1TH 4LL THOS3 CUT3 GOOB3RS
GC: 4ND S331NG HOW WH3N TH3Y'R3 4LL TOG3TH3R, TH3Y S33M TO L1K3...
GC: COMPL3T3 34CH OTH3R?
GC: 1 TH1NK 1T M4D3 M3 R34L1Z3 TH1S 4BOUT US
GC: OR 4BOUT MYS3LF
GC: 1 N3V3R F3LT WHOL3
GC: 1 ST1LL DON'T
GC: 4ND YOU M4D3 1T SO 1 D1DN'T H4V3 TO F4C3 TH4T F33L1NG
GC: FOR 4 WH1L3 4T L34ST
GC: 4ND NOW TH4T 1 TH1NK 1 KNOW TH1S 4BOUT MYS3LF
GC: 1 TH1NK 1 G3T 1T
GC: TH3 F33L1NG W1LL PROB4BLY N3V3R GO 4W4Y
GC: ONLY COV3R3D UP 4T MOST, M4YB3
GC: W3 COULD W1N TH1S F1GHT
GC: CR34T3 4NOTH3R UN1V3RS3

GC: SUCC33D 1N 3V3RY W4Y POSS1BL3
GC: 4ND 1'LL ST1LL F33L 1NCOMPL3T3
GC: V1CTORY WON'T F1X M3
GC: M4YB3 NOTH1NG C4N
GC: M4YB3 TH3R3'S TOO L1TTL3 SUBST4NC3 1NS1D3 M3 TO 3V3N B3 F1X3D

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

pesterlogGC: BUT 4T L34ST 1 TH1NK 1 UND3RST4ND TH4T NOW
GC: 4ND SHOULD B3 4BL3 F1GHT W1THOUT H4V1NG SOM3TH1NG GN4W 4T M3
GC: SOM3TH1NG TH4T F3LT UNKNOW4BL3, 4ND M4D3 M3 CONST4NTLY WOND3R WH4T 1 W4S DO1NG WRONG
GC: 1'M OK W1TH L1V1NG L1K3 TH4T
GC: NOT GO1NG TO PR3T3ND 1T WOULDN'T B3 N1C3 TO...
GC: P4TCH MYS3LF UP, SOM3HOW?
GC: GU3SS TH4T SH1P S41L3D, THOUGH
GC: B4CK 1N OUR S3SS1ON, 1N WH4T3V3R W4Y 1 BOTCH3D MY QU3ST
GC: OR D1DN'T R34CH GOD T13R, OR...
GC: 1 DON'T 3V3N KNOW WH4T 1T W4S 1 D1D OR D1DN'T DO
GC: 1 GU3SS TH4T'S TH3 PROBL3M, 1SN'T 1T?
GC: TH3 MYST3RY OF 1T
GC: TH3 TH1NGS 1'V3 SUPPOS3DLY DON3
GC: GOOD 4ND B4D, 1N D1FF3R3NT R34L1T13S
GC: TH3 M1ST4K3S 1 M4D3, BUT C4N'T L34RN FROM
GC: B3C4US3 1 C4N'T R3M3MB3R
GC: OR TH3 H3RO1C TH1NGS 1 SUPPOS3DLY D1D
GC: S4CR1F1C3S 1 M4D3
GC: TO S4V3 YOU
GC: TO S4V3 3V3RYBODY
GC: WH1CH T3LL M3 NOTH1NG 4BOUT MYS3LF, 4ND WH4T 1'M R34LLY C4P4BL3 OF
GC: B3C4US3 1 C4N'T *R3M3MB3R!*

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

pesterlogGC: M4YB3 1T'S D3LUS1ON4L OF M3
GC: TO 1M4G1N3 TH4T JUST H4V1NG 4NOTH3R S3T OF M3MOR13S 1S GO1NG TO M4K3 M3 F33L MOR3 COMPL3T3
GC: 1 C4N'T STOP TH1NK1NG 4BOUT 1T THOUGH
GC: 1 GU3SS 1T'S 4LW4YS T3MPT1NG TO TH1NK TH3R3 1S ON3 H1DD3N 4NSW3R TO 3V3RYTH1NG
GC: NO M4TT3R HOW F4NT4ST1C4L OR 1N4CC3SS1BL3
GC: 4ND 1F ONLY YOU COULD F1ND 1T, YOU'D F1N4LLY H4V3 TH3 P3RF3CT R3SOLUT1ON TO 3V3RYTH1NG 4BOUT YOURS3LF YOU C4N'T ST4ND
GC: SO 1 JUST K33P WOND3R1NG TO MYS3LF
GC: TH4T M4YB3 1F ONLY 1 COULD JUST R3M3MB3R
GC: 1 WOULDN'T H4V3 TO F33L L1K3 TH1S

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

pesterlogGC: UH... WOW

GC: 1 W4SN'T R34LLY 3XP3CT1NG TO T3LL YOU 4LL TH4T

GC: 1 JUST W4NT3D TO C4TCH YOU B3FOR3 YOU GO OFF TO B4TTL3, 4ND W1SH YOU "LUCK" >:]

GC: 4ND TO L3T YOU KNOW HOW 1MPORT4NT YOU'V3 B33N TO M3, 1N 4 W4Y TH4T W4SN'T L1K3

GC: CLOUD3D BY OUR USU4L TR4SH T4LK 4ND M1ND G4M3S

GC: 1 GU3SS TH1S 1S WH4T YOU G3T FOR 1GNOR1NG M3 FOR TWO S3CONDS

GC: 4 L1TTL3 TOO MUCH R34L1TY FROM 4N 1D1OT WHO'S MOR3 M3SS3D UP 1NS1D3 TH4N SH3 3V3R L3TS ON

GC: UM

GC: 4NYW4Y

GC: L4T3R, S3RK3T

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

pesterloggallowsCalibrator [GC] ceased trolling arachnidsGrip [AG]

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**27/07/15**

## [S] Terezi: Remem8er.

**27/07/15**

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ALERT: ♎


flarp


}}!!!HAEY{{
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**

**28/03/16**

**[A6A6I5] ====>**

**28/03/16**

Your name is SPADES SLICK. You are the leader of a notoriously stupid gang of mobsters called the FELT. Your previous gang known as THE MIDNIGHT CREW at some indeterminate point in the past all died off due to time shenanigans. Oh, how you loathe time shenanigans. Your long quest for revenge has finally taken you through the front door of the clock belonging to the host plush who in some gruesome manner gave birth to your gang's former boss, LORD ENGLISH.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**

**28/03/16**

Your former subordinates, CLUBS DEUCE, DIAMONDS DROOG, and HEARTS BOXCARS, are all dead. Your current
subordinates, ITCHY, DOZE, TRACE, CLOVER, FIN, DIE, CROWBAR, STITCH, SAWBUCK, MATCHSTICKS, EGGS, BISCUITS, QUARTERS, CANS, MS. PAINT, and a CENTAUR BUTLER, are all being stored in the magic oven you are currently carrying. They are mostly a bunch of idiots, and you aren't particularly fond of them. Except that MS. PAINT dame, you suppose. She's a real looker.

You have rocketed to this session from the FURTHEST RING, using the ROCKET ASS, which you apparently have. Your objective is to locate and murder LORD ENGLISH, to once and for all complete your quest for revenge.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**

**28/03/16**

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10/6
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**

**28/03/16**

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10/6
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**

**28/03/16**

**[A6A6I5] ====>**

**28/03/16**

**[A6A6I5] ====>**

**28/03/16**

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BOOM!
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/03/16**

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SS: !
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/03/16**
What the hell is that...

If only you could get a closer look. Too bad that's just a fake red plastic eye you've got there.
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/03/16**
Jack. Jack what are you doing. No. You are flagrantly ignoring continuity now. I didn't give you a working cybernetic eye, stop that.

Fine, you want to pretend it's a real fucking cyber eye, go ahead. What do I even care at this point. Just make shit up to spite me. It's fine.
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/03/16**
You zoom way in with your APPARENTLY REAL CYBER-EYE(???) and see it is none other than your arch nemesis, LORD ENGLISH himself. Or at least, the closest thing passing for him in this session. You will leave these knuckleheads to rumble amongst themselves. You suddenly don't care about them at all.
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**28/03/16**

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pchooooo
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All you care about is PAYBACK. You've got a casino to avenge. Remember that? That didn't stop from being a thing.
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**29/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**29/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**29/03/16**
dialoglogJOHN: here we are.
JOHN: ready everyone?
ROSE: I guess as ready as one can be, to initiate lethal combat with the extraterrestrial founder of a nefarious baking good syndicate.
JOHN: wait, what?

JOHN: i thought we were fighting the condesce.
ROSE: We are.
ROSE: The Condesce is Betty Crocker.
JOHN: she is??
ROSE: Yes.
ROSE: Wait. John, are you telling me you're only realizing this now?
JOHN: um...
ROSE: Unbelievable.
JOHN: hey, nobody TOLD me, ok?
ROSE: There's this thing called inference, John.
ROSE: Examining a large body of evidence, putting the pieces together, making certain logical leaps, drawing conclusions...
JOHN: sorry, i guess i was too busy saving everybody from dying horribly, to solve a very stupid mystery about a shitty cake woman. :p
ROSE: I guess so.
ROSE: So what do you have to say about that?
JOHN: about what?
ROSE: About the alias of the Condesce.
JOHN: oh.
JOHN: it's fine, i guess.
ROSE: Fine?
JOHN: yeah...
JOHN: what else am i supposed to think about it!
ROSE: I don't know.
ROSE: I guess I thought you might be floored by this stunning revelation, given your irrational hatred for that particular dessert corporation.
JOHN: eh, it's alright.
JOHN: sorta makes sense actually. what's the big deal?
ROSE: John, you're kind of letting me down here.
JOHN: sorry!!!
JOHN: i just think we have bigger fish to fry, than... heh heh, fish...
JOHN: i mean more important things to do, than get down on the floor, and have a melodramatic tantrum about a ridiculous and stupid fact that doesn't matter.
ROSE: John, stop it.
ROSE: The degree of maturity you are showing here is really bad for morale.
JOHN: oh, shush.
JOHN: listen, whatever she is, cake mogul, or alien empress, or queen of derse, or sexy sea lady with too much hair...
JOHN: let's just fuck her up!
ROXY: yeah!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/03/16**

dialoglogJOHN: hey, roxy...
JOHN: what are you doing with that sword?
ROXY: what this?

JOHN: yes.
ROXY: it was um
ROXY: sorta my improvised grave stone deal but i guess became kind a meaningless when my cat robbed the grave
ROXY: so i figured i might as well go nab it again
ROXY: why let a cool sword go to waste??
ROXY: u know my boy di-stri would not approve
JOHN: that's true, i guess.
JOHN: is that why you took it out of the stone slab thingy in the first place?
ROXY: kinda
ROXY: that was different
JOHN: how?
ROXY: back when i first saw it on your blue planet
ROXY: that was when i just lost all my friends and i thought for a while they all might be gone for good
ROXY: and i saw the sword pokin out of there and it reminded me of dirk
ROXY: it reminded me of everyone we just said goodbye to
ROXY: even if that only turned out to be temporary
ROXY: i dunno what it meant to people before i came along
ROXY: but to me it was a symbol
ROXY: of all the people who didnt make it as far as we did
ROXY: so i stole it
ROXY: see
ROXY: im a goddamn rogue
ROXY: i TAKE shit
ROXY: and now ima take back from the WITCH
ROXY: everything she stole that shoulda been ours
ROXY: promise of a better life
ROXY: a future for humanity and trolls alike
ROXY: all that shit
ROXY: im going to swipe its lack
ROXY: and make it all start being a thing again
ROXY: lets never let all that stop from being a thing ever again
ROXY: k guys???
KANAYA: What
JOHN: yeah!!!
KANAYA: Okay Yeah
KANAYA: Im Sure That Possibly All Made Sense Good Speech

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**

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PROUD FATHERLY ADMIRATION
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## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**
dialoglogMEENAH: ey! you there!
MEENAH: get back in the mob fore i fork ya!
KARKAT: WHAT?
MEENAH: you heard me!
MEENAH: dont make me come over there
MEENAH: cod damn it you gonna make me come over there arent ya
MEENAH: runnin a ghost armys like hearding catfish i swear to glub

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**29/03/16**
dialoglogMEENAH: wait a minute
MEENAH: you arent some rando karkat ghost
MEENAH: youre alive
MEENAH: but dreamin or somefin
KARKAT: UH, YEAH.
KARKAT: I AM ALIVE, AS FAR AS I KNOW.
MEENAH: yeah you are
MEENAH: i can tell these things
MEENAH: whos alive who aint
MEENAH: youre a genuine article shouty mcnubs
MEENAH: hey!!!
KARKAT: HI
KARKAT: YOU'RE...

KARKAT: WHAT THE FUCK WAS YOUR NAME AGAIN?
KARKAT: THE PUNKY TEEN VERSION OF THE CONDESCE, RIGHT
KARKAT: AREN'T YOU LIKE, A BAD GUY? OR DO YOU HAVE SOME SORT OF FUCKING ANTI-HERO THING GOING ON.
MEENAH: no you fool im a good guy
MEENAH: im leadin this whole ghost army and everything
MEENAH: we gonna kill lord english
KARKAT: OH, IS *THAT* WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH ALL THESE GHOSTS.
KARKAT: WOW, THAT IS PRETTY FUCKING AMBITIOUS.
MEENAH: yeam man
MEENAH: hey we TALK-ED aboat this
MEENAH: dont you remember
KARKAT: WE DID?
MEENAH: yeah i told you this whole plan once
MEENAH: that i was gonna raise an army and kill a big dude
MEENAH: i got kinda side tracked from that whole thing for a while
MEENAH: girl trubs, smh
MEENAH: im sure you know how it is
KARKAT: NOT REALLY.
MEENAH: anyway i finally did it
MEENAH: i raised the army with a lil help from some fronds and now here it is
MEENAH: and if i recall i told you all this and you said you wanted to run away and join my army
MEENAH: but you never did >38(
KARKAT: HUH.
KARKAT: SORRY, NONE OF THIS IS RINGING A PEAL SCREAMER.
KARKAT: ARE YOU SURE IT WAS ME YOU WERE TALKING TO?
KARKAT: MAYBE IT WAS THE RED SWEATER GUY.
MEENAH: fuck no it wasnt him
MEENAH: im sure it was you!
MEENAH: or maybe some version of you i dunno
MEENAH: anyway it dont matter and youre here now
MEENAH: so whattaya say you wanna join the fight 38D
KARKAT: I...
KARKAT: MAYBE?
KARKAT: I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED.
KARKAT: I WAS TALKING TO KANAYA, AND THEN...
KARKAT: SHIT, I'M DRAWING A BLANK.
KARKAT: I THINK WE WERE TALKING ABOUT GETTING READY FOR BATTLE.
KARKAT: YEAH... DAMN. I NEED TO WAKE UP AND HELP MY FRIENDS!
KARKAT: DO YOU KNOW HOW I CAN WAKE UP?
MEENAH: no idea dude
KARKAT: FUCK.
MEENAH: but as long as youre here and like a quasi impervious dream ghost form
MEENAH: you could lend a flipper to yours truly
MEENAH: this is where the most important action is anyway
MEENAH: its the one for all the roundcircles

MEENAH: gonna take down english for good
MEENAH: even tho hes supposedly "invincible"
MEENAH: got a good feelin about this one though
MEENAH: feel like we gonna make it STICK this time

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/03/16**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/03/16**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/03/16**

dialoglogKARKAT: SO THIS IS REALLY IT, THEN.
KARKAT: THIS IS WHERE IT'S ALL GOING TO END FINALLY?
MEENAH: yea
KARKAT: THEN IT'S PROBABLY FATE THAT I ENDED UP HERE... HOWEVER THAT HAPPENED.
KARKAT: I GUESS I TRIPPED AND FELL, AND HIT MY HEAD OR SOMETHING?
KARKAT: PROBABLY SOME SORT OF SUBCONSCIOUS SLIP, LIKE SOME PART OF ME *KNEW* I HAD TO FALL ASLEEP NOW, TO FULLFILL MY DESTINY.
KARKAT: THIS MUST HAVE BEEN WHAT ECHIDNA WANTED ALL ALONG!
MEENAH: uh sure whatever
KARKAT: OK.
KARKAT: I'LL DO IT.
KARKAT: I WILL JOIN YOUR ARMY!
MEENAH: kay nice
MEENAH: then get in line shouty
KARKAT: WAIT, WHAT?
MEENAH: what do you mean what
KARKAT: YOU MEAN, JUST...
KARKAT: CRAM MYSELF IN THERE WITH THE REST OF THE RABBLE?
KARKAT: WITH ALL THE DEAD ERIDANS, AND NEPETAS, AND THE IDIOT VERSION OF SOLLUXES WITH THE FUCKING HELMET...
KARKAT: ALL THE LOSER, FAILURE DOOMED VERSIONS OF MYSELF???
MEENAH: yeah
MEENAH: thats the idea
MEENAH: thats what "joining an army is" bro
KARKAT: COME ON.
KARKAT: YOU YOURSELF SAID I WASN'T JUST SOME RANDO.
KARKAT: CAN I BE AT LEAST A *LITTLE* MORE IMPORTANT THAN LIKE DOOMED EQUIUS #45832, WHO IS WEARING A SAUCY MAID OUTFIT FOR SOME FUCKING REASON?!
MEENAH: what do you porpoise
KARKAT: WHAT DO I PORPOISE?!
MEENAH: what do you propose
KARKAT: OH.
KARKAT: I DON'T KNOW, CAN I AT LEAST MAYBE...

KARKAT: BE ON THE FRONT LINE?
KARKAT: HOW ABOUT I'M THE GUY WHO'S LEADING THE CHARGE. IS THAT OK?
MEENAH: yeah sure

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/03/16**

dialoglogKARKAT: AWESOME.
KARKAT: THIS IS GOING TO BE GREAT.
KARKAT: OK, WHAT WEAPONS SHOULD I USE? PROBABLY HOMES SMELL YA LATER?
KARKAT: WAIT, DO I HAVE THOSE WITH ME???
MEENAH: you a dream ghost you can have whatever you want i think
KARKAT: UH...
KARKAT: THAT'S HOW THAT WORKS?! ARE THERE LIKE, *RULES* FOR THIS DREAM GHOST SHIT??
MEENAH: nows not the time to be askin junk like that brah
MEENAH: we about to ride this bitch in for a landing who gives a flip where your ghost sickles come from
KARKAT: YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT.
KARKAT: I SHOULDN'T GET HUNG UP ON PEDANTIC DETAILS, AND START THINKING ABOUT THE INSPIRATIONAL SPEECH I WAS HATCHED TO GIVE ON THIS FATEFUL DAY.
MEENAH: what the fuck
MEENAH: speech?
KARKAT: YEAH. IS THAT OK???
MEENAH: fuck no
MEENAH: i already gave one and it was dope as shell
MEENAH: inspired the shit out of everyone
MEENAH: or terrified them
MEENAH: same diff
KARKAT: OH
KARKAT: ...
KARKAT: CAN I JUST GIVE ONE ANYWAY?
MEENAH: i guess
MEENAH: as long as you do it quietly over here
KARKAT: I DON'T DO ANYTHING QUIETLY
MEENAH: then walk further away
MEENAH: see like im doin
MEENAH: but in the opposite direction a this
MEENAH: later shouty i got an army to run
MEENAH: get back here when you done murmurin about whatever motivational noise you thinks gonna get you and you alone pumped
MEENAH: sea ya nubs

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/03/16**

dialoglogKARKAT: ALRIGHT, I WON'T BE LONG.
KARKAT: UM...
KARKAT: HMM
KARKAT: WAIT. DID I JUST GET TRICKED INTO GIVING A SPEECH TO MYSELF IN FUCKING OUTER SPACE???
KARKAT: FUCK.
KARKAT: OK, NEVER MIND THEN.
KARKAT: THE LAST THING I WANT TO DO IS START EMULATING STRIDER'S INSUFFERABLE RAMBLING SOLILOQUYS.
KARKAT: WHO DOES HE EVEN THINK HE'S TALKING TO??
KARKAT: HOW MANY TIMES HAVE PEOPLE YELLED FROM THE OTHER ROOM, "DUDE, ARE YOU TALKING TO US? WE CAN'T FUCKING HEAR YOU!"
KARKAT: OH MY GOD, I'M DOING IT NOW, AREN'T I.
KARKAT: FUCK!
KARKAT: THANK GOD HE'S NOT HERE TO HEAR ME SAY THIS. I'D NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT.
KARKAT: I WONDER HOW HE'S DOING RIGHT NOW, FIGHTING...
KARKAT: WAIT, WHO WAS HE FIGHTING?
KARKAT: ONE OF THE LIKE 50 FUCKING JACKS?
KARKAT: I FORGET ALREADY. WHEN I TRIPPED AND FULFILLED MY DESTINY AS A WARRIOR, I MUST HAVE HIT MY THINK PAN HARDER THAN I THOUGHT.
KARKAT: WOW, "FULFILLED MY DESTINY AS A WARRIOR" IS ANOTHER THING I'M GLAD DAVE DIDN'T HEAR ME SAY. JESUS CHRIST!
KARKAT: UH ANYWAY
KARKAT: WHOEVER IT IS HE'S FIGHTING NOW...

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**29/03/16**

dialoglogKARKAT: I HOPE HE'S OK.

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/03/16**

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/03/16**

dialoglogCALLIOPE: we are here.
JADE: where?
CALLIOPE: our destination.
JADE: you mean
JADE: the green sun?
JADE: it feels like we have been approaching it for hours
JADE: do you mean we are finally close enough to it for...
JADE: whatever it is we have to do?
CALLIOPE: yes, we are close enough now.
CALLIOPE: but we do not have to do anything.
CALLIOPE: only i do.
JADE: oh

JADE: then... what do i have to do?
CALLIOPE: nothing.
CALLIOPE: you needed to accompany me on this journey, so that time could pass for you.
CALLIOPE: and now, that time has passed.
JADE: i... see
CALLIOPE: is there anything you would like to say, or ask, before we part ways for good?
JADE: uhhh
JADE: for good??
JADE: you mean i will never see you again after i wake up?
CALLIOPE: no one will ever see me again after you wake up.
JADE: :(

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/03/16**

dialoglogJADE: then um
JADE: what am i supposed to do when i wake up?
CALLIOPE: by then, the fight should be over.
CALLIOPE: assuming your friends were successful, you must use your abilities to seed the new universe with your new home.
CALLIOPE: that is all.
JADE: thats it???
JADE: but i want to help them all with the fight!
JADE: it sounds dangerous....
JADE: and i have all these powers!
JADE: really GOOD powers
JADE: maybe even... the BEST powers?
CALLIOPE: yes, they are the best powers.
JADE: so why cant i just wake up and USE them??
CALLIOPE: powers such as yours are a great asset, but in time, become an even greater liability.
CALLIOPE: that is why you sleep.
JADE: i dont understand!
CALLIOPE: you will not be able to control them for the purpose of your mission.
CALLIOPE: you are barely in control of your most modest capabilities.
CALLIOPE: you are still quite young, and your kind is soft.
CALLIOPE: the ability to absolutely dominate is better housed in a being designed for seclusion, singularity of purpose, and remorseless resolve.
CALLIOPE: it is too much for one like you.
JADE: ...
JADE: youre probably right
JADE: actually, its
JADE: scary to think about sometimes
CALLIOPE: it won't be a problem for much longer.
JADE: huh?
CALLIOPE: it's not your concern.
CALLIOPE: until then, you may want to appreciate the final moments of intimate connection to this continuum's supreme source of power.

JADE: ... how
CALLIOPE: that's up to you.
CALLIOPE: if you must have advice, i will give you some similar to that i gave your other space-playing friend.
CALLIOPE: i told her to live, where before she had not.
CALLIOPE: so too, you are similarly imprisoned by various inertias.
CALLIOPE: these weigh on you.
CALLIOPE: you are a child, belonging to a race for which that distinction is understood to correspond with experiences of "enjoyment."
CALLIOPE: perhaps you should try to have,
CALLIOPE: "fun."

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**30/03/16**
dialoglogCALLIOPE: goodbye, jade.

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**30/03/16**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**30/03/16**
## [A6A6I5] ====>
**30/03/16**
dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < JADE!!!!!

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**30/03/16**
dialoglogJADE: d-
JADE: davesprite???
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < B33

## [A6A6I5] ====>
**30/03/16**
dialoglogJADE: youre alive!
JADE: and... very different :o
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < its davepeta actually
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < and yeah i am different!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < got this whole other person mixed up in me
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < her name was nepeta
JADE: ohh...
JADE: wow!!!
JADE: im so happy to see you, even if you have gone through some uh... pretty big changes!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yeah!
JADE: so what are you doing here?
JADE: are you asleep too?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < nah im awake
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < and like "actually here" and stuff
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < guess i just decided to fly away up to the sun like a fucking piece of

garbage after all
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < like i always said i would
JADE: haha
JADE: you did?
JADE: i dont remember that
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yeah i said stuff like that sometimes
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < jade i used to be fairly depressed
JADE: yeah...
JADE: well i DO remember that
JADE: you seem to be in pretty high spirits now though :)
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yes im doing fucking phenomeownal
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but fur real im not actually here to visit this sun
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i flew here as a point of reference to get my bearings
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < im actually on my way to go fight lord english
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < have you s33n him
JADE: no
JADE: ive spent the last... however long, hiding from him actually
JADE: with calliope
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < who
JADE: shes my new friend!
JADE: well, i guess one of two new friends by that name, technically
JADE: one of them is presumably back with our friends now
JADE: the other just... quite literally flew away up to the sun
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < like a fucking piece of garbage???
JADE: NO :P
JADE: she is quite dignified and aloof as a matter of fact
JADE: i sincerely doubt she has ever done ANYTHING like a piece of garbage
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < ok heheheh
JADE: anyway if you want to find him
JADE: i would guess all you have to do is follow his trail of destruction
JADE: see the cracks?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < oh yeah
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < good point
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < guess i could sniff him out
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < except i dont know what he smells like
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but i guess i do know what some people who will be NEAR him smell like
JADE: like who?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < vwiskers, for one!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < also supposedly a staggering dick ton of ghosts
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < ill just smell around for where the ghosts are all at
JADE: sounds like a good plan!
JADE: jeez dave i...
JADE: or davepeta rather
JADE: i missed you so much :(
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < awwww

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < sorry harley
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < id say i missed you too but it was barely a day ago i last saw you
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < this version of me i mean
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i made it all the way through the thr33 year voyage with you
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < guess the one who made the trip with you wasnt so lucky huh
JADE: no
JADE: he and john died not long after we departed
JADE: i was so lonely
JADE: but i dont feel too bad now that i know it all worked out, and their deaths were just part of something bigger going on
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < right johns absurd time hoppy mission
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < so fuckin glad some non dave dude could finally grab the reins on the time travel bs
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < and i guess im purrsonally so grateful to him because without his succession of handwavey dorkstunts i wouldnt have become davepeta which is literally the best thing either of us has ever b33n!
JADE: thats great!
JADE: its so nice to see youre happy now
JADE: even if technically i never got to be a part of that journey for you
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but you did
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < ive got a lot of different dave memories in me and theyre all part of who i am now
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < including the memories you contributed to
JADE: oh...
JADE: cool!
JADE: so what were things like in the timeline youre from?
JADE: how was our trip together?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < it was good mostly
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < kinda turbulent i guess
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but that was mostly on account of me being a miserable bird douche
JADE: haha
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < oh also we dated for a while
JADE: WHAT? :O
JADE: omg
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < it was nice for a while but then i put a stop to that
JADE: why?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < s33 again: bird douche
JADE: wow
JADE: i cant believe i missed this :(
JADE: even if it didnt go that well
JADE: its still something i would have gladly taken over the loneliness of that trip
JADE: i cant even say how much i thought about you both
JADE: and to hear that you and i actually...
JADE: *sniff*
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < B??
JADE: im sorry dave...

JADE: davepeta...
JADE: i guess calliope is right, this must be part of my path
JADE: as a space player... someone who "falls back" as she said
JADE: maybe being pushed aside by fate, and like
JADE: being deprived of important people and experiences
JADE: no matter how painful it is, or how much you feel like you need them
JADE: i guess thats just how it goes for us
JADE: i think i never appreciated how much of a burden your aspect was to you
JADE: but i think im starting to get it now
JADE: it just took a long time to figure out what mine really meant
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < so THATS what space means?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < bein lonely??
JADE: thats a bit of an oversimplification!
JADE: but i think that can be one of the results of gaining a deeper understanding of it
JADE: or becoming connected to it more...
JADE: i dunno, this stuff is all pretty mysterious :p
JADE: i dont have it all figured out yet obviously
JADE: i just feel pretty sad that as i get closer to understanding my abilities and true nature
JADE: it apparently means being deprived of some important experiences
JADE: like i get closer to my aspect, but further away from everyone i love, and further from...
JADE: feeling like a person?
JADE: its just a really empty feeling after a while
JADE: empty like...
JADE: space i guess
JADE: heh

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/03/16**

dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but you werent actually deprived of important experiences
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < stuff like us dating and johns stupid birthday parties and playing shitty ghostbuster mmos
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < that stuff all happened to you, its just you dont have access to the memories
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < they didnt happen to shape this particular version of yourself
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but they all played a role in helping like "greater jade" grow if that makes sense
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < everything that ever happens to every version of you is an important part of your ultimate self... like a superceding bodyless and timeless persona that crosses the boundaries of paradox space and unlike god tiers or bubble ghosts or whatever, it really IS immortal
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but in your physical form there are all these partitions in your mind that prevent you from remembering any of that which makes your existence f33l totally linear
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < which is probably for the best!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < in a regular body s33ing all that would be too overwhelming
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < in an advanced sprite form like mine tho its fine
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i guess the same spritey magic that makes it possible to suddenly understand so much is also what makes it possible to make it bearable all at once

DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < not even just bearable actually sorta liberating and cool
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < and after it sinks in for a while you start coming to this understanding of a greater self
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < maybe i "got it" quicker though because of the two people i was and their aspects
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < understanding heart is all about the nuances of a distributed self
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < nepeta never got to make much headway with her aspect but shes finally gettin the chance
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < the time aspect is all about running into different versions of yourself so you kinda get confronted with it in a really literal way that can be disturbing
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < obviously davesprite stuggled with that too, but now its fine
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < hes fr33 from worrying about it all and what it means for his place in reality
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < because he can s33 now all his selves have relevance in painting the full picture of who he truly is
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < im not COMPLETELY sure because im not like some sort of ASPECT MASTER but
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < my avian slash feline intuition tells me that all roads will lead you here eventually
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < gaining the d33pest possible understanding of any aspect will bring you to the same final conclusion about your ultimate self
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < so maybe thats starting to happen for you too
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < the space aspect sounds like a hard and lonely road to travel... i think they probably all are
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < but youre gettin there jade
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you are doing great and im so proud of you!

## [A6A6I5] ====>

**30/03/16**

dialoglogJADE: :')
JADE: thanks davepeta
JADE: i really cant believe it
JADE: you sound so different... but youre still dave in a way
JADE: its hard to say how happy it makes me to see you doing well
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < yeah likewise!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i mean assuming you are doing well
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < ARE you???
JADE: i... think so
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < hey what are you doing out here anyway
JADE: im asleep
JADE: i want to go join our friends and help out
JADE: but im not supposed to wake up :\
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < why not
JADE: i dunno
JADE: im just not!
JADE: calliope said i was too strong or something

JADE: but she also said i should have "fun" so
JADE: i dunno
JADE: i guess im just waiting around for the right moment
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < nah thats dumb
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < you should be able to do whatever you want
JADE: really?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < well at least she was right about the having fun part
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < maybe thats what she meant??
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < maybe she was leaving it up to you in a myterious way
JADE: leaving what up to me?
JADE: the decision to wake up?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < sure why not
JADE: but i dont know how!
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < i do
JADE: .....

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**30/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**30/03/16**
dialoglogJADE: wuhh
JADE: :o
JADE: was that supposed to wake me up?
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < no
DAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < that was just goodbye

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**30/03/16**
dialoglogDAVEPETASPRITE^2: B33 < this is supposed to wake you up!

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**30/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**30/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**30/03/16**

```
hey if you wake up [...]
```

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**

```
(tiny text, let's wait for the next page)
```

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**

```
hey if you wake
up you gotta deal
with these two

[dog-head] [dog-head]
```

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**

```
missed ya
```

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogDAVE: did someone just bark
DAVE: terezi was that you
TEREZI: WH4T? NO 1 D1DN'T B4RK
TEREZI: 1 THOUGHT TH4T W4S YOU
DAVE: why would i bark
TEREZI: W3LL WHY TH3 FUCK WOULD 1 B4RK???
DAVE: ok this exchange is asinine it was probably just jade

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogJADE: hey guys!

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogTEREZI: SH3'S 4W4K3
TEREZI: 1SN'T SH3 SUPPOS3D TO B3 4SL33P?
DAVE: uh yeah
DAVE: fuck

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogJADE: hi dave!
JADE: i got your note!
JADE: i missed you too!!!
DAVE: jade
DAVE: god dammit
DAVE: GO BACK TO SLEEP!
JADE: NO WAY!!!!! :P

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogJADE: looks like you gave me a little assignment in case i woke up
JADE: well, as it turns out.....
JADE: i am very much awake!
JADE: and i intend to stay that way :)

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogJADE: see you guys
JADE: apparently ive got a couple of dogs to deal with
JADE: oh yeah by the way dave...
JADE: youre a pretty good kisser!
JADE: even when youve got cat lips ;)
DAVE: WHAT
JADE: see ya!!!!!!!!!!

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogTEREZI: BY3, 1D1OT
TEREZI: WH4T3V3R
TEREZI: L3T'S HOP3 TOD4Y, OF 4LL D4YS, 1S NOT TH3 D4Y SH3 FUCKS 3V3RYTH1NG

UP
DAVE: yeah
TEREZI: SO WH4T'S TH3 D34L, DUD3S
TEREZI: YOU BOTH DON3 W1TH YOUR ROOFTOP F33L1NGS J4M?
DIRK: I think so.
DIRK: What do you think, Dave?
DAVE: about what
DIRK: Are we done here?
DAVE: i guess so
DIRK: You sure there isn't anything else on your mind, before we start fighting?
DAVE: ummmmm
DIRK: Tell you what. I'll give you one last lightning round question.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogDIRK: Ask me anything.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogDIRK: Go ahead.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogDIRK: I'll give you a straight answer.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogDAVE: alright

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogDAVE: here goes

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogDAVE: why are we so fucking awesome

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogDIRK: Dave.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogDIRK: That's the best fucking question,

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
dialoglogDIRK: Anybody ever asked.

**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**31/03/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**01/04/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
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**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**02/04/16**
**[A6A6I5] ====>**
**02/04/16**

# [S] Collide.

**05/04/16**

```
ACT 6 ACT 6 ACT 6

* (this is currently a YouTube recording of a Flash being played)


[S] Collide

PLAY

EOA6  SKIP TO: o o o o oo ::::::o


* Click PLAY


Derse


STRIFE!


[Breath] + [Light] + [Void] FRAYMOTIF!


[Breath] + [Light] FRAYMOTIF!


A BEAUTIFUL PONY


STRIFE!


RL


STRIFE!


[Time] + [Mind] FRAYMOTIF!


[Time] + [Heart] FRAYMOTIF!


SPLAT!


snap
snop


DAVEPETA HP 33/33

[FIGHT] [ACT] [ITEM] [MERCY]
```

**END OF ACT 6**

**06/04/16**

**====>**

**07/04/16**

**====>**

**07/04/16**

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**07/04/16**

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**12/04/16**

## [S] ACT 7

**13/04/16**

```
ACT 7


THANKS
FOR PLAYING
```

**==>**

**13/04/16**

THE END

## [S] ==>

**24/10/16**

```
THANKS FOR PLAYING


TRAVOLTA CAGE
FACE/OFF

ARMAGEDDON


CON AIR

GHOSTBUS--

Sweet Bro
Hella Jeff

dave strider
your best bro
```

## [S] ==>

**24/10/16**

```
* (This transcribes both the snapchat pics from the right of the video - which
as narrative, are included in readmspa.org word count stats - and the credits
from the left, which are not.)


mspaofficial

Added Me
Add Friends
My Friends


* HOMESTUCK

* BY
* ANDREW HUSSIE


Greetings From
EARTH C


* SOUND
* CONTRIBUTORS (A-Z)

* Alexander Rosetti
* Andrew Huo
* BurnedKirby
* Charlie Clouser
* Clark Powell
* Curt Blakeslee
* David DeCou
* David Ko
* Dianne Warren


MAYOR
```

* DJ Sai Tae
* Eddie Morton
* Erik Scheele
* Eston Schweickart
* First Turn Fold
* Frank Haught
* Gabe Nezovic
* Gec
* George Buzinkai

* Insane Clown Posse
* James Roach
* Jan Van Den Hemel
* Jeremy Tamurri
* Joren de Bruin
* Joseph Aylsworth
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* Mark Hadley
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* Nick Smalley
* Paul Tuttle Starr
* Perry Sullivan
* Plumegeist
* Robert Blaker

* Robert J! Lake
* Samm Neiland
* Seth Peelle
* Sinister Psyche
* Steve Everson
* Tavia Morra
* Thomas Ferkol
* Toby Fox
* xerxes333
* Yan Rodriguez

* ART
* CONTRIBUTORS (A-Z)

* Adrienne Garcia
* Airin
* Amanda H
* Amber Rogers
* Angela Sham
* Ani Roschier
* Brett Muller
* Chaz Canterbury
* clorinspats

* Eyes5
* FauxMonstur

* Feastings
* Gina Chacon
* Guzusuru
* Hanni Brosh
* HONE
* Ikimaru
* J.N. Wiedle

JOHN: guess that's enough...

* Jeffery Lai
* Jessica Allison
* Jon Griffiths
* Jos Venti
* Laz
* Lappu
* Lexxy
* M Thomas Harding
* Mallory Dyer

* Matt Cummings
* Michael Firman
* myluckyseven
* Nic Carey
* Peter Turner
* Phil Gibson
* Rah-Bop
* Rennie Kingsley
* Ri

JOHN: time travelin :)

* Richard Gung
* SaffronScarf
* Shad
* Shelby Cragg
* SkepticArcher
* Sockpuppy
* Stephen Challener
* Tanney Liu
* Tauhid Bondia

+5000 YEARS

NEWS

* Tavia Morra
* Temmie Chang
* Toastyhat
* Vivian Ng
* Vivus
* Xamag
* Zack Morrison

Common Hornograp--

Creators
Return
At Last

HUMAN KINGDOM

* SHOUT OUTS TO

* Alexis Beingessner
* for all game programming

* Toby Fox
* for most custom sound work

TROLL KINGDOM

* Adrienne Garcia
* for drawing a bunch of these -->

* Jorren de Bruin
* for this song - "Ascend"
* (Volume 10)

Carapace Kingdom

* Last but not least...

CONSORT KINGDOM

Happy Birthday John!

* You guys.

JOHN: matt mcconnaughcake

RSVP

JAKE: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
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OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DAVE: found another liberty

JADE: so shitty!

DAVE: bro check it out

DIRK: Nice.

JAKE: GAD ZOOKS

happy 18th birthda--
John!

JOHN: how's it going out there?
JOHN: we miss you

TEREZI: OK >:]

JOHN: find her yet?

TEREZI: NOP3

JOHN: what's going on out there?

TEREZI: 1 H4V3 NO FUCK1NG CLU3

JOHN: wtf is that?

TEREZI: ???????

JOHN: yikes. come back soon ok?

MAYOR

CrockerCorp

SN
ENTERPRISES

JAK--
ENGL--

DOES IT
AGA--

REALITY ST--
BILLION--

interv--

JADE: jakes ass is on tv again lol

DAVE: jade says we should head over to your house for your bday

JOHN: oh... i guess. it's kinda late though?

JADE: happy birthday john! were on our way!

happy --18th-- 19th birthday
John!

JOHN: the sign is still up at least

JOHN: thanks for thinking of me, but we really don't have to do anything this year.

JADE: yeah right!!!!!!!!!!!! omw

ROSE: Happy birthday.

ROSE: 4/13 brood. Very special.

JOHN: dawww.

JAKE: (pistol) (pistol) ;)

JADE: dorks....

ROXY: from me callie + chess guys :)

HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!!!

Common Hornograp--

4 Year

Anniversa--
Of Retur--

happy 18thX 20th birthda--
John!

CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY

undyingUmbrage
turntechGodhead 1025
carcinoGeneticist 612
gardenGnostic 413
tentacleTherapist
gallowsCallibrator
tipsyGnostalgic
grimAuxiliatrix
golgothasTerror
timaeusTestified
gutsyGumshoe

CALIBORN: COME AT ME BRO.

JOHN: step off.

CALIBORN: COME TO MY DARK CARNIVAL. "MOTHER FUCKER".

JOHN: i'll do it...

CALIBORN: MAKE A MOVE. AND THE BUNNY GETS IT.